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ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A Weekly Journal.

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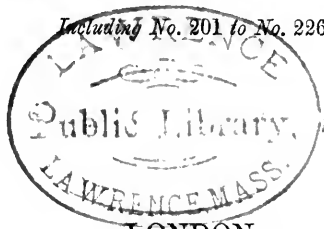
CHARLES DICKENS.

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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N^o. 201.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1863.

[PRICE 2d.]

A DARK NIGHT'S WORK.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "MARY BARTON."

CHAPTER IX.

RALPH CORBET found it a very difficult thing to keep down his curiosity during the next few days. It was a miserable thing to have Ellinor's unspoken secret severing them like a phantom. But he had given her his word that he would make no further inquiries from her. Indeed, he thought he could well enough make out the outline of past events; still, there was too much left to conjecture for his mind not to be always busy on the subject. He felt inclined to probe Mr. Wilkins, in their after-dinner conversation, in which his host was frank and lax enough on many subjects. But once touch on the name of Dunster, and Mr. Wilkins sank into a kind of suspicious depression of spirits; talking little, and with evident caution; and from time to time shooting furtive glances at his interlocutor's face. Ellinor was resolutely impervious to any attempts of his to bring his conversations with her back to the subject which more and more engrossed Ralph Corbet's mind. She had done her duty, as she understood it; and had received assurances which she was only too glad to believe fondly with all the tender faith of her heart. Whatever came to pass, Ralph's love would still be hers; nor was he unwarned of what might come to pass in some dread future day. So she shut her eyes to what might be in store for her (and, after all, the chances were immeasurably in her favour); and she bent herself with her whole strength into enjoying the present. Day by day, Mr. Corbet's spirits flagged. He was, however, so generally uniform in the tenor of his talk—never very merry, and always avoiding any subject that might call out deep feeling either on his own, or any one else's part, that few people were aware of his changes of mood. Ellinor felt them, though she would not acknowledge them; it was bringing her too much face to face with the great terror of her life.

One morning he announced the fact of his brother's approaching marriage; the wedding was hastened on account of some impending event in the duke's family; and the home letter he had received that day, was to bid his presence at Stokely Castle, and also to desire him to be at

home by a certain time, not very distant, in order to look over the requisite legal papers, and to give his assent to some of them. He gave many reasons why this unlooked-for departure of his was absolutely necessary; but no one doubted it. He need not have alleged such reiterated excuses. The truth was, he was restrained and uncomfortable at Ford Bank ever since Ellinor's confidence. He could not rightly calculate on the most desirable course for his own interests, while his love for her was constantly being renewed by her sweet presence. Away from her, he could judge more wisely. Nor did he allege any false reasons for his departure; but the sense of relief to himself was so great at his recal home, that he was afraid of having it perceived by others; and so took the very way which, if others had been as penetrating as himself, would have betrayed him.

Mr. Wilkins, too, had begun to feel the restraint of Ralph's grave watchful presence. Ellinor was not strong enough to be married; nor was the promised money forthcoming if she had been. And to have a fellow dawdling about the house all day, sauntering into the flower-garden, peering about everywhere, and having a kind of right to put all manner of unexpected questions, was anything but agreeable. It was only Ellinor that clung to his presence; clung as though some shadow of what might happen before they met again had fallen on her spirit. As soon as he had left the house she flew up to a spare bedroom window, to watch for the last glimpse of the fly which was taking him into the town. And then she kissed the part of the pane on which his figure, waving an arm out of the carriage window, had last appeared; and went down slowly to gather together all the things he had last touched—the pen he had mended, the flower he had played with, and to lock them up in the little quaint cabinet that had held her treasures since she was a tiny child.

Miss Monro was, perhaps, very wise in proposing the translation of a difficult part of Dante for a distraction to Ellinor. The girl went meekly, if reluctantly, to the task set her by her good governess, and by-and-by her mind became braced by the exertion.

Ralph's people were not very slow in discovering that something had not gone on quite smoothly with him at Ford Bank. They knew his ways

and looks with family intuition, and could easily be certain thus far. But not even his mother's skilfullest wiles, nor his favourite sister's coaxing, could obtain a word or a hint; and when his father, the squire, who had heard the opinions of the female part of the family on this head, began, in his honest blustering way, in their tête-à-têtes after dinner, to hope that Ralph was thinking better than to run his head into that confounded Hamley attorney's noose, Ralph gravely required Mr. Corbet to explain his meaning, which he professed not to understand so worded. And when the squire had, with much perplexity, put it into the plain terms of hoping that his son was thinking of breaking off his engagement to Miss Wilkins, Ralph coolly asked him if he was aware that, in that case, he should lose all title to being a man of honour, and might have an action brought against him for breach of promise?

Yet not the less for all this was the idea in his mind as a future possibility.

Before very long the Corbet family moved, en masse, to Stokely Castle for the wedding. Of course, Ralph associated on equal terms with the magnates of the county, who were the employers of Ellinor's father, and spoke of him always as "Wilkins," just as they spoke of the butler as "Simmons." Here, too, among a class of men high above local gossip, and thus unaware of his engagement, he learnt the popular opinion respecting his future father-in-law; an opinion not entirely respectful, though intermingled with a good deal of personal liking. "Poor Wilkins," as they called him, "was sadly extravagant for a man in his position; had no right to spend money, and act as if he were a man of independent fortune." His habits of life were criticised; and pity, not free from blame, was bestowed upon him for the losses he had sustained from his late clerk's disappearance and defalcation. But what could be expected, if a man did not choose to attend to his own business?

The wedding went by, as grand weddings do, without let or hindrance, according to the approved pattern. A cabinet minister honoured it with his presence, and, being a distant relation of the Morants, remained for a few days after the grand occasion. During this time he became rather intimate with Ralph Corbet; many of their tastes were in common. Ralph took a great interest in the manner of working out political questions; in the balance and state of parties; and had the right appreciation of the exact qualities on which the minister piqued himself. In return, the latter was always on the look-out for promising young men, who, either by their capability of speech-making, or article-writing, might advance the views of his party. Recognising the powers he most valued in Ralph, he spared no pains to attach him to his own political set. When they separated, it was with the full understanding that they were to see a good deal of each other in London.

The holiday Ralph allowed himself was pass-

ing rapidly away; but, before he returned to his chambers and his hard work, he had promised to spend a few more days with Ellinor; and it suited him to go straight from the duke's to Ford Bank. He left the castle soon after breakfast—the luxurious, elegant breakfast, served by domestics who performed their work with the accuracy and perfection of machines. He arrived at Ford Bank before the man-servant had quite done the dirtier part of his morning's work, and he came to the glass-door in his striped cotton jacket, a little soiled, and rolling up his working apron. Ellinor was not yet quite strong enough to get up and go out and gather flowers for the rooms, so those left from yesterday were rather faded; in short, the contrast from entire completeness and exquisite freshness of arrangement struck forcibly upon Ralph's perceptions, which were critical rather than appreciative; and, as his affections were always subdued to his intellect, Ellinor's lovely face and graceful figure flying to meet him did not gain his full approval, because her hair was dressed in an old-fashioned way, her waist was either too long or too short, her sleeves too full or too tight for the standard of fashion to which his eye had been accustomed while scanning the bridesmaids and various high-born ladies at Stokely Castle.

But, as he had always piqued himself upon being able to put on one side all superficial worldliness in his chase after power, it did not do for him to shrink from facing and seeing the incompleteness of moderate means. Only marriage upon moderate means was gradually becoming more distasteful to him.

Nor did his intercourse with Lord Bolton, the cabinet minister before mentioned, tend to reconcile him to early matrimony. At Lord Bolton's house he met polished and intellectual society, and all that smoothness in ministering to the lower wants in eating and drinking which seems to provide that the right thing shall always be at the right place at the right time, so that the want of it shall never impede for an instant the feast of wit or reason; while, if he went to the houses of his friends, men of the same college and standing as himself, who had been seduced into early marriages, he was uncomfortably aware of numerous inconsistencies and hitches in their ménages. Besides, the idea of the possible disgrace that might befall the family with whom he thought of allying himself haunted him with the tenacity and also with the exaggeration of a nightmare whenever he had overworked himself in his search after available and profitable knowledge, or had a fit of indigestion after the exquisite dinners he was learning so well to appreciate.

Christmas was, of course, to be devoted to his own family; it was an unavoidable necessity, as he told Ellinor, while, in reality, he was learning to find absence from his betrothed something of a relief. Yet the wranglings and folly of his home, even blessed by the presence of a Lady

Maria, made him look forward to Easter at Ford Bank with something of the old pleasure.

Ellinor, with the fine tact which love gives, had discovered his annoyance at various little incongruities in the household at the time of his second visit in the previous autumn; and had laboured to make all as perfect as she could before his return. But she had much to struggle against. For the first time in her life there was a great want of ready money; she could scarcely obtain the servants' wages; and the bill for the spring seeds was a heavy weight on her conscience. For Miss Monro's methodical habits had taught her pupil great exactitude as to all money matters.

Then, her father's temper had become very uncertain. He avoided being alone with her whenever he possibly could; and the consciousness of this, and of the terrible mutual secret which was the cause of this estrangement, were the reasons why Ellinor never recovered her pretty youthful bloom after her illness. Of course it was to it that the outside world attributed her changed appearance. They would shake their heads and say, "Ah, poor Miss Wilkins! What a lovely creature she was before that fever!"

But youth is youth, and will assert itself in a certain elasticity of body and spirits; and at times Ellinor forgot that fearful night for several hours together. Even when her father's averted eye brought it all once more before her, she had learnt to form excuses, and palliations, and to regard Mr. Dunster's death as only the consequence of an unfortunate accident. But she tried to put the miserable remembrance entirely out of her mind; to go on from day to day thinking only of the day; and how to arrange it so as to cause the least irritation to her father. She would so gladly have spoken to him on the one subject which overshadowed all their intercourse; she fancied that by speaking she might have been able to banish the phantom, or reduce its terror to what she believed to be the due proportion. But her father was evidently determined to show that he was never more to be spoken to on that subject; and all she could do was to follow his lead on the rare occasions that they fell into something like the old confidential intercourse. As yet, to her, he had never given way to anger; but before her he had often spoken in a manner which both pained and terrified her. Sometimes his eye in the midst of his passion caught on her face of affright and dismay, and then he would stop, and make such an effort to control himself as sometimes ended in tears. Ellinor did not understand both these phases were owing to his increasing habit of drinking more than was good for him. She set them down as the direct effects of a sorely burdened conscience; and strove more and more to plan for his daily life at home, how it should go on with oiled wheels, neither a jerk nor a jar. It was no wonder she looked wistful, and careworn, and old. Miss Monro was her great comfort; the total unconsciousness on that lady's part of anything below the surface; and yet her full and

delicate recognition of all the little daily cares and trials, made her sympathy most valuable to Ellinor, while there was no need to fear that it would ever even give Miss Monro that power of seeing into the heart of things which it frequently confers upon imaginative people, who are deeply attached to some one in sorrow.

There was a strong bond between Ellinor and Dixon, although they scarcely ever exchanged a word but on the most common-place subjects; but their silence was based on different feelings from that which separated Ellinor from her father. Ellinor and Dixon could not speak freely, because their hearts were full of pity for the faulty man whom they both loved so well, and tried so hard to respect.

This was the state of the household to which Ralph Corbet came down at Easter. He might have been known in London as a brilliant dinner-out by this time; but he could not afford to throw his life away in fireworks; he calculated his forces, and condensed their power as much as might be, only visiting where he was likely to meet men who could help him in his future career. He had been invited to spend the Easter vacation at a certain country-house, which would be full of such human stepping-stones; and he declined it to keep his word to Ellinor, and go to Ford Bank. But he could not help looking upon himself a little in the light of a martyr to duty; and perhaps this view of his own merits made him chafe under his future father-in-law's irritability of manner, which now showed itself even to him. He found himself distinctly regretting that he had suffered himself to be engaged so early in life; and having become conscious of the temptation and not having repelled it at once, of course it returned and returned, and gradually obtained the mastery over him. What was to be gained by keeping to his engagement to Ellinor? He should have a delicate wife to look after, and even more than the common additional expenses of married life. He should have a father-in-law whose character at best had had only a local and provincial respectability; which it was now daily losing by habits which were both sensual and vulgarising; a man, too, who was strangely changing from joyous geniality into moody surliness. Besides, he doubted if, in the evident change in the prosperity of the family, the fortune to be paid down on the occasion of his marriage to Ellinor could be forthcoming. And above all, and around all, there hovered the shadow of some unrevealed disgrace, which might come to light at any time, and involve him in it. He thought he had pretty well ascertained the nature of this possible shame, and had little doubt but that it would turn out to be that Dunster's disappearance to America, or elsewhere, had been an arranged plan with Mr. Wilkins. Although Mr. Ralph Corbet was capable of suspecting this mean crime (so far removed from the impulsive commission of the past sin, which was dragging Mr. Wilkins daily lower and lower down), it was of a kind

that was peculiarly distasteful to the acute lawyer, who foresaw how such base conduct would taint all whose names were ever mentioned, even by chance, in connexion with it. He used to lie miserably tossing on his sleepless bed, turning over all these things in the night season. He was tormented by all these thoughts; he would bitterly regret the past events that connected him with Ellinor, from the day when he first came to read with Mr. Ness, up to the present time. But when he came down in the morning, and saw the faded Ellinor flash into momentary beauty at his entrance into the dining-room, and when she blushing drew near with the one single flower freshly gathered, which it had been her custom to place in his button-hole when he came down to breakfast, he felt as if his better self was stronger than temptation, and as if he must be an honest man and honourable lover, even against his wish.

As the day wore on the temptation gathered strength. Mr. Wilkins came down, and while he was on the scene Ellinor seemed always engrossed by her father, who apparently cared little enough for all her attentions. Then there was a complaining of the food, which did not suit the sickly palate of a man who had drunk hard the night before; and possibly these complaints were extended to the servants, and their incompleteness or incapacity was brought thus prominently before the eyes of Ralph, who would have preferred to eat a dry crust in silence, or to have gone without breakfast altogether, if he could have had intellectual conversation of some high order, to having the greatest dainties with the knowledge of the care required in their preparation thus coarsely discussed before him. By the time such breakfasts were finished, Ellinor looked thirty, and her spirits were gone for the day. It had become difficult for him to contract his mind to her small domestic interests, and she had little else to talk to him about, now that he responded but curtly to all her questions about himself, and was weary of professing a love which he was ceasing to feel, in all the passionate nothings which usually make up so much of lovers' talk. The books she had been reading were old classics, whose place in literature no longer admitted of keen discussion; the poor whom she cared for were all very well in their way; and, if they could have been brought in to illustrate a theory, hearing about them might have been of some use; but, as it was, simply tiresome to hear day after day of Betty Palmer's rheumatism and Mrs. Day's baby's fits. There was no talking politics with her, because she was so ignorant that she always agreed with what he said.

He even grew to find luncheon and Miss Monro not unpleasant varieties to his monotonous tête-à-têtes. Then came the walk, generally to the town to fetch Mr. Wilkins from his office; and once or twice it was pretty evident how he had been employing his hours. One day in particular his walk was so unsteady and his

speech so thick, that Ralph could only wonder how it was that Ellinor did not perceive the cause; but she was too openly anxious about the headache of which her father complained to have been at all aware of the previous self-indulgence which must have brought it on. This very afternoon, as ill-luck would have it, the Duke of Hinton and a gentleman whom Ralph had met in town at Lord Bolton's, rode by, and recognised him; saw Ralph supporting a tipsy man with such quiet friendly interest as must show all passers-by that they were previous friends. Mr. Corbet chafed and fumed inwardly all the way home after this unfortunate occurrence; he was in a thoroughly evil temper before they reached Ford Bank, but he had too much self-command to let this be very apparent. He turned into the shrubbery-paths, leaving Ellinor to take her father into the quietness of his own room, there to lie down and shake off his headache.

Ralph walked along, ruminating in gloomy mood as to what was to be done; how he could best extricate himself from the miserable relation in which he had placed himself by giving way to impulse. Almost before he was aware, a little hand stole within his folded arms, and Ellinor's sweet sad eyes looked into his.

"I have put papa down for an hour's rest before dinner," said she. "His head seems to ache terribly."

Ralph was silent and unsympathising, trying to nerve himself up to be disagreeable, but finding it difficult in face of such sweet trust.

"Do you remember our conversation last autumn, Ellinor?" he began, at length.

Her head sunk. They were near a garden-seat, and she quietly sat down, without speaking.

"About some disgrace which you then fancied hung over you?" No answer. "Does it still hang over you?"

"Yes!" she whispered, with a heavy sigh.

"And your father knows of this, of course?"

"Yes!" again, in the same tone; and then silence.

"I think it is doing him harm," at length Ralph went on, decidedly.

"I am afraid it is," she said, in a low tone.

"I wish you would tell me what it is," he said, a little impatiently. "I might be able to help you about it."

"No! you could not," replied Ellinor. "I was sorry to my very heart to tell you what I did; I did not want help; all that is past. But I wanted to know if you thought that a person situated as I was, was justified in marrying any one ignorant of what might happen; what I do hope and trust never will."

"But if I don't know what you are alluding to in this mysterious way you must see—don't you see, love, I am in the position of the ignorant man, whom I think you said you could not feel it right to marry. Why don't you tell me straight out what it is?" He could not help his irritation betraying itself in his tones and manner of speaking. She bent a little forward, and looked

full into his face, as though to pierce to the very heart's truth of him. Then she said, as quietly as she ever had spoken in her life,

"You wish to break off our engagement?"

He reddened and grew indignant in a moment. "What nonsense! Just because I ask a question and make a remark! I think your illness must have made you fanciful, Ellinor. Surely nothing I said deserves such an interpretation. On the contrary, have I not shown the sincerity and depth of my affection to you by clinging to you through—through everything?"

He was going to say "through the wearying opposition of my family;" but he stopped short, for he knew that the very fact of his mother's opposition had only made him the more determined to have his own way in the first instance; and even now he did not intend to let out what he had concealed up to this time, that his friends all regretted his imprudent engagement.

Ellinor sat silently gazing out upon the meadows, but seeing nothing. Then she put her hand into his. "I quite trust you, Ralph. I was wrong to doubt. I am afraid I have grown fanciful and silly."

He was rather put to it for the right words, for she had precisely divined the dim thought that had overshadowed his mind when she had looked so intently at him. But he caressed her, and reassured her with fond words, as incoherent as lovers' words generally are.

By-and-by they sauntered homewards. When they reached the house, Ellinor left him, and flew up to see how her father was. When Ralph went into his own room he was vexed with himself, both for what he had said and what he had not said. His mental look-out was not satisfactory.

Neither he nor Mr. Wilkins were in good humour with the world in general at dinner-time, and it needs little in such cases to condense and turn the lowering tempers into one particular direction. As long as Ellinor and Miss Monro stayed in the dining-room, a sort of moody peace had been kept up, the ladies talking incessantly to each other about the trivial nothings of their daily life, with an instinctive consciousness that if they did not chatter on, something would be said by one of the gentlemen which would be distasteful to the other.

As soon as Ralph had shut the door behind them, Mr. Wilkins went to the sideboard, and took out a bottle which had not previously made its appearance.

"Have a little cognac?" he asked, with an assumption of carelessness, as he poured out a wine-glassful. "It's a capital thing for the head ache; and this nasty lowering weather has given me a racking headache all day."

"I am sorry for it," said Ralph, "for I had wanted particularly to speak to you about business—about my marriage, in fact."

"Well! speak away, I'm as clear-headed as any man, if that's what you mean?"

Ralph bowed, a little contemptuously.

"What I wanted to say was, that I am anxious

to have all things arranged for my marriage in August. Ellinor is so much better now; in fact, so strong, that I think we may reckon upon her standing the change to a London life pretty well."

Mr. Wilkins stared at him rather blankly; but did not immediately speak.

"Of course I may have the deeds drawn up in which, as by previous arrangement, you advance a certain portion of Ellinor's fortune for the purposes therein to be assigned; as we settled last year when I hoped to have been married in August?"

A thought flitted through Mr. Wilkins's confused brain that he should find it impossible to produce the thousands required without having recourse to the money-lenders, who were already making difficulties, and charging him usurious interest for the advances they had lately made; and he unwisely tried to obtain a diminution in the sum he had originally proposed to give Ellinor. "Unwisely," because he might have read Ralph's character better than to suppose he would easily consent to any diminution without good and sufficient reason being given; or without some promise of compensating advantages in the future for the present sacrifice asked from him. But, perhaps, Mr. Wilkins, dulled as he was by wine, thought he could allege a good and sufficient reason, for he said:

"You must not be hard upon me, Ralph. That promise was made before—before I exactly knew the state of my affairs!"

"Before Dunster's disappearance, in fact," said Mr. Corbet, fixing his steady penetrating eyes on Mr. Wilkins's countenance.

"Yes—exactly—before Dunster's——" mumbled out Mr. Wilkins, red and confused, and not finishing his sentence.

"By the way," said Ralph (for with careful carelessness of manner he thought he could extract something of the real nature of the impending disgrace from his companion in the state in which he then was; and if he only knew more about this danger he could guard against it; guard others: perhaps himself), "By the way, have you ever heard anything of Dunster since he went off to—America, isn't it thought?"

He was startled beyond his power of self-control by the instantaneous change in Mr. Wilkins which his question produced. Both started up; Mr. Wilkins white, shaking, and trying to say something, but unable to form a sensible sentence.

"Good God! sir, what is the matter?" said Ralph, alarmed at these signs of physical suffering.

Mr. Wilkins sat down, and repelled his nearer approach without speaking.

"It is nothing, only this headache which shoots through me at times. Don't look at me, sir, in that way. It is very unpleasant to find another man's eyes perpetually fixed upon you."

"I beg your pardon," said Ralph, coldly; his short-lived sympathy thus repulsed, giving way to his curiosity. But he waited for a minute or

two without daring to renew the conversation at the point where they had stopped: whether interrupted by bodily or mental discomfort on the part of his companion he was not quite sure. While he hesitated how to begin again on the subject, Mr. Wilkins pulled the bottle of brandy to himself and filled his glass again, tossing off the spirit as if it had been water. Then he tried to look Mr. Corbet full in the face, with a stare as pertinacious as he could make it, but very different from the keen observant gaze which was trying to read him through.

"What were we talking about?" said Ralph, at length, with the most natural air in the world, just as if he had really been forgetful of some half-discussed subject of interest.

"Of what you'd a d—d deal better hold your tongue about," growled out Mr. Wilkins, in a surly thick voice.

"Sir!" said Ralph, starting to his feet with real passion at being so addressed by "Wilkins the attorney."

"Yes," continued the latter, "I'll manage my own affairs, and allow of no meddling and no questioning. I said so once before, and I was not minded, and bad came of it; and now I say it again. And if you're to come here and put impertinent questions, and stare at me as you've been doing this half-hour past, why, the sooner you leave this house the better!"

Ralph half turned to take him at his word, and go at once; but then he "gave Ellinor another chance," as he worded it in his thoughts; but it was in no spirit of conciliation that he said:

"You've taken too much of that stuff, sir. You don't know what you're saying. If you did, I should leave your house at once, never to return."

"You think so, do you?" said Mr. Wilkins, trying to stand up, and look dignified and sober. "I say, sir, that if you ever venture again to talk and look as you have done to-night, why, sir, I will ring the bell and have you shown the door by my servants. So now you're warned, my fine fellow!" He sat down, laughing a foolish tipsy laugh of triumph. In another minute his arm was held firmly but gently by Ralph.

"Listen, Mr. Wilkins!" he said, in a low hoarse voice. "You shall never have to say to me twice what you have said to-night. Henceforward we are as strangers to each other. As to Ellinor"—his tones softened a little, and he sighed in spite of himself—"I do not think we should have been happy. I believe our engagement was formed when we were too young to know our own minds, but I would have done my duty and kept to my word; but you, sir, have yourself severed the connexion between us by your insolence to-night. I, to be turned out of your house by your servants!—I, a Corbet of Westley, who would not submit to such threats from a peer of the realm, let him be ever so drunk!" He was out of the room, almost out of the house, before he had spoken the last words.

Mr. Wilkins sat still, first fiercely angry, then astonished, and lastly dismayed into sobriety.

"Corbet, Corbet! Ralph!" he called in vain; then he got up and went to the door, opened it, looked into the fully-lighted hall; all was so quiet there that he could hear the quiet voices of the women in the drawing-room talking together. He thought for a moment, went to the hat-stand, and missed Ralph's low-crowned straw hat.

Then he sat down once more in the dining-room, and endeavoured to make out exactly what had passed; but he could not believe that Mr. Corbet had come to any enduring or final resolution to break off his engagement, and he had almost reasoned himself back into his former state of indignation at impertinence and injury, when Ellinor came in, pale, hurried, and anxious.

"Papa! what does this mean?" said she, putting an open note into his hand. He took up his glasses, but his hand shook so that he could hardly read. The note was from the parsonage, to Ellinor; only three lines sent by Mr. Ness's servant, who had come to fetch Mr. Corbet's things. He had written three lines with some consideration for Ellinor, even when he was in his first flush of anger against her father, and it must be confessed of relief at his own freedom, thus brought about by the act of another, and not of his own working out, which partly saved his conscience. The note ran thus:

"DEAR ELLINOR,—Words have passed between your father and me which have obliged me to leave his house, I fear, never to return to it. I will write more fully to-morrow. But do not grieve too much, for I am not, and never have been, good enough for you. God bless you, my dearest Nelly, though I call you so for the last time.—R. C."

"Papa, what is it?" Ellinor cried, clasping her hands together, as her father sat silent, vacantly gazing into the fire, after finishing the note.

"I don't know!" said he, looking up at her piteously; "it's the world, I think. Everything goes wrong with me and mine: it went wrong before THAT night—so it can't be that, can it, Ellinor?"

"Oh, papa!" said she, kneeling down by him, her face hidden on his breast.

He put one arm languidly round her. "I used to read of Orestes and the Furies at Eton when I was a boy, and I thought it was all a heathen fiction. Poor little motherless girl!" said he, laying his other hand on her head, with the caressing gesture he had been accustomed to use when she had been a little child. "Did you love him so very dearly, Nelly?" he whispered, his cheek against hers; "for somehow of late he has not seemed to me to be good enough for thee. He has got an inkling that something has gone wrong; and he was very inquisitive—I may say, he questioned me in a relentless kind of way."

"Oh, papa, it was my doing, I am afraid. I said something long ago about possible disgrace."

He pushed her away; he stood up, and looked at her with the eyes dilated, half in fear, half in

fierceness, of an animal at bay; he did not heed that his abrupt movement had almost thrown her prostrate on the ground.

"You, Ellinor! You—you——"

"Oh, darling father, listen!" said she, creeping to his knees, and clasping them with her hands. "I said it as if it were a possible case of some one else—last August—but he immediately applied it, and asked me if it was over me the disgrace, or shame—I forget the words we used—hung; and what could I say?"

"Anything—anything to put him off the scent. God help me, I am a lost man, betrayed by my child!"

Ellinor let go of his knees, and covered her face. Every one stabbed at that poor heart. In a minute or so her father spoke again.

"I don't mean what I say. I often don't mean it now. Ellinor, you must forgive me, my child!" He stooped, and lifted her up, and sat down, taking her on his knee, and smoothing her hair off her hot forehead. "Remember, child, how very miserable I am, and have forgiveness for me. He had none, and yet he must have seen I had been drinking."

"Drinking, papa!" said Ellinor, raising her head, and looking at him with sorrowful surprise.

"Yes. I drink now to try and forget," said he, blushing and confused.

"Oh, how miserable we are!" cried Ellinor, bursting into tears—"how very miserable! It seems almost as if God had forgotten to comfort us!"

"Hush! hush!" said he. "Your mother said once she did so pray that you might grow up religious; you must be religious, child, because she prayed for it so often. Poor Lettice, how glad I am that you are dead!" Here he began to cry like a child. Ellinor comforted him with kisses rather than words. He pushed her away, after a while, and said, sharply: "How much does he know? I must make sure of that. How much did you tell him, Ellinor?"

"Nothing—nothing, indeed, papa, but what I told you just now!"

"Tell it me again—the exact words!"

"I will, as well as I can; but it was last August. I only said, 'Was it right for a woman to marry, knowing that disgrace hung over her, and keeping her lover in ignorance of it?'"

"That was all, you are sure?"

"Yes. He immediately applied the case to me—to ourselves."

"And he never wanted to know what was the nature of the threatened disgrace?"

"Yes, he did."

"And you told him?"

"No, not a word more. He referred to the subject again to-day, in the shrubbery; but I told him nothing more. You quite believe me, don't you, papa?"

He pressed her to him, but did not speak. Then he took the note up again, and read it with as much care and attention as he could collect in his agitated state of mind.

"Nelly," said he, at length, "he says true; he is not good enough for thee. He shrinks from the thought of the disgrace. Thou must stand alone, and bear the sins of thy father."

He shook so much as he said this, that Ellinor had to put any suffering of her own on one side, and try to confine her thoughts to the necessity of getting her father immediately up to bed. She sat by him till he went to sleep and she could leave him, and go to her own room, to forgetfulness and rest, if she could find those priceless blessings.

DRESS IN PARIS.

THERE is a recent publication, entitled *La Nouvelle Babylone, Lettres d'un Provincial en Tournée à Paris*. The new Babylon, of course, is Paris; the Provincial who has been taking a turn there is M. Eugène Pelletan, formerly a notary, but latterly a newspaper writer, to whom all the newspapers are closed, by authority. We cannot conceive our own Home Secretary intimating to the Times, to the Herald, to the Daily or Illustrated News, that it was as much as their place was worth to allow Mr. Reddyriter or Mr. Hitemhard to remain "on them" a week longer; but so it is elsewhere.

To take his jaunt to Paris our acute Provincial started by railway from Bordeaux, which suggested to him the following reflection: Why do we pay for our place in proportion to the distance to be travelled? This mode of tariffing steam-locomotion places the extremities of France (or of any other country where the railway system prevails) in a condition of inferiority. It recompenses Orleans for being situated on the Loire, while it punishes Bordeaux for having pitched her tent beside the Garonne. The same of York compared with Edinburgh.

The invariable answer is, that the traveller who goes the furthest ought to pay the most money; for the reason that the railway from Paris to Bordeaux cost more than that from Paris to Orleans, and that the company burns more coal in making the total journey than in traversing only the fifth portion of it. The argument wears a logical semblance which serves only to mislead. It was in virtue of this argument that the postage of letters used to be in proportion to the distance. It honestly took for granted that a sealed envelope caused a greater expense to the Post-office by pushing on to Marseilles than by stopping half way.

But one day, a clever fellow mounted the tribune, and reasoned thus [Had it not first been so reasoned in a place where there is no tribune?]: Since the administration has established a mail service over the whole extent of its territory—since this service acts regularly, universally, and punctually every day, whatever be the number of letters sent—what does it matter whether a letter go here or there? The service does its duty all the same, from one end of France to the other, and the increase of distance for a letter no more increases the expense

to the administration than the diminution of the distance causes any economy. The argument made its fortune. Could it not be applied to railway travelling?

Granted that a traveller is a more cumbersome article than a sheet of paper folded and stuck into an envelope. Granted that the lowering of the prices would double the number of travellers, and, consequently, the expenses for accommodation and locomotion. On that point, there would be a rule of proportion to settle. Therefore, without requiring an uniform rate, as for the post, we might certainly demand a reduction of the tariff in proportion to the distance.

What is here suggested is not an imaginary scheme, but an experiment already tried, a reality in execution. There are several companies who at this moment apply the system of diminished charges in proportion to the length of the journey; but the favour is solely granted to packages in goods trains. But why should men be treated differently? Why should living parcels cost the company more than parcels done up in packing-cloth? Is it because the one get up into the carriages of themselves, whilst the others have to be hauled into their places by the aid of trucks and pulleys?—because the former weigh from one to two hundred pounds, and the latter from one to two thousand?

Before approaching the decorations of the ladies, let us cast a glance at the decorations of Paris. Why has half Paris been demolished, to be built up new again, fresh and fine? M. Pelletan is not a blind admirer of the change. Ground is of such enormous value, that room is ferociously economised. The new houses display their coquetry to the street; their façade is adorned with sculptured embroidery; but enter them. They are nothing but cellular prisons; there are no chambers, nothing but closets; not even closets, only ships' cabins. You can't breathe in them, you are stifled; there is hardly room to stretch your legs before the fireplace. The architect thinks he has done too much for the kitchen, if the cook can stand upright in it.

They believed that they would ventilate Paris by opening a multitude of Boulevards right and left. They have, in fact, ventilated the houses which look out on the new thoroughfares. But if the houses of the old time, fronted narrow streets, they had, at least, behind them, vast courts, and often even respectable gardens. The demolition of Paris has put in front what used to be behind, and has, moreover, diminished the column of respirable air. The new houses enjoy abundant daylight on the side next the Boulevards; but, on the other side, they look into narrow courts, or rather cellars, where at no time of the year can the sun shine. As the private apartments for the most part enter into this sort of perpendicular well-drain, public salubrity has lost rather than gained by the revolution of the trowel.

And that is only one inconvenience. The English have the good sense to build houses which will last for a lifetime only, more or

less. They know by experience that from one century to another, not to say from one generation to another, Progress changes all the conditions of human existence. Now, at the pace at which Progress is stalking along, a century, now-o'-days, is hardly more than fifty years. Is it prudent, then, to reconstruct Paris with hewn stone and iron, when to-morrow, perhaps, some unknown chemist, now stooping over his work in a laboratory, will discover some new system of heating or lighting by electricity (neither more nor less marvellous than the telegraph), and already destined to upset the internal economy of every household?

Paris, it appears, has been rebuilt for three principal reasons. First, as a measure of strategy. Paris is now an entrenched camp, with the Louvre for its quadrilateral. The position is only to be stormed by cannon—a tool which rioters do not find at every gunsmith's. A second reason has been, to furnish employment to workpeople. A third, to dress Paris in Sunday clothes, for the reception of all the travellers of the universe. The invention of steam-travelling has converted it into the inn for Europe: which brings us back to the question of luxurious ornament, setting other considerations aside. A sovereign people ought to have a capital as elegant as a palace; an aristical people, a capital as splendid as a museum. The luxury of outward show is the sign of the superiority which one race has over another. Some one has defined it to be, the Beautiful added to the Useful. But, if possible, it should be restrained to the classes who are rich enough to indulge in it with impunity. In that case, luxury is a public service—a means by which the wealthy restore to society the overplus of their revenue. But when it invades all classes without distinction, it hinders them all from saving anything: that is, prevents the reproduction of wealth.

Assuredly, during the period when Louis Philippe reigned without much ceremony, with an umbrella under his arm, the capital of the civilised world could show, as at present, handsome mansions, equipages, and liveries, and handsome women displayed in ranks in the balcon of the Opera. But if luxury then kept its place in France, it took no more than its place; now, we see it everywhere, and nothing else. It reigns like the first personage of the State, like the hero of public conversation. Wherever you go, you hear talk of nothing but trimmings and furbelows, millions of francs, and correctional police.

Behold that lovely young woman, seated or rather sunk in her arm-chair, her head leaning on her hand, like the petrified statue of grief. A silent tear steals down her cheek, and the convulsive heaving of her bosom sends flashes from the diamonds that adorn it. Why is she weeping thus, in the pallor and affliction of Hecuba? Has death robbed her of her child, or an earthquake at the Bourse devoured her fortune? Not at all; her husband has just refused her a set of ornaments from Froment-

Meurice's establishment; and, at this moment of humiliation, she remembers a lady of her acquaintance fortunate enough to fling four hundred pounds into her head-dress. She suffers more cruelly, in every fibre of her body, than the wretched creatures who bedeck their persons with the finery of cast-off clothes. She will have that set of ornaments, nevertheless; she has said it, she has sworn it; she has it, in fact. Only—who paid for it?

The consequence of converting women into pattern-cards of the fashions is, that luxury and finery, in the course of time, deprive them of all sentiment of modesty. The easy duchesses of the Regency at last selected their waiting-maids from amongst their lacqueys. Their footmen laced their bodices or fastened the bows of their cravats. But would you believe that, in the latter half of the nineteenth century, there are bearded milliners—man-milliners, authentic men, men like Zouaves—who, with their solid fingers, take the exact dimensions of the highest titled women in Paris—robe them, unrobe them, and make them turn backward and forward before them, like the waxen figures in hair-dressers' shops.

You surely know the Rue de la Paix—the Street of Peace—so called because it commemorates War under the form of a column. There resides somewhere in it an Englishman who enjoys a considerably greater popularity in the world of furbelows than any Lenten preacher whatsoever. It must be avowed that this Anglais has created a novel art—the art of squeezing in a woman at the waist, with a precision hitherto unknown. He possesses the inspiration of handling the scissors, and the genius of sloping out. He knows to a thread the exact point where the stuff ought to fit tight, and where it ought to float loosely. At first sight he distinguishes, in the contexture of a lady, what ought to be displayed and what concealed. Destiny sets him from all eternity to discover the law of crinoline and the curve of the petticoat. In other respects a perfect gentleman, always fresh shaved, always frizzled: black coat, white cravat, and batiste shirt-cuffs fastened at the wrist with golden buttons; he officiates with all the gravity of a diplomatist who holds the fate of the world locked up in a drawer of his brain.

When he tries a dress on one of the living dolls of the Chaussée d'Antin, it is with profound attention that he touches, pricks, and sounds it, marking with chalk the defective fold. From time to time he draws back, in order to judge better of his work from a distance; he looks through his hand, closed into the shape of an eye-glass, and resumes with inspired finger the modelling of the drapery on the person of the patient. Sometimes he plants a flower here, and tries a bow of ribbon at its side, to test the general harmony of the toilette; meanwhile, the modern Eve, in process of formation, resigned and motionless, silently allows her moulder to accomplish his creation. At last, when he has handled the taffety like clay, and

arranged it according to his beau ideal, he goes and takes his place, with his head thrown back, on a sofa at the further end of the room, whence he commands the manœuvre with a wand of office.

"To the right, madame!" The client performs a quarter of a revolution.

"To the left!" The patient turns in the opposite direction.

"In front!" Madame faces the artist.

"Behind!" She turns her back.

When all is over, he dismisses her with a lordly gesture: "That will do, madame."

The Paris élégantes, marvelling at the delightful ways of their milliner in pantaloons, came to the conclusion that a man who made a robe so well, ought finally to put it in place himself—ought to stamp it with the mark of his lion's claw. Consequently, whenever there is a ball at court, or at the Hôtel de Ville, or an evening party of ceremony at the Palais Royal or the Luxembourg, at about ten o'clock at night you will see a long file of carriages drawn up before the house of the foreign ladies'-tailor, with their melancholy coachmen buried in their wraps. Their mistresses mount the staircase of the Temple de la Toilette. As they enter, they each receive a ticket in the order of their arrival, and are shown into a waiting-room. As they can only appear one by one in the presence of the Pontiff of the Skirt, the last comers have sometimes to wait a long while. By a delicate attention, the master of the mansion does his best to solace as far as possible the fatigues of the ante-chamber. A buffet, liberally supplied, offers the consolation of meats and pastry. The ethereal petites maîtresses of the Paris saloons lay in a stock of strength for the polka, by eating pâté de foie gras at discretion, and washing it down with Malmsey Madeira. Thus refreshed at the expense of the establishment, they intrepidly confront the operations of the toilette. He looks, he inspects, gives a finishing touch, sticks in a pin, arranges a flower, and madame has realised the prototype of elegance. The master gets rid of them one after the other, turning them off hand rapidly.

Nevertheless, like all great artists, this son of Albion has his caprices. He will clothe and criticise, doubtless, any woman; but he prefers ample women. He believes that these do most honour to his talent, putting it more plainly in evidence. For them he reserves all the attentions and all the ingenious flatteries of his profession. As to beauties who are reduced to the meagre volume which is rigorously indispensable to escape being a ghost, he consents to dress them, certainly—but without enthusiasm, solely as a duty of conscience.

There is not the slightest intention here to cast disfavour on the talent of the English artist, and still less on his personal character; he has a profession which he exercises. He is engaged in a commercial undertaking, and he endeavours to attract customers; there is no harm in that, for it makes all the difference to him between prosperity and ruin. But what

are we to think of his customers, the aristocracy of the Exchange, virtuous, but sufficiently forgetful of themselves and their husbands to discuss with a man-milliner, at night, the perilous problem of the height of a dress?

And mark the contrast: in the same street, a course of literature, poetry, history, geography, &c., was open every evening, and conducted by professors of celebrity. Not one of those spoiled children of fortune who mounted to the first floor to try on a dress, ever had the curiosity to step in at the ground floor, to live for a few minutes a life of intelligence. And yet, at the very same time, the working dress-makers of that establishment put by a trifle out of their modest wages, to obtain admission to those literary conferences. Confined to their own thoughts during their long employment with the needle, they thirsted after knowledge as flowers thirst after dew. It is the working class, now, who read or listen; the classes at ease, dine and dance. Meanwhile, the hand is moving along the dial-plate, and a new generation is coming, with a mystery marked upon its forehead.

Would you like to know how much a fashionable wife costs her husband? You shall be favoured with a slight glimpse of the interior of a Parisian household.

A man of good family lately married a young lady, also of good family, in the eyes of the city. The match doubtless was the consequence of the acknowledged affinities which exist between birth and fortune. The husband bore the title of marquis, to which it appears he had really a right. He owned a heavily mortgaged estate in La Chalosse, and a dilapidated chateau whose roof he got kept in repair by the year. He had served in the Second Hussars until he reached the rank of accountant-captain; but when his fortieth birthday arrived, he resigned his commission, in order to turn his territorial marquissate to the best account. He was an intrepid sportsman, an excellent shot, a still better dinner companion, and had hitherto kept clear of the matrimonial yoke.

The young lady was descended from a Seinet-Marne miller, who had an instinctive knowledge of the science of flour, and who had got together, some say three, others four, millions of francs, by skilfully handling the bushel measure. She had been educated at the convent of the Sacré-Cœur, in company with the titled offspring of the Faubourg Saint Germain, where she learned to dance, to play the piano, to make a curtsey, and to lower her eyelids. The father marvelling at his daughter's perfections, gave her a dowry in accordance with his enthusiasm. He rigged her out, on the wedding-day, with a couple of thousand pounds a year: half in gas shares, and half in the omnibus de Paris; but with a proper care of his daughter's wardrobe, he stipulated that the bride should have an annual allowance of eight hundred pounds a year, for the little elegant expenses which are defrayed by what is called pin-money.

The husband punctually fulfilled his engage-

ment. On the first day of the second three months, he scrupulously gave her the quarter's pin-money. The marquise conscientiously spent it, with the delight of an emancipated school-girl who feels a bank-note burn her fingers until she has got rid of it in some foolish outlay. In the morning, at the breakfast hour, she made her first appearance in a white Indian cashmere dress, embroidered with blue flowers, lined with satin, slightly open in front to allow a glimpse of a Valenciennes petticoat trimmed with ribbons—a trifle of some eighty pounds.

"How do you like this robe de chambre?" she would say to her husband.

The marquis would cast a sidelong glance at madame, and bluntly answer, "Perfect." And, as he was always hungry in the morning, he would valiantly attack a slice of pie-crust.

"I put it on, on *your* account," the young wife continued, accompanying the *your* with one of those lingering looks which seem to promise eternity of happiness.

"My wife is decidedly fond of me," thought the husband.

At one o'clock in the afternoon the marquise reappeared on the horizon with a change of decoration. This time, she wore a toilette de Bois, that is, a dress in which to appear at the Bois de Boulogne: a grey velvet dress, with manteau of the same, both trimmed with sable fur—the whole estimated at one hundred and sixty pounds, at the lowest farthing. She first offered her husband her forehead to kiss; then, resting her two arms on his chest, and looking at him from head to foot, in a sort of ecstasy: "You have again forgotten to compliment me," said she, in a caressing tone of reproach.

"About what, madame?"

She abruptly stepped a yard or two back, and taking her dress in both hands, as if she were dancing, "About this," she replied. "Ingrate that you are, it is again for your sake!"

"Delicious!" the husband answered. And then he added, mentally, "I might safely state that my wife grows more and more affectionate every minute."

The dinner hour arrived; but madame first underwent her third moult, and put on a dress embroidered, in colours, at the bottom, with bouquets of corn-flowers and poppies, interspersed with ears of corn, fastened by azure ribbon, so abundant and rustling that it could be heard, behind the scenes, approaching from the next room. This last fancy, however, had cost only one bank-note. The husband thought he would have his revenge, and without awaiting any fresh provocation to compliment, "Divine!" he exclaimed, as he beheld his wife enter the dining-room in her third transformation.

"What nonsense are you talking, my dear?" she sulkily answered. "The dress is a complete failure, a frightful dress; frightful in cut, and frightful in colour. The blue and the red give you the idea of fireworks. In the shop-window it had a tolerable effect, but on me, it makes me look a year older. I am really ashamed to appear in it before you."

"The good intention is sufficient."

"By no means, monsieur; the action ought to correspond. I will send this bunch of rags to my dressmaker to-morrow; she may do with it whatever she pleases."

She ate her dinner ill humouredly. When the dessert was served, she left the table to put on a ball-dress to go to a soirée dansante at the Minister of State's; shirt of white tulle covered with a golden network, from each of whose meshes protruded a puff of blonde, with a golden star at the tip of each puff—a fairy robe, with quillings of blonde—an item of one hundred and sixty pounds added to the milliner's bill.

"It seems, then, that I am married to four different women," thought the husband, sorrowfully, as he accompanied his wife to the square of the Carrousel.

He regularly paid the second, third, and last instalment of madame's private expenses; but, lo, at the end of the year, the milliner presented to the marquis a supplementary bill of two thousand and eighty pounds for unforeseen outlay on dress! The marquis began by turning the milliner out of the house; but, upon reflection, he called her back, and obediently paid the bill. He added, however, a marginal note, to the effect that it was the last bill of the kind he would pay. One item, especially, made him shudder; a parasol was set down at twelve pounds. As if a parasol of that price had ever existed under the sun!

The sacrifice once consummated, the marquis, without giving any cause for scandal, without any scolding, but, on the contrary, kindly although firmly, entreated his wife to have the goodness to confine her elegances within the bounds of her credits. She listened to him quietly; she regarded him with an air of astonishment: then, as if yielding to an internal impulse, she threw her arms round her husband's neck, and, enveloping him with the totality of her affection, stifling him in the embrace of her passion, she sobbed, she wept, and begged his pardon. "It was all done to please you," she said. "This folly was committed through the coquetry of love and in its intoxication. It shall be the last; I swear it by your honour, on this sacred altar," she added, laying her hand on his heart.

A lingering ray of the honeymoon still shone on the tearful countenance of this Magdalen of dress. All was pardoned, all was forgotten, and the treaty of peace was sealed by an exchange of signatures on the cheek of the wife and the cheek of the husband.

And, nevertheless, Madame la Marquise became more and more splendid, and underwent continual transfigurations from one hour of the day to another. But at the end of the year, the milliner, implacable as Destiny, returned to put in the husband's hands a fresh account of four thousand pounds: which included several sums advanced for the purchase of a screen, and the trimmings of some drawing-room furniture.

The last quarter of the honeymoon had disappeared from the conjugal firmament. The marquis flatly refused to acknowledge this under-

hand supply, illegally furnished without his knowledge or consent. The milliner summoned the refractory husband before the Tribunal de Première Instance. The judge, to set a good example, nonsuited the plaintiff.

After this domestic coup d'état, Madame la Marquise sulks at her husband. She does not weep: she never breaks out. She only maintains a savage silence. She has covered her countenance with a marble mask. When her husband speaks, she appears not to hear him. When he asks a question, she answers Yes or No indifferently; she uses and abuses the terrible eloquence of the monosyllable. When he wishes to take her out for a walk or a drive, she has a headache; when he wants to go into the country, she is suffering from gastralgia—she is dying, she demands to die in peace. Finally, if her husband enjoys any dish at dinner, she affects never to partake of it.

Sometimes, while sitting opposite to this dumb woman, or rather this white insensible shadow of a woman—this statue petrified with vexation—the husband, boiling over with impatience, strikes the table with his fist, and shouts, in a fit of delirium, "But speak, madame; rail at me, call me a monster, fire a pistol at me, do anything—make a gesture, a movement, to prove that I have a living woman before me, and not a phantom!"

The wife languishingly raises her head, and smiles bitterly at this address. She is too well aware of the power of passive resistance to have any intention of changing her tactics.

She continues to die; she keeps her bed for half the week, and receives visits there, with the bed-clothes turned back very far, in order to display to her intimate enemies (called acquaintances), an embroidered chemise, an embroidered under-waistcoat, an embroidered pillow-case, an embroidered counterpane, and finally an embroidered sheet, with a marquise's coronet in the corner.

Then, all at once, under the pretence that the doctor had advised her to take exercise, she would keep out of doors and away from home for half the day.

One evening, when, with flushed cheeks, she returned to her own room, she cast a look of triumph in the glass, and hastily threw back her burnous, as if to give more air to her chest. "At last, I am avenged," she said. What did she mean by that? Nobody ever knew exactly. There was some talk at the time about a small-sword wound which her husband received in the Bois de Meudon. Ever since that day, he has resumed his agricultural pursuits on his Chalosse estate. The last news of him, was, that he had gained the prize for Durham oxen.

Who would believe that in Paris, in France, where political earthquakes are continually causing fortunes to totter, where the equal division of property soon pulverises the largest inheritance, there should be mothers of families so devoid of prudence as to carry about upon their persons something like a couple of thousand pounds' worth of finery, swallowing up their

daughters' dowry, and perhaps even their children's bread? It causes a wife to be regarded as a curiosity, costing such an extravagant price that a reasonable man must contrive to do without it. And what do they do at the end of a month with all these three-or-four-thousand-franc dresses, which they wear three or four times? They sell them to dealers in second-hand clothes for fifty or sixty francs apiece, and the cast-off finery makes a rapid descent to embellish, perhaps to demoralise, lower members of the social scale.

A PROVINCIAL POST-OFFICE.

THERE is this difference between receiving an official installation into any situation, and being born to it, that while the former is merely the work-a-day service of life, the latter is so lit up with all the associations of childhood and youth, that the most matter-of-fact business becomes invested with something of the interest and prestige of a birthright. Thus postal service is almost an inheritance to us; for my earliest recollections are connected with the daily routine of office-work, carried on in the room which was partly devoted to nursery employments and amusements. Postal arrangements in the country, so long since as 1827, were of the most primitive order; and it was considered sufficiently official, and convenient enough for the public, if the postmaster provided in any ordinary sitting-room a counter on which to sort and stamp the letters; a letter-box, with a slide opening into the street; and a wooden pane in his window, with a door in it through which inquiries could be made. Gazing through this little door, with childishly wondering eyes, upon the marvellous panorama and procession of the outside world; sitting half-frightened upon the counter, while my nurse stamped my arms and forehead with talismanic impressions of the name of my native town, to secure me from gipsies and other baby-stealers, who were the terror of our infancy; threats, when I was troublesome, of being tied and sealed up in the large London bag, and delivered over to the mercy of the clerks there, whom I confounded with the cannibals I heard my elder brothers talking about; these are the most vivid recollections of my first years. Visions there are, too, faint but stirring, of a daily levee at noon upon the arrival of the London mail of the day before, when the privileged squire of those times, a grand old colonel of dragoons, whose costume was a bright green coat with brass buttons, and huge white-topped boots, invaded the forbidden precincts of the office itself, and installing himself in the rocking-chair, read his *Times* at leisure; while the letters were sorted by almost children's hands, amid laughter, frolic, and coquetish jests through the window, besieged by an eager crowd without.

I suppose our office was a fair type of other country-offices. We were one hundred and forty miles from London, in a midland county, of which our town was the second for size and im-

portance. It was the centre of a postal district of about forty miles in circuit, containing one hundred and seventy-two villages and hamlets, with a considerable portion of a coal and iron country thickly populated; yet the average number of letters received and despatched weekly, before the establishment of the penny post, was only five hundred. The postage upon these varied according to distance, from fourpence to our county-town, which was eleven miles off (a moderate walk), to one shilling and fourpence-halfpenny to the extreme north of Scotland; the odd halfpenny being charged on every Scotch letter, as a toll for passing across a bridge over the Tweed. Throughout all our wide district there were no sub-offices, and the distribution of rural letters was a private concern; letter-carriers not then being servants of the crown. One villanous old letter-carrier whom I remember, was a drunken, surly, dishonest scoundrel, and who used to carry the letters away from the office to a wretched den of his own, where we sometimes saw him sorting them on the floor, while he growled and snarled over them, like a dog over a heap of unsatisfactory bones. Letters destined for any distance from the town were always laid aside till a sufficient number for the same locality were accumulated to make it worth while to convey them, at the charge of a penny a mile each letter. In those times a postman's place was a lucrative and leisurely one; and I dimly recollect a very fat letter-carrier, who was quite portly and majestic in his demeanour. And I can recal cases of almost tragic interest, when letters written in great trouble and anguish—perhaps a summons to a death-bed, or a circumstance that demanded immediate attention—did not reach the persons addressed until days after the crisis must be over; or even lay at the post-office for weeks, unknown of, and unguessed at, until some chance messenger happened to call and inquire for them. Country agents, and gentlemen who did not have private bags, were compelled to make it part of the regular business of the day to ride into the town, though at a distance of six or eight miles, to ascertain if any correspondence had arrived for them.

It was the time of "expresses" in my childhood—that clumsy arrangement for the swift transmission of intelligence—clumsy, I mean, in comparison with the playful flash of electric wires. A special messenger, termed an express, could be procured at a post-office, and despatched officially with a single letter, and a way-bill to check the time at the charge of a shilling, and at the speed of ten miles an hour. By some fortuitous circumstance, these expresses always seemed to arrive in the dead of the night, when the quietness of the quiet town was deepened into a solemn stillness. There would be the sudden trampling and ringing of hoof-beats through the narrow streets; the thundering of a volley of hurried blows upon our fastened door; the shrill cry under the window of "Haste, post haste!" the sound of the sashes thrown up, and casements flung

open on every side; an instantaneous tumult and agitation in a sleepful house. Once the dread solitary letter, sent express from Surrey, was for a young student dwelling at the house opposite our own, who was leaning through his window, when he heard his own name shouted by the messenger, and answered it by a wild and bitter cry, which long rang in our ears, as he was thus called up from his deep sleep to receive the message of death from home. On another occasion, the express came with a letter to be forwarded at one o'clock in the morning, and as no mounted messenger could be procured at that untimely hour, the postmaster was compelled to start with it himself, and walk several miles to the nearest main road, in the hope of a night-coach overtaking him, and carrying him on to the next post-office. For the purpose of conveying government despatches to Dublin, expresses were kept always in readiness for instant departure at all the posting-houses between London and Holyhead. At this moment I have a vivid vision of that bit of the old Holyhead road running along the narrow strip of coast which lies between the once sea-swept rocks of Caernarvon, and the tides of the Irish sea. As I saw it last summer, when walking from Conway to Penmaenmaur, it was romantic, and beautiful, and exquisitely pleasurable; a long, lone, deserted high road, leading beside great mountains and under overhanging precipices, with so narrow a compass from the sea, that while we trod upon the spur of the hills on our left hand, the waves boomed sullenly against the rugged foundations of the wall upon our right. Pleasant enough for us in the summer sunshine to lean idly over the wall, and look down upon the play of the foam upon the crags below, and listen, spell-bound, to the liquid splashing of the water. But what of the dreadful darkness of an utterly unlighted night; of the furious raging of the invisible ocean—invisible, or seen only by the gleam of its storm-tossed surge; of the ghostly roar of the wind tearing through the black ravines of the hills, and rushing down them with the fierce strength of a wrestler; of the biting rain and sleet, pelting piteously upon the blinded eyes, and uncovered face, and numbbed limbs, which could not be sheltered during the furious riding? Fancy all these; and the express braving and daring them all, as he flies through the storm and the darkness!

A few weeks since I had to describe to a circle of wondering children what a mail-coach was like—that glory of my own childhood. I see again the quiet drowsy street of twenty years ago; the old-fashioned shops; the tinman's cellar, echoing noisily with the jingling of the sonorous metal; the half-timbered inn, with its creaking sign, and Pickford's cumbrous waggon standing at the door; and this rider for whom we are watching, Sam the post-boy, trotting leisurely up the street on his slow pony, with our letter-bags, only four in number, and very little ones, slung across his saddle, like panniers. Our town lies about a mile from the great arterial Roman road, the Watling-street; and

the mails in their dignity of importance and haste, as they speed on to Holyhead or London, cannot be delayed by deviating from their straight course to run through our insignificant streets. But at times when a letter has been forgotten, or an important packet arrives too late, a band of us, boys and girls—and I have often wondered since how much of this world's work is done, and made play of, by children like ourselves—scamper joyously along the moonlit lanes, to meet the ten o'clock mail to London, and see if there be still time to open the bag, and re-seal it with the government seal, which we carry with us as the badge of our authority. How we pause together under the broad, smooth, bare arms of the beeches, while Lancaster—dear, dead Lancaster—whose brain is filled with Indian devices, lays his ear to the ground to listen. Beside us is the flashing of flitting lights in the posting-house; the pawing of expectant horses; and the laughter and talk of the ostlers in the stable-yard. The sound we hear—a very faint, fitful rolling sound—is the rattle of the wheels upon the frost-bound road three miles away; the mail is still a quarter of an hour distant, and while our authorised clerk executes her commission, we children stand aside, hearkening breathlessly to this ever-growing pace, which stirs our young hearts uneasily, with a thrill as of some terrible and inevitable fate, sweeping irresistibly towards us. A quarter of a mile away, and there are the sharp piercing notes of a bugle, “setting the wild echoes flying;” and at the signal the house starts into quicker life. The pawing horses are brought out, beautiful in their eagerness and impatience; the lanterns of the ostlers form a galaxy of flitting lights, and perhaps a traveller, uncertain whether he can proceed on his journey, for this is a roadside posting-house, watches anxiously for the red glare of the lamps under the arching boughs of the beeches. The coachman condescends to take some little interest in the three passengers allowed to him; but the guard looks down with the composure of a felt superiority. Those great bags piled upon the roof, which have accumulated on the long route from Holyhead; his locked and solitary seat, into the recesses of which he carelessly drops our little addition to the load; the shining holster of the blunderbuss, ready in his hand, as if he might want it at any moment; these are the cares and responsibilities which give an extraordinary sense of dignity to his isolation from common duties. But when the mail dashes on furiously, as if frantic with the short delay of eighty seconds, and there is no slackening of its headlong pace up the hill under the vicarage walls, we are amazed at the mingled nonchalance and sensibility with which he sends ringing through the frosty air the melody of “The Green Hills of Tyrol;” no ranting, vulgar, worn-out street tunes for him; there is music, and the romance of music in his soul. “Ah! what difference 'twixt now and then!” When the railway was first opened we used to run down to the station to see the mail-train come in; more especially

when a travelling post-office, with a staff of clerks, accompanied it. But these clerks, common objects now at any railway station, who always look so remarkably dingy and unshaven, as well as so remarkably busy, are no more to be compared in gentility and exalted dignity of department to our royal liveried guard, than the shrill scream of the whistle to the sweet, clear notes of the key-bugle.

Before 1840, two letter-carriers, of the stamp of the villanous old Perry and his fat comrade, distributed the letters of our town, and its district of forty miles, very much at their own discretion; in 1862, fifty-nine persons, as sub-postmasters, rural messengers, and letter-carriers, were engaged upon nearly the same ground, in transmitting and delivering letters free through every village and hamlet. Then, in a room, half nursery, the light work occupied one person for about two hours daily; now three clerks, no longer children, are required to transact the business of the same office. The five hundred letters received and despatched weekly have multiplied into fifteen thousand; with the addition of two thousand five hundred newspapers, and three hundred and fifty book-parcels; while instead of five bags daily, thirty-four are made up and despatched in all directions. Now, almost the hour at which a letter is posted is indicated by the date-stamp; but I have before me the cover of an old letter, with the usual words "Single, Speed" written upon it, which bears no stamp whatever by which to check the time of its delivery with the date of its despatch. The official surveillance has grown vigorous; formerly the surveyor sent courteous intimation of his visits some days beforehand, that everything might be in order; but now, he, or any one of his numerous assistants, may enter the office at any moment, and institute a rigid examination of all the details of its work. This old money-order desk, too, ink-stained as a schoolboy's, has done its duty through all the changes of that branch of the service by which fifteen millions of money is now transmitted annually through the United Kingdom. An old yellow-leaved penny memorandum-book is the representative of the great ledgers of to-day; the entries in it numbering about five weekly, and the commission charged being eightpence in the pound, with a stamp-duty of one shilling if the sum exceeded two pounds. Until the money-order business ceased to be a monopoly, and was incorporated with the Post-office in 1838, the whole cost of forwarding one pound by money-order from this town to London, was no less than two-and-fourpence; the enclosure of the order in the letter involving a double charge upon the latter, as only one sheet could be sent for a single postage.

I must own that in all country places there is an instinctive suspicion and doubt of the post-office. Sir Walter Scott's type of an inquisitive post-mistress, with her two gossips, holding a letter up before the light, is still the prevailing opinion about us; and, in fact, while looking over a number of old Postal Circulars, a

paper which is sent every week to each office, I find that in most instances of dismissal for "tampering with letters" the offender is a post-mistress, or a female employée. Even ourselves, when some of us resided at a distance, began to fancy there was too great an interest in our private affairs indulged in at the village post-office; and we were wont to examine our seals jealously. I knew a child, whose father was a postmaster, say to some ladies, expressing their anxiety to see what was in a letter to their brother, "Oh, Miss Emma! you just warm a knife, not too hot, and put it under a seal, and it'll open of itself." The misgiving is not altogether without foundation. A great deal can be known from the outside of a letter, where there is no disposition to pry into the enclosure. Who would not be almost satisfied with knowing all the correspondence coming to or leaving the hands of the object of his interest? From our long training among the letters of our district, we knew the handwriting of most persons so intimately, that no attempt at disguise, however cunningly executed, could succeed with us. We noticed the ominous lawyers' letters addressed to tradesmen whose circumstances were growing embarrassed; and we saw the carefully ill-written direction to the street in Liverpool and London, where some poor fugitive debtor was in hiding. The evangelical curate, who wrote in a disguised hand and under an assumed name to the fascinating public singer, did not deceive us; the young man, who posted a circular love-letter to three or four girls the same night, never escaped our notice; the wary maiden, prudently keeping two strings to her bow, unconsciously depended upon our good faith. The public never know how much they owe to official secrecy and official honour, and how rarely this confidence is betrayed. Petty tricks and artifices, small dishonesties, histories of tyranny and suffering, exaggerations, and disappointments, were thrust upon our notice. As if we were the official confidants of the neighbourhood, we were acquainted with the leading events in the lives of most of the inhabitants.

For the poor we were often persuaded both to read and write their letters; and the Irish especially, with whom penmanship was a rare accomplishment, seldom failed to succeed in their eloquent petitions; though no one can realise the difficulty of writing from a Paddy's dictation, where "the pratees, and the pig, and the praiste, God bless him!" become involved in one long, perplexed sentence, without any period from beginning to end of the letter. One such epistle, the main topic of which was an extravagant lamentation over the death of a wife, rose to the pathetic climax, "and now I'm obleeged to wash meself, and bake meself!" The letters of the English poor, on the contrary, were composed of short, bald sentences; except in the case of the miners in our neighbourhood, who generally looked to us to conduct their correspondence with their sweethearts, during the yearly absence of the latter in

the strawberry gardens round London. It was no unusual circumstance for them to offer large premiums, as much as sixpence a verse, if we would put in "a bit of poetry," which pleased them equally well whether it was taken, with some slight alteration, from Wesley's Hymns or Shenstone's Poems. But most frequently the cases brought to us were sorrowful ones, in which we could render no help.

One day a poor woman, who received a quarterly allowance through our office from the relieving-officer of her father's parish, came to us half broken-hearted because her landlord, a wealthy and titled gentleman, insisted upon her sending her father to the workhouse—a blind, paralytic, and childish old man, whom she had to tend like an infant—as he had made it a rule upon his estate that no "lodgers" should be kept by any of his tenants. The woman felt, as any other tender true-hearted daughter would feel; and she had a vague notion, a common one among the poor, that if the Queen could only know her wrongs, she would remove them. Another time, a destitute, depressed looking girl came to ask how much it would cost to send a piece of her mother's shroud to her brother in Australia, as a sure token, she said, weeping, that he would see her face no more. Fancy the mail steamer freighted—for to us and the orphan it bore no other burden—with a shred of a mother's shroud, crossing those thousands of miles of ocean to bear testimony to a wider and more impassable separation. One more story of the poor, with whom we were necessarily brought into contact, and whose gratitude for very trivial kindnesses, as with Wordsworth, "has often left us mourning." At the time of the Crimean war, we were directed to fasten a small pamphlet, containing a list of the killed and wounded, upon the outside of our office window, where every one could turn over the doom-written leaves. Strange were the faces, hard-featured, homely, weather-beaten faces of working men and women, who clustered round it from morning to night, and read aloud, with slow and laboured effort, the names of our lost soldiers in the East, proclaiming them in our ears with a mournfully monotonous tone, until the list grew familiar to us as our own registered names in the family Bible. Now and then there would be a murmur and thrill of recognition as the hesitating voice of the reader pronounced some name in the list of privates; and once a poor washerwoman, who had set down her basket for a minute to hear about the war, was greeted with the name of her son as one among the dead. She uttered one sharp cry, and then knocked at the office window, and stood face to face with us, the tears streaming down her wrinkled face.

"It's my son!" she cried.

"Is he in the list?" we asked.

"It's my son, my son!" she repeated. She could say no more; and, after a few minutes' weeping, as if there were no more time for sorrow, she passed on to her work, to the blessed necessity of labour.

But the incidents of our office life were often

of an amusing character. Sometimes ladies who made their christian names as much a mystery as their age, seemed to regard it as a personal insult to be required to mention them. About two or three years ago, when the slips called money-order applications were issued free to the public, an idea spread abroad that the money orders themselves would be granted upon payment merely of the commission, and we had quite a run of demands for free orders; most of them being to defray milliners' bills of long standing. A tradesman, whom we knew to be almost insolvent, came on a Sunday morning for a pound's-worth of postage stamps; and, upon their being handed over to him, and payment demanded, replied, with sanctimonious gravity, that he had not brought the money, as he thought "the post-master might have a scruple against being paid on a Sabbath!" We were, of course, compelled to decline transacting Sunday post-office business on such conscientious terms.

Now and then came brief snatches of romance; romances that were never finished. Once our interest was keenly excited by a fair young face presented daily at the office window. A frank face, with a childlike, guileless smile in the dark eyes and upon the rosy lips. We were skilful at "back-speiring," as the Scotch call it, and we soon ascertained, without awakening any suspicion, that Miss Columbello was residing with a family in the town, under another name, and with a rather fabulous history. Her mother had been a laundress in a baronet's household; and this girl, lovely enough to turn any young man's head, had been married clandestinely to the second son; the concealed marriage only being confessed when the young officer's regiment was ordered to the West Indies. His parents, after some natural anger, determined to make the best of the circumstances, and proposed that their laundress's daughter should remain in England during her husband's absence, and reside with a former governess, in order to receive an education in some degree befitting her new position. So far the story was true; but the stranger continued her romance by narrating almost incredible cruelties and indignities practised upon her after her husband's departure, which had at last compelled her to fly in secrecy from the home where he had left her, and seek a refuge from her persecutors at a safe distance. After this we watched more keenly the open, ingenuous face, which would have betrayed any physiognomist into admiration, when she asked smilingly for her secret letters. Even her present correspondent she deceived, for, after she had left the town, she forwarded letters from herself to him, to be posted at our office,—a practice which has since been prohibited, as only contributing to purposes of deception. One of these letters, sent to us open, contained a flower or two, which she said had been gathered in our neighbourhood. We had almost forgotten her, when one day two gentlemen and a policeman called at our office in prosecution of a search after the fugitive, who had left no trace of her destination with

the friends she had been visiting. One of the gentlemen, frantic with anxiety, and apparently just recovered from a severe illness, was the husband, returned, after two years' absence, to find all clue to his young wife lost. Never shall we forget the eagerness with which he received the address of the letters forwarded by us, though we had ascertained that it was only to some offices in London. Whether he ever found her, we never knew.

Another crisis in a life's history we saw finished. A tradesman's daughter, who had been for some time engaged to a prosperous young draper in a neighbouring town, heard from one whom she and her parents considered credible authority, that he was on the verge of bankruptcy. Not a day was to be lost in breaking the bond, by which she and her small fortune were linked to poverty. A letter, strong and conclusive in its language, was at once written and safely deposited in the post-office, when the same informant called upon the young lady's friends to contradict and explain his previous statement, which had arisen out of some misunderstanding. They rushed to us at once, and no words can describe the scene; the reiterated appeals, the tears, the wringing of hands, the united entreaties of father, mother, and daughter, for us to restore their fatal letter. But the rule admitted of no exceptions—that a letter once posted could not be restored to any applicant; not even to the writer himself. It was but in the next room, this fatal epistle, and nothing but a formal but most essential rule stood between them and their rejected prospects. The circumstance was not of any lasting importance, however. Each lover married somebody else, and was, no doubt, quite as happy.

Never, surely, has any one a better chance of seeing himself as others see him than a country postmaster. Letters of complaint very securely enveloped and sealed passed through our hands, addressed to the Postmaster-General, and then came back to us for our own perusal and explanation. One of our neighbours informed the Postmaster-General, in confidence, that we were "ignorant and stupid." A clergyman wrote a pathetic remonstrance, stating that he was so often disappointed of his Morning Star and Dial, that he had come to the conclusion that we disapproved of that paper for the clergy; and from scruples of conscience, or political motives, prevented it—one of four hundred passing daily through our office—from reaching his hands whenever there was anything we considered objectionable in it. Two characteristics marked every complaint; the extreme regret of the British public at being compelled, after much long-suffering, to find fault, and the serious importance of every letter lost or mis-sent, among the hundred thousands circulating in all directions each day. In our own "dead-letter" bag about twelve a day were sent up to London, from our inability to discover the persons to whom they had been written. In 1859, the number of letters returned to the writers from the dead-letter

office was one million nine hundred thousand; nearly half of them being insufficiently or incorrectly addressed; and more than eleven thousand posted with no direction at all. From the same causes four hundred and seventy thousand newspapers were undelivered.

It is as little understood with what zeal and honourable enthusiasm a great deal of the post-office service is performed, as it is considered how important and necessary it is that this public duty should be transacted upon higher principles than those entering into ordinary business. When the Violet mail-packet between Ostend and Dover was lost in 1856, the officer in charge, seeing that the vessel could not be saved, must have spent the last minutes of his life in removing the cases which contained the mail-bags, and so placing them that they floated, when the ship and its crew went down. On another occasion, the mail-master of a Canadian steamer sacrificed his life, when he might have escaped, by going below to secure the mails entrusted to him. I know among our own little staff of servants, hard-worked and underpaid, there is no deficiency of a laudable desire to do their work with spirit and exactness. "They shall press me into the earth," said one of our rural messengers, referring to the unreasonable demands of the public, "but I will do my duty!" On our own parts, how often have we done, what every official in the public service has to do, steadily turned away from our domestic interests, whether of joy or sorrow, and bent our minds from them into a diligent attendance upon the responsibilities devolving upon us.

SOME CURIOUS LIGHTS.

At the end of the sixteenth century a certain old Vincenzo Cascariolo, of Bologna, cobbler by profession, alchemist by practice, went out one summer Sunday evening to take a walk as far as the Monte Paterno. On his way thither, peering about to see if he could not find some sort of key, no matter what, which should unlock the great gate leading into the illimitable gold-fields of Nature, he picked up a stone—a stone like any other stone to look at, but something heavier in the hand to feel. A thought struck him. Always on the look-out for the universal solvent, the alkabest, the menstruum which should turn his copper to gold, and raise his cobbler's lapstone to a patrician's emblem, it suddenly occurred to him that, as this stone had one of the properties of gold, namely, its weight, it might be found on investigation to contain the body of gold itself, and to be one of the links in the chain sought to be knit up. He went back to his furnaces and his awls, put his stone into a crucible, and calcined it; but he got no gold; only a body "which absorbs the rays of the sun by day to emit them by night." In other words, he had made the famous phosphorescent Bologna stone, the Lapis solaris of old days, scientifically known in these days as the

sulphuret of barium; that is, sulphate of barytes, or heavy-spar after calcination. Scipio Begatello, the alchemist, also of Bologna, had a bit of this light-bearing marvel brought to him by the old cobbler; this *Lapis solaris*, which was heavy as gold, attracted the sun, and shone like the sun in the dark, and was thus evidently bound up with the Sol of the fraternity: which Sol was also gold. The cobbler showed it to some others; so that the fame of the Bologna stone got spread abroad, and was made one of the wonders of the old city. This was in 1602, and is the history of the Bologna stone as discovered by Cascariolo the cobbler, and detailed by Dr. Phipson, in his charming little volume on Phosphorescence, lately published. Years afterwards, Marggraf made some pretty bright things by pulverising barytine and mixing it up into a paste with flour in the form of stars, or what form soever he chose to employ, then heating the stars in a closed crucible: which stars, if exposed to the sun for a short time after, would light up in the dark with marvellous radiancy and brightness.

In 1663, Robert Boyle, "the father of English chemistry, and uncle of the Earl of Cork," going his way towards knowledge and the future, found that the diamond was phosphorescent after being exposed to the rays of the sun. In 1675, Baudoin got a new phosphorus out of calcined nitrate of lime. Nearly a hundred years later, Canton's phosphorus—three parts of calcined oyster-shells with one of sulphur—was shown before the Royal Society of London under various very lovely experiments. Plaster of Paris, calcined with common charcoal, and exposed to the sun, is also phosphorescent; and walls lately whitewashed may be seen shining with a steady glow-worm light after exposure to the burning rays of a summer sun. Indeed, many mineral substances are of the light-bearing tribe. Among them some varieties of fluor-spar, carbonate of lime, burnt oyster-shells, pearls, phosphate and arseniate of lime, some diamonds, and the beautiful variety of fluor-spar known as chlorophane, which, when of the noblest kind, is luminous in the dark by the mere heat of the hand—of a lower order of merit, at good warm summer heat, say from sixty to eighty Fahrenheit.

Electricity and heat have both much to do with creating phosphorescence. A slight shock passed through an exhausted substance, or even exposure to the electric light, will restore the light that has departed; and heat is one of the prime agents. Fluor-spar, lime, sulphuret of calcium, diamonds, &c., pulverised and thrown on a heated surface become brilliantly luminous; fluor-spar the most so. Thrown on to heated mercury, into boiling water, or on a hot shovel, it becomes exceedingly bright. But there is one curious thing about it. A perfect crystal of fluor-spar will not become phosphorescent by heat alone, unless one surface be slightly roughened on sandstone: diamonds, on the contrary, will not become phosphorescent unless perfectly polished. Certain diamonds, which will not shine by heat alone, will by electricity; cer-

tain non-phosphorescent bodies can be made luminous by heat, if previously electrified. Of these, are some marbles, apatites, and others of the same class. When exposed to the light they lose this quality, but retain it if kept in the dark. Metallic arsenic, and native sulphuret of antimony (stibine, not antimony pure), become phosphoric when heated to a dull red heat, and shine with a yellow-white light. Gold, copper, and silver, are all phosphorescent when melted on charcoal; so is the mineral called lepidolite; so is sulphate of quinine, and sulphate of cinchonine—also by heat but not by exposure to light; so is paper. Common salt is phosphorescent at a great heat: and chloride of calcium, that has been melted and then rubbed, glows with a greenish light. This is called Hornberg's phosphorus, because first observed by him. The crystals of nitrate of uranium are strikingly luminous when shaken up in a bottle; and many crystals give out light at their point of cleavage. When mica is broken, a spark flashes out, and the separated plates are found to be electric: one positive and the other negative. So it is with feld-spar. Boracic acid, melted in a crucible and then cooled, splits as it cools and sends out faint flames; when vanadic acid is melted, it also crystallises in cooling: the crystals glowing with a red phosphoric light. Vanadium, whence the acid, is a white metal, a kind of underdone silver, found in 1830 by Sefström, the Swedish chemist, in a certain soft iron remarkable for its ductility; and called by him after some heathenish old Scandinavian idol, unknown to general fame. So also, when phosphate of lime is melted, it cools into phosphorescent crystalline beads, very beautiful to behold. Transparent feld-spar is luminous when pounded; so is sugar, which makes quite a grand display when pounded rapidly in a mortar in the dark, until the whole mass seems to be a small sea of flame. So says Dr. Phipson. By practical experiment, I, the compiler of this paper, know nothing.

Water freezing very rapidly, gives out sparks at the moment of passing from water to ice. This was a discovery made by Professor Pontus in 1833. Blend, with very slight excitement; quartz, giving when rubbed the odour of ozone; flint, borax, sugar, sulphur, are all luminous when slightly rubbed in the dark; but the most phosphoric of all substances is phosphorus itself, which is luminous at any temperature above zero. Below that, its light is put out. Phosphorus can make six hundred thousand parts of spirits of wine luminous with one part of itself, and gives light to water in which it is kept. Phosphuret of calcium thrown into water, sends off bubbles of phosphuretted hydrogen gas, which take fire in the atmosphere and give off rings of white smoke, beautifully luminous, and making an exceedingly lovely experiment. Potassium is luminous when first exposed to the air. M. Petric covered a stick with beeswax, then cut it in two parts, and each segment was phosphorescent when cut. Potassium has a reddish light, but burns with a purple flame in water;

sodium is greenish when newly cut, and at sixty or seventy degrees centigrade is just as intensely luminous as phosphorus. Each substance has its own light, though the typical light of phosphorescence is the greenish yellow of the glow-worm. Some marbles and amber give a golden yellow shine; some specimens of fluor-spar arseniate of lime and chloride of calcium are greenish; other fluor-spars are blue violet; chlorophane is green; the shine of the Oriental garnet is reddish; harmotome or crosstone (zeolite) is green-yellow; dolomite, a white marble or magnesian carbonate of lime, aragonite, and some diamonds give a white light; oxide of zinc is blue, and copper a green-yellow, like a glow-worm.

Some of the gases are phosphorescent. If rarefied oxygen be put into a chain of glass globes, and a stream of electricity passed through, all the globes become illuminated if the stream is suddenly cut off. Sulphurous acid gas is also a light-bearer; and mercury can be played off with marvellous effect of fiery mimic rain and softly-falling glowing snow, when acted on by the atmosphere in an exhausted receiver.

There are many accounts of luminous rain and snow and fog. M. de Saussure, travelling on the summit of the Brevin in the midst of a storm, felt a strange creeping sensation in his fingers when he raised his hand, and in a short time saw that the rain was luminous, and that an electric spark was drawn from a gold button in his companion's hat. On the 25th of January, 1822, M. de Thielaw, on his way to Freyburg during a heavy fall of snow, saw that the branches of the trees glowed with a bluish light, and on the same day the Freyburg miners noticed that a shower of sleet which fell there was luminous when it struck the earth. On the 3rd of June, 1731, one Hallai, a priest near Constance, saw a rain which glowed like red-hot liquid metal. This was during a thunder-storm: and in 1761 Bergman wrote to the Royal Society of London, concerning a luminous rain which sparkled as it fell, and covered the earth with waves of fire. On the 3rd of May, 1768, M. Pasumot was overtaken by a violent storm, when on an open plain near Arnay-le-Duc; when he shook off the rain which had collected on the brim of his hat, it was luminous and sparkled as it fell. There are many records of luminous mists. The luminous fog of 1783, the year of the great Calabrian earthquake, is a well-known historical fact. It was a dry fog which spread from the North of Africa up to Sweden, passing over North America too, which rose higher than the highest mountains, and was dispersed by neither wind nor rain. It was so luminous that things could be plainly seen at six hundred yards' distance at night, giving as much light as the moon when behind a cloud; it had an evil smell; and in the same year came the disastrous earthquake of Calabria, and many of the most remarkable eruptions of Mount Hecla. There was another luminous fog in 1831, when whole nights were so light that the smallest print could be read at midnight, in Italy and the north

of Germany; and again in 1859, reported to M. Elie de Beaumont by M. Wartmann of Geneva, and which was so bright, he said, that he could distinguish things on his table. Again, one in 1861, just before the great comet which came so unexpectedly: the fog was in the day and the comet appeared at night. Had we passed through its tail unawares? Luminous zones of cloud have been often noticed. Beccaria reports one at Turin, which cast such a strong reddish glare that ordinary print could be read by it; and General Sabine saw a permanent luminous cloud—a cloud by day, but a pillar of fire by night—resting on the top of one of the mountains round Loch Seavig in the Isle of Skye. It was not only self-illuminated at night, but also gave out frequent jets of phosphoric light, which was not the Aurora Borealis. In July, 1797, a shining cloud first red and then blue, was observed during a storm; though these luminous zones are more generally observed in winter between successive falls of snow. Of the same class of phenomena is that faint diffused light which Arago notices as to be seen in autumn and winter, even in cloudy, moonless, starless nights, and with no snow on the ground. There is always a little light in the atmosphere, a phosphorescence gathered from the sun during the day, which perhaps accounts for the saying, "the darkest hour is the hour before dawn;" as that is the moment of longest exposure, and consequently of greatest weakness. This theory has lately received a strange confirmation in that curious experiment of "bottling up light." Card-board steeped in a solution of tartaric acid or a salt of uranium, was rolled into a cylinder and put into a tin tube, opened at the end, so as to line it. The mouth of the tube was then held up to receive the full rays of the sun: after a quarter of an hour, it was hermetically closed, and not opened until many weeks after. Some of the tubes experimented on were opened a week, some two, some a month, some several months after; but all, when placed mouth downward on to prepared photographic paper, left a distinct impression of the orifice: those which had been sealed up the longest gave the weakest; those which had been sealed up the shortest time, the strongest; but all gave a clear and complete impression of the orifice, like any other photograph taken by the light.

Water-spouts are luminous at night; and a luminous meteoric dust is on record as having fallen during the great eruption of Vesuvius in 1794, when a shower of fine dust gave out a pale phosphorescent light, like that of countless glow-worms in the air. Shooting-stars often leave streams of light behind them; and Admiral Krusenstern saw an aërolite leave a phosphoric band of light behind it, which lasted a whole hour. General Sabine and Captain Ross once sailed into an immense belt of light on the Greenland seas, about four hundred and fifty yards broad, which lighted up the ship like noonday—a belt that was sailed into and sailed out of, and remained for long like an arc of light between the sea and sky; and Loch Seavig,

which had the luminous cloud on its topmost mountain, has also globular lightnings—round balls of fire and light—wandering swiftly over its waters, to the terror of its boatmen. The fire of Saint Elmo, which Lord Napier saw, and which is common in the Levant—that bright harmless flame which envelopes mast-head and rigging in a pale greenish light—is of the same phosphoric class; so are the zodiacal lights of the tropics and the Aurora Borealis of the North Pole. Admiral Wrangel noticed that, during an Aurora Borealis, certain portions of the heavens, previously dark, were lighted up when a shooting-star passed, as if the whole atmosphere wanted but a match anywhere to set it all aflame with harmless fire. The part of Venus not lighted by the sun, often shines with a phosphorescent light of its own; so does the moon, called by the French, *lumière cendrée*; and yet it is worthy of remark that the Bologna stone, which gets phosphoric light from the sun and from lighted candles too, gets none from the moon. The elf-candles of Scotland, and the corpse-candles of Wales, are known now to be mere phosphoric lights flitting about the earth; though indeed some wills-o'-the-wisp have been found to be nothing worse than luminous gnats and daddy-longlegs with more light than science; like that *ignis-fatuus* of Dr. Derham's in 1729, which he saw playing about a thistle, and which was only a luminous insect.

Many flowers are phosphoric. The young daughter of Linnæus was fond of setting fire to the inflammable atmosphere round the essential oil glands of certain *fraxinellæ*, and making a fine blaze on dark, warm, sultry summer nights. Pursuing her play she stumbled on a truth, and by some chance was led to observe the phosphorescence of certain flowers; the great nasturtium being her especial point of observation. Since her time it has been found that most yellow or orange-coloured flowers are phosphorescent, if watched in the twilight during July and August when the atmosphere is highly electric, and not a particle of moisture is in the air. Among the most luminous are the sunflower (*helianthus*); garden marygold (*calendula*); African marygold (*tagetes*); the tuberosa; and the orange lily (*Lilium bulbiferum*): the brightest colours giving the highest radiance. This phosphorescence is not caused by luminous insects, as was proved by M. Haggern's microscopic examinations; but at one time they were thought to be organic and not conditional. Other flowers beside those enumerated, are found to be phosphorescent. On the 18th of June, 1857, Fries, the Swedish naturalist, was walking in the Botanical Gardens at Upsal, when he saw a group of poppies (*Papaver orientale*)—two or three out of the group—emit flashes of light. Many others observed the same thing, and the next day more than a hundred persons assembled there to watch the flowers "give out flames." So with the *leaves* of the American *Ænothera macrocarpa*, or evening primrose; so with the milky juice of certain plants, especially of the *Euphorbia phosphorea*,

which, if broken in the dark and rubbed on paper, traces characters of flame of vast significance and miraculous import in the ages when the priests alone knew the secrets of nature. So, one of the family of the pandanus or screw pine, the spathe of which enveloping the flowers, bursts with a loud noise, and sends out sparks as it bursts. The common potato, when decomposing, gives light enough to read by; a light so vivid, that, once, a cellar at Strasburg was thought to be on fire when shining with the phosphorescence of decomposing potatoes.

A small moss, called the *Schistostega osmundacea*—like the royal fern, *Osmunda regalis*, in miniature—shines brilliantly in the dark; and the *Rhizomorphæ*, humble little cryptogams which spread their thin dark roots abroad in cellars and caves and mines and on dank walls, have such a bright phosphoric light that they have been spoken of enthusiastically as the "vegetable glow-worms." In the caverns and granitic underways of Bohemia, the *Rhizomorphæ* often give light enough to read by; so they are said to do in the English coal mines; but nowhere are they so brilliant or beautiful as in the mines of Hesse, in the north of Germany, where they shine like bright moonlight through the galleries. A very beautiful fungus, the fire mushroom, or *Fungus igneus*, glows with a steady light when decomposing. This phosphorescence of some of the agaric tribe was first seen at Amboine, but afterwards in the Brazils, in an agaric which grows on the dead leaves of the Pindoba palm—the *Agaricus Gardneri*, so named from its discoverer. Also in a magnificent species to be found in the Swan River colony. Another mushroom, growing at the foot of the olive-tree in Italy, *Agaricus olearius*, gives a blue light at night; and the parasitic *Byssoid* fungi, which penetrate the tissues of superior fungi and of decayed wood, send their delicate filaments through and through the rotting fibres, especially of the willow, and make the whole mass alight with phosphoric glory. It is only the filaments of the mycelium, though, which are phosphoric; the perfect plant, of a fine blue colour, and known as the *Thlephora cærulea*, is nothing more than blue and beautiful: it is not a light-bearer.

The sea, too, contributes to the light-bearers liberally. Macartney's *Medusa pellucens* and *M. lucida*—umbrella-shaped long-haired things—are of the class; and the Cancer *fulgens*, a queer beast, like a shrimp or big sea-flea, found by Sir Joseph Banks, on the way from Madeira to Rio Janeiro, is another of the multitudinous phosphoric personages of the deep; for, indeed, their name is legion. Among the most curious is the *Pyrosoma Atlantica*, like a little cylinder of phosphorus; a small beast, which, when magnified, is seen to be tipped with spirals of flame: and the *Noctiluca miliaris*, to whose effulgence is due the phosphorescence of the English Channel, is another very strangely-shaped animal. Under a pocket lens, mere little round points of light—to the naked eye, an indistinguishable effect of light—when highly magnified they are found to be leaf, or, perhaps better,

heart-shaped beings, with a complex centre and a network of branching filaments—beings with a stalk, making them more than ever like heart-shaped leaves, and each animal highly phosphorescent. Then there are things like ornamented spindles, with the threads flying; and things like transparent beans; some like Florence flasks standing on two legs, belted round the middle, and filled with plums; some like a boy's kite, with turnip-shaped excrescences; and others like steel traps, with teeth set in a row below; some like hairy mushrooms, with roots and streamers; some like fantastic cucumbers; some plummy like rushes, and others feathery like birds; many, and of all forms and classes; so many, indeed, that, in 1854, the phosphorescent marine animals then known, were upwards of a hundred distinct species; and the number has increased since then. But, unlike the herring and the mackerel, and other fish, which become luminous only when dead and decaying, these invertebrate light-bearers are luminous only when living; the phosphoric substance—which can be collected, according to the testimony by experience of MM. Édoux and Soulezet, and which is yellowish, viscous, and soluble in water—losing its luminosity after it has been separated for a few moments from the body of the animal.

Common earthworms—the lumbrices according to science—are known now to be phosphorescent, though a fierce dispute was once waged on that question; some naturalists declaring that the crawling things which left a trail of light behind them on the garden-path in warm, dry, summer evenings, were not earthworms, but centipedes, scolopendræ; but the fact is pretty firmly established now that earthworms as well as centipedes are luminous, and that centipedes are only luminous after exposure to the sun, though earthworms are often turned up out of manure-heaps shining and phosphorescent. A most singular and important fact; if, indeed, it is an absolute fact, and not a mere fancy of the observation. Other insects, too, are phosphorescent. The glow-worm—*lampyris*; the fire-fly—*elater*; the Chinese lantern-fly—*fulgora*; will occur to the mind of every one as the typical forms of insect luminousness; but the curious *Passus sphærocercus*, which bears its two lanterns on its horns like gig-lamps, is less known; and that the eyes of the *Noctua psi*, a little grey night-moth, marked with the Greek character ψ on its wings; the eyes of the silkworm-moth, *Bombyx cossus*; some caterpillars; our old British friend the daddy-longlegs, under rare circumstances; and some beetles of indigestible names and horny bodies—that all these are phosphoric and luminous is a fact known only to the more careful observers. The eyes of beasts have often strange lights within and behind them. Some monkeys have phosphorescent eyes; and Dr. Phipson speaks of one man, only one, whose eyes emitted a metallic pink light, something like the green shine of a dog's eyes; but the same kind of thing has been seen with others of frail and remarkable constitutions. Dr. Kane mentions in his journal a curious case of phosphorescence

covering the metallic parts of a pistol, as well as the hands of himself and his friend Petersen, then holding it. It was intensely cold at the time, and the atmosphere was highly electric; and then came the phosphorescence of the metal and of their own living flesh, as bright and steady as a glow-worm's light, showing every mark and crease of the skin, and the whole length of the pistol; enabling them to see what they were about in that desolate hut; helping them to get a flame, upon which their salvation depended.

Strange phosphoric appearances have been seen in the dying and diseased. A pale moonlight-coloured glimmer was seen playing round the head of a dying girl about an hour and a half before her last breath. The light proceeded from her head, and was faint and tremulous like the reflexion of summer lightning, which at first, those watching her, mistook it to be. The story is told by Marsh in his Essay on the Evolution of Light from the Living Subject. Another case reported by a medical man in Ireland, was that of a consumptive patient, in whose cabin strange lights had been seen, filling the neighbourhood with alarm. The medical man, Dr. Donovan, went to the cabin and watched, and out of fourteen nights succeeded in three; once seeing a luminous fog like the Aurora Borealis round the man, and twice “scintillations, like the sparkling phosphorescence exhibited by sea infusoria.” He vouches for the truth of what he saw, and the absence of all imposture. A third instance was that of an Italian woman at Milan lying dangerously ill (she did not die, as it turned out), who gave off a phosphoric flame which avoided the hand when carried against it, and was finally dispersed by a current of air. And have not phosphoric lights been seen in hospitals upon wounds, upon dead and decaying flesh in dissecting-rooms, and in butchers' shops? Boyle's famous neck of veal, which had more than twenty phosphorescent places in it, is one of the most striking instances on record; but Dr. Phipson gives others, which the curious may read for themselves. At all events, the fact is proved that dead flesh before decaying may become phosphorescent, and that even the living flesh when diseased, or before death, or when hurt as in wounds, can also be luminous. But the subject is in its infancy yet, and even Dr. Phipson, who knows more about it than any other living man, does not always know where to draw the line between electricity and phosphorescence, or to determine which is which, or what is either.

MY COUNTRY-HOUSE IN PERSIA.

I AM living in a garden. My companions are birds, and trees, and flowers. I know them all intimately, and they are all quick with the delicious airy life of fairyland. I know the talking-bird, who seems to discourse to me of worlds invisible, telling me to be content with the great joy of living. Perhaps he has brought his sweet grave talk from some unseen paradise, which human eyes are not yet blessed enough to be-

hold. I know the breeze, that comes at noon-day, fresh from the mountains, like a wild romp, tossing about the leaves, and breaking the still sunshine of my garden. I know the gentle zephyrs, stealing along like lovers' sighs, scarcely heard, but felt delightfully. I know the airs of early morning, so fresh and friendly; and I know the sound of the trumpet, which comes from the king's palace at dawn. It is a laughable trumpet, though the trumpeter, a solemn man, whom I know also, is very proud of it. I know the water, which comes rushing all over my garden like a prodigal prince with his train, who only deigns to visit me twice a week. I know, also, the divine calm of the daybreak, and could translate into earthly words the birds' hymn of thanksgiving for the return of day. All nature prays at the dawn of a summer day in the East.

At night the moon is my mistress. She is so near, she seems quite at home among my flowers, as if she lived with them, or had a palace of gems in the snowy mountain at whose base my garden grows.

Around me there is a fresh and wonderful exuberance of life. The whole garden blooms in the magnificent pomp of an Asiatic mid-summer, and looks like one gorgeous nosegay. Roses are there in such profusion that they clamber up the stems of tall trees, and smother the very leaves of them with the multitude of their buds and blossoms. Trunk and branches seem all stifled and conquered in that soft embrace. I lie down even upon roses—such a swarming bevy of fragrant beauties as might have been at the court of the Princess Badoura. Nature showers her gifts over the land with disorderly generosity. Nothing can keep in its place for some other thing that struggles with it. The flowers go clambering and strolling over walls and walks like beautiful unruly children, wild with delight, and liberty, and health. There is every day a succession of new flowers. Yesterday my garden was all white, to-day it seems blue; to-morrow it may be rose-colour again, as it was a week ago, but every day brings something new and lovelier than the day before, revealing wonders of nature and unsuspected changes.

The very sky seems made up of jewels heaped together in store from heaven's own treasury. Here, near the sun, are some small bright-tinted clouds which look like a cluster of priceless rubies and opals tossed carelessly upon the skies, from the brow of some fair Spirit at repose. Near them is a fine mosaic of turquoise and white cornelian intermingled, which might serve to pave one of the courts of heaven; and yonder, on the verge of the horizon, are endless fields of amethyst. Round the sun himself, cluster diamonds of intolerable brightness, and round the moon, his bride, are pearls. Very beautiful is the milky way on moonless nights. My nozzir, or butler, too, has peculiar opinions respecting the milky way. He informs me, that at the time of the Flood the windows of heaven were opened, and these light streaks in the sky come from chinks that could not be properly closed again.

I am living in two climates. Around me, in my garden, is sunshine, bright and warm. Roses of purple and rich yellow hues, such as are never seen in our parterres, bow their lovely heads ceremoniously to each other in demure merriment, and turn aside from the wooing airs to titter and whisper among themselves. Small white leaves of unknown flowers, who are gathered together in a countless host, fall with every light wind, making mimic snow, as if in mockery of the wintry storm. But beyond, on the mountain close by, is real snow and ice; I have the snow to cool my sherbet, and it is served to freshen my fruits. The ice is like crystal, enchanted crystal, which dissolves in a thousand lustrous hues as I look at it.

My nozzir, who sees me sometimes looking musingly upwards at the snow on peak and in ravine, tells me that the sky is made of ice, and that is why the summits of all mountains which approach near to it are frozen.

If I go in-doors to seek the shade at noon, bright carpets are spread beneath my feet, and the room in which I doze through the heat of the day, in company with pleasant visitors from dreamland, is full of Eastern luxuries. The floor is strewn with embroidered cushions, soft divans, and shawls, and gilded wares; and cambric pillows filled with rose-leaves to cool the heated temples and invite repose, that I may be fresh and wakeful in the glorious night-time. By-and-by the walls around are painted with flowers, and bright with gilding newly done. Looking-glasses are let into them and reflect a bearded personage whom I hardly recognise as the cropped and shaven Englishman who read the City article in the Times with such interest, and who wore such very tight clothes, and who was all bestrapped and umbrellaed in a club-house, a few months ago. My windows are of stained glass, very small, and diamond-shaped like those in English cottages; but when the sun shines through them they look like beautiful jewels. I can fancy I am living in the palace of gems which the slave of the lamp built for Aladdin, and I must be careful not to ask for a roc's egg, lest it should all tumble down and vanish. It is neither of one story nor of two, but both! part of it being of one story, and part of it two. It might have been built by a child at play with cards. There is a range of rooms, some high and some low, round a spacious court with a fountain in the centre, and a piece of ornamental water, round which strut birds of gorgeous feather; and a fawn gambols and plays with my nozzir's daughter, a little maid scarce five years old. The fountain is blue and silver, full of living waters, talking always. Over the low rooms are other low rooms, the two together about the size and height of one high room, but not quite, and so quaint juts and corners and holes make up the difference. Wooden shutters are in front of these rooms, and extend, like French windows, almost from the ceiling to the ground. Above these shutters are constructed queer little spaces like a honeycomb.

They are covered sometimes with stained glass, and sometimes with oil-paper painted of many colours, and they serve for windows. When these shutters are open, the room is shaded from the sun by a prettily striped canvas awning. There are nests of little pigeon-holes and nooks, and shelves and corners, about the rooms, that there is a place for everything. It is quite a doll's house.

My palace had nearly all fallen down when I took it; though it belonged to a prince of the blood. But it was built up again as if by magic. A rush of workmen appeared. They fumed about, and hallooed to each other, and fought and were beaten, and behold! the house rose from its own ruins. To be sure the walls are only built of mud and water. When the winter rain comes they will be washed away again. About my house are spiders, so big as to be quite bogey spiders; and there are preposterous giants of beetles who patrol my floors at night, and aldermen blue-bottles, and fleas like dwarf crabs.

A man has been sent for from the city on the day of my arrival to make my bed, which is a laughable mass of wool in a silken sack of scarlet and yellow. He arrives on horseback and clatters into my room as if on an errand of life and death. Then he sits down to talk and smoke with my nozzir as if he had nothing to do at all. By-and-by he sits on his knees beside an immense instrument like a harp with one string, and takes a large mallet of polished wood in his right hand. Then comes my nozzir and rips open the bed with a carving-knife, and together they beat out the wool, lock by lock, to a pleasant kind of music, looking as serious as children at play the while. A tomaun is given to the bed-maker, and he gallops away again as he came.

The roof of my house, which overlooks a wide landscape, and is flat as a terrace, would be a pleasant walk when the sun has gone down, and it would be nice to dine there on these dewless evenings, and look down upon the garden, and confound the politics of the earwigs and spiders who seek one's acquaintance in the gloaming. But there are some peasants' houses about, which my terrace commands, and I might witness a lady's toilet; so that this would not do at all.

I have a great many servants—wonderful people—red and blue, and yellow, and black, and white. Their names are all from the Arabian Nights—Hassan and Ahmed, and Ali, Noureddin, Mohammed, and Ibrahim, Sadik and Kerrin. My household, also, is quite patriarchal. I call my servants "Badcha," my children; and we are indeed of the same family. But they are seldom at home, and their friends, also of variegated colours, come to supply their places. It is all the same; half a score of rice-eaters are ready at any time to do my bidding. I might have a dozen more if I chose, all watching my looks, thinking me a curiosity, bragging about me as subordinate to themselves, making good sayings for me, and carrying them hither and thither about the bazaars. They take little things off my desk or dressing-table, and show them to astonish their friends of many hues. Sometimes

they bring them back again; sometimes they omit this ceremony. One of them walked about all day yesterday with a little patent match-box, and everybody to whom he exhibited it cried "Wonderful!" My servants are eternal talkers, and always find such excellent reasons for all they do, that it is impossible to catch them tripping, and it is far better to submit to their ways. It is also, I find, far cheaper. If I am so extravagant as to have a difference of opinion with any of them, he is sure to come to me the next day and say, "Ah, Sahib! because you broke my heart last night you must give me a new coat." I do not find by experience that a refusal to do so ever settles the question.

I have Aladdin's talismans, and the Slave of the Lamp and the Slave of the Ring at my call. Sometimes a genius with a flowing beard, and dressed in bright-coloured silks and satins, comes in to bring me a pretty turquoise, or a golden bridle-chain. Perhaps I shall have to pay for that turquoise and gold chain, if I keep them. Perhaps they have been brought to me for sale by a wandering trader, or some neighbour's servant. But I prefer to think that they are given to me by a genius as enchanted gifts, or that they are sent to me as among the wonders of the world by some friendly magician. A bridle-chain which will give my horse the fleetness of the wind, a turquoise which will render me invisible to my enemies.

When I smoke, I seem to have an enchanted pipe made of a living man, all blue and yellow and gold; with a face dark and handsome, and with humble eyes. The pipe walks away when I have done with it, and talks if I speak. The bowl of my pipe is of gold, enamelled round with portraits copied from an English Book of Beauty, which, somehow or other, found its way to Tehran.

If I ask for food, it comes in such a tray as the Fairy Pari-Banou might have served to Prince Ahmed in her palace of rocks. Fragrant wines, bright as amber, and smelling all of flowers, in bottles of unknown shape, are upon the tray; and large fruits, melons of great size, and grapes in gigantic bunches freshly gathered, with the virgin bloom upon them. Meats, too, are there, served in tempting mouthfuls upon silver skewers of cunning device, and snowy flaps of bread, thin as a handkerchief, to protect my fingers when I take the dainty morsels still frothing from the fire. Iced sherbets and milk curiously prepared and whiter than snow, with rice like pearls, and pomegranate pips like rubies, and pickles cut in quaint figures, with wild truffles and sweet honeycomb. This is my meal. It is all like enchantment. It comes in at a sign, and goes away at a sign. It comes noiselessly on men's heads, while I am listening to the cuckoo flitting from tree to tree, and to the nightingales who sing here in the daytime. It goes away while I am asking the leaves of the Marguerite for the secret of my lady's heart.

If I lose any of my treasures, my nozzir, a stately man—plum coloured—will propose to send for the king's astrologer. The king's

astrologer will come with his conjurations and discover the thief by magical arts. Then every one will be in such a fright that the lost article will be speedily found, or the thief will have taken sanctuary at the tomb of a saint, leaving his place vacant in the household. Then my nozzir will tell me how, once upon a time, wishing to dispose of an enemy, he appealed formally to the said astrologer, who caused his enemy's death by writing the name of that enemy upon a piece of paper, and burying it in the earth. He will assure me that no secrets are hidden from the astrologer; and that he is the most potent of magicians.

My cook wishes to go to the bath. If I gently hint to him that we have not dined, he admits this cheerfully, but adds that his brother will cook to-day, for he has tried a fall in the Koran, and finds that it will be lucky for him to bathe now. There is no resisting such an argument as this. So his brother arrives speedily to cook the dinner. He is a yellow man, and comes on horseback of course, bringing other brothers with him; and a lamb which is to be roasted whole in my garden. It is soon skinned and spitted on the branch of a tree, a large fire is made upon the ground, and it roasts merrily. Bearded figures, eager for the feast, gather busily round it, thwacking each other, and quarrelling loudly from time to time. Among them is a bottle of wine as big as a watering-pot. It must hold at least two gallons. No such bottle and no such cooks are to be seen elsewhere but in a pantomime. The lamb roasted whole is brought in at last with a mighty fuss and bustle, and a slice from the shoulder, which is supposed to be the daintiest morsel, is specially cut out for me. For a lamb is rather a rarity, and is not always to be had in Persia. A lamb, say the shrewd shepherds, grows up to be a sheep, and a sheep is worth more than a lamb.

During the Moharrem, my gardener asks for leave to go to a mosque and weep for the imams. I inquire why he wants to weep! and he tells me that moollahs say that angels descend and catch the tears of all who weep for these saints; and that their tears are carefully preserved and kept at the gates of paradise. Tears so shed, he assures me, should be put in a flask, for they are sovereign charms against sickness and the evil eye. Then I remember how ancient is the custom, and the words of the Psalmist, "Put thou my tears into thy bottle."

One servant stops abruptly while eating fruit, of which the Persians devour an incredible quantity in summer, and coming softly up to me, bows himself sideways, after the manner of his people, and respectfully inquires the exact time. I answer him, and he then asks to be excused from further attendance that day, in order that he may go immediately to a tailor and order the new coat which I have promised him. The stars, he declares, would not be propitious were the coat to be cut out at any other time. My nozzir begs that I will defer having a window mended till the next day, in order that he may consult a friend, who is a magician, on the subject.

Then I am of easy faith, for there is a marvellous childlike flavour about my servants' talk and stories, very Eastern and very charming. I love to be borne along in the far away current of these strange things, and let my household do with me as they will, following their customs, leading the same life as they do, which is a pleasure ever curious and new to me. It is said that the Persians are liars, and that the fine old tradition that they only know how to draw the bow and speak the truth is a fable. I do not say so. I think that they love to let their imaginations banquet upon mysteries.

My servants all have houses of their own, and speak very grandly about them. One servant knows a little English, and every now and then he comes to me with a melancholy face, and says, "I vont too goo too oooze," which means to say that he is wife-sick.

If I ride abroad, the deevs—genii—are with me in the shape of five gorgeously-arrayed and mounted servants. If any person gets in our way, he is beaten out of it. My servants ride up to him at a hobbling cauter, take his own stick from him, and belabour him soundly with it, one holding him by the collar, while another whacks away at him with both hands in the Punch and Judy style. The man who was in the way receives his beating very humbly, noticing it little more than if he was a wooden man; but sits quietly on his horse till my servants are out of breath, and return him his stick. Then he seems quite refreshed, and prances away playfully, flourishing his hand in the air as if nothing had happened, and they all go wheeling and capering round and about together. It must be a pantomime, or enchantment.

When we ride abroad, it is quite a jubilee. My servants, those wild horsemen, gallop round and round me, and have mimic fights with each other, and fire joy-volleys with their guns in the air, falling over and over often, and getting up again like wooden men who can do themselves no harm.

My horse is a milk-white Arabian. His housings are of gold and precious stones. The reins of his bridle are of light-blue silk, and tassels of silver hang from his neck with a talisman, upon which is written a verse from the Koran, to preserve us from the evil eye. On such a steed Firouz-Shah bore off the Princess of Bengal, and Codadad appeared for the first time before the King of Dyarbekir. Sometimes in our ride we meet a great lord who lives on the other side of the valley. It is the Sadrazam, the mightiest of the servants of the king of kings. He is a handsome man, of a noble and dignified presence. Toil, and thought, and public care may be read upon every line of a face such as men can hardly look upon without liking, or women without love. He rides along, attended by a splendid train of nobles, with their squires and men-at-arms, towards his country-house hard by. For his highness loves his garden, too, in this wonderful summer-time.

Occasionally we meet the king himself with a

great crowd of carriages, containing the ladies of the court, and horsemen, and soldiers, and led horses. He is a gracious prince, courteous and handsome. He fixes his eyes full upon us as we pass by, which is the royal manner of returning a salute in Persia. The king's dress is of that beautiful soft peach-colour which predominates in the finest shawls; he wears the armlets of jewels which belong to royalty, and the regal plume of diamonds in his hat.* With his majesty rides the heir-apparent. He is a pretty boy, with fresh, fat, little cheeks, just big enough to sit upon his horse.

But it is not always that I can make certain of an afternoon's ride. Just as we are about to start, a messenger may come in haste to ask my servants to a marriage, and they all go away by magic. We must ride when they come back. Our grand excursion is of course to Tehran, whither we are obliged to go on days of public ceremony. This is a very complicated affair indeed. We must commence and complete our little journey within the precise time fixed by an astrologer, who frequently obliges us with his company at dinner-time, and who has constituted himself a part of the establishment on all occasions of unusual solemnity. If this sage, however, should not be doing us the honour of a visit on that day, we send to consult him before we start, and we halt at a little distance from the city and despatch a messenger to his private residence, to ascertain that the stars have not changed their minds, and to make quite sure of things.

Then we go home by moonlight, with the nightingale band hymning loud anthems round us, and all the flowers and trees at prayer. There stands my house among the gardens, sleeping in the rays of the moon. But I shall find everybody up. No one ever seems to go to bed during the summer in Persia. And why should they? Even now I can see to read my brother's letter, which the gholaum has brought to-day from Tabrēz, and sit down to dream of the homeland.

But here is my neighbour's daughter, a pretty little thing, wild as a gazelle, and as shy. She has a painted face, and fingers tipped with henna, and eyebrows dyed with reng. Her feet and arms are bare, but there are jewels of great price upon them. She is quite covered with gems, but her eyes are brighter than the brightest of them, and her skin is wondrous fair. On her little neck is a necklace of inestimable value. On one of her wee, wee fingers is a thimble of gold, prettily enamelled.

By-and-by comes my neighbour himself, whose darling she is; and he seems to love me because his child has chosen me for a playmate. So we fall a talking, and by-and-by comes supper and

* See page 403 of the last volume.

sherbets, and then day has dawned again, and the little child has fallen fast asleep in my arms with a shawl cast loosely round her. I fancy that it was not to disturb her, that her father stayed so late, and that he quoted the long, long passage from Saadi twice over. But now she wakes up, all life and prattle, and we rise to saunter towards my neighbour's house together, with a cloud of servants hovering round us. My neighbour means to give me pipes and tea; and as we are something more than mere acquaintances we shall take tea in the anderoon, and his wife will join us with her face uncovered. She is a buxom dame, and will make the morning gay with laughter and wild jests. As we go sauntering along, I notice an old crumbling wall with a turret in the centre which has been built upon my neighbour's land, without any apparent reason. It is so massive, so old, and so time-worn, that I ask him who built it.

"Hoolookoo-Khan, grandson of Ghenghis-Khan," says my nozzir, joining respectfully in the conversation, "built it for one of his treasure castles."

But my neighbour reproves him mildly, and, with the air of a sober reasoner settling a vexed question upon undoubted authority, turns to me kindly, and says, "All persons are of opinion that it was built by the deevs, or genii."

When we have breakfasted we shall probably ride out together hawking, or slip a leash of Kurdish greyhounds after a hare, or wander away amidst the sunshine, idly watching the pigeons who live in holes among the rocks, and pass in clouds hither and thither, with swift and troubled flight. Perhaps, by-and-by, too, we shall dine on fruits, and milk, and roasted lambs, in another garden, a gallant troop of banqueters, with our horses picketed among the trees, and likely enough some merry laughter coming from lattice and balcony will show that my neighbour's anderoon has followed us, and my little friend and I may have a romp among the roses.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1863.

[PRICE 2d.]

A DARK NIGHT'S WORK.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "MARY BARTON."

CHAPTER X.

MR. CORBET was so well known at the parsonage by the two old servants, that he had no difficulty, on reaching it, after his departure from Ford Bank, in having the spare bed-chamber made ready for him, late as it was, and in the absence of the master, who had taken a little holiday now that Lent and Easter were over, for the purpose of fishing. While his room was getting ready, Ralph sent for his clothes, and by the same messenger he despatched the little note to Ellinor. But there was the letter he had promised her in it still to be written; and it was almost his night's employment to say enough yet not too much; for, as he expressed it to himself, he was half way over the stream, and it would be folly to turn back, for he had given nearly as much pain both to himself and Ellinor by this time as he should do by making the separation final. Besides, after Mr. Wilkins's speeches that evening—but he was candid enough to acknowledge that, bad and offensive as they had been, if they had stood alone they might have been condoned.

His letter ran as follows :

"DEAREST ELLINOR, for dearest you are, and I think will ever be, my judgment has consented to a step which is giving me great pain, greater than you will readily believe. I am convinced that it is better that we should part; for circumstances have occurred since we formed our engagement which, although I am unaware of their exact nature, I can see weigh heavily upon you, and have materially affected your father's behaviour. Nay, I think, after to-night, I may almost say have entirely altered his feelings towards me. What these circumstances are I am ignorant, any further than that I know from your own admission that they may lead to some future disgrace. Now, it may be my fault, it may be in my temperament, to be anxious, above all things earthly, to obtain and possess a high reputation. I can only say that it is so, and leave you to blame me for my weakness as much as you like. But anything that might come in between me and this object would, I own, be ill tolerated by me; the very dread of such an obstacle intervening

would paralyse me. I should become irritable, and, deep as my affection is, and always must be, towards you, I could not promise you a happy, peaceful life. I should be perpetually haunted by the idea of what might happen in the way of discovery and shame. I am the more convinced of this, from my observation of your father's altered character—an alteration which I trace back to the time when I conjecture that the secret affairs took place to which you have alluded. In short, it is for your sake, my dear Ellinor, even more than for my own, that I feel compelled to affix a final meaning to the words which your father addressed to me last night, when he desired me to leave his house for ever. God bless you, my Ellinor, for the last time my Ellinor. Try to forget as soon as you can the unfortunate tie which has bound you for a time to one so unsuitable—I believe I ought to say so unworthy of you—as—RALPH CORBET."

Ellinor was making breakfast when this letter was given her. According to the wont of the servants of the respective households of the parsonage and Ford Bank, the man asked if there was any answer. It was only custom; for he had not been desired to do so. Ellinor went to the window to read her letter; the man waiting all the time respectfully for her reply. She went to the writing-table, and wrote :

"It is all right—quite right. I ought to have thought of it all last August. I do not think you will forget me easily, but I entreat you never at any future time to blame yourself. I hope you will be happy and successful. I suppose I must never write to you again; but I shall always pray for you. Papa was very sorry last night for having spoken angrily to you. You must forgive him—there is great need for forgiveness in this world.—ELLINOR."

She kept putting down thought after thought, just to prolong the last pleasure of writing to him. She sealed the note and gave it to the man. Then she sat down and waited for Miss Monro, who had gone to bed on the previous night without awaiting Ellinor's return from the dining-room.

"I am late, my dear," said Miss Monro, on coming down, "but I have a bad headache, and I knew you had a pleasant companion." Then, looking round, she perceived Ralph's absence.

"Mr. Corbet not down yet!" she exclaimed. And then Ellinor had to tell her the outline of the facts so soon likely to be made public; that Mr. Corbet and she had determined to break off their engagement; and that Mr. Corbet had accordingly betaken himself to the parsonage; and that she did not expect him to return to Ford Bank. Miss Monro's astonishment was unbounded. She kept going over and over all the little circumstances she had noticed during this last visit, only on yesterday, in fact which she could not reconcile with the notion that the two, apparently so much attached to each other but a few hours before, were now to be forever separated and estranged. Ellinor sickened under the torture; which yet seemed like torture in a dream, from which there must come an awakening and a relief. She felt as if she could not bear any more; yet there was more to bear. Her father, as it turned out, was very ill, and had been so all night long; he had evidently had some kind of attack on the brain, whether apoplectic or paralytic it was for the doctors to decide. In the hurry and anxiety of this day of misery succeeding to misery she almost forgot to wonder whether Ralph were still at the parsonage—still in Hamley; it was not till the coming visit of the physician that she learnt that he had been seen by Dr. Moore as he was taking his place in the morning mail to London. Dr. Moore alluded to his name as to a thought that would cheer and comfort the fragile girl during her night-watch by her father's bedside. But Miss Monro stole out after Dr. Moore to warn him off the subject for the future, crying bitterly over the forlorn position of her darling as she spoke—crying as Ellinor had never yet been able to cry; though all the time in the pride of her sex she was endeavouring to persuade the doctor it was all Ellinor's doing, and the wisest and best thing she could have done, as he was not good enough for her, only a poor barrister struggling for a livelihood. Like many other kind-hearted people, she fell into the blunder of lowering the moral character of those whom it is their greatest wish to exalt. But Dr. Moore knew Ellinor too well to believe all that Miss Monro said; she would never act from interested motives, and was all the more likely to cling to a man because he was down, and unsuccessful. No! there had been a lovers' quarrel; and it could not have happened at a sadder time.

Before the June roses were in full bloom, Mr. Wilkins was dead. He had left his daughter to the guardianship of Mr. Ness by some will made years ago; but Mr. Ness had caught a rheumatic fever with his Easter fishings, and had been unable to be moved home from the little Welsh inn where he had been staying when he was taken ill. Since this last attack, Mr. Wilkins's mind had been much affected; he often talked strangely and wildly; but he had rare intervals of quietness and full possession of his senses. At one of these times he must have written a half-finished pencil note, which his

nurse found under his pillow after his death, and brought to Ellinor. Through her tear-blinded eyes she read the weak faltering words:

"I am very ill. I sometimes think I shall never get better, so I wish to ask your pardon for what I said the night before I was taken ill. I am afraid my anger made mischief between you and Ellinor, but I think you will forgive a dying man. If you will come back and let all be as it used, I will make any apology you may require. If I go she will be so very friendless; and I have looked to you to care for her ever since you first—" There came some illegible and incoherent writing, ending with, "From my death-bed I adjure you to stand her friend; I will beg pardon on my knees for anything—"

And there strength had failed; the paper and pencil had been laid aside to be resumed at some time when the brain was clearer, the hand stronger. Ellinor kissed the letter, reverently folded it up, and laid it among her sacred treasures, by her mother's half-finished sewing, and a little curl of her baby-sister's golden hair.

Mr. Johnson, who had been one of the trustees for Mrs. Wilkins's marriage-settlement, a respectable solicitor in the county town, and Mr. Ness, had been appointed as executors of his will, and guardians to Ellinor. The will itself had been made several years before, when he had imagined himself the possessor of a handsome fortune, the bulk of which he bequeathed to his only child. By her mother's marriage-settlement Ford Bank was held in trust for the children of the marriage; the trustees being Sir Frank Holster and Mr. Johnson. There were legacies to his executors; a small annuity to Miss Monro, with the expression of a hope that it might be arranged for her to continue living with Ellinor as long as the latter remained unmarried; all his servants were remembered, Dixon especially, and most liberally.

What remained of the handsome fortune once possessed by the testator? The executors asked in vain; there was nothing. They could hardly make out what had become of it, in such utter confusion were all the accounts, both personal and official. Mr. Johnson was hardly restrained by his compassion for the orphan from throwing up the executorship in disgust. Mr. Ness roused himself from his scholar-like abstraction to labour at the examination of books, parchments, and papers, for Ellinor's sake. Sir Frank Holster professed himself only a trustee for Ford Bank.

Meanwhile she went on living at Ford Bank, quite unconscious of the state of her father's affairs, but sunk into a deep plaintive melancholy, which affected her looks and the tones of her voice in such a manner as to distress Miss Monro exceedingly. It was not that the good lady did not quite acknowledge the great cause her pupil had for grieving—deserted by her lover, her father dead—but that she could not bear the outward signs of how much these sorrows had told on Ellinor. Her love for the poor girl was infinitely distressed by seeing the daily wasting

away, the constant heavy depression of spirits, and she grew impatient of the continual pain of sympathy. If Miss Monro could have done something to relieve Ellinor of her woe she would have been less inclined to scold her for giving way to it.

The time came when Miss Monro could act; and, after that, there was no more irritation on her part. When all hope of Ellinor's having anything beyond the house and grounds of Ford Bank was gone; when it was proved that of all the legacies bequeathed by Mr. Wilkins not one farthing could ever be paid; when it came to be a question how far the beautiful pictures and other objects of art in the house were not legally the property of unsatisfied creditors, the state of her father's affairs was communicated to Ellinor as delicately as Mr. Ness knew how.

She was drooping over her work—she always drooped now—and she left off sewing to listen to him, leaning her head on the arm which rested on the table. She did not speak when he had ended his statement. She was silent for whole minutes afterwards; he went on speaking out of very agitation and awkwardness:

"It was all the rascal Dunster's doing, I've no doubt," said he, trying to account for the entire loss of Mr. Wilkins's fortune.

To his surprise she lifted up her white stony face, and said slowly and faintly, but with almost solemn calmness:

"Mr. Ness, you must never allow Mr. Dunster to be blamed for this!"

"My dear Ellinor, there can be no doubt about it. Your father himself always referred to the losses he had sustained by Dunster's disappearance."

Ellinor covered her face with her hands. "God forgive us all," she said, and relapsed into the old unbearable silence. Mr. Ness had undertaken to discuss her future plans with her, and he was obliged to go on.

"Now, my dear child—I have known you since you were quite a little girl, you know—we must try not to give way to feeling"—he himself was choking; she was quite quiet—"but think what is to be done. You will have the rent of this house; and we have a very good offer for it—a tenant on lease of seven years at a hundred and twenty pounds a year—"

"I will never let this house," said she, standing up suddenly, and as if defying him.

"Not let Ford Bank! Why? I don't understand it—I can't have been clear—Ellinor, the rent of this house is all you will have to live on!"

"I can't help it, I can't leave this house. Oh Mr. Ness, I can't leave this house."

"My dear child, you shall not be hurried—I know how hardly all these things are coming upon you (and I wish I had never seen Corbet, with all my heart I do!)"—this was almost to himself, but she must have heard it, for she quivered all over—"but leave this house you must. You must eat, and the rent of this house must pay for your food; you must dress, and there is nothing but the rent to clothe you. I will gladly

have you to stay at the parsonage as long as ever you like; but, in fact, the negotiations with Mr. Osbaldistone, the gentleman who offers to take the house, are nearly completed—"

"It is my house!" said Ellinor, fiercely. "I know it is settled on me."

"No, my dear. It is held in trust for you by Sir Frank Holster and Mr. Johnson; you receive all moneys and benefits accruing from it"—he spoke gently, for he almost thought her head was turned—"but you remember you are not of age, and Mr. Johnson and I have full power."

Ellinor sat down, helpless.

"Leave me," she said, at length. "You are very kind, but you don't know all. I cannot stand any more talking now," she added, faintly.

Mr. Ness bent over her and kissed her forehead, and withdrew without another word. He went to Miss Monro.

"Well! and how did you find her?" was her first inquiry, after the usual greetings had passed between them. "It is really quite sad to see how she gives way; I speak to her, and speak to her, and tell her how she is neglecting all her duties, and it does no good."

"She has had to bear a still further sorrow to-day," said Mr. Ness. "On the part of Mr. Johnson and myself I have a very painful duty to perform to you as well as to her. Mr. Wilkins has died insolvent. I grieve to say there is no hope of your ever receiving any of your annuity!"

Miss Monro looked very blank. Many happy little visions faded away in those few moments; then she roused up and said, "I am but forty; I have a good fifteen years of work in me left yet, thank God. Insolvent! Do you mean he has left no money?"

"Not a farthing. The creditors may be thankful if they are fully paid."

"And Ellinor?"

"Ellinor will have the rent of this house, which is hers by right of her mother's settlement, to live on."

"How much will that be?"

"One hundred and twenty pounds."

Miss Monro's lips went into a form prepared for whistling. Mr. Ness continued:

"She is at present unwilling enough to leave this house, poor girl. It is but natural; but she has no power in the matter, even were there any other course open to her. I can only say how glad, how honoured, I shall feel by as long a visit as you and she can be prevailed upon to pay me at the parsonage."

"Where is Mr. Corbet?" said Miss Monro.

"I do not know. After breaking off his engagement he wrote me a long letter, explanatory, as he called it; exculpatory, as I termed it. I wrote back, curtly enough, saying that I regretted the breaking off of an intercourse which had always been very pleasant to me, but that he must be aware that, with my intimacy with the family at Ford Bank, it would be both awkward and unpleasant to all parties if he and I remained

on our previous footing. Who is that going past the window? Ellinor riding?"

Miss Monro went to the window. "Yes! I am thankful to see her on horseback again. It was only this morning I advised her to have a ride!"

"Poor Dixon! he will suffer, too; his legacy can no more be paid than the others; and it is not many young ladies who will be as content to have so old-fashioned a groom riding after them as Ellinor seems to be."

As soon as Mr. Ness had left, Miss Monro went to her desk and wrote a long letter to some friends she had at the cathedral town of East Chester, where she had spent some happy years of her former life. Her thoughts had gone back to this time even while Mr. Ness had been speaking; for it was there her father had lived, and it was after his death that her cares in search of subsistence had begun. But the recollections of the peaceful years spent there were stronger than the remembrance of the weeks of sorrow and care; and, while Ellinor's marriage had seemed a probable event, she had made many a little plan of returning to her native place, and obtaining what daily teaching she could there meet with, and the friends to whom she was now writing had promised her their aid. She thought that as Ellinor had to leave Ford Bank, a home at a distance might be more agreeable to her, and she went on to plan that they should live together, if possible, on her earnings and the small income that would be Ellinor's. Miss Monro loved her pupil so dearly, that, if her own pleasure only were to be consulted, this projected life would be more agreeable to her than if Mr. Wilkins's legacy had set her in independence, with Ellinor away from her, married, and with interests in which her former governess had but little part.

As soon as Mr. Ness had left her, Ellinor rang, and startled the servant who answered the bell by her sudden sharp desire to have the horses at the door as soon as possible, and to tell Dixon to be ready to go out with her.

She felt that she must speak to him, and in her nervous state she wanted to be out on the free broad common, where no one could notice or remark their talk. It was long since she had ridden, and much wonder was excited by the sudden movement in kitchen and stable-yard. But Dixon went gravely about his work of preparation, saying nothing.

They rode pretty hard till they reached Monk's Heath, six or seven miles away from Hamley. Ellinor had previously determined that here she would talk over the plan Mr. Ness had proposed to her with Dixon, and he seemed to understand her without any words passing between them. When she reined in he rode up to her, and met the gaze of her sad eyes with sympathetic, wistful silence.

"Dixon," said she, "they say I must leave Ford Bank."

"I was afeared on it, from all I've heered say i' the town since the master's death."

"Then you've heard—then you know—that

papa has left hardly any money—my poor dear Dixon, you won't have your legacy, and I never thought of that before!"

"Never heed, never heed," said he, eagerly; "I couldn't have touched it if it had been there, for the taking it would ha' seemed too like—" Blood-money, he was going to say, but he stopped in time. She guessed the meaning, though not the word he would have used.

"No, not that," said she; "his will was dated years before. But oh, Dixon, what must I do? They will make me leave Ford Bank, I see. I think the trustees have half let it already."

"But you'll have the rent on't, I reckon?" asked he, anxiously. "I've many a time heered 'em say as it was settled on the missus first, and then on you."

"Oh yes, it is not that; but, you know, under the beech-tree—"

"Ay!" said he, heavily. "It's been oftentimes on my mind, waking, and I think there's ne'er a night as I don't dream of it."

"But how can I leave it?" Ellinor cried. "They may do a hundred things—may dig up the shrubbery. Oh! Dixon, I feel as if it was sure to be found out! Oh! Dixon, I cannot bear any more blame on papa—it will kill me—and such a dreadful thing, too!"

Dixon's face fell into the lines of habitual pain that it had always assumed of late years whenever he was thinking or remembering anything.

"They must ne'er ha' reason to speak ill of the dead, that's for certain," said he. "The Wilkinsons have been respected in Hamley all my lifetime, and all my father's before me, and—surely, missy, there's ways and means of tying tenants up from alterations both in the house and out of it, and I'd beg the trustees, or whatever they is called, to be very particular, if I was you, and not have a thing touched either in the house, or the gardens, or the meadows, or the stables. I think, wi' a word from you, they'd maybe keep me on i' the stables, and I could look after things a bit; and the Day o' Judgment will come at last, when all our secrets will be made known w'out our having the trouble and the shame o' telling 'em. I'm getting rayther tired o' this world, Miss Ellinor."

"Don't talk so," said Ellinor, tenderly. "I know how sad it is, but, oh! remember how I shall want a friend when you're gone to advise me as you have done to-day. You're not feeling ill, Dixon, are you?" she continued, anxiously.

"No! I'm hearty enough, and likely for t' live. Fayther was eighty-one, and mother above the seventies, when they died. It's only my heart as is got to feel so heavy; and as for that matter, so is yours, I'll be bound. And it's a comfort to us both if we can serve him as is dead by any care of ours, for he were such a bright handsome lad, with such a cheery face, as never should have known shame."

They rode on without much more speaking. Ellinor was silently planning for Dixon, and he, not caring to look forward to the future, was

bringing up before his fancy the time, thirty years ago, when he had first entered the elder Mr. Wilkins's service as stable-lad, and pretty Molly, the scullery-maid, was his daily delight. Pretty Molly lay buried in Hamley churchyard, and few living, except Dixon, could have gone straight to her grave.

CHAPTER XI.

IN a few days Miss Monro obtained a most satisfactory reply to her letter of inquiries as to whether a daily governess could find employment in East Chester. For once, the application seemed to have come just at the right time. The canons were most of them married men, with young families; those at present in residence welcomed the idea of such instruction as Miss Monro could offer for their children, and could almost answer for their successors in office. This was a great step gained. Miss Monro, the daughter of the precentor to this very cathedral, had a secret unwillingness to being engaged as a teacher by any wealthy tradesman there; but, to be received into the canons' families in almost any capacity, was like going home. Moreover, besides the empty honour of the thing, there were many small pieces of patronage in the gift of the chapter—such as a small house opening on to the Close, which had formerly belonged to the verger, but which was now vacant, and was offered to Miss Monro at a nominal rent.

Ellinor had once more sunk into her old depressed passive state; Mr. Ness and Miss Monro, modest and undecided as they both were in general, had to fix and arrange everything for her. Her great interest seemed to be in the old servant Dixon, and her great pleasure to lie in seeing him, and talking over old times; so her two friends talked about her, little knowing what a bitter stinging pain her "pleasure" was. In vain Ellinor tried to plan how they could take Dixon with them to East Chester. If he had only been a woman it would have been a feasible step; but they were only to keep one servant, and Dixon, capable and versatile as he was, would not do for that servant. All this was what passed through Ellinor's mind: it is still a question as to whether Dixon would have felt his love to his native place, with all its associations and remembrances, or his love for Ellinor, the stronger. But he was not put to the proof; he was only told that he must leave, and, seeing Ellinor's extreme grief at the idea of their separation, he set himself to comfort her by every means in his power, reminding her, with tender choice of words, how necessary it was that he should remain on the spot, in Mr. Osbaldistone's service, in order to frustrate, by any small influence he might have, every project of alteration in the garden that contained the dreadful secret. He persisted in this view, though Ellinor repeated, with pertinacious anxiety, the care which Mr. Johnson had taken, in drawing up the lease, to provide against any change or alteration being made in the present disposition of the house or grounds.

People in general were rather astonished at the eagerness Miss Wilkins showed to sell all the Ford Bank furniture. Even Miss Monro was a little scandalised at this want of sentiment, although she said nothing about it; indeed justified the step, by telling every one how wisely Ellinor was acting, as the large handsome tables and chairs would be very much out of place and keeping with the small oddly-shaped rooms of their future home in East Chester Close. None knew how strong was the instinct of self-preservation, it may almost be called, which impelled Ellinor to shake off, at any cost of present pain, the incubus of a terrible remembrance. She wanted to go into an unhaunted dwelling in a free unknown country—she felt as if it was her only chance of sanity. Sometimes she thought her senses would not hold together till the time when all these arrangements were ended. But she did not speak to any one about her feelings, poor child—to whom could she speak on the subject, but to Dixon? Nor did she define them to herself. All she knew was, that she was as nearly going mad as possible; and if she did she feared that she might betray her father's guilt. All this time she never cried, or varied from her dull passive demeanour. And they were blessed tears of relief that she shed when Miss Monro, herself weeping bitterly, told her to put her head out of the post-chaise window, for at the next turning of the road they would catch the last glimpse of Hamley church-spire.

Late one October evening, Ellinor had her first sight of East Chester Close, where she was to pass the remainder of her life. Miss Monro had been backwards and forwards between Hamley and East Chester more than once, while Ellinor had remained at the parsonage; so she had not only the pride of proprietorship in the whole of the beautiful city, but something of the desire of hospitably welcoming Ellinor to their joint future home.

"Look! the fly must take us a long round, because of our luggage; but behind these high old walls are the canons' gardens. That high-pitched roof, with the clumps of stone-crop on the walls near it, is Canon Gibson's, whose four little girls I am to teach. Hark! the great cathedral clock. How proud I used to be of its great boom when I was a child! I thought all the other church clocks in the town sounded so shrill and poor after that, which I considered mine especially. There are rooks flying home to the elms in the Close. I wonder if they are the same that used to be there when I was a girl. They say the rook is a very long-lived bird, and I feel as if I could swear to the way they are cawing. Ay, you may smile, Ellinor, but I understand now those lines of Gray's you used to say so prettily—

I feel the gales that from ye blow,
A momentary youth bestow,
And breathe a second spring.

Now, dear, you must get out. This flagged

walk leads to our front-door; but our back rooms, which are the pleasantest, look on to the Close, and the cathedral, and the lime-tree walk, and the deanery, and the rookery."

It was a mere slip of a house; the kitchen being wisely placed close to the front door, and so reserving the pretty view for the little dining-room, out of which a glass-door opened into a small walled-in garden, which had again an entrance into the Close. Up-stairs, a bedroom to the front, which Miss Monro had taken for herself, because, as she said, she had old associations with the back of every house in the High-street, while Ellinor mounted to the pleasant chamber above the tiny drawing-room, both of which looked on to the vast and solemn cathedral, and the peaceful dignified Close. East Chester Cathedral is Norman, with a low massive tower, a grand majestic nave, and a choir full of stately historic tombs. The whole city is so quiet and decorous a place, that the perpetual daily chants and hymns of praise seemed to sound far and wide over the roofs of the houses. Ellinor soon became a regular attendant at all the morning and evening services. The sense of worship calmed and soothed her aching weary heart, and to be punctual to the cathedral hours she roused and exerted herself, when probably nothing else would have been sufficient to this end.

By-and-by Miss Monro formed many acquaintances; she picked up, or was picked up by, old friends, and the descendants of old friends. The grave and kindly canons, whose children she taught, called upon her with their wives, and talked over the former deans and chapters, of whom she had had both a personal and traditional knowledge, and as they walked away they talked about her silent, delicate-looking friend Miss Wilkins, and perhaps planned some little present out of their fruitful garden or bounteous stores which should make Miss Monro's table a little more tempting to one apparently so frail as Ellinor, for the household was always spoken of as belonging to Miss Monro, the active and prominent person. By-and-by, she, herself, won her way to their hearts, not by words or deeds, but by her sweet looks, and meek demeanour, as they marked her regular attendance at cathedral service: and when they heard of her constant visits to a certain parochial school, and of her being sometimes seen carrying a little covered basin to the cottages of the poor, they began to try, and tempt her with more urgent words, to accompany Miss Monro in her frequent tea-drinkings at their houses. The old dean, that courteous gentleman and good Christian, had early become great friends with Ellinor. He would watch at the windows of his great vaulted library till he saw her emerge from the garden into the Close, and then open the deanery door, and join her, she softly adjusting the measure of her pace to his. The time of his departure from East Chester became a great blank in her life, although she would never accept, or allow Miss Monro to accept, his

repeated invitations to go and pay him a visit at his country-place. Indeed, having once tasted comparative peace again in East Chester Cathedral Close, it seemed as though she was afraid of ever venturing out of those calm precincts. All Mr. Ness's invitations to visit him at his parsonage at Hamley were declined, although he was welcomed at Miss Monro's on the occasion of his annual visit, by every means in their power. He slept at one of the canon's vacant houses, and lived with his two friends, who made a yearly festivity to the best of their means to his honour, inviting such of the cathedral clergy as were in residence; or, if they failed, condescending to the town clergy. Their friends knew well that no presents were so acceptable as those sent to them while Mr. Ness was with them; and from the dean, who would send them a hamper of choice fruit and flowers from Oxtan Park, down to the curate, who worked in the same schools as Ellinor, and who was a great fisher, and caught splendid trout—all did their best to help them to give a welcome to the only visitor they ever had. The only visitor they ever had, as far as the stately gentry knew. There was one visitor who came as often as his master could give him a holiday long enough to undertake a journey to so distant a place; but few knew of his being a guest at Miss Monro's, though his welcome there was not less hearty than Mr. Ness's—this was Dixon. Ellinor had convinced him that he could give her no greater pleasure at any time than by allowing her to frank him to and from East Chester. Whenever he came they were together the greater part of every day: she taking him hither and thither to see all the sights that she thought would interest or please him; but they spoke very little to each other during all this companionship. Miss Monro had much more to say to him. She questioned him right and left whenever Ellinor was out of the room. She learnt that the house at Ford Bank was splendidly furnished, and no money spared on the garden; that the eldest Miss Hanbury was very well married; that Brown had succeeded to Jones in the haberdasher's shop. Then she hesitated a little before making her next inquiry.

"I suppose Mr. Corbet never comes to the parsonage now?"

"No, not he. I don't think as how Mr. Ness would have him; but they write letters to each other by times. Old Job—you'll recollect old Job, ma'am, he that gardened for Mr. Ness, and waited in the parlour when there was company—did say as one day he heered them speaking about Mr. Corbet; and he's a grand counsellor now—one of them as goes about at assize-time, and speaks in a wig."

"A barrister you mean," said Miss Monro.

"Ay; and he's something more than that, though I can't rightly remember what."

Ellinor could have told them both. They had the Times lent to them on the second day after publication by one of their friends in the Close,

and Ellinor, watching till Miss Monro's eyes were otherwise engaged, always turned with trembling hands and a beating heart to the reports of the various Courts of Law. In them she found—at first rarely—the name she sought for, the name she dwelt upon, as if every letter were a study. Mr. Losh and Mr. Duncombe appeared for the plaintiff, Mr. Smythe and Mr. Corbet for the defendant. In a year or two that name appeared more frequently, and generally took precedence of the other, whatever it might be; then on especial occasions his speeches were repeated at full length, as if his words were accounted weighty; and by-and-by she saw that he had been appointed a Queen's Counsel. And this was all she ever heard or saw about him; his once familiar name never passed her lips except in hurried whispers to Dixon, when he came to stay with them. Ellinor had had no idea when she had parted from Mr. Corbet how total the separation between them was henceforward to be, so much seemed left unfinished, unexplained. It was so difficult, at first, to break herself of the habit of constant mental reference to him; and for many a long year she kept thinking that surely some kind fortune would bring them together again, and all this heart-sickness and melancholy estrangement from each other would then seem to both only as an ugly dream that had passed away in the morning light.

The dean was an old man, but there was a canon who was older still, and whose death had been expected by many, and speculated upon by some, any time this last ten years. Canon Holdsworth was too old to show active kindness to any one; the good dean's life was full of thoughtful and benevolent deeds. But he was taken, and the other left. Ellinor looked out at the vacant deanery with tearful eyes, the last thing at night, the first in the morning. But it is pretty nearly the same with church dignitaries as with kings; the dean is dead, long live the dean! A clergyman from a distant county was appointed, and all the Close was astir to learn and hear all particulars connected with him. Luckily he came in at the tag-end of one of the noble families in the Peerage; so, at any rate, all his future associates could learn with tolerable certainty that he was forty-two years of age, married, and with eight daughters and one son. The deanery, formerly so quiet and sedate a dwelling of the one old man, was now to be filled with noise and merriment. Iron railings were being placed before three windows, evidently to be the nursery. In the summer publicity of open windows and doors, the sound of the busy carpenters was perpetually heard all over the Close; and by-and-by waggon-loads of furniture and carriage-loads of people began to arrive. Neither Miss Monro nor Ellinor felt themselves of sufficient importance or station to call on the new comers, but they were as well acquainted with the proceedings of the family as if they had been in daily intercourse; they knew that the eldest Miss Beauchamp was seventeen, and very pretty, only

one shoulder was higher than the other; that she was dotingly fond of dancing, and talked a great deal in a tête-à-tête, but not much if her mamma was by, and never opened her lips at all if the dean was in the room; that the next sister was wonderfully clever, and was supposed to know all the governess could teach her, and to have private lessons in Greek and mathematics from her father; and so on down to the little boy at the preparatory school and the baby-girl in arms. Moreover, Miss Monro, at any rate, could have stood an examination as to the number of servants at the deanery, their division of work, and the hours of their meals. Presently, a very beautiful, haughty-looking young lady made her appearance in the Close, and in the dean's pew. She was said to be his niece, the orphan daughter of his brother, General Beauchamp, come to East Chester to reside for the necessary time before her marriage, which was to be performed in the cathedral by her uncle, the new dignitary. But as callers at the deanery did not see this beautiful bride-elect, and as the Beauchamps had not as yet fallen into habits of intimacy with any of their new acquaintances, very little was known of the circumstances of this approaching wedding beyond the particulars given above.

Ellinor and Miss Monro sat at their drawing-room window, a little shaded by the muslin curtains, watching the busy preparations for the marriage, which was to take place the next day. All morning long hampers of fruit and flowers, boxes from the railway—for by this time East Chester had got a railway—shop-messengers, hired assistants, kept passing backwards and forwards in the busy Close. Towards afternoon the bustle subsided, the scaffolding was up, the materials for the next day's feast carried out of sight. It was to be concluded that the bride-elect was seeing to the packing of her trousseau, helped by the merry multitude of cousins, and that the servants were arranging the dinner for the day, or the breakfast for the morrow. So Miss Monro had settled it, discussing every detail and every probability as though she were a chief actor, instead of only a distant, uncared-for spectator of the coming event. Ellinor was tired, and now that there was nothing interesting going on, she had fallen back to her sewing, when she was startled by Miss Monro's exclamation:

"Look, look! here are two gentlemen coming along the lime-tree walk! it must be the bridegroom and his friend." Out of much sympathy, and some curiosity, Ellinor bent forward, and saw just emerging from the shadow of the trees on to the full afternoon sunlit pavement, Mr. Corbet and another gentleman; the former changed, worn, aged, though with still the same fine intellectual face, leaning on the arm of the younger taller man, and talking eagerly. The other gentleman was doubtless the bridegroom, Ellinor said to herself; and yet her prophetic heart did not believe her words. Even before the bright beauty at the deanery looked out of the great oriel-window of the drawing-room, and

blushed, and smiled, and kissed her hand; a gesture replied to by Mr. Corbet with much emprossment, while the other man only took off his hat, almost as if he saw her there for the first time. Ellinor's greedy eyes watched him till he was hidden from sight in the deanery, unheeding Miss Monro's eager incoherent sentences, in turn entreating, apologising, comforting, and upbraiding. Then she slowly turned her painful eyes upon Miss Monro's face, and moved her lips without a sound being heard, and fainted dead away. In all her life she had never done it before, and when she came round she was not like herself; in all probability the persistence and wilfulness she, who was usually so meek and docile, showed during the next twenty-four hours, was the consequence of fever. She resolved to be present at the wedding: numbers were going; she would be unseen, unnoticed in the crowd; but whatever befel, go she would, and neither the tears nor the prayers of Miss Monro could keep her back. She gave no reason for this determination; indeed, in all probability she had none to give; so there was no arguing the point. She was inflexible to entreaty, and no one had any authority over her except, perhaps, distant Mr. Ness. Miss Monro had all sorts of forebodings as to the possible scenes that might come to pass. But all went on as quietly, as though the fullest sympathy pervaded every individual of the great numbers assembled. No one guessed that the muffled veiled figure, sitting in the shadow behind one of the great pillars, was that of one who had once hoped to stand at the altar with the same bridegroom; who now cast tender looks at the beautiful bride; her veil white and fairy-like, Ellinor's black and shrouding as that of any nun.

Already Mr. Corbet's name was known through the country as that of a great lawyer; people disussed his speeches and character far and wide; and the well-informed in legal gossip spoke of him as sure to be offered a judgeship at the next vacancy. So he, though grave, and middle-aged, and somewhat grey, divided attention and remark with his lovely bride, and her pretty train of cousin bridesmaids. Miss Monro need not have feared for Ellinor: she saw and heard all things as in a mist—a dream; as something she had to go through, before she could waken up to a reality of brightness in which her youth, and the hopes of her youth, should be restored, and all these weary years of dreaminess and woe should be revealed as nothing but the nightmare of a night. She sat motionless enough, still enough, Miss Monro by her, watching her as intently as a keeper watches a madman, and with the same purpose—to prevent any outburst even by bodily strength, if such restraint be needed. When all was over, when the principal personages of the ceremony had filed into the vestry to sign their names; when the swarm of towns-people were going out as swiftly as their individual notions of the restraints of the sacred edifice permitted; when the great

chords of the "Wedding March" clanged out from the organ, and the loud bells pealed overhead, Ellinor laid her hand in Miss Monro's. "Take me home," she said, softly. And Miss Monro led her home as one leads the blind.

HOW OLD ARE WE?

DEALERS in ancient dates have broken down. SIR G. C. LEWIS has thrust a relentless broom into the cobwebs of the Egyptologist. We are not so deep as we supposed ourselves in the secrets of Babylon. Revenge! If the stones above the earth are misread, let us look at the stones under the earth. What are these chipped flints? Let us search under the water, also. What are these curious remains of primeval villages in the beds of great lakes? If we had but a trusty guide! So much has been talked lately, about the antiquity and ancestry of man, that one would like very well to see the grounds of all the discussion. And, happily for us, just at the time when everybody has become curious, forth steps SIR CHARLES LYELL, one of the soundest and most reasonable of geologists that have been, or that are. In him we have known, aforetime, the great opponent of sensational geology, whereby the tale of the earth's life is made harrowing with a series of shocks, cataclysms, and vast peril by fire and flood—here, the abrupt sensation header of a continent into the sea, there, the up tossing of an Andes chain as if it were a fritter, followed by a general explosion of volcanoes and unlimited illumination with red fire. Great comfort it is to us that this shrewd enemy to scientific fustian, has appeared as our guide to the lakes and caves lately become fashionable among men of science, in a book on *The Geological Evidences of the Antiquity of Man*, (published by John Murray) appeared only a few days ago.

It is of no use to look very deep for evidences of the age of man. Human remains are not to be found in the latest series of fossil-bearing strata, the tertiary; neither in its older layers of eoene, which show the dawn of an appearance of existing sorts of shells; nor in the miocene, which contain a few such shells; nor in the latest pliocene, which contain more. It is only in the new settlements, at the top of all these, the post-tertiary, that remains of man are to be looked for. We may be content, therefore, to know nothing about coral rag and muschel kalk. No matter, though we are not geologists. Anybody can sink in a bog, and, at the beginning of our travel in search of information, that is all we have to do. Swallowed alive in a Danish peat-bog, we are to notice, as we sink, the different sorts of vegetable matter we pass through. The Danish peat-bogs are from ten to thirty feet deep, and lie in the hollows of a boulder formation. Trunks of Scotch fir, some of them three feet thick, lie at different depths in the borders of the bog, where they have fallen as they grew about its edge. The Scotch fir has not grown in the Danish islands within historical times, and will not thrive when introduced there. But there were men in

Denmark when the firs were growing, a flint instrument having been found underneath one of these fallen trees. When the Scotch firs ceased to grow, oaks became common, and at the same time there lived the alder, birch, and hazel. But, in its turn, oak is now rare in Denmark, and the common beech predominates. The aspen, which still flourishes, is found at all depths in the bogs, and appears to have lived through all these changes in the dress of Madame Dania.

A stone implement has been found under one of the old fallen firs. Stone implements in abundance are to be found in Danish bogs and sand dunes. Old articles of bronze and iron are also found; and, by observation and argument, Danish and Swedish antiquaries arrive at the conclusion that there were successive ages of stone, of bronze, of iron. The age of stone in Denmark, when men worked only by the help of flint tools and fire, is found to have corresponded with the period of Scotch fir vegetation, and a part at least of the oak epoch: the age of bronze, when men recognised and used fusible copper in its ores, and turned it to use by hardening it with a tenth part of tin. This age of bronze certainly corresponded with a considerable part of the oak period. But the age of iron, when men recognised the more valuable metal in the more stone-like and less fusible iron ores, corresponded to that of the beech-tree.

We come out of the Danish bog and dry ourselves by taking a long walk on the Danish coast. Here we may see, at certain points, along nearly all the shores of the Danish islands, heaps of waste oyster-shells, cockle-shells, and waste of other edible shell-fish, mixed with bones of divers eatable beasts and birds and fishes. "I have seen," says Sir Charles, "similar large heaps of oysters and other marine shells, with interspersed stone implements, near the sea-shore, both in Massachusetts and in Georgia, United States, left by the native North American Indians, at points near to which they were in the habit of pitching their wigwams for centuries before the white man arrived." The Danes call these mounds—which are from three to ten feet high, and some of them a thousand feet long by two hundred wide—kitchen-middens. Sharpened by rubbing, flint knives, hatchets, and other instruments of stone, horn, wood, and bone, with fragments of coarse pottery, are scattered through them; but there is never any implement of bronze or iron. Such heaps are wanting on the coasts bordering the German Ocean, where the waves are now slowly eating away the land. We have yet clearer evidence of the antiquity of these refuse heaps, in the fact that, although the shells are all of living species, the oyster-shells are full-grown and well formed, though the oyster cannot now live in the brackish waters of the Baltic; and the shells of the eatable cockles, mussels, and periwinkles, common in these refuse heaps, are of the full natural size, though they are now stunted in the adjacent waters to a third of their size by the quantity of river-water poured into the Baltic. In the days of the hunters and fishers of that

period, the Baltic was certainly more open to the ocean than it now is: "probably," says Sir Charles Lyell, "through the peninsula of Jutland having been at no remote period an archipelago. Even in the course of the present century, the salt waters have made one eruption into the Baltic by the Lymfjord, although they have been now again excluded. It is also affirmed that other channels were open in historical times, which are now silted up."

Of the remains of beasts in the old Danish kitchen heaps, all are of animals now existing on the land, except the wild bull, which is an historical character, for it was seen by Julius Cæsar, and survived after his time. There are frequent remains of the beaver, long since destroyed in Denmark, and of the seal, now rare on the coast. All marrow-bones have been broken. Gristly parts have been gnawed as if by dogs, and the bones generally that a dog will break up and eat are said to be just those that are missing from the skeletons of birds. The remains of the dogs themselves show their race to have been smaller than it was in the bronze period; and, in this stone period, there are no remains of the domestic ox, or horse, or sheep. Of the people themselves of this age (who were no cannibals) some skulls have been found which show that they, too, were of small stature, with round heads and overhanging eyebrows, after the manner of the modern Laplanders. When did these people eat their oysters by the Danish shore? The very bronze period is pre-historic. In the time of the Romans, the Danish isles were covered, as now, with magnificent beech forests. The beech has been luxuriant in Denmark for eighteen centuries; yet, in the bronze period, there were few or no beeches, and the land was covered with oak: while the pine forests by which these folks of the stone period hunted the land and fished the sea existed even before the days of the oak. The peat covering some of their remains, is the growth of at least four thousand years; but there is nothing in the rate of the growth of peat, opposed to the inagination of a period four times older.

Quitting the Danish bog and shore, we now follow our guide to Switzerland. Here, in the shallow parts of many lakes, where there is a depth of no more than from five to fifteen feet of water, ancient wooden piles are observed at the bottom, sometimes worn down to the surface of the mud, sometimes projecting slightly above it. These have evidently once supported villages, nearly all of them of unknown date, but the most ancient of which certainly belonged to the age of stone; for, hundreds of implements resembling those of the Danish shell mounds and peat mosses have been dredged up from the mud into which the piles were driven. Herodotus speaks of the use of such dwellings, five hundred and twenty years before the birth of Our Saviour, by a Thracian tribe, on a small mountain lake of Pæonia, now part of modern Roumelia. The huts where the Pæonians lived with their families and horses, were built on platforms raised over the lake by the piles on

which they rested. A causeway of the same formation, easily removed in case of danger, joined the platform to the shore.*

It was in the dry winter of nine years ago, when the lakes and rivers sank lower than had ever before been known, that these foundations of Swiss lake-villages attracted notice. The people of Meilen, on the Lake of Zurich, resolved to raise the level of some of the exposed ground, and turn it into land by throwing on it mud obtained by dredging in the adjacent shallow water. The dredgers found a number of wooden piles deeply driven into the bed of the lake, and among them a great many hammers, axes, and other instruments—all of stone, except a bronze hatchet, and an armlet of brass wire. There were found, also, fragments of rude hand-fashioned pottery, and masses of charred timber, supposed to belong to the original platform. The quantity of burnt timber here and in other like situations, seems to indicate that many of these settlements perished by fire. The rapid increase in the depth of the water had compelled the building of such island forts too near the shore to be safe from the attack of fiery projectiles. The Pœonians, who were in the middle of their lake, saved by its fish from famine, defied Xerxes himself.

The construction of these ancient villages has been inferred from similar buildings now erected by the Papoos of New Guinea, and from Swiss fishing-huts constructed on the same plan, on the river Limmat, near Zurich, so late as the last century: while the circular form of some of the huts is inferred from the shape of burnt fragments of the clay that seems to have formed their lining. Remains of fishing gear, in cords, hooks, and stones used as weights—even a whole sunken canoe, hollowed from a single tree-trunk fifty feet long, that had apparently been overladen with stones for foundation-making—have been found. It is believed that there were sometimes as many as three hundred huts and a thousand people in one settlement. At Langen, it is calculated that no less than forty thousand piles were driven; probably not all by one generation. Sites of such villages have been traced on the Lakes of Constance, Zurich, Geneva, and Neufchatel, and on most of the smaller lakes. Some are exclusively of the stone, but others are of the bronze age. Of the bronze age alone there are more than twenty on the Lake of Geneva, twelve on the Lake of Neufchatel, ten on the small Lake of Biene. On the little Lake of Moosseedorf near Berne, the chippings of flint that must have been brought from a distance, indicate that there may have been a manufactory of stone implements upon that spot. There, also, have been found hatchets and wedges of jade and articles in amber. At Wangen, on the Lake of Constance, hatchets of serpentine and greenstone, and arrow-heads of quartz, have been met with; also, remains of a kind of plaited cloth, supposed to be of flax,

lumps of burnt wheat, and even flat round cakes of bread. The stone people here, also, are found to have domesticated the ox, sheep, and goat, as well as the dog. There have lain in the mud on the site of their village charred apples and pears of small size, such as still grow in the Swiss forests, stones of the wild plum, raspberry and blackberry seeds, beech-nuts, and hazel-nuts.

Implements of the later bronze period, found under old lake settlements of the "bronze people," closely resemble those of a corresponding age in Denmark. But hitherto settlements of the bronze period have only been found in Western and Central Switzerland. In the more Eastern lakes, those of the stone period alone have as yet been discovered. The refuse bones—always with the marrow-bones broken—show that in the stone period the flesh of hunted beasts was more eaten than that of the domestic cattle or sheep; in the bronze period the reverse is the case, and even the tame pig is found to have replaced the wild boar as an article of food. In the beginning of the age of stone, there were more goats than sheep in Switzerland. At the end of it, there were more sheep than goats. The Swiss lake-dwellers of the stone period ate fox freely, and abstained from hare. A single fragment only of the bone of a hare has been found at Moosseedorf. The Laplanders avoid hare from a superstitious motive, and Cæsar found also that the ancient Briton would not eat hares, hens, nor geese.

The only human skull that has been dredged from among the ruins of any of these lake villages simply resembles that of a modern Swiss. The few imperfect attempts that have been made to estimate, from natural changes, the remoteness of the stone period in Switzerland, agree in dating it from five to seven thousand years ago.

In the British islands, also, there are unexplored remains of such lake dwellings. In the lakes of Ireland, forty-six of them, called crannoges, have been observed. They were not built on platforms supported by piles deeply driven into the mud, but were stockaded artificial islets of timber and stone. One of them in Ardekillin Lake, Roscommon, is surrounded by a stone wall raised on oak piles.

From Ireland to Egypt. In the years 'fifty-one and 'fifty-four, borings were made in the alluvial land of Egypt, partly at the expense of the Royal Society, to whom Mr. Leonard Horner had suggested certain experiments for testing the age of a given thickness of Nile sediment. On ground distant from villages, seventy shafts and Artesian borings were sunk. Burnt brick was found covered with sixty feet of Nile mud, Egyptian burnt brick, more than three thousand years old, much older than the Roman domination, is to be seen in the British Museum. But if the pieces of brick buried sixty feet deep under deposit of the inundation, had really been covered to that depth by slow course of nature, and if the calculation be true that the deposit of Nile mud on the plain of Egypt raises the ground but five inches in a century, then that brick must have been made by men who were

* See also Subterranean Switzerland, volume ii., page 25.

alive twelve thousand years ago. But the grounds of such a calculation are in more than one respect uncertain.

Off now to America. There, in the basin of the Mississippi, and especially in the valleys of the Ohio and its tributaries, large mounds have been discovered which represent the temples, watch-towers, fortresses, burial-places, of an ancient unknown race. Their skulls seem to be Mexican or Toltecan. The ruins of their dwellings and temples are so ancient that rivers have had time to encroach upon and undermine their lower terraces, and again to recede for the distance of nearly half a mile. When the first European settlers came into this region they found vast forests, tenanted only by the Red Indian hunter, who had preserved no tradition of the preceding race. Yet among those great mounds, that are the record of their past existence, are found evidences of their traffic; copper from Lake Superior, mica from the Alleghanies, obsidian from the Mexican mountains, and sea-shells from the Gulf of Mexico. There are articles of silver as well as of copper, pottery and ornamental sculpture, besides stone weapons, some of unpolished hornstone, resembling flint implements found near Amiens and elsewhere in Europe.

Many uncertainties attach to the calculation of Dr. B. Dowler, that a skeleton, found sixteen feet deep under four buried forests, in digging for gasworks in the delta of the Mississippi, near New Orleans, has an antiquity of fifty thousand years. A low part of the peninsula of Florida is being formed by coral reefs. Professor Agassiz calculates from the natural site of the growth of coral, that it has taken a hundred and thirty-five thousand years to form the southern half of this peninsula, all being of post-tertiary origin. In a part of this series of reefs—estimated by the same calculation to be ten thousand years old—the jaws, teeth, and bones of the foot of a man were found.

Within the time of man, and partly within historical times, there have been great changes in the relative levels of land and water. In the central district of Scotland there has been so much upheaved, that five canoes have been found buried in silt under the streets of Glasgow. There is a raised beach containing living marine shells, at Leith, and it is twenty-five feet high above high-water mark. At the same level, skeletons of whales and instruments of deer's-horn have been found in the Carse of Stirling. Iron implements have been found in the silt of the Carse of Gowrie, and dry hillocks rising from the plain by the estuary of the Tay, are still called by the Celtic name of Inches: a name that must have been given them when they rose out of water or marsh. A great part of Scotland has, in fact, been lifted five-and-twenty feet since men used implements of metal, probably even since the Roman occupation. But that twenty-five feet rise is only the last stage of a long course of upheaval. In parts of Norway and Sweden, throughout an area of about a thousand miles north and south, and for an unknown distance east and west, the lifting of the land is

constant and is always increasing towards the North Cape, where it is said to be at the rate of five feet in a century. If we could assume an average rise of two and a half feet in a century, it would follow that the shores and a considerable area of the former bed of the North Sea had been uplifted vertically a hundred and twenty-five feet, and converted into land, during the last five thousand years. But there are on the coast of Norway, raised beaches of post-tertiary deposits, six hundred feet above the sea level. They could hardly attain so great a height in less than twenty-four thousand years. Such calculations show, in connexion with questions of the age of man, that there is range over a great length of time within the limits of the "post-tertiary" period; that is to say, the period in which all animals are of species still living except only a few extinct mammals.

M. CHRISTOL found in the cave of Bize, in the department of the Oise, human bones and teeth, with fragments of rude pottery, cemented in the same mud and pebble which contained land-shells of living species and the bones of mammals, like the aurochs and reindeer, unknown in historical times in France, and whose remains are there found commonly associated with those of the mammoth. Next year M. Christol found in the cavern of Poindres, near Nismes, human bones in the same mud with the bones of an extinct hyæna and rhinoceros. The conclusion to which these discoveries pointed was not accepted. Sir Charles Lyell himself argued that the concurrence of bones in the caves did not prove them to be coeval. "But," says Sir Charles, "of late years we have obtained convincing proofs, as we shall see in the sequel, that the mammoth, and many other extinct mammalian species very common in caves, occur also in undisturbed alluvium, embedded in such a manner with works of art as to leave no room for doubt that man and the mammoth co-existed. Such discoveries have led me and other geologists to reconsider the evidence previously derived from caves brought forward in proof of the high antiquity of man. With a view of re-examining the evidence, I have lately explored several caverns in Belgium and other countries, and re-read the principal memoirs and treatises treating of the fossil remains preserved in them."

Among the caverns visited, were some of the forty-two bordering the valleys of the Meuse and its tributaries, which were explored by the late Dr. SCHMERLING of Liège. Into these limestone caverns the streams had entered through chinks, and left, in past ages, deposits of bones, and, in the oldest days, flint knives, with mud, sand, and pebbles, all of which, by the dripping from the cavern roof of water charged with lime, have been preserved and consolidated. Portions of human bone were found, with flint knives, among the remains of extinct animals: the characteristics of age in all the bones being equal. In the Engis cavern, eight miles from Liège, the remains of at least three human beings were found; the skull of one being em-

bedded side by side with a mammoth's tooth. On the opposite side of the Meuse, in the cavern of Engiboul, remains of extinct animals abound, in connexion with flint implements, cut bones, and the bones of man. Sir Charles Lyell, who had visited Schmerling and heard his statements, in an earlier book recorded his opinions without adding his own assent. That he now gives after re-investigating the evidence, and after having visited some of the yet remaining caves. With philosophical candour he retracts his former error, but reminds us that "a discovery which seems to contradict the general tenor of previous investigations is naturally received with much hesitation. To have undertaken in 1832, with a view of testing its truth, to follow the Belgian philosopher through every stage of his observations and proofs, would have been no easy task even for one well skilled in geology and osteology. To be let down, as Schmerling was, day after day, by a rope tied to a tree, so as to slide to the foot of the first opening of the Engis cave, where the best preserved human skulls were found; and after thus gaining access to the first subterranean gallery, to creep on all fours through a contracted passage leading to larger chambers, there to superintend, by torch light, week after week and year after year, the workmen who were breaking through the stalagmitic crust, as hard as marble, in order to remove, piece by piece, the underlying bone-breccia, nearly as hard; to stand for hours with one's feet in the mud, and with water dripping from the roof on one's head, in order to mark the position and guard against the loss of each single bone of a skeleton; and at length, after finding leisure, strength, and courage for all these operations, to look forward, as the fruits of one's labour, to the publication of unwelcome intelligence, opposed to the prepossession of the scientific as well as of the unscientific public—when these circumstances are taken into account, we need scarcely wonder, not only that a passing traveller failed to stop and scrutinise the evidence, but that a quarter of a century should have elapsed before even the neighbouring professors of the University of Liège came forth to vindicate the truthfulness of their indefatigable and clear-sighted countryman."

Besides the caverns of Liège, Sir Charles has visited the cave of the Neanderthal, near Düsseldorf. This cave is a hundred feet below the top of a limestone cliff, that overhangs the Düffel, and a rent in the limestone has connected it with the upper surface of the country. Here, Dr. FUHLROTT of Elberfeldt found the ancient skeleton of a man, who, by the form of his bones, had been very muscular; but whose skull, with a prominent ridge over the eyes and little forehead, was declared by Professor Huxley to be the most ape-like he had ever seen.

But, it may be asked, if remains of man are to be looked for among those of creatures whose bones are common in ancient river gravel, why are we to find traces of human life only in caves? It is a fact that the existence of such relics has at length been proved, and such assurance has

at last obtained more favourable reception for the conclusions of MM. Tournal, Christol, Schmerling, and others. In the first place, thirteen years after the publication of Schmerling's "Researches," M. BOUCHER DE PERTHES found some flint implements in the alluvium at Abbeville in Picardy, their antiquity being demonstrated by their position. Since 1841, such instruments have been dug out of gravel and sand in repairing the fortifications at Abbeville. Bones of the elephant, rhinoceros, bear, hyæna, &c., were found in the same bed, but the scientific world generally accounted for the wrought flints by natural agency or fraud. DR. RIGOLLOT of Amiens was one of the most sceptical, until he visited Abbeville and saw the collection of M. Boucher de Perthes. He went home, resolved to look for himself for flint tools in the gravel-pits near Amiens, forty miles away, and found them precisely similar, and in the same beds—not in the vegetable soil, nor in the brick earth with land and fresh-water shells next below, but in the lower beds of coarse flint gravel, usually twelve, twenty, or twenty-five feet below the surface. He published the results of his investigation, with careful plates of the implements found, and four years after that, in 'fifty-eight, the tide of opinion was turned in England by the results obtained by MR. PENGELLY from careful exploration of a new and untouched suite of bone caverns, near the sea, at Brixham, in Devonshire. The Royal Society made two grants towards the expense of a skilled examination of this cave. Here, flint knives were found in positions that proved them to have been manufactured when or before the cave bear lived in Britain.

The geology of the valley of the Somme was then explained by MR. PRESTWICH, in company with MR. JOHN EVANS, of the Society of Antiquaries; and all doubt of the geologists was set at rest when Mr. Prestwich extracted with his own hands from a bed of undisturbed gravel at St. Acheul, a well-shaped flint hatchet, seventeen feet below the surface, and found lying on its flat side. There were no rents in the overlying beds, which contained many land and fresh-water shells. The hatchet, therefore, could not possibly have worked its way down through the soil, by accident, into that earlier formation. In the year following, MR. FLOWER, digging for himself at St. Acheul, disinterred, at a depth of twenty-two feet from the surface, a fine symmetrically shaped weapon, of an oval form, lying in and beneath strata which were to be perfectly undisturbed.

But, among all the flint implements in the alluvial sand and gravel of the Somme there has not been found a single human bone; nor have human bones been found anywhere in Europe among the flint tools of valley deposits. Yet we do find the bones of other mammalia in living or extinct species, and Cuvier pointed out long ago that the bones of man, buried on battle-fields, are not found to decay faster than the bones of horses. In the Liège caverns, also,

human bones were found in exactly the same condition of decay as those of the cave bear, tiger, and mammoth. Sir Charles, while expecting that some human remains will be detected in the older alluvium of European valleys, now that curiosity is stimulated and research rightly directed, tells us we must not forget that Dr. Schmerling, after finding extinct mammoth and flint tools in forty-two Belgian caverns, found human bones, only in three or four. It was not till the year 'fifty-five that the first skull of the musk buffalo was found in the fossiliferous gravel of the Thames; and not till eighteen 'sixty that the same animal was proved to have co-existed in France with the mammoth. Not many years ago, the government of Holland drained and converted into dry land the forty-five thousand square acres of the Lake of Haarlem. There had been many a shipwreck on that water, many a naval fight, hundreds of Dutch and Spanish soldiers had been drowned there, and thirty or forty thousand souls had lived on its borders. Yet the thousands of miles of trenches cut on the farms spread over its bed, disclosed no evidence that man had ever lived on or about that soil, except the evidence of a few works of art. One or two wrecked Spanish ships and Spanish arms were found. But there was never found a human bone.

In eighteen 'sixty, flint implements of the Amiens type were found in the lowest gravel at La Motte Piquet, in the suburbs of Paris, on the left bank of the Seine. A flint hatchet has been found, also in gravel, at Précéy, in the valley of the Oise. A few flint implements have been found, also, in the gravel bed on which a part of London is built. In the British Museum is a flint spear-head found, with an elephant's tooth, at Black Mary's, near Gray's Inn-lane, London. At Pease Marsh, in the alluvium of the Wey, near Guildford, a wedge-shaped flint instrument has been found; another in the valley of the Dasent; others among waste at the foot of the cliff between Herne Bay and the Reculvers. In the days when such instruments were made here, what is now German Ocean was land; England was connected with the mainland; and the Thames, running further east, flowed probably into the Rhine. In the ancient river gravel of the valley of the Ouse, Mr. WYATT, after visiting the gravel-pits of Acheul, resolved to watch the excavations of the gravel-pits at Biddenham, two miles from Bedford. Several flint tools have consequently been found here, in association with bones of the elephant and deer. At Hoxne, near Diss, in Suffolk, even in the first year of this century, Mr. JOHN FRERE found, and described to the Society of Antiquaries, flint tools of the Amiens type, in gravel under clay. The site has been revisited, and more tools have been found. The cutting edge of these tools is so sharp and fresh, that Mr. Frere may have been right in supposing that there was a manufactory here. In the gravel at Icklingham, in Suffolk, lance-heads have been found. The only British cave from which implements resembling those of Amiens have been obtained, since full attention

has been drawn to the points needing minute observation, is that recently opened near Wells, in Somersetshire. It is near the cave of Wokey Hole, from which the mouth of the river Axe issues on the southern flanks of the Mendips. Here are found fossil bones of many extinct animals, intermixed with some arrow-heads made of bone, and many chipped flints and chipped pieces of chert. A flint spear-head was found, embedded side by side with a hyæna's tooth. Among the bone caves of the peninsula of Gower, in Glamorganshire, is a newly-discovered cave. COLONEL WOOD found, in 'sixty-one, the remains of two species of rhinoceros in an undisturbed part of the deposit, lying above some well-shaped flint knives, evidently of human workmanship.

The issue of all these researches is, in the opinion now held by geologists, that although man, whose traces are found only in the post-tertiary deposits, is geologically a new comer upon earth, his antiquity is, nevertheless, much greater than chronologists have hitherto supposed.

FLOWERS OF THE WITNESS-BOX.

"THE evidence you shall give, shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you——" and with the customary adjuration, which, on my ears, always grates with disagreeable harshness from the thoroughly methodical and indifferent sing-song in which the words are pronounced, A. B. is sworn and proceeds to give evidence. I dare say that he often deposes to more than the truth, and I am afraid as often to less than the truth; but I doubt the frequency of his coming up to the exact exigent standard demanded by his oath. Granting him honest, he may be nervous and irritable, with a confused memory for dates, and an inconvenient knack for remembering only those events or portions of conversation which the gentleman in the wig who is teasing him with questions most devoutly wishes were dismissed from his mind. But, consider the witness sworn. Why, if he be a man, does a fatuous greasy smile generally play about his lips as he mumbles at the ragged dog's-eared book which the usher, with an utter disregard for the fitness of things, has provided from the nearest second-hand book-stall among other "properties" of a court of law? Why, when he is duly sworn, does he ordinarily pass the back of his hand over his lips as though to wipe away the taste of the oath he has just taken? Why, from the beginning to the end of his ordeal in the witness-box, is his hat the bane and burden of his existence? Why is the smoothing of its nap—when it has any—a task which he incessantly pursues? Why is its brim an object to be perpetually plucked and pinched with dubby fingers? Why, if the witness be a lady, does she, in lieu of mumbling or kissing the book, give it a defiant smack that is half a bite—as though it were a Man, and she meant to stand no nonsense from it? Why does the

lady-witness commence proceedings by re-tying her bonnet-strings, or her boa? Why in the thumb of her left hand glove is there almost invariably an orifice, disclosing flesh? Why does the dandy-deponent, the witness of the upper Ten Thousand, when he leaves the box, contrive to stumble over two out of the three steps that lie between him and the floor of the court?

Why? Well; because the majority of witnesses are nervous and irritable, you may answer. But you don't see that greasy fatuous smile anywhere out of a court of justice. The back-handed movement, the painful pantomime with the hat, the stumble over the stairs, the hole in the thumb of the left-hand glove, belong to witnesses exclusively; and witnesses themselves are, so runs my theory, a race and type of humanity, apart. Some babies are born with silver spoons, and others with wooden lades, in their mouths. I believe in an order of children who are born with the ragged dog's-eared book at their lips, by whose cradle side the swearing usher stands, and who are brought up as witnesses from the breast.

I have come to be within pistol-shot of forty years of age, and I never was publicly examined in any case, civil or criminal, in my life. And yet I have lived, an't please you, in a continually simmering vat of hot water. Litigation! Why, I know all the offices in Parchmentopolis as well as any lawyer's clerk in his second year, and have a whole tin box at home full of bills of costs and green ferret. If the number of processes which have been served upon me were all laid together longitudinally, they would reach—say from Doctors' Commons to Old Palace Yard. Law-suits! I have been a party to scores of them. Plaints! Her Majesty's attorney-general has done me the honour to bring three several actions against me in the Court of Exchequer, and still I have never stood up in a witness-box, never kissed the book, twiddled my hat, and been told to look at the jury, to listen to the judge, to pay particular attention to the examining counsel, not forgetting general injunctions to "speak up," and to be careful about what I said, on pain of being committed for contempt, or indicted for perjury.

I will admit that my legal testimony has more than once been called for. What I have known, or what other people chose to take it into their heads that I have known, about the rights and wrongs of certain quarrels, has, from time to time, made many most respectable plaintiffs and defendants anxious to "have me in the box," and to subject the discreetly corked bottle of truth within me, to the action, persuasive or coercive, of the forensic corkscrew. It has never come to anything. I have been subpoenaed over and over again. I have touched that mysterious guinea which the clerk, vegetating, perhaps, on a hopeless five-and-twenty shillings a week, hands to you with a grudging politeness—that guinea which neither looks, nor feels, nor sounds, like other money—and which, Vespasian's axiom nevertheless, *olet*, for it smells of pounced vellum and japanned tin—that guinea, which, somehow, never seems to have been fairly come by,

or legitimately earned, but rather to be of the nature of the demon's arles, and which consequently you make all convenient haste to spend in some wild waste or unholy prodigality. I have a stuffed heron in a glass case at home; I bought it with a subpenal guinea. I bought a chance in the Art-Union with another. I divided a third between a share in the Frankfort lottery, and a box of pills warranted to cure all diseases, and the consumption of which added about half a dozen to the ailments from which I was already suffering. It is, abstractedly, so monstrous and prodigious a thing that the law should pay you anything, that the primary fact of the donative begets recklessness and mistrust. You feel, either that you are taking the money of the widow and the orphan, or that you are the stipendiary of a rogue.

With numerous subpenas, how is it that the usher has never called my name in court? If litigants have been so anxious to "have me in the box," how comes it that I have never appeared in the box? Let fate and my destined star reply. Time after time have I gone down to Westminster Hall, to Guildhall, nay, to Croydon or Guildford, when an astute and penniless plaintiff, wishing simply to annoy a wealthy defendant, has laid the venue of a twenty-pound plaint in Surrey or elsewhere, as far away from the real scene of dispute as possible. Days have I wasted and waited for the particular case I have been concerned in, to come on; yet, like a boastful but craven pugilist, it never has come on—at least, it has never advanced to sufficient ripeness for my advent to become an event. Either the jury have, in an early stage of the case, shown unmistakable signs that they had had enough of it, or the judge has suggested an arrangement, complimenting the parties on their high respectability:—when the plaintiff was fully prepared to show that the defendant was twin-brother to Barabbas; whereas the defendant was bent on calling *me* to prove that the habitual turpitude of the plaintiff exceeded, on the whole, that of Jonathan Wild, Sawney Bean, and Mother Brownrigge. Likewise is it due in justice to the bar of England to confess that many of my cases in Westminster Hall have been settled without going into court, through the kind offices of the counsel employed on either side. Who would imagine that so much benevolence lurked beneath those spiky horsehair wigs; that beneath those austere stuff gowns such kindly hearts were beating? "Can't we come to a friendly understanding?" says Rubasore, Q.C., whom I always (quite erroneously, it seems) assumed to be a most quarrelsome fellow. "Come, now, my good sir," puts in Serjeant Squalop, "is there no way of settling this unpleasant little difference?" How glibly they talk of the uncertainty of the law! How delicately they hint at the inconvenience of one's private affairs being sifted before a ribald audience, and exposed next day in the newspapers! How deftly they draw our attention to the fact that one story is a good one till another is told; that, strong as we may think our case,

the other side may have a stronger; that, even if we gain a verdict, we may be beaten in the long run by a point of law and a new trial. "And you know what casuists we lawyers are," simpers Rubasore, Q.C., with deprecatory shrug. So the case is settled, and I get my guinea for nothing. Who shall accuse the bar, after this, of a disposition towards fomenting litigation and engendering strife? I wonder if ever I could be a peacemaker. Yes; I think I could, if I were a Q.C. in good practice, with my fee paid beforehand. I think I should be glad to patch up little differences without going into court, if I wanted to get away early to a dinner at Richmond, or if my cob were waiting to take me for an airing, or if I had rather a heavy case coming on in the King's Bench in half an hour, which rendered this particular one in the Common Pleas somewhat of a bore.

I can't say that I am much the better for the gratuitous guineas I have had as compensation for the writ of subpoena; for the stuffed heron is getting rather shaky about the legs, and at the sale of my effects will fetch, I apprehend, something considerably under a crown. But my wanderings in legal purlieus have not been, perhaps, wholly barren. I have studied witnesses, I have marked their ways, made notes of their demeanour, envisaged their lineaments, and catalogued their apparel. I have grown at last—errors excepted, of course—to distinguish witnesses from other men.

You may tell your witness, first, from the fact that he is always hungry and thirsty, and that the voracity with which he partakes of refreshment is equalled by his cheerful alacrity to be fed. For, the witness is a creature to be paid, and not to pay. Nothing edible or potable comes amiss to him. He is ready for a mutton chop, at ten thirty; for a quiet crust of bread and cheese and a glass of old ale—he is very fond of old ale—at noon; for a substantial "point" steak, a mealy potato like a ball of flower, a pickled walnut, and a pint of Allsopp's draught, at one p.m.; for any number of sandwiches and glasses of sherry while the managing clerk holds him in whispered confabulation as to that one point about which he is to be so very particular in giving his evidence, and which he either totally forgets, or makes some transcendental blunder about, before he has been five minutes in the box. Then, again, he is ready, when the case is over, for a regular good dinner washed down by champagne and port—the last a peculiar rich brown fruity vintage, like liquid plum-pudding with plenty of brandy in it: the special growth of the vineyards patronised by legal hotel-keepers, and which has the curious property of causing every witness after the second glass to inform his neighbour in a confidential hiccup that if it hadn't been for the manner in which he gave his evidence, the case would have infallibly broken down. The miscreant Stradlings would have won the day, and the noble-hearted Styles—who gives the dinner—would have been nowhere. It is, in fact, in these legal hotels that witnesses may literally be said to live on the fat of the land. They are not proud.

While better viands are getting ready they will make shift with a basin of mock-turtle, in which scraps of glutinous parchment appear to have been boiled in lieu of calves'-head. They will fill up an odd corner with a quarter of a pork-pie and half a pint of stout; nay, I have even seen teetotal witnesses (who are generally incoherent in the box, and virulently suspected of intoxication by the judge) punish the plaintiff's pocket pretty heavily in the way of Banbury cakes and lemonade. Country witnesses, whose stomachs are unused to waiting, and to whom kickshaws are as the idle wind which they regard not, are not above taking a substantial lunch from the joint at the Exchequer dining-rooms; and as for by-drinks, and "quiet drains," and a cozy pipe and a glass of something hot till that interminable trial of Hudge versus Gudge shall give place to the long-expected case of Stradlings versus Styles, their name is legion. Of course there are from time to time stingy plaintiffs, and pauper plaintiffs, and attorneys who are chary in disbursing costs out of pocket. In these cases the witnesses don't live on the fat of the land, and injure the plaintiff's case accordingly; but there is one repeat they must have by fair means or by foul—the first being understood that they are paid for, the second that they pay. They will have tea. The consumption of that refreshing and uninebriating beverage does not in the slightest degree interfere with their appetite for stimulants; still a witness without his tea is nothing. He takes it at all times between noon and five p.m.; but his tea he must and will have: a complete and perfect tea—not a mere cup of wishy-washy Souchong, but supplemented by rounds of toast—the greasier the better—and a rasher of bacon, an egg, or an anchovy, by way of relish. The witness is generally a stranger in the land: he may have come from remote Camberwell, and his tea reminds him of his happy home. The young lady attendant at the coffee-shop is usually aware of her customer being a witness, by his asking for the Morning Advertiser, which organ is not often taken in under the tea dispensation, and next by his subsiding into the placid perusal of the Standard of the day before yesterday. He reads of bygone trials and witnesses of the past, and buoys himself up, perchance, with the hope that his own fame will be wafted down to posterity by the Standard of to-morrow.

The witness, while he is in the chrysalis or grub-state—I mean no pun—but his transition condition, before he develops into the full-grown butterflydom of the box, is lifted several hundred feet above his ordinary social altitude. He lives in another world. He has associates and intimates he would not have dreamt of being gregarious with, two days ago. He is made much of. He is a superior being. Barristers walk up and down Westminster Hall, arm in arm with him. Wealthy solicitors clap him on the shoulder and tell him to stand firm. Baronets press his hand, and sometimes leave substantial tokens of their affection for him behind the pres-

sure. Landlords are enjoined to take the utmost care of him. Pale-faced runners from the attorney's office are affected to his service, partially as body servants, partially as spies and guardians, to take care that he does not run away, that he does not throw himself into the arms of the other side; and while they pamper him like a prize pig, to prevent him from eating and drinking himself into a state of blind oblivion of his duties towards Stradlings and against Styles. For witnesses are mortal men, even as voters at contested elections are, and will sometimes fade away from the paths of prudence. By the way, now that I think of it, the witness, generically speaking, is almost identical in manners, custom, countenance, and conversation, with the Voter! And voters are, like witnesses, a species of humanity typical and peculiar in their characteristics. I once had a vote for the county, but I never voted. I was made aware of being seised of a vote for some chambers in town, by the Radical party (my own, oh bitter scorn!) "fighting the battle of the constitution in the Registration Courts," and objecting, on some technical ground, to my qualification. They gained the day, but the victory was disastrous to them, as they had acted (aha!) under the erroneous impression that I was a red-hot Tory; but I humbly thank the revising barrister for striking my name off the register. What should I have done with a vote? Does it concern you, or me, or any other man, in the present pure and healthy state of the political atmosphere, save the regularly stamped, approved, and typical voter, whether Sir John Grampus or General Bounce be the man for Westminster?

There are times when the witness rises to the dignity of a public character; but it is more frequently in connexion with an election petition before a parliamentary committee than as a witness in one of the courts at Westminster, that he becomes remarkable. Take Giles Jolter, for instance, assistant-ostler at the Red Herring on Horseback, Chumpsford. The defeated candidate for the representation of that important borough in parliament has petitioned against the sitting member. It is the old story: bribery, corruption, treating, intimidation, and the rest of it. The lawyers on both sides rub their hands and chuckle; for it is a fat case, which, on a moderate computation, will cost about fifty pounds an hour during hearing. Giles Jolter is brought, to his intense amazement, and for the first time in his life, from Chumpsford to London by express train. With him, perhaps, also as witnesses, may be Mr. Chawchobbs, landlord of the Pickled Egg beer-shop, and two or three other agricultural worthies in hobnails and fustian. They all live on the before-mentioned fat of the land. They are in a continual state of beatitude, arising from unlimited feeds of bran-mash, oilcake, and scientifically sliced mangel-wurzel. They might have Revalenta Arabica, Thorley's food, Indian pig-meal, for the asking for. They wax fat and kick, and their bones are full of marrow. One of the

pale-faced runners, selected for the post on the ground of his being a man about town, is detached to show them the sights and the lions of London. At theatres you may see Chawchobbs fast asleep, with his head leaning on his arms, in the upper boxes. It would never do to take a valuable witness to the pit. At music-halls Giles Jolter's horse-collar grin pervades the stalls. He thinks the Perfect Cure the greatest terpsichorean marvel of the age, yet still offers to back himself for "half a poond" to "joomp agin him." He speculates upon the number of pints of ale consumed by "Any Other Man," preparatory to his stump oration; and at night, when he returns to his lodgings, disturbs the whole house with unearthly yelps and rumblings, in his attempt to imitate the pleasing melody of In the Strand—the Strand. Nothing is spared, in short, to make Giles Jolter's witness-life a carnival of joy—this poor conscript of toilsome husbandry, who at home fares worse than the horses he helps to tend, and has but the Union to look forward to when his joints have grown too stiff for his task of currying and rubbing down!—but the scheme of his revelry has one curious omission. The lawyers have forgotten the requirements of Jolter and his comrades in the way of clothes. Chawchobbs has been snatched in haste and shirt-sleeves from his beer-shop bar, and when, in places of fashionable or convivial town resort, you come upon rough uncouth men of peasant mien, clad in short smock-frocks, fustian suits, billicock hats, monumental ankle-jacks, with rural clay scarce uncaked from them, and wonderful velveteen waistcoats, with double rows of mother-o'-pearl buttons, you may be tolerably certain that a great election petition is on at Westminster, and that these are witnesses.

It comes to the turn of Giles Jolter to be examined. 'Tis not much he has to prove. Perhaps he only overheard the conversation in which the sitting member offered the head-ostler (who had a vote) nineteen guineas for a single hair out of the bay mare's tail; or perhaps he found three five-pound notes in the corn-chest, with "Vote for Peverill" on a scrap of paper pinned thereto; or it may be he was instructed carefully to way-lay, discreetly to kidnap, and completely to fuddle, Boolwang, the great radical of Chumpsford. As a rule, the parliamentary committee can make nothing of Giles Jolter. When he is probed for facts bearing on the case, he retails in the Bœotian dialect, scraps of local scandal damaging to county families of the highest standing.

Thus: Rubasore, Q.C. "Do you remember the thirteenth of June?"

To him Jolter: "Ay, sure-lye, 'twas t' day Squire Gargoyll laid t' horsewhip 'cross uns woife's shoulters i' the coach-house."

At a subsequent period of cross-examination, Serjeant Squallop takes Jolter in haud.

"You say you saw Sir Norman Peverill at the Red Herring on Horseback. What was he doing?"

"He wor toight."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Whoy, droonk, tibby sure." And the unqui-

vocating Jolter bestows the horse-collar grin on the entire auditory (including Sir Norman Peve-
rill, who sups at his club on a rusk and a glass
of Seltzer water), in humorous amusement at the
simplicity of the learned serjeant, who does not
know the meaning of the word "toight."

Not unfrequently Jolter himself appears, as
he expresses it, "toight as a droom," and con-
templates the august tribunal through a dense
haze of beer. He has, in these cases, slipped
away from his legal guides, philosophers, and
friends, and, wearied with vinous and spirituous
luxuries, betaken himself to a rustic orgie of four-
penny ale in some Westmonasterian beer-shop,
reminding him of his native Bœotia, in company
with a sweep, a navigator, and two militia-men.
Sometimes, in these moments of beery abandon-
ment, he is pounced upon by a wary recruiting-
sergeant, and forthwith enlisted in her Majesty's
Forty-fourth Foot. More than once have par-
liamentary agents been compelled to pay "smart
money" for the ransom of Giles Jolter.

By this time the assistant-ostler has become
a public character. He wakes one morning with
a headache, and finds himself famous. "No
more flagrant instance of the innate and in-
curable rottenness of our electoral system could
be found, we think, than in the hideous ter-
giversation of the witness Jolter, in his evidence
before the committee on the Chumpsford elec-
tion petition"—thus commences a leading article
in a daily newspaper, and G. is the hero of the
first paragraph.

Matters, however, may grow serious, and the
communicativeness of Giles may become as com-
promising as his reticence is embarrassing. At all
hazards, the assistant-ostler must then be got out
of the way, and his cross-examination is cut short
by his sudden disappearance. He is spirited
away nobody knows whither. Of course the
sitting member, and those eminent and astute
parliamentary agents, Messrs. Weasle, Eylet,
and Hole, are entirely ignorant of his where-
abouts. Quick! a proclamation, two proclama-
tions, half a dozen proclamations, for the appre-
hension of Giles Jolter! It passes comprehen-
sion, but it is still within the range of possibility,
that the passenger in a blue cloak, with a fur
collar, green spectacles, and a sealskin cap, who
took the mail-train from London to Pangbourne
on such a night, was the recalcitrant Giles; nay,
he has been seen, with no disguise at all, but in
his normal fustian and hobnails, astounding the
fisher-girls at Boulogne or Dunkirk with the
horse-collar grin. Then Giles is caught, and makes
his appearance, quaking and blubbering, at the bar
of the House of Commons, where, imagining in
his perturbation that he is in peril for poaching, he
piteously assures their honours worships that he
"niver toched a rabbit in uns loife." The end
of it is, that after the serjeant-at-arms—to the
ineffable disgust of that courtly and bag-wigged
functionary—has had charge of Giles for a day
or two, he is committed to Newgate under the
Speaker's warrant. And there the governor
doesn't know what to do with him; and after a few
weeks' incarceration, during which the Sunday

papers write about him as a "martyr to oligar-
chical tyranny," the session comes to an end,
and the Speaker's warrant, being by this time so
much waste paper, Giles Jolter is discharged.
Perhaps a subscription is opened for him in the
columns of some red-hot journal, and the first
week's list of contributions comprises: "A Foe
to Despotism, 5s.;" "Brutus Britannicus,
2s. 6d.;" "Blood or the Ballot, 1s.;" "One who
hates M.P.s., 9d. (weekly)," and so forth.

But Jolter subsides, and goes back to Bœotia
and Chumpsford to tend his cattle, and is no
more heard of. The great tribe of witnesses
must submit to a similar fate. Their fame is
but ephemeral. Their notoriety endures but for
a day. They fade into nothingness and oblivion;
in the great crowd they pass unnoticed; and it
is only when you hang about the law courts and
wear out, wearily, your shoe-leather in the Hall
of the Lost Footsteps, that you single them out
again, and watch their ways, and dive into their
haunts. I never take up the report of a trial
twenty years old, without wondering what has
become of all the witnesses. What a noise they
made in the world, and into what complete for-
getfulness they have drifted! As I lay down my
pen, an Italian organ-grinder in the street be-
neath, strikes up "Il balen." Confound those
organ-grinders! Yet, stay, the brown stranger
may be worth studying. Why, goodness,
gracious! the name of his papa may have been
Theodore Majocchi, that witness of witnesses;
and the air ground on the paternal organ, not
"Il balen," but "Non mi ricordo!" His father
may have been a witness against Queen Caroline

ROUND THE DOME OF ST. PETER.

ROME again! dirty, picturesque, beautiful,
lamentable Rome! the Eternal City that never
fades—Old Rome, to which time gives only
mellowing graces, not disfiguring wrinkles—
queen in the past, though her purple was
often splashed with blood and mire, and queen
in the present, though fettered and discrowned;
with what passionate beating of the heart
strangers first drive through those narrow wind-
ing streets; with what glad yearning of affec-
tion old friends go back to their beloved haunts!
Florence, elegant and æsthetic, rich in medi-
æval reminiscences, with every street a poem,
and every house a history; Genoa, proud and
stately, clothing her steep with marble palaces,
and ruling her world of waters with no meek
sceptre; Venice, dreamy, mournful, and half
dead; Turin, modern, gay, and not a little
flaunting—all are beautiful; but none equal to
the centre of Catholic Christendom, the old
mistress of the world, where the curule chair
and the imperial throne of the Cæsars was a
lower seat than the fisherman's chair, where the
proudest crown of the empire was a humble
wreath compared to the arrogant triplet round
the Christian Father's mitre. Back to beloved
Rome, so full of sin, and sorrow, and evil rule,
and stifled lamentation, so full of beauty and

joy, and childlike gaiety of soul—back for the third time, went a certain artist and his family one winter evening, nine years ago, one of the results being a book* on Roman matters, which we are doing a good and welcome service in helping to make known.

In a lumbering yellow chaise, drawn by three horses abreast, each horse with a collar of bells jingling round his neck, and cock's plume feathers nodding in his head, and driven by a postilion in a gaudy gold-laced jacket, as shabby and rusty as it was tinselly and tawdry, our artist and his family drove through the Campagna—no railroad then—leaving Civita Vecchia behind them. Their way through the tall skeleton grasses and the dry cane's tufted feathers of the rolling slopes, was not without abundance of local colouring. Plump and rosy little beggar children—each child an infant Saint John—ran laughing by the side of the carriage, throwing summersets whenever they had the chance, and screaming "dateci qualche cosa" at the top of their shrill Italian voices, till they seemed to pierce the very brains of the travellers; contadini, sitting athwart the tongue of their heavy carts drawn by the superb grey oxen of the Campagna, flashed back a merry answer to their pleasant words of greeting; or a light wine caretta, ringing along with its horse bright in rosettes and feathers, and a fierce little pomero barking furiously at the passers-by, showed the driver fast asleep under the tall triangular cover; droves of oxen, driven by bandit-looking men armed with long poles, and not always safe to meet, especially if the day be hot and they have been driven to the verge of their patience, were bathed in the slanting sunlight, till the grey grew warm with ruddy gold and brightened into purple; long lines of horses and mules, tied head to tail, were shouted and screamed at, as if they understood la lingua Toscana in bocca Romana, as well as human beings; flocks of sheep were watched over by the Pan of the Campagna, in his shaggy sheepskin breeches and wilderness of matted hair, who, planting his long pole diagonally towards him, stretches out his legs wide apart, and leans against it, tripod fashion, studying the countenances and behaviour of his flock, or sleeping in the sunshine; long-haired cream-coloured goats browsing round the ruins, or peeping out from behind the bushes on the knolls, fell into accidental groupings, marvellously well suited and picturesque; buffaloes dragging rude wains, their melancholy eyes full of infinite yearning and regret, plodded wearily along, swaying their heavy heads at each step; carriages met them full of expectant faces looking out for friends returning from Civita Vecchia; and, as they came nearer to the city, groups of Romans were walking, talking, and laughing together:—

* *Roba di Roma*, by W. W. Story. "*Roba*" means goods, wares, things, or "notions of any and every kind," from rubbish and ruffraꝝ to the most exquisite product of art and nature. *Robaccia* means trash and trumpery—bad, coarse *roba*; but Mr. Story has given us *roba* not *robaccia*—stores not rubbish.

these were some of their incidents of travel, until they neared the Porta Cavalleggieri, and the great mother of nations was fairly won.

Then the glory of glories began. There was the huge dome of St. Peter's, golden with the last burning rays of the sunset; beneath, the pillars of the grand colonnade of Bernini, standing like giants against the dreamy air; there, the splashing fountains "shook their loosening silver in the sun," and the Egyptian obelisk "pointed its lean finger to the sky;" the great bell clanging from the belfry, the Piazza thronged with animated groups. Here were priests and soldiers moving in separate masses through the city which both were helping to enslave; there the glastly confraternita, shrouded in white, with two holes left for the eyes, headed a funeral procession, the waving black banners of which were marked with the death's head and cross-bones, blazoned in gilding on them; there were the lamps set up to the honour of the Madonna twinkling everywhere in little shrines, while women, leaning from the balconies above, talked in loud clear tones to their friends below; street sellers were howling out their wares, children were screaming, men were shouting and a few were swearing, pifferari were playing, contadini were singing with their rough mountain voices; and so, in darkness, tumult, flashing lights at intervals, and cries and noise never ceasing, the lumbering old yellow chariot thundered over bridges and along damp and dirty streets, until it finally reached its own appointed gate, and there was rest and silence for the weary.

But not for many hours: for is not December the month of the pifferari? those contadini of the Abruzzi mountains, who come down from their savage steeps to play a novena in Rome to the honour of the Madonna, and of the bambino who is to be born when Christmas comes; and is not their music of the shrillest and most arousing? They begin early in the morning, always going in couples, and playing before the Madonnas set up in shrines against the shops and houses, or on staircases, or in halls, at the corners of streets, or down narrow passages and alleys—wherever, in short, the papal idol is to be found; one playing the *zampogna*, or bag-pipes, the other blowing the *piffero*, or pastoral pipe. Sometimes the pipe-player, if of an ardent temperament, and dissatisfied with the slower results of science, lays down his pipe, and sings the verses of the novena in a loud coarse voice, while the *zampogna* drones out the accompaniment; but always the music is of a shrill and ear-piercing character, only to be tolerated by the zealous piety of the faithful, or for the artistic getting up of the performers, with the heretics. For, indeed, these pifferari are the most picturesque of all, where all are picturesque. Their conical hats, adorned with the peacock's feather or band of red cords and tassels, laid reverently on the ground when honouring their Lady; their red waistcoats, blue jackets, and yellow homespun breeches; their sandals of untanned hide, bound to the leg by those multitu-

dinous cords (they were once called the *ciocari*, or the corded) which are so essential to the ideal bandit of the boards or the studio; their long brown cloaks, buttoned closely round the throat; the various colours which the sun has faded, and the rain has washed, and the wind has deadened, and which time and sun and wind and rain have all mellowed into the most harmonious and inexpressibly effective tones; the eager eyes and tangled fell of coal-black hair—what would Rome at Christmas-time be without her *pifferari*?

Then there are the ballad-singers: generally a blind old man who sings, accompanied by a woman who plays the guitar or the mandolin, and sometimes by a little girl, who collects the *baiocchi*, and steals your heart out of you with her lustrous earnest eyes. They sell you their ballads on a printed sheet for a *baiocco*, with a bright Italian smile and a flourishing woodcut thrown into the bargain, on all manner of subjects and themes. When the weather is warm, too, there are serenaders without end; the *Trasteverini*, specially gifted that way, who serenade their stout-limbed strong-hearted *Blousabellas* as pearls, roses, queens of beauty, doves, exquisite gems too fragile for earth's keeping, and all the rest of it according to the normal insanity of lovers; and, then there are the tradespeople and the artisans, who sing—oh, how they sing!—always and all day long. Cobblers, sitting on their benches, placed under the portone of some great palace, to the saving of rent and the sufficient shelter of the man, sing as they thump and strain at leather and waxed thread; the blacksmith sings louder than his hammer or the roaring fire within; the marble-cutter sings; the carpenter sings; the bricklayer; the *donna di facenda*, at her work in the house, or peeling onions in the court-yard; the washerwoman at the great public cistern, slashing and flaunting her linen with inhuman violence—each and all sing—sing their loudest, sing their harshest, sing their sweetest; but the song is generally like the life, full of power and passion, and the overflowing of luxuriant nature, rather than sentimental in the whining sense; and never meagrely given. Even in the Opera-house the audience hum the airs to accompany the performers, and you may always know what opera has been performed, by the powerful display of lungs and larynx giving out the tunes in the streets by the departing audience.

How well everything composes and harmonises together in Rome! What would look violent or sordid, according to its degree, in any other place, here either simply enriches the general tone surrounding it, or is but a lower note in the same key. It is true that Rome is dirty, and might well afford to lose a little of its picturesqueness for sake of the godly gain of soap and water; but if once the parish beadle, with the whitewasher and his pail, gets footing there, the Rome of our love will be ruined. Those old brown and yellow stones covered with golden moss and crimsoned lichen—those jagged

and broken outlines, glorious in play of light, and so wonderful in their varied lines and shadings, all overgrown as they are with weeds and grasses and tufts of waving flowers—that subtle and yet so rich interfusion of colour which makes the joy and the despair of the artist—would it be gain to lose all this for cream-coloured stucco and line and plumb, let the stucco be of the creamiest and the plumb-line of the straightest? What would Rome be if the greens and reds and warm greys of her ruined walls, the golden yellow which the sun burns to reddened orange, and the deep dark blues which strengthen into purples—if all the harmony of age, and richness of decay, was lost in the hands of the clean and godly, who would whitewash that grand old grimy face as a religious duty?

But these are mere artistic pleasures of the eyes, which, picturesque as they are, Rome could well afford to lose. There are the beggars, first of all; from that heroic torso, King Beppo, who keeps his bank on the upper piazza of the *Trinità de' Monti*, and who is the real king of the beggars in Rome, to the toothless and palsied hag, who pursues you with her crutch, and sends an "apoplexy" (*accidente*) after you if you refuse her importunate "*Per carità, signorino—per l'amor di dio, signorina!*" This Beppo is a remarkable man, for all that he is only a beggar, subject to the lock-up and the vagrancy act if he should dare to show himself in London. There is no doubt of his being of good provincial family; some day he is a baron of the *Scala di Spagna*; but he is really by birth a gentleman, who, finding his two withered and undeveloped legs rather in the way of ordinary success, set up as beggar-in-chief, having, as his stock in trade, a magnificent torso, a good-looking face and head, bland manners, a pleasant smile, an agreeable way of saying, "*Fa buono tempo;*" or, "*Fa cattivo tempo!*" according to the weather, a dark blue cloak which he drapes round him like a toga, and a profound belief in the giving propensity of human nature. Beppo has not reasoned ill. He has amassed a good fortune, and lends money like any other banker; he has a wife and several children, and the other day was able to give his daughter, who married a respectable tradesman, a handsome dowry, according to the ideas and measurement of a Roman shopkeeper. Every fine day he comes to the piazza, mounted on a mule, and draped in his toga-like cloak, escorted by his servant—a boy on crutches. He never begs; he only shuffles along on his hands and knees, which are guarded by iron and leather, sometimes, not always, takes off his hat, looks up in your face and smiles, tells you that it is a good day or a bad one, according to the time, then waits and expects; and you—you are fascinated, overpowered, and give. Your only chance of getting rid of him, or indeed of any other beggar, is to raise your left forefinger and slowly wag it to and fro. There is a mite mesmerism in this sign which satisfies the boldest. The next best recipes against beggars in general

are, to be black-haired, to smoke in the streets, and to speak only Italian.

It would be well if there was only Beppo and his kin to overpower and bleed you; but Rome is the city of beggars, from the Pope (who begs for Peter's pence) downwards. You cannot move ten steps without being asked for money by some one. Franciscans and Capucins, in their brown serge dresses, corded round the waist, their dirty feet and grimy hands and faces, pounce upon you in the street, or in your drawing-room, or your studio, wherever you may be; either with a basket, asking for food, or rattling before your eyes a tin box with a slit in it, into which you are to drop what of your bounty you can spare. The Sacconi—those shrouded, white-robed spectres, who stalk about Rome in most unpleasant mufti, shrouded from head to foot, with nothing but holes left for their eyes; who may be your most intimate friends, and who are surely noblemen, church dignitaries, and men of high rank, generally doing such strange penance for their sins—steal upon you quietly like ghosts in mid-day, or enter into your most private chamber suddenly; and with warning voices and threatening accent, ask alms for the glory of God and the welfare of the souls of the faithful. These Sacconi always go in pairs, one on each side of the way, never speaking and never losing sight of each other, but begging furiously of every one they meet, and all the more securely, because so thoroughly disguised. Then there are the pilgrims who beg; and your friends' servants, who come to you on Christmas and New Year's days, and wish you many happy days like to the present, for the response of a few pails; indeed, this custom of giving Christmas-boxes and New Year's gifts to your friends' servants is so universal, that many men much in the world have a whole army of unpaid domestics, on the chance of the wages to be had at these seasons and in this manner. There are the servants out of place, who beg as the most honourable and profitable employment open to them; and troops of Raffaelsque little children, and stalwart men and decrepid ones, women in their prime and women in the decadence.

Sometimes the beggars are the victims, as when the gardens of the Franciscans lie handy to certain windows, and buxom Roman wives form friendly relations with the gardeners, to whom they signal with the "Pst, pst!"—the national "Hi there!"—when, leaning out of the window, they dangle a long cord enticingly from their hands. At which sight and sound the gardener knots a huge cabbage to the end of the cord, and the woman hauls up her purchase, or his gift, according to the closeness of their relations. If the monks were not so intolerably lazy they might attend to their own kail-yard, but being too pious for labour, they hire instead, and get cheated, as they deserve. This is poetical justice, and as it should be. There is another bit of poetical justice in that strange hour of Saturnalia which takes place in a cardinal's establishment, when he is, or is said

to be, elected Pope. His servants break into his wardrobe, and rifle every chest and drawer he possesses, taking all his clothes away, even to his very shirt. Symbolising, probably, the new apparel of the soul, and the renunciation, even, of the cardinal's nature, which would take place when a man is made Papa of the Christian generations. This custom is not pleasant at any time, but it is singularly unpleasant when the report has been unfounded, and the cardinal returns home, not only not elected, but without a vestige of wardrobe remaining. There are a few expletives and blasphemies on such occasions, even from the mildest; and not unfrequently that terrible but most universal curse of "accidente," "May an apoplexy seize you!" which is for your soul what "May you die of a prato!" (our common mushroom) is for your body. The one meaning, may you be cut off so suddenly that you cannot receive the last sacraments, or make confession, whereby you will be eternally lost; the other, may you be reduced to such poverty that you will be obliged to eat the prato, which the Italians hold to be poisonous, and which nothing but the most abject misery would induce one of them to touch.

The festivals of Rome are too well known to be repeated here again. The magnificent services in that grand old temple; the quaint uniform of the Swiss Guards; the picturesque costumes of the peasantry, mingled with the frightful dress of civilised Europe and the uniforms of the French soldiers; the strange effect when all the cold blue steel makes one simultaneous flash and one synchronous clang on the pavement as the soldiers drop suddenly on their knees at the raising of the Host, and the great crowd sways forward like a field of corn beneath the wind: the burst of heavenly music, the high soprano soaring above all the other voices, and every now and then the clear musical voice of the Pope breaking through like a silver bell; later, the blessing of the people with his two fingers extended as he is borne aloft in his chair between the high white waving fans; at Christmas-time the honour paid to the Santissimo Bambino; at Carnival the fun and the *moccoletti*; at Easter that matchless high mass and the illumination of Saint Peter's—who does not know them all by heart? By heart, indeed! by the very heart of love! That Santissimo Bambino of Christmas-time, whose jewels are worth a nation's revenue, and who, once when he was stolen away, walked back in the night to his own place in the most knowing manner possible, is supposed to heal all manner of diseases, and to avert all manner of evil, though he is nothing better than an ugly, dull, spiritless, wooden doll, carved, says the legend, by a certain pilgrim out of some wood on the Mount of Olives, and painted during his sleep by Saint Luke. Both sculptor and painter have been equally bad artists; but the doll is a good physician notwithstanding, and of great repute, and when taken to any of the afflicted in his own peculiar tan-coloured coach, with a vermillion flag outside, and two *frati minori* to take

care of him within, all persons on the line of march cross themselves and kneel, the women covering their heads with apron or handkerchief as in any other holy place, crying, "Oh, Santo Bambino, give us thy blessing! Oh, Santo Bambino, cure our diseases; lower the water of the Tiber; heal Angelina's leg; give us a good carnival; or send an accident to a rival!" In '49 the triumvirate did great honour to this famous doll. They gave him the Pope's own coach for his private use; but Mr. Story does not say whether his cures were more wonderful than that before or since.

The Romans, like most other people, have their special meals for certain occasions. At Christmas-time the dainties are torone and pan giallo. Torone is a hard candy, made of honey and almonds, and covered over with crystallised sugar; and pan giallo is a mass of plums, and citron, and almonds, and sugar, pine-seeds, and pistachio-nuts, all in a tough and tight mass of sweet and solid. During Lent the buns called maritozze—made of the edible kernels of the pine cone, lightened with oil and sugared—are among the favourite exercises of the faithful; and on Saint Joseph's day, under the gay booths decorated with huge green branches, and hung with red and gold draperies, are to be found the delicious frittelle di San Giuseppe—dough-nuts, made of flour, sometimes mixed with rice, fried in large caldrons of boiling oil and lard, and served out on polished platters, with an immense expenditure of voice, and gesture, and song, and saucy repartee, and sounding laughter. At Easter there are eggs, and the grand illumination, and beatification of the ham and cheese shops—the pizzicheria, or what we should call cheese-mongers. In May there is the berlingozzo, a kind of jumble-cake cut in rings and decorated with fine red tassels—and when spring has really come, this is May-time too—prima vera, or the first true thing, as they call it—then comes the festival of the kitchen gardens, and a whole population flinging itself on snowy cauliflowers, fleshy artichokes, on asparagus softly tinted, and cabbage gloriously golden in its green, on all manner of garden-stuff, either fried in oil or bathed in milky sauce, with the sensation of children plunging into the bowels of a Christmas pudding. And spring brings not only cabbages and artichokes, but acres of sweet-scented Parma violets, hyacinths heavy with perfume, lilies of the valley, periwinkles, anemones, cyclamen, "morning glories"—oh! all the thousand lovely children of the warm rain and the teeming earth, which bloom nowhere in greater beauty and luxuriance than in the country round about Rome. Then comes the limonaro, or lemonade-seller; then the value of the fountain; then the caffès have their choicest groups sitting out by the doors, and whole families live on the pavement, and transact their domesticities in full view of the whole world; then the Campagna is enchanted ground, and Rome a city of infinite glory; then life is strong within every one, even to the ghastly saccone and the cowed Franciscan; then the

contadini sing and the contadine listen, and the great black eyes of the Roman girls grow tender and bright, and the Church finds abundance of work in the betrothal and marriage festivals everywhere abounding; and then the priests and beggars beg with tenfold fervour, knowing the unloosening of the chilly blood which the warm influence of the first true thing brings. But then come fevers to the unwary and death to the rash, and the need of guarding against draughts and sudden chills, too much indulgence in watery fruits, heavy meats, or heating wines, exposure to the evening dews, sleeping with the window open, and such-like untimely follies of overmuch daring, according to the proved wisdom of the natives themselves, who naturally understand their climate better than strangers. But strangers always think themselves the wisest, so get caught in the toils before they are aware, and too often pay the penalty of their rashness with their health or their lives.

And now comes the season of games, for the Romans are fond of out-of-door games, and excel in more ways than one of ball practice. The favourite place for pallone, a kind of racket, is on the summit of the Quattro Fontane, in the Barberini grounds, and the players are dressed in thin tight-fitting skin-dresses, with a ribbon round the arm, red or blue, to mark the side. Then there is the game of bocce, played with one small ball and any number of big ones, the game consisting in planting the big ones close to the small one, or lecco, who is my leader; and there is ruzzola, or disc-throwing; and chess for the caffè goers; dominoes for the caffè goers also; and morra for all the world; and the lottery for more than all the world. And the worst of all is the lottery, which, however, the paternal papal government allows, though it refuses its permission to hunting in the Campagna because a certain clumsy young noble fell off his horse one day, and got badly hurt. Whereupon, hunting was forbidden, but gambling, which hurts both soul and estate, not only the body, holds full sway.

The Italians have no vanity, save, perhaps, in their clothes when they are very finely dressed; and then they do peacock themselves unmissably. For their own natural beauty, they have no thought of self-gratulation; and, if told that they are lovely, that they have fine eyes or magnificent hair, that their limbs are statuesque, or their lips like the Cupid's bow, they will only laugh, and say "Ma che?" deprecatingly, as if they would add, "And what of that?—it is by no virtue of my own!" But praise their clothes, into which they have put money, taste, and discretion, emphatically "my own," and they will show the soft spot then! And as they have no vanity they have no sensitiveness about personal defects, but take good or ill from the hands of their great mother with the same equanimity. They cannot understand the Anglo-Saxon huffness on this point, but will introduce your friend by all manner of nicknames, if by chance they have forgotten his rightful one.

Il lungo secco will usher in your tall lantern-jawed cadaverous-looking Yankee; la Barabrossa, or il bel Signore, will describe your little red-haired Scotch body, or your Scandinavian giant, according to colour and merit; woe to the short-sighted, who objects to hear himself announced as quel cieco, or to the rheumatic and unsymmetrical, who shrinks at the sound of quel gobbo; il malinconico denotes your favourite author, who speaks with a snuffle and looks always ready to cry; but in general you are startled at hearing a shrill Roman voice announce La Signora bella Bionda di Palazzo Albani, or il Signore Quattordici Capo le Case, or whatever may be the name of the street and the number of the house inhabited. But the Romans think you absurd if you object to this manner of description, and say "Ma che" with greater force than when they deprecate the idea that their own beauty is to be accounted to them for a good work!

They are deplorably ignorant. They do not believe that there are cities, lakes, rivers, or mountains worth naming anywhere out of Italy; they think that Vellintoni was the father of Vashintoni, and that he died the other day in London; they are horribly superstitious, and they are dirty; they are priest-ridden; they are enslaved; they have a foreign nightmare weighing on them heavily; and they refuse the manly teaching of self-support. Yet, for all this, Rome is the most delightful place in the world to live in, and the Romans are the most delightful people. If one must suffer the pains of human being anywhere, it is better to suffer them in Rome than in half the favourite places of the globe.

Thus Mr. Story, and a pleasant Story he is.

PIPETON-CUM-TABOR SCHOOL.

OUR little school at Pipeton-cum-Tabor, in the county of Dorset, is an inviting place. Roses cockade the sturdy stone walls and the thatched roof; honeysuckles blow their little fairy horns in at the open windows. There is a sleepy hum of bees without in the summer afternoons, and a drowsy hum of children's voices within. The thrush's song is not unfrequently heard mingling with the drone of "twice two is four."

Outside, in the glebe meadow, the clover is purple sweet, and the little ones, sent there to play for half an hour, bury themselves in the high fresh grass, feeling for dry grass-hoppers, or chasing an entangled humble-bee. Do you hear that burst of silvery voices? That is the little Hullah class, practising in unison. Do you hear that measured clap of hands? Those are the little hands beating time. Do you see that kindly man in black, coming through the wicket-gate of the rectory-garden? That is the Rev. Mr. Blank, the rector, coming to take his Wednesday's class.

The little school, at our village of Pipeton-cum-Tabor, is, I know, as good a school as any of its

size in England. The mistress likes her work, and the children like the mistress. She is not a slumbrous torpid old woman, nor a puzzle-headed weak-willed young woman. She has a power of command, she has a strong will, and the children of Pipeton-cum-Tabor know it. The school is worked upon the newest system, and contains thirty-six children: no bad per-centage in a village that does not number altogether much more than a hundred souls. The clergyman is an excellent and active man; the school is good, the schoolmistress is good; and yet there is no visible decrease, that I can see, in the ignorance of Pipeton-cum-Tabor. What is to be done with the Augean stable of stupidity; dark, profound, muddy, and hopeless as it seems to be?

The age of the youngest child in the school is four, and the age of the oldest is eleven. This is the village schoolmaster's great difficulty—his first and last stumbling-block, his insuperable obstacle. The child of four, the little rosy dumpling, full of restless fun, and incapable of mental application, is sent to school to keep her safe while the mother is at work; it saves a nurse, and it relieves the mother's mind from apprehension. The child learns nothing, and prevents others learning; but the child is safe, and that is all the mother cares about. Our village poor have little foresight, and no power of combination, or the nursing mothers of the village would hire among them a respectable sober woman, to collect the children, and watch them in the absence of their mothers at work.

But the age of the eldest child at this school points a much more lamentable moral. It proves what the schoolmistress tells me—that boys generally leave her school at nine years old, and girls at eleven. As soon as a girl is strong enough to carry a baby, she is sent off as an under-nurse; as soon as she is old enough to scrub a floor, she takes the mother's place at home; and, from that time, she ceases to come to school. As for the boys, long before they have learnt to read or write, they are sent to keep birds from corn, to drive plough horses, or to watch sheep. They may only earn a shilling a week: still, so great is the poverty in our county of Dorset, that the father cannot resist even that small inducement. Thus, poverty leads to ignorance—an entailed ignorance—to which the English labourer seems doomed generation after generation. The father and mother are themselves ignorant, and therefore cannot understand the value of knowledge; they are without it, they argue, so why should not Bill or Jack be without it?

The course of study in the Pipeton-cum-Tabor school includes texts, Church catechism, reading, spelling, writing, arithmetic, the elements of grammar, dictation, poetry, and geography.

The holidays at our Pipeton-cum-Tabor school are far too long, far too frequent, and not well

arranged. They consist of the Saturday in every week, one week at Christmas, two days at Easter, a week at Whitsun, and a month during harvest—making a total of nearly one quarter of the year. The poor man's child has but five poor years to spend in educating his mind, and one-fourth of that time is wasted. These frequent and long vacations empty the brain, and destroy habits of obedience and subordination. Those who know how little school or college learning a gentleman's son ordinarily retains after three years' college and ten years' school, will understand how much less must be retained by a country boy who goes to school at five and leaves at nine or ten. The open air soon washes all stains of the school ink off his mind. Intent on driving horses, and making the ploughshare cleave straight and evenly, Hodge soon forgets all school lore but a little bungling reading, too painful and slow to render even the beer-shop penny paper edifying. He remembers, from practice, one or two arithmetical rules; from the Sunday service, several Bible stories, and two or three religious truths. He may be able, when he marries, by strong steersmanship and much sympathetic movement of the mouth, to laboriously write his name, in characters like the teeth of an ill-kept saw. His poetry, texts, geography, dictation, and grammar, vanish into air.

He is like a tame parrot that has escaped and flown back to the woods; he abandons his tunes and resumes his natural uncouth scream. He does not want to learn the size of the moon, or to repeat the names of the chief rivers of France; his mind runs on the best way of shearing sheep, and the best sort of ointment for foot-rot. He rises at daybreak, and goes to bed at dark. How can he set his unused unpliant mind to the hard task of reading? He leaves that to "scholars." He never wants to write, except once a year, to sister Jane in Canada. Life, with him, is a hard dull reality, variegated by no amusements, except at club-time and Christmas-time; and, if he gets a holiday at any other season, it is a day stopped out of his wages.

In nearly every village there is a pariah family—a family, the father of which is probably an idle drunkard, while the mother and children are mere beggars. The poor man, all England over, must look forward, unless Providence specially interpose, to pass his old age in the workhouse; but these pariahs are born in the workhouse, and retire to it at certain seasons, just as regularly as the squire's family go to town in the winter. The father sots all day at the public-house, or spends a quiet evening at home beating his wife. The children mope about the hedges, stealing wood and robbing nests. The boys grow up poachers, and the girls go on the parish. The family began ill and will end ill. It is such families that fill the jails, feed the gallows, and contribute inmates to the hulks, the solitary cells, and the hospitals. The father of such a

family will never send his children to school, unless compelled. Because he does not send them where they could benefit by good example, and learn the sin and baseness of idleness, lying and stealing, the children grow up to perpetuate the race of jail-birds, and become the burden, the vexation, and the shame, of the county.

Such men do not, and will not, send their children to school. They are generally brutal dogged creatures, who hate the clergyman because he reproves them, and the country gentlemen who punish them and chide them. They know nothing, and don't wish their children to be wiser than themselves. They don't want their sons to grow up sober men, to lecture them on drunkenness, and to disregard them as companions. They don't go to church because they want "to spite the parson," and they keep the children from school for the same reason. It is difficult to know how to deal with such men. They WILL bring up their children ignorant vagabonds, and who is to stop them? This is a free country. Some say, let us do as in Germany, force every man, on pain of fine and imprisonment, to educate his children. Or why do not the country squires see to it? They have a thousand means of mild compulsion. They could make their bailiffs insist on their labourers and tenants sending their children to school, and keeping them there, when they have once begun to send them. Unfortunately, country gentlemen, at the covert side and in the hunting-field, sometimes forget the sufferings of the poor, their pinching poverty, their dull monotonous life, nay, even their just claims. Too many of them sneer and tell you, over their wine, that education only makes poor people restless and discontented with their condition in life; that learning writing encourages forgery, and that reading makes men idle, and fills their minds with mistaken notions. You would really think, to hear these comfortable rich men, that millionnaires were a peculiar hereditary class, set apart by Divine command to enjoy all the pleasures of the world, and that the poor were a set of creatures destined, like the moles, to obscure and unrewarded toil.

The greatest deficiency in village schools is the want of sufficient teachers. Look at our school at Pipeton—and I select it because it presents a low average—with one young mistress to keep in order and educate thirty-six children, five or six hours a day. One pair of eyes, one brain, one pair of hands, cannot do it. Why, in Olive Tree Academy, Turnham-green, the thirty boys pass through the hands of at least four masters every day. The village schoolmaster has too much to do, and by the time he has preserved discipline, has no time left to teach. To at least every twenty children there should be a pupil-teacher; and parishes, according to rental, should be taxed to support these improvements of their own schools, which, on the voluntary system, are apt to be starved and stunted, or the

burden of them thrown off the shoulders of the rich squires on those of the often ill-paid clergyman.

The education should be as simple as possible, and taught by dictation, and by writing and diagrams on the black board, with questions upon every sentence of the lesson. The great fundamental truths of religion would be soon learnt in this way by the elder children, and then would follow the first rules of grammar and arithmetic, a little simple English geography, and English history, writing, spelling, and reading. At present, too much time is taken up with unintelligent reading, often a mere excuse for the schoolmaster's idleness. Against the en masse singing I have nothing to object. Two improvements I would, however, suggest. One is that every child should be taught the rudiments of drawing, and be allowed, with white chalk on the black board, to copy the master's outlines of houses, gates, pillars, and animals. It would amuse the children, and give a fresh zest to the re-continued studies, and it would be very useful to many in after life, and render them more handy as painters, masons, gamekeepers, or any trade that requires an education of the eye and hand. Drilling should be also insisted on in village schools, if not every day, at least three times a week. It would make the labourer smarter and more alert, less leaden-footed, more brisk, less torpid, and less boorish. It would render him a better workman, and would prepare him for military service if he should chance to become a soldier or volunteer. Where the village is rich, or the proprietors are liberal, bars and other gymnastic apparatus should be provided for the children's playground. But, above all, every schoolmaster who really wishes to educate a wiser and better generation, should abandon routine lessons as much as possible, and should frequently explain to the children the origin and uses of common objects—as sugar, rice, pitch, or tea. Let him tell them where each is found, where it grows, how it grows, when it was first used, its use and abuse. Then question the classes, and when they do not understand, explain by rude drawings whatever can be reduced to simple outline. Whenever abstract ideas could be reduced to shape and form, they should be so reduced; by aid of the Swanpan or Chinese counting apparatus, formed of coloured beads, strung on wires, the dullest child would then soon master simple addition and the first part of the multiplication table. Knowledge cannot be made too amusing for children, for, do what we may, there will still remain some tough bones to pick, even at Pipeton-cum-Tabor school.

The younger children should be drafted off into a separate room, under charge of a pupil-teacher, or a younger mistress. They can be taught little but obedience, and their gambols and irrestorable restlessness interfere with the steadier and older children.

The ventilation of most schoolrooms needs great improvement, and should be so contrived as that

no valetudinarian schoolmaster could prevent its operation, or sow the seeds of disease among the children to save himself from what he would call "a draught." In these days of illumination, the young ladies of a parish could not do better than illuminate good proverbs and wise rhymes to hang round the schoolroom in rotation. This is an excellent Chinese custom, for the sayings get imprinted in the minds of the children, without any sense of pain in the learning.

As advisers and reformers are often called unpractical, let me, in conclusion, sum up my Pipeton-cum-Tabor suggestions.

I contend that no man has a right to bring up his children without education, which implies also religion; because, by neglecting that duty, he tends to increase the number of thieves and other vermin of society, at once dangerous and chargeable. It should, therefore, be compulsory on a father to educate his children. There should be more teachers in village schools, and more oral teaching from objects, less learning by rote, and less unintelligent reading. Schools should be better ventilated, and drilling and drawing universally taught. Writing should be taught through drawing, the pupil copying the master's large letters on a black board.

If Pipeton-cum-Tabor does not take these practical hints, so much the worse for Pipeton-cum-Tabor, and consequently for all of us: not forgetting either the reader or myself.

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[PRICE 2d.]

A DARK NIGHT'S WORK.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "MARY BARTON."

CHAPTER XVII.

THERE are some people who imperceptibly float away from their youth into middle age, and from thence pass into declining life with the soft and gentle motion of happy years. There are others who are whirled, in spite of themselves, down dizzy rapids of agony away from their youth at one great bound, into old age with another sudden shock; and thence into the vast calm ocean where there are no shore-marks to tell of time.

This last, it seemed, was to be Ellinor's lot. Her youth had gone in a single night, fifteen years ago, and now she appeared to have become an elderly woman; very still and hopeless in look and movement, but as sweet and gentle in speech and smile as ever she had been in her happiest days. All young people, when they came to know her, loved her dearly, though at first they might call her dull, and heavy to get on with; and as for children and old people, her ready watchful sympathy in their joys as well as their sorrows was an unfailing passage to their hearts. After the first great shock of Mr. Corbet's marriage was over, she seemed to pass into a greater peace than she had known for years; the last faint hope of happiness was gone; it would, perhaps, be more accurate to say, of the bright happiness she had planned for herself in her early youth. Unconsciously, she was being weaned from self-seeking in any shape, and her daily life became, if possible, more innocent and pure and holy. One of the canons used to laugh at her for her constant attendance at all the services, and for her devotion to good works, and call her always the reverend sister. Miss Monroe was a little annoyed at this faint clerical joke; Ellinor smiled quietly. Miss Monroe disapproved of Ellinor's grave ways and sober severe style of dress.

"You may be as good as you like, my dear, and yet go dressed in some pretty colour, instead of those perpetual blacks and greys, and then there would be no need for me to be perpetually telling people you are only four-and-thirty (and they don't believe me, though I tell them so till I am black in the face). Or, if you would but wear a decent-shaped bonnet, instead of always wearing

them of the poky shape in fashion when you were seventeen."

The old canon died, and some one was to be appointed in his stead. These clerical preferences and appointments were the all-important interests to the inhabitants of the Close, and the discussion of probabilities came up invariably if any two met together, in street or house, or even in the very cathedral itself. At length it was settled and announced by the higher powers. An energetic, hard-working clergyman from a distant part of the diocese, Livingstone by name, was to have the vacant canonry.

Miss Monroe said that the name was somehow familiar to her, and by degrees she recollected the young curate, who had come to inquire after Ellinor in that dreadful illness she had had at Hamley in the year 1829. Ellinor knew nothing of that visit; no more than Miss Monroe did of what had passed between the two before that anxious night. Ellinor just thought it possible it might be the same Mr. Livingstone, and would rather it were not, because she did not feel as if she could bear the frequent though not intimate intercourse she must needs have, if such were the case, with one so closely associated with that great time of terror which she was striving to bury out of her sight by every effort in her power. Miss Monroe, on the contrary, was busy weaving a romance for her pupil; she thought of the passionate interest displayed by the fair young clergyman fifteen years ago, and believed that occasionally men could be constant, and hoped that, if Mr. Livingstone were the new canon, he might prove the *rara avis* which exists but once in a century. He came, and it was the same. He looked a little stouter, a little older, but had still the gait and aspect of a young man. His smooth fair face was scarcely lined at all with any marks of care; the blue eyes looked so kindly and peaceful, that Miss Monroe could scarcely fancy that they were the same which she had seen fast filling with tears; the bland calm look of the whole man needed the ennoblement of his evident devoutness to be raised into the type of holy innocence which some of the Romanists call the "sacerdotal face." His whole soul was in his work, and he looked as little likely to step forth in the character of either a hero of romance or a faithful lover as could be imagined. Still Miss Monroe was not discouraged; she remembered the warm passionate feeling she had once seen

break through the calm exterior, and she believed that what had happened once might occur again.

Of course, while all eyes were directed on the new canon, he had to learn who the possessors of those eyes were one by one; and it was probably some time before the idea came into his mind that Miss Wilkins, the lady in black, with the sad pale face, so constant an attendant-at service, so regular a visitor at the school, was the same Miss Wilkins as the bright vision of his youth. It was her sweet smile at a painstaking child that betrayed her—if, indeed, betrayal it might be called—where there was no wish or effort to conceal anything. Canon Livingstone left the schoolroom almost directly, and, after being for an hour or so in his house, went out to call on Mrs. Randall, the person who knew more of her neighbours' affairs than any one in East Chester.

The next day he called on Miss Wilkins herself. She would have been very glad if he had kept on in his ignorance; it was so keenly painful to be in the company of one the sight of whom, even at a distance, had brought her such a keen remembrance of past misery; and when told of his call, as she was sitting at her sewing in the dining-room, she had to nerve herself for the interview before going up-stairs into the drawing-room, where he was being entertained by Miss Monro with warm demonstrations of welcome. A little contraction of the brow, a little compression of the lips, an increased pallor on Ellinor's part, was all that Miss Monro could see in her, though she had put on her glasses with foresight and intention to observe. She turned to the canon; his colour had certainly deepened as he went forwards with outstretched hand to meet Ellinor. That was all that was to be seen; but on the slight foundation of that blush, Miss Monro built many castles; and when they faded away, one after one, she recognised that they were only baseless visions. She used to put the disappointment of her hopes down to Ellinor's unvaried calmness of demeanour, which might be taken for coldness of disposition; and to her steady refusal to allow Miss Monro to invite Canon Livingstone to the small teas they were in the habit of occasionally giving. Yet he persevered in his calls; about once every fortnight he came, and would sit an hour or more, looking covertly at his watch, as if, as Miss Monro shrewdly observed to herself, he did not go away at last because he wished to do so, but because he ought. Sometimes Ellinor was present, sometimes she was away; in this latter case Miss Monro thought she could detect a certain wistful watching of the door every time a noise was heard outside the room. He always avoided any reference to former days at Hamley, and that, Miss Monro feared, was a bad sign.

After this long uniformity of years without any event closely touching on Ellinor's own individual life, with the one great exception of Mr. Corbet's marriage, something happened which much affected her. Mr. Ness died suddenly at his parsonage, and Ellinor learnt it first from Mr.

Brown, a clergyman, whose living was near Hamley, and had been sent for by the parsonage servants as soon as they discovered that it was not sleep, but death, that made their master so late of rising.

Mr. Brown had been appointed executor by his late friend, and wrote to tell Ellinor that after a few legacies were paid, she was to have a life-interest in the remainder of the small property that Mr. Ness had left, and that it would be necessary for her, as the residuary legatee, to come to Hamley parsonage as soon as convenient, to decide upon certain courses of action with regard to furniture, books, &c.

Ellinor shrank from this journey, which her love and duty towards her dead friend rendered necessary. She had scarcely left East Chester since she first arrived there, sixteen or seventeen years ago, and she was timorous about the very mode of travelling; and then, to go back to Hamley, which she thought never to have seen again! She never spoke much about any feelings of her own, but Miss Monro could always read her silence, and interpreted it into pretty just and forcible words that afternoon when Canon Livingstone called. She liked to talk about Ellinor to him, and suspected that he liked to hear. She was almost annoyed this time by the comfort he would keep giving her; there was no greater danger in travelling by railroad than by coach, a little care about certain things was required, that was all, and the average number of deaths by accidents on railroads were not greater than the average number when people travelled by coach, if you took into consideration the far greater number of travellers. Yes! returning to the deserted scenes of one's youth was very painful. . . . Had Miss Wilkins made any provision for another lady to take her place as visitor at the school? He believed it was her week. Miss Monro was out of all patience at his entire calmness and reasonableness. Later in the day she became more at peace with him, when she received a kind little note from Mrs. Forbes, a great friend of hers, and the mother of the family; she was now teaching, saying that Canon Livingstone had called and told her that Ellinor had to go on a very painful journey, and that Mrs. Forbes was quite sure Miss Monro's companionship upon it would be a great comfort to both, and that she could perfectly be set at liberty for a fortnight or so, for it would fall in admirably with the fact that "Jennie was growing tall, and the doctor had advised sea-air this spring; so a month's holiday would suit them now even better than later on." Was this going straight to Mrs. Forbes, to whom she should herself scarcely have liked to name it, the act of a good thoughtful man, or of a lover? questioned Miss Monro; but she could not answer her own inquiry, and had to be very grateful for the deed, without accounting for the motives.

A coach met the train at a station about ten miles from Hamley, and Dixon was at the inn where the coach stopped, ready to receive them.

The old man was almost in tears at the sight of them again in the familiar place. He had put on his Sunday clothes to do them honour; and to conceal his agitation he kept up a pretended bustle about their luggage. To the indignation of the inn-porters, who were of a later generation, he would wheel it himself to the parsonage, though he broke down from fatigue once or twice on the way, and had to stand and rest, his ladies waiting by his side, and making remarks on the alterations of houses and the places of trees, in order to give him ample time to recruit himself, for there was no one to wait for them and give them a welcome to the parsonage, which was to be their temporary home. The respectful servants, in deep mourning, had all prepared, and gave Ellinor a note from Mr. Brown, saying that he purposely refrained from disturbing them that day after their long journey, but would call on the morrow, and tell them of the arrangements he had thought of making, always subject to Miss Wilkins's approval.

These were simple enough; certain legal forms to be gone through, any selections from books or furniture to be made, and the rest to be sold by auction as speedily as might be, as the successor to the living might wish to have repairs and alterations effected in the old parsonage. For some days Ellinor employed herself in business in the house, never going out except to church. Miss Monro, on the contrary, strolled about everywhere, noticing all the alterations in place and people, which were never improvements in her opinion. Ellinor had plenty of callers (her tenants, Mr. and Mrs. Osbaldistone among others), but, excepting in rare cases—most of them belonged to humble life—she declined to see every one, as she had business enough on her hands: sixteen years makes a great difference in any set of people. The old acquaintances of her father's in his better days were almost all dead or removed; there were one or two remaining, and these Ellinor received; one or two more, old and infirm, confined to their houses, she planned to call upon before leaving Hamley. Every evening, when Dixon had done his work at Mr. Osbaldistone's, he came up to the parsonage, ostensibly to help her in moving or packing books, but really because these two clung to each other—were bound to each other by a bond never to be spoken about. It was understood between them that once before Ellinor left she should go and see the old place, Ford Bank. Not to go into the house, though Mr. and Mrs. Osbaldistone had begged her to name her own time for revisiting it when they and their family would be absent, but to see all the gardens and grounds once more; a solemn, miserable visit, which, because of the very misery it involved, appeared to Ellinor to be an imperative duty.

Dixon and she talked together as she sat making a catalogue one evening in the old low-browed library; the casement windows were open into the garden, and the May showers had brought out the scents of the new-leafed sweet-

brar bush just below. Beyond the garden-hedge the grassy meadows sloped away down to the river; the parsonage was so much raised that sitting in the house you could see over the boundary hedge. Men with instruments were busy in the meadow. Ellinor, pausing in her work, asked Dixon what they were doing.

"Them's the people for the new railway," said he. "Nought would satisfy the Hamley folk but to have a railway all to themselves—coaches is not good enough now-a-days."

He spoke with a tone of personal offence natural to a man who had passed all his life among horses, and considered railway-engines as their despicable rivals, conquering only by stratagem.

By-and-by Ellinor passed on to a subject the consideration of which she had repeatedly urged upon Dixon, and entreated him to come and form one of their household at East Chester. He was growing old, she thought, older even in looks and feelings than in years, and she would make him happy and comfortable in his declining years if he would but come and pass them under her care. The addition Mr. Ness's bequest made to her income would enable her to do not only this, but to relieve Miss Monro of her occupation of teaching; which, at the years she had arrived at, was becoming burdensome. When she proposed the removal to Dixon he shook his head.

"It's not that I don't thank you, and kindly, too; but I am too old to go chopping and changing."

"But it would be no change to come back to me, Dixon," said Ellinor.

"Yes it would. I were born i' Hamley, and its in Hamley I reckon to die."

On her urging him a little more, it came out that he had a strong feeling that if he did not watch the spot where the dead man lay buried, the whole would be discovered; and that this dread of his had often poisoned the pleasure of his visit to East Chester.

"I don't rightly know how it is, for I sometimes think if it wasn't for you, missy, I should be glad to have made it all clear before I go; and yet at times I dream, or it comes into my head as I lie awake with the rheumatics, that some one is there, digging; or that I hear them cutting down the tree; and then I get up and look out of the loft window—you'd mind the window over the stables, as looks into the garden, all covered over wi' the leaves of the jargonelle pear-tree? That were my room when first I came as stable-boy, and tho' Mr. Osbaldistone would fain give me a warmer one, I allays tell him I like the old place best. And by times I've getem up five or six times a night to make sur that there was no one at work under the tree."

Ellinor shivered a little. He saw it, and restrained himself in the relief he was receiving from imparting his superstitious fancies.

"You see, missy, I could never rest at nights if I did not feel as if I kept the secret in my hand, and held it tight day and night, so that I

could open my hand at any minute and see that it was there. No! my own little missy will let me come and see her now and again, and I know as I can allays ask her for what I want: and if it please God to lay me by, I shall tell her so, and she will see that I want for nothing. But somehow I could ne'er bear the leaving of Hamley. You shall come and follow me to my grave when my time comes."

"Don't talk so, please, Dixon," said she.

"Nay, it'll be a mercy when I can lay me down and sleep in peace: though I sometimes fear as peace will not come to me even there." He was going out of the room, and was now more talking to himself than to her. "They say blood will out, and if it wern't for her part in it, I could wish for a clear breast before I die."

She did not hear the latter part of this mumbled sentence. She was looking at a letter just brought in and requiring an immediate answer. It was from Mr. Brown. Notes from him were of daily occurrence, but this contained an open letter the writing of which was strangely familiar to her—it did not need the signature, "Ralph Corbet," to tell her whom the letter was from. For some moments she could not read the words. They expressed a simple enough request, and was addressed to the auctioneer who was to dispose of the rather valuable library of the late Mr. Ness, and whose name had been advertised in connexion with the sale, in the Athenæum, and other similar papers. To him Mr. Corbet wrote, saying that he should be unable to be present when the books were sold, but wishing to be allowed to buy in at any price decided upon a certain rare folio edition of Virgil, bound in parchment, and with notes in Italian. The book was fully described. Though no Latin scholar, Ellinor knew the book well—remembered its look from old times, and could instantly have laid her hand upon it. The auctioneer had sent the request on to his employer, Mr. Brown. That gentleman applied to Ellinor for her consent. She saw that the facts of the intended sale must be all that Mr. Corbet was aware of, and that he could not know to whom the books belonged. She chose out the book, and wrapped and tied it up with trembling hands. *He* might be the person to untie the knot. It was strangely familiar to her love, after so many years, to be brought into thus much contact with him. She wrote a short note to Mr. Brown, in which she requested him to say, as though from himself, and without any mention of her name, that he, as executor, requested Mr. Corbet's acceptance of the Virgil, as a remembrance of his former friend and tutor. Then she rang the bell, and gave the letter and parcel to the servant.

Again alone, and Mr. Corbet's open letter on the table. She took it up and looked at it till the letters dazzled crimson on the white paper. Her life rolled backwards, and she was a girl again. At last she roused herself; but instead of destroying the note—it was long years since all her love-letters from him had been returned to

the writer—she unlocked her little writing-case again, and placed this letter carefully down at the bottom, among the dead rose-leaves which embalmed the note from her father; found after his death under his pillow, the little golden curl, the half-finished sewing of her mother.

The shabby writing-case itself was given her by her father long ago, and had since been taken with her everywhere. To be sure her changes of places had been but few; but if she had gone to Nova Zembla, the sight of that little leather box on awaking from her first sleep, would have given her a sense of home. She locked the case up again, and felt all the richer for that morning.

A day or two afterwards she left Hamley. Before she went she compelled herself to go round the gardens and grounds of Ford Bank. She had made Mrs. Osbaldistone understand that it would be painful to her to re-enter the house; but Mr. Osbaldistone accompanied her in her walk.

"You see how literally we have obeyed the clause in the lease which ties us out from any alterations," said he, smiling. "We are living in a tangled thicket of wood. I must confess that I should have liked to cut down a good deal; but we do not do even the requisite thinnings without making the proper application for leave to Mr. Johnson. In fact, your old friend Dixon is jealous of every pea-stick the gardener cuts. I never met with so faithful a fellow. A good enough servant, too, in his way; but somewhat too old-fashioned for my wife and daughters, who complain of his being surly now and then."

"You are not thinking of parting with him," said Ellinor, jealous for Dixon.

"Oh no; he and I are capital friends. And I believe Mrs. Osbaldistone herself would never consent to his leaving us. But some ladies, you know, like a little more subserviency in manner than our friend Dixon can boast."

Ellinor made no reply. They were entering the painted flower-garden, hiding the ghastly memory. She could not speak. She felt as if, with all her striving, she could not move—just as one does in a nightmare—but she was past the place even as this terror came to its acme; and when she came to herself, Mr. Osbaldistone was still blandly talking, and saying:

"It is now a reward for our obedience to your wishes, Miss Wilkins, for if the projected railway passes through the Ash-field yonder, we should have been perpetually troubled with the sight of the trains; indeed, the sound would have been much more distinct than it will be now, coming through the interlacing branches. Then you will not go in, Miss Wilkins? Mrs. Osbaldistone desired me to say how happy—Ah! I can understand such feelings—Certainly, certainly; it is so much the shortest way to the town, that we elder ones always go through the stable-yard; for young people, it is perhaps not quite so desirable. Ha! Dixon," he continued, "on the watch for the Miss Ellinor we so often hear of! This old man," he continued to Ellinor, "is never satisfied with the seat of our young ladies, always

comparing their way of riding with that of a certain missy——”

“I cannot help it, sir; they’ve quite a different style of hand, and sit all lumpish-like. Now, Miss Ellinor, there——”

“Hush, Dixon,” she said, suddenly aware of why the old servant was not popular with his mistress. “I suppose I may be allowed to ask for Dixon’s company for an hour or so; we have something to do together before we leave?”

The consent given, the two walked away, as by previous appointment to Hamley churchyard, where he was to point out to her the exact spot where he wished to be buried. Trampling over the long rank grass, but avoiding the passing directly over any of the thickly-strewn graves, he made straight for one spot,—a little space of unoccupied ground close by, where Molly, the pretty scullery-maid, lay:

Sacred to the Memory of

MARY GREAVES.

Born 1797. Died 1818.

“We part to meet again.”

“I put this stone up over her with my first savings,” said he, looking at it; and then pulling out his knife he began to clean out the letters. “I said then as I would lie by her. And it’ll be a comfort to think you’ll see me laid here. I trust no one will be so grabbed as to take a fancy to this here spot of ground.”

Ellinor grasped eagerly at the only pleasure that her money enabled her to give to the old man; and promised him that she would take care and buy the right to that particular piece of ground. This was evidently a gratification Dixon had frequently yearned after; he kept saying, “I’m greatly obliged to ye, Miss Ellinor. I may say I’m truly obliged.” And when he saw them off by the coach the next day, his last words were, “I cannot justly say how greatly I’m obliged to you for that matter o’ the churchyard.” It was a much more easy affair to give Miss Monro some additional comforts; she was as cheerful as ever; still working away at her languages at his spare time, but confessing that she was tired of the perpetual teaching in which her life had been spent during the last thirty years. Ellinor was now enabled to set her at liberty from this, and she accepted the kindness from her former pupil with as much simple gratitude as that with which a mother receives a favour from a child. “If Ellinor were but married to Canon Livingstone, I should be happier than I have ever been since my father died,” she used to say to herself in the solitude of her bed-chamber, for talking aloud had become her wont in the early years of her isolated life as a governess. “And yet,” she went on, “I don’t know what I should do without her; it is lucky for me that things are not in my hands, for a pretty mess I should make of them, one way or another. Dear! how old Mrs. Cadogan used to hate that word “mess,” and correct her granddaughters for using it right before my face, when I knew I had said it myself only the moment before!

Well! those days’ are all over now. God be thanked!”

In spite of being glad that “things were not in her hands,” Miss Monro tried to take affairs into her charge by doing all she could to persuade Ellinor to allow her to invite the canon to their “little sociable teas.” The most provoking part was, that she was sure he would have come if he had been asked; but she could never get leave to do so. “Of course no man could go on for ever and ever without encouragement,” as she confided to herself in a plaintive tone of voice; and by-and-by many people were led to suppose that the bachelor canon was paying attention to Miss Forbes, the eldest daughter of the family to which the delicate Jeanie belonged. It was, perhaps, with the Forbeses that both Miss Monro and Ellinor were the most intimate of all the families in East Chester. Mrs. Forbes was a widow lady of good means, with a large family of pretty delicate daughters. She herself belonged to one of the great houses in——shire, but had married into Scotland; so, after her husband’s death, it was the most natural thing in the world that she should settle in East Chester; and one after another of her daughters had become first Miss Monro’s pupil and afterwards her friend. Mrs. Forbes herself had always been strongly attracted by Ellinor, but it was long before she could conquer the timid reserve by which Miss Wilkins was hedged round. It was Miss Monro, who was herself incapable of jealousy, who persevered in praising one to another, and in bringing them together; and now Ellinor was as intimate and familiar in Mrs. Forbes’s household as she ever could be with any family not her own.

Mrs. Forbes was considered to be a little fanciful as to illness; but it was no wonder, remembering how many sisters she had lost by consumption. Miss Monro had often grumbled at the manner in which her pupils were made irregular for very trifling causes. But no one so alarmed as she, when, in the autumn succeeding Mr. Ness’s death, Mrs. Forbes remarked to her on Ellinor’s increased delicacy of appearance, and shortness of breathing. From that time forwards she worried Ellinor (if any one so sweet and patient could ever have been worried) with respirators and precautions. Ellinor submitted to all her friend’s wishes and cares, sooner than make her anxious, and remained a prisoner in the house through November. Then Miss Monro’s anxiety took another turn. Ellinor’s appetite and spirits failed her—not at all an unnatural consequence of so many weeks’ confinement to the house. A plan was started, quite suddenly, one morning in December, that met with approval from every one but Ellinor, who was, however, by this time too languid to make much resistance.

Mrs. Forbes and her daughters were going to Rome for three or four months, so as to avoid the trying east winds of spring; why should not Miss Wilkins go with them? They urged it, and Miss Monro urged it, though with a little private sinking of the heart at the idea of the

long separation from one who was almost like a child to her. Ellinor was, as it were, lifted off her feet and borne away by the unanimous opinion of others—the doctor included—who decided that such a step was highly desirable, if not absolutely necessary. She knew that she had only a life interest both in her father's property and in that bequeathed to her by Mr. Ness. Hitherto she had not felt much troubled by this, as she had supposed that in the natural course of events she should survive Miss Monro and Dixon, both of whom she looked upon as dependent upon her. All she had to bequeath to the two, were the small savings, which would not nearly suffice for both purposes, especially considering that Miss Monro had given up her teaching, and that both she and Dixon were passing into years.

Before Ellinor left England she had made every arrangement for the contingency of her death abroad that Mr. Johnson could suggest. She had written and sent a long letter to Dixon; and a shorter one was left in charge of Canon Livingstone (she dared not hint at the possibility of her dying to Miss Monro) to be sent to the old man.

As they drove out of the King's Cross station, they passed a gentleman's carriage entering. Ellinor saw a bright handsome lady, a nurse, and baby inside, and a gentleman sitting by them whose face she could never forget. It was Mr. Corbet taking his wife and child to the railway. They were going on a Christmas visit to East Chester deanery. He had been leaning back, not noticing the passers-by, not attending to the other inmates of the carriage, probably absorbed in the consideration of some law case. Such were the casual glimpses Ellinor had of one, with whose life she had once thought herself bound up.

Who so proud as Miss Monro when a foreign letter came? Her correspondent was not particularly graphic in her descriptions, nor were there any adventures to be described, nor was the habit of mind of Ellinor such as to make her clear and definite in her own impressions from what she saw, and her natural reserve kept her from being fluent in communicating them even to Miss Monro. But that lady would have been pleased to read aloud these letters to the assembled dean and canons, and would not have been surprised if they had invited her to the chapter-house for that purpose. To her circle of untravelling ladies, ignorant of Murray, but laudibly desirous of information, all Ellinor's historical reminiscences, and rather formal details were really interesting. There was no railroad in those days between Lyons and Marseilles, so their progress was slow, and the passage of letters to and fro, when they had arrived in Rome, long and uncertain. But all seemed going on well. Ellinor spoke of herself as in better health; and Canon Livingstone (between whom and Miss Monro great intimacy had sprung up since Ellinor had gone away, and Miss Monro could ask him to tea) confirmed this report of Miss Wilkins's health from a

letter which he had received from Mrs. Forbes. Curiosity about that letter was Miss Monro's torment. What could they have had to write to each other about! It was a very odd proceeding; although the Livingstones and Forbeses were distantly related, after the manner of Scotland? Could it have been that he had offered to Euphemia, after all, and that her mother had answered; or, possibly, there was a letter from Effie herself, enclosed? It was a pity for Miss Monro's peace of mind that she did not ask him straight away. She would then have learnt what Canon Livingstone had no thought of concealing, that Mrs. Forbes had written solely to give him some fuller directions about certain charities than she had had time to think about in the hurry of starting. As it was, and when a little later on, she heard him speak of the possibility of his going himself to Rome, when his term of residence was over, in time for the Carnival, she gave up her fond project in despair, and felt very much like a child whose house of bricks had been knocked down by the unlucky waft of some passing petticoat.

Meanwhile, the entire change of scene brought on the exquisite refreshment of entire change of thought. Ellinor had not been able so completely to forget her past life for many years; it was like a renewing of her youth; cut so suddenly short by the shears of fate. Ever since that night, she had had to rouse herself on awakening in the morning into a full comprehension of the great cause she had for much fear and heavy grief. Now, when she wakened in her little room, fourth piano, No. 36, Babuino, she saw the strange pretty things around her, and her mind went off into pleasant wonder and conjecture, happy recollections of the day before, and pleasant anticipations of the day to come. Latent in Ellinor was her father's artistic temperament; everything new and strange was a picture and a delight; the merest group in the street, a Roman facchino, with his cloak draped over his shoulder, a girl going to market or carrying her pitcher back from the fountain, everything, and every person that presented it, or himself, to her senses gave them a delicious shock, as if it were something strangely familiar from Pinelli, but unseen by her mortal eyes before. She forgot her despondency, her ill health disappeared as if by magic; the Misses Forbes, who had taken the pensive drooping invalid as a companion out of kindness of heart, found themselves amply rewarded by the sight of her amended health, and her keen enjoyment of everything, and the half-quaint, half-naïve expressions of her pleasure.

So March came round; Lent was late that year. The great nosegays of violets and camellias were for sale at the corner of the Condotti, and the revellers had no difficulty in procuring much rarer flowers for the belles of the Corso. The embassies had their balconies; the attachés of the Russian embassy threw their light and lovely presents at every pretty girl, or suspicion of a pretty girl, who passed slowly in her carriage, covered over with her white domino, and

holding her wire mask as a protection to her face from the showers of lime confetti, which otherwise would have been enough to blind her! Mrs. Forbes had her own hired balcony as became a wealthy and respectable Englishwoman. The girls had a great basket full of bouquets with which to pelt their friends in the crowd below; a store of moccoletti lay piled on the table behind, for it was the last day of Carnival, and as soon as dusk came on the tapers were to be lighted, to be as quickly extinguished by every means in every one's power. The crowd below was at its wildest pitch; the rows of stately contadine alone sitting unmoving as their possible ancestors, the senators who received Brennus and his Gauls. Masks and white dominoes, foreign gentlemen, and the riffraff of the city, slow-driving carriages, showers of flowers, most of them faded by this time, every one shouting and struggling at that wild pitch of excitement which may so soon turn into fury; the Forbes girls had given place at the window to their mother and Ellinor, who were gazing half amused, half terrified at the mad parti-coloured movement below; when a familiar face looked up, smiling a recognition; and "How shall I get to you?" was asked in English, by the well-known voice of Canon Livingstone. They saw him disappear under the balcony on which they were standing, but it was some time before he made his appearance in their room. And when he did, he was almost overpowered with greetings; so glad were they to see an East Chester face.

"When did you come? Where are you? What a pity you did not come sooner? It is so long since we have heard anything; do tell us everything? It is three weeks since we have had any letters; those tiresome boats have been so irregular because of the weather? How was everybody—Miss Monro in particular, Ellinor says?"

He, quietly smiling, replied to their questions by slow degrees. He had only arrived the night before, and had been hunting for them all day; but no one could give him any distinct intelligence as to their whereabouts in all the noise and confusion of the place, especially as they had their only English servant with them, and the canon was not strong in his Italian. He was not sorry he had missed all but this last day of Carnival, for he was half blinded, and wholly deafened as it was. He was at the "Angleterre;" he had left East Chester about a week ago; he had letters for all of them, but had not dared to bring them through the crowd for fear of having his pocket picked. Miss Monro was very well, but very uneasy at not having heard from Ellinor for so long; the irregularity of the boats must be telling both ways, for their English friends were full of wonder at not hearing from Rome. And then followed some well-deserved abuse of the Roman post, and some suspicion of the carefulness with which Italian servants posted English letters. All these answers were satisfactory enough, yet Mrs. Forbes thought she saw a latent uneasiness in Canon Livingstone's manner; and fancied

once or twice that he hesitated in replying to Ellinor's questions. But there was no being quite sure in the increasing darkness, which prevented countenances from being seen; nor in the constant interruptions and screams which were going on in the small crowded room, as wafting handkerchiefs, puffs of wind, or veritable extinguishers, fastened to long sticks, and coming from nobody knew where, put out taper after taper as fast as they were lighted.

"You will come home with us," said Mrs. Forbes. "I can only offer you cold meat with tea; our cook is gone out, this being an universal festa; but we cannot part with an old friend for any scruples as to the commissariat."

"Thank you. I should have invited myself, if you had not been good enough to ask me."

When they had all arrived at their apartment in the Babuino (Canon Livingstone had gone round to fetch the letters with which he was entrusted), Mrs. Forbes was confirmed in her supposition that he had something particular and not very pleasant to say to Ellinor, by the rather grave and absent manner in which he awaited her return from taking off her out-of-door things. He broke off, indeed, in his conversation with Mrs. Forbes to go and meet Ellinor, and to lead her into the most distant window before he delivered her letters.

"From what you said in the balcony yonder, I fear you have not received your home letters regularly?"

"No!" replied she, startled and trembling, she hardly knew why.

"No more has Miss Monro heard from you; nor, I believe, has some one else who expected to hear. Your man of business—I forget his name."

"My man of business! Something has gone wrong, Mr. Livingstone. Tell me—I want to know. I have been expecting it—only tell me." She sat down suddenly, as white as ashes.

"Dear Miss Wilkins, I'm afraid it is painful enough, but you are fancying it worse than it is. All your friends are quite well; but an old servant—"

"Well!" she said, seeing his hesitation, and leaning forwards and gripping at his arm.

"Is taken up on a charge of manslaughter or murder.—Oh! Mrs. Forbes, come here!"

For Ellinor had fainted, falling forwards on the arm she had held. When she came round she was lying half-dressed on her bed; they were giving her tea in spoonfuls.

"I must get up," she moaned. "I must go home."

"You must lie still," said Mrs. Forbes, firmly.

"You don't know. I must go home," she repeated; and she tried to sit up, but fell back helpless. Then she did not speak, but lay and thought. "Will you bring me some meat?" she whispered. "And some wine?" They brought her meat and wine; she ate, though she was choking. "Now, please bring me my letters, and leave me alone; and after that I should like to speak to Canon Livingstone. Don't let him go, please. I won't be long—half an hour, I think. Only let me be alone."

There was a hurried feverish sharpness in her tone that made Mrs. Forbes very anxious, but she judged it best to comply with her requests.

The letters were brought, the lights were arranged so that she could read them lying on her bed; and they left her. Then she got up and stood on her feet, dizzy enough, her arms clasped at the top of her head, her eyes dilated and staring as if looking at some great horror. But after a few minutes she sat down suddenly, and began to read. Letters were evidently missing. Some had been sent by an opportunity who had been delayed on the journey, and had not yet arrived in Rome. Others had been despatched by the post, but the severe weather, the unusual snow, had, in those days, before the railway was made between Lyons and Marseilles, put a stop to many a traveller's plans, and had rendered the transmission of the mail extremely uncertain; so much that intelligence which Miss Monro had evidently considered as certain to be known to Ellinor was entirely matter of conjecture, and could only be guessed at from what was told in these letters. One was from Mr. Johnson, one from Mr. Brown, one from Miss Monro; of course the last mentioned was the first read. She spoke of the shock of the discovery of Mr. Dunster's body, discovered in the cutting of the new line of railroad from Hamley to the nearest railway station; the body so hastily buried long ago, in its clothes, by which it was now recognised—a recognition confirmed by one or two more personal and indestructible things, such as his watch and seal with his initials; of the shock to every one, the Osbaldistones in particular, on the further discovery of a fleam, or horse-lancet, having the name of Abraham Dixon engraved on the handle; how Dixon had gone on Mr. Osbaldistone's business to a horse-fair in Ireland some weeks before this, and had had his leg broken by a kick from an unruly mare, so that he was barely able to move about when the officers of justice went to apprehend him in Tralee.

At this point Ellinor cried out loud and shrill.

"Oh, Dixon! Dixon! and I was away enjoying myself."

They heard her cry, and came to the door, but it was bolted inside.

"Please go away," she said; "please go. I will be very quiet, only please go."

She could not bear just then to read any more of Miss Monro's letter; she tore open Mr. Johnson's letter—the date was a fortnight earlier than Miss Monro's; he also expressed his wonder at not hearing from her, in reply to his letter of January 9; but he added, that he thought that her trustees had judged rightly; the handsome sum the railway company had offered for the land when their surveyor decided on the alteration of the line, Mr. Osbaldistone, &c. &c., she could not read any more; it was Fate pursuing her; then she took the letter up again and tried to read; but all that reached her understanding was the fact that Mr. Johnson had sent

his present letter to Miss Monro, thinking that she might know of some private opportunity safer than the post. Mr. Brown's was just such a letter as he occasionally sent her from time to time; a correspondence that arose out of their mutual regard for their dead friend Mr. Ness. It, too, had been sent to Miss Monro to direct. Ellinor was on the point of putting it aside entirely, when the name of Corbet caught her eye; "You will be interested to hear that the old pupil of our departed friend who was so anxious to obtain the folio Virgil with the Italian notes, is appointed the new judge in room of Mr. Justice Jenkin. At least I conclude that Mr. Ralph Corbet, Q.C., is the same as the Virgil fancier."

"Yes," said Ellinor, bitterly; "he judged well; it would never have done." They were the first words of anything like reproach which she ever formed in her own mind during all these years. She thought for a few moments of the old times; it seemed to steady her brain to think of them. Then she took up and finished Miss Monro's letter. That excellent friend had done all she thought that Ellinor would have wished without delay. She had written to Mr. Johnson, and charged him to do all that he could to defend Dixon, and to spare no expense. She was thinking of going to the prison in the county town, to see the old man herself, but Ellinor could see that all these endeavours and purposes of Miss Monro's were based on love for her own pupil, and a desire to set her mind at ease as far as she could, rather than from any idea that Dixon himself could be innocent. Ellinor put down the letters, and went to the door, then turned back, and locked them up in her writing-case with trembling hands; and after that she entered the drawing-room, looking liker to a ghost than to a living woman.

"Can I speak to you for a minute alone?" Her still, tuneless voice made the words into a command. Canon Livingstone arose and followed her into the little dining-room. "Will you tell me all you know—all you have heard about my—you know what."

"Miss Monro was my informant—at least at first—it was in the Times the day before I left; Miss Monro says it could only have been done in a moment of anger if the old servant is really guilty; that he was as steady and good a man as she ever knew, and she seems to have a strong feeling against Mr. Dunster, as always giving your father much unnecessary trouble; in fact, she hints that his disappearance at the time was supposed to be the cause of a considerable loss of property to Mr. Wilkins."

"No!" said Ellinor, eagerly, feeling that some justice ought to be done to the dead man; and then she stopped short, fearful of saying anything that should betray her full knowledge. "I mean this," she went on; "Mr. Dunster was a very disagreeable man personally—and papa—we none of us liked him; but he was quite honest—please remember that."

The canon bowed, and said a few acquiescing words. He waited for her to speak again.

"Miss Monro says she is going to see Dixon in—"

"Oh, Mr. Livingstone, I can't bear it!"

He let her alone, looking at her pitifully, as she twisted and wrung her hands together in her endeavour to regain the quiet manner she had striven to maintain through the interview. She looked up at him with a poor attempt at an apologetic smile:

"It is so terrible to think of that good old man in prison."

"You do not believe him guilty!" said Canon Livingstone, in some surprise. "I am afraid, from all I heard and read, there is but little doubt that he did kill the man; I trust in some moment of irritation, with no premeditated malice."

Ellinor shook her head.

"How soon can I get to England?" asked she. "I must start at once."

"Mrs. Forbes sent out while you were lying down. I am afraid there is no boat to Marseilles till Thursday, the day after to-morrow."

"But I must go sooner!" said Ellinor, starting up. "I must go; please help me. He may be tried before I can get there!"

"Alas! I fear that will be the case, whatever haste you make. The trial was to come on at the Hellingford Assizes, and that town stands first on the Midland Circuit list. To-day is the 27th of February; the assizes begin on the 6th of March."

"I will start to-morrow morning early for Civita; there may be a boat there they do not know of here. At any rate, I shall be on my way. If he dies, I must die too. Oh! I don't know what I am saying, I am so utterly crushed down! It would be such a kindness if you would go away, and let no one come to me. I know Mrs. Forbes is so good, she will forgive me. I will say good-by to you all before I go to-morrow morning; but I must think now."

For one moment he stood looking at her as if he longed to comfort her by more words. He thought better of it, however, and silently left the room.

For a long time Ellinor sat still; now and then taking up Miss Monro's letter and re-reading the few terrible details. Then she be-thought her that possibly the canon might have brought a copy of the Times, containing the examination of Dixon before the magistrates, and she opened the door and called to a passing servant to make the inquiry. She was quite right in her conjecture; Canon Livingstone had had the paper in his pocket during his interview with her; but he thought the evidence so conclusive, that the perusal of it would only be adding to her extreme distress by accelerating the conviction of Dixon's guilt, which he believed she must arrive at, sooner or later.

He had been reading the report over with Mrs. Forbes and her daughters, after his return from Ellinor's room, and they were all participating in his opinion upon it, when her request for the Times was conveyed. They had reluctantly agreed, saying there did not appear to be a shadow of doubt in the fact of Dixon's having

killed Mr. Dunster, only hoping there might prove to be some extenuating circumstances, which Ellinor had probably recollected, and which she was desirous of producing on the approaching trial.

ON THE RACK.

Of the many thousand persons who have groaned their lives out on the rack, not more than one, however, so far as is known to the writer of this paper, has survived to put down in writing any account of his sufferings. Men have escaped from the gibbet to tell us that the sensation of hanging is, on the whole, not only endurable, but pleasant, and consists chiefly in a flash of fire, a buzzing in the ears, and a vague impression of green fields. Sailors half-drowned have struggled back to daylight, to inform us that on the point of drowning the memory brings back at a flash all the events of the past life in an instant of time. Men doomed to the guillotine have recorded their feelings on the near approach of the hour of death; suicides, killing themselves with charcoal, have had the curious courage to note down their dying pangs; but the tortures of the rack have only once been fully described, and in that one case, clearly, fully, truthfully, yet without any revolting—though not without many ghastly—details.

The hardy narrator is one William Lithgow, a restless ill-educated garrulous egotistic Scottish traveller, who, in the reign of James the First, published his fifteen years' travels, chiefly on foot, over twenty-five thousand seven hundred miles, and dates his book from his "Chamber in the Charter-house." Of the book—written in a shambling pedantic style—the title-page and an extract from the preface will be sufficient samples. The title-page runs thus:

"A most delectable and true Discourse of an admired and painful Peregrination from Scotland to the most famous Kingdoms in Europe, Asia, and Africa, with the particular Descriptions (more exactly set down than have been heretofore in English) of Italy, Sicilia, Dalmatia, Ilyria, Epire, Peloponessus, Macedonia, Thessalia, and the whole Continent of Greece, Crete, Rhodes, the Iles Cyclades, with all the Ilands in the Ionian, Ægean, and Adriatick Seas, Thracia, and the renowned City Constantinople, Colechis, Bythinia, and the Black Sea, Phrygia and the chiefest Countries of Asia Minor, from thence to Cyprus, Phœnicia, Syria, Mesopotamia, Arabia Petrea, and Deserts, Ægypt, the Read Sea, Grand Cayro, the whole Provinces of Canaan, the Lake of Sodome and Gomorha, the famous Rivers Nylus, Euphrates, Jordan, and the sacred City Jerusalem," &c.

The preface is stuffed with barbarous compound words, and betrays that swaggering timidity not unusual with authors who fear criticism. It concludes with a violent outburst of self-assertion: "If thou" (the reader) "be," he says, "a villane, a ruffian, a momus, a knave, a carper, a witch, a brute, a buffon,

a stupid ass, and a gnawing worm with envious lips, I bequeath thee to a carnificiale reward, where a flaxen rope will soon despatch thy backbiting slander, and free my toilsome travels and now painful labours from the deadly poison of thy sharp-edged calumnies, and so go hang thyself, for I neither will respect thy love nor regard thy malice."

There is one strange feature in the volume. Lithgow gives no account of his antecedents or of his motives for travelling, and this rather confirms me in my opinion that he was a spy of King James's. But this—two hundred years after—matters little; suffice it to say, that after being often robbed, and beaten, and shipwrecked, and in danger from the Turks and the galleys, Lithgow arrived in Malaga in the October of the year 1620, intending there to embark in a French ship for Alexandria, thence hoping to reach the dominions of Prester John: that priestly monarch of whom Shakespeare, a great listener to travellers' stories, had also heard.

Unluckily, the midnight after his arrival the English fleet anchored at Malaga. The town, mistaking our sailors for Turks, was thrown into a paroxysm of alarm. The castle bells rang backward, the drums beat, the women and children fled to the interior, and the men remained all night under arms. At daybreak the sight of the English colours removed the Spaniards' fears, and the English "General" and his chief officers came on shore, and informed Don Jaspas Ruiz de Peredas, the governor, that they were under sail to attack Algiers.

Resisting all overtures to accompany his countrymen, Lithgow was walking to his lodgings to pack up for his venturous voyage, when, in a narrow lonely street of the slanting town, nine alguazils leaped out on him, and gripping his throat to stop his shouts, wrapped him in a black frieze cloak, and carried him to the governor's house, where he was locked up in a small room until mass should be over. On the governor's return from mass, Lithgow was shown into a room where the governor, the captain of the town, the alcalde major, and the state scrivener, sat to examine him. They asked him his motive in coming to Spain, the destination of the English fleet, and why the English admiral had refused to come on shore? But finding that neither threats nor cajolery would draw confession from him, they all at once shouted out that he lied, and called him a Lutheran son of the devil, and a spy and a traitor who had been hiding nine months in Seville, obtaining information for the English admiral when the Plate fleet was expected from the Indies. They then searched his cloak-bag, but found only a book of passports and testimonials, a Jerusalem medal, and a letter of safe-conduct from King James.

For fear that he should be seen by his countrymen, poor Lithgow was then incarcerated in the corregidor's house (his ship that night off on the free ocean), and first searched. In the neck of his doublet, between two canvases, were found one hundred and thirty-seven double pieces of gold, three hundred and forty-eight

ducats of which the governor pocketed, giving the other two hundred crowns in aid of the foundation of a new Capucian monastery.

Two Turkish slaves then led Lithgow to his prison, and there laid him on his back, heavily ironed, and left him to lament the thirst for travelling that had led him into such dangers. His only food for forty-six days was three ounces of bread and a pint of water daily. On the forty-seventh day, he heard at daybreak the noise of a coach in the street. Soon afterwards nine alguazils entered, and carried him, ironed as he was, into a carriage, and drove to a vine-press-house in a lonely vineyard, a league from the town, where the governor and alcalde were.

Still refusing to confess himself a spy, the poor Englishman, faint with hunger, was sentenced to the rack. He was carried to the stone gallery, where the rack stood, and the *tormentor*, as he was rightly called, began to unbolt his irons: striking off an inch of the unhappy prisoner's left heel, in a rage at not being able to unscrew the wedges quick enough. The moment the irons fell off, Lithgow sank on his knees, and prayed to God for strength in that hour of fiery trial: determining that no pain should induce him to confess himself guilty. He was then stripped to the skin, and hung by the shoulders to the rack, with cords that went under both his arms, and ran on two rings of iron that were fixed in the wall above his head. The tormentor next drew down the prisoner's legs through the two sides of the rack, and tied a cord about each ankle: bending his knees at the same time so as to crush his knee-pans against the wood of the rack.

The corregidor, who looked on, observing that the name of King James was tattooed on the prisoner's arm, here ordered the executioner to tear it asunder; on which the ruffian, tying both Lithgow's arms, laid down on his back, setting his feet against the prisoner, and dragged on the cords until they cut through the sinews to the bone. By this time the miserable man, half dead with pain, his eyes starting, his mouth in a foam, kept shouting, "I am innocent, I am innocent! O Lord, have mercy upon me, and strengthen me with patience to undergo this barbarous murder!" At length, they struck him on the face with cudgels, and forced him to silence.

The rack was not in appearance a sort of mangle, with windlasses, as usually represented by artists, but a triangle, formed of massive wooden beams with a plank in the centre, made to support the body of the prisoner. The legs were strained apart, and then bound by cords, which passed through holes in the outer plank, and terminated in pierced wooden blocks, through which a stick was inserted, in order to screw the cords tighter and tighter. The cords were bound round six parts of Lithgow's legs and arms; and the severe tortures he underwent consisted in three turns of each of these six cords, seven times repeated for each torture. Between each of these seven tortures, he was urged to confession.

Next came the water torture. The tormentor filled from a great water-jar, a small pottle which had a hole at the bottom. Removing his thumb, he then poured the water down Lithgow's mouth. Having had nothing to drink for three days, and being parched with the fever of pain, Lithgow drained the pottle twice with gratitude. The third time, suspecting evil, he refused to drink; upon which the alcalde ordered an iron wedge to be put in his mouth to keep his teeth apart, and the torture then continued until his body began to swell and the water almost to choke him.

These punishments, sixty in all, lasted six hours—from four o'clock in the afternoon until ten o'clock at night; at last they released the bleeding and groaning man, lifted up his almost lifeless body (for he twice swooned), and re-clothed him, giving him a little warm wine and two eggs, to enable him to endure a second day's torture. They then carried him to the coach, and drove him back to his former prison again, loaded with irons.

For five days more the governor threatened him with the rack, in order to induce him to confess; daily the coach was driven to the door, and a great noise made, as if the alguazils were coming again to carry him to the vineyard. All this time the poor prisoner's only consolation was the sympathy of his Turkish jailer, who believed that the English and Moorish fleets were coming soon to storm Malaga; once, indeed, he had a visit from a female attendant of the governor's wife, who brought him dishes of honey, raisins, and sweetmeats.

Having now lain twenty days more in prison, lame in every limb, and half devoured by vermin, Lithgow was visited by the inquisitor and two Jesuits, and was examined about what he had written in the first edition of his travels against the miracles performed in Loretto. He, constant in refuting all their arguments, and defying all their cruelty, the inquisitor got enraged at his sarcasms, and would have stabbed him but for the interposition of the Jesuits who were with him. On the eighth day of these interviews, the Jesuits came to him, with crocodile tears in their eyes, and, falling on their knees, cried: "Convert, convert, O, dear brother, for our blessed Lady's sake convert!" Whereupon he replied that he feared neither death nor fire, if it were God's pleasure that he should suffer, and warned them not to believe him, if, through fear, he should pretend to change his religion.

Then the governor entered, declaring that he had now discovered, but too late, that Lithgow had been punished unjustly, and promising him great rewards if he would change his religion—offering to restore him his money and patents, and to send him to court with a pension of three hundred ducats a year. But finding both threats and promises useless, the governor stormed out of the room, threatening his prisoner with eleven more tortures that day, and vowing that, after Easter, he should be taken to Granada and burned at midnight.

That same night the alguazils, servitors, and

priests entered the Englishman's cell, removed his irons, stripped him, and proceeded to torture him with water. They bound his throat with a garter till they thought he was dead, and then rolled him seven times round the room. They next tied a small cord round each of his great toes, and hoisting him by pulleys to the roof, suddenly cut the rope and let him fall head downward. Upon this he swooned, and the governor, hearing the alarm of his supposed death, came running up-stairs, bringing wine to revive him, and reproaching the alguazils for their undue severity. Then they re-clothed him, and left him revived and singing a psalm; for this cruelty had aroused a spirit of indomitable resistance within him. All this time he was kept alive, not so much by the scant prison fare of bread and water as by handfuls of raisins and figs secretly brought him by the Turkish slave, and by wine furnished him by the governor's cook, a Mexican woman.

The way in which this entrapped man finally obtained his release was singular. In the Easter of 1621, a gentleman of Granada came to visit the governor of Malaga; and at supper the governor, to pass the time, told him the story of the heretic's sufferings and obstinacy. The strange cavalier's servant, a Fleming, standing behind his master's chair, heard the story with sympathy and horror—that night his dreams were of horrible tortures and burning men. In the morning he went straight to the chief English consul, and related to him the story of the poor prisoner. The consul, suspecting it was Lithgow, instantly called a meeting of English factors, and sent letters quickly to the English ambassador at Madrid; and he, going to the king, obtained a warrant for the delivering up of the unjustly detained prisoner, who was instantly released.

Lithgow was at once carried out of prison in blankets and put on board the *Good Will*, of Harwich, one of the ships belonging to the English squadron then lying in the roads. The English merchants sent him a present of clothes, and a barrel of wine, and some figs, eggs, oranges, sugar, bread, and about two hundred reals in money. Four English captains, finally, at Lithgow's request, went to the governor to get back his papers and patents and ducats; but in vain.

In fifty days from Malaga, the ship arrived home, and Lithgow was instantly carried to Theobalds on a feather-bed, and there brought into the Privy Gallery, to be seen by the king on his return from hunting; and there all the court (from the king to the kitchen, as he expresses it) saw him. By the king's order, and at the royal expense, he was then sent to the Bath, to recover his strength. Soon afterwards, by the king's direction, he was conveyed to Holborn, where the Spanish ambassador then resided, and there the Spaniard promised to restore him his money and papers, and to give him a thousand pounds, which the governor of Malaga was to refund.

A year passing, and these promises remaining unfulfilled, Lithgow lost patience, and one

day, in the presence-chamber, told Don Diego what he thought of him, and before the emperor's ambassador and divers knights and gentlemen, challenged him to fight with swords. For which our rash Scotchman suffered nine weeks' imprisonment in the Marshalsea. But this tenacious man still pressed his claims for redress, and on the death of King James preferred a bill of grievance to the Upper House. This suit he daily pressed for seventeen weeks; but, unfortunately, just as his case was handed over to the Lord Keeper for decision, the wrong-headed King Charles dissolved the parliament. Upon which Lithgow seems to have started off, cripple as he was, on a mendicant kind of tour in Scotland, and so passes away from our knowledge into dark oblivion.

The sufferings of this poor Scotchman show us the crimes that led to the almost maniacal hatred entertained by the English against the Spaniard, and give us a glimpse of the wrongs which our English pirates and buccaneers long afterwards cruelly avenged.

AN ARTICLE OF IMPEACHMENT AGAINST TURIN.

THE following real narrative is written by an English lady (sister-in-law of an English member of parliament), married to an Italian gentleman, born in Venice and educated in an Austrian military school, which he left to join the national army of Italy in the campaigns of 1848 or '49. After the disastrous issue of that war, he left Italy for South America, where he continued to serve in Monte Video, until the outbreak of hostilities between Italy and Austria in 1859 recalled him to his country. He served in that war under Garibaldi, with the Nicotera brigade, and had his rank confirmed in the regular army; but subsequently left the service, being dissatisfied (like other members of the party of action to which he belongs) with the conduct of the government. He is, of course, regarded, and with reason, as not well-affected to the present régime; and the conviction that he is one of the "ill disposed," is, no doubt, at the bottom of the treatment described herein.

But making all allowances for this, and also for the difficulties of a newly-established government, compelled to work in many branches of administration with the tools of the old and rotten system it has replaced (and this more especially in such odious employments as those belonging to jails, and the lower departments of the police), it will, we believe, be felt monstrous by Englishmen that a man should be subjected for months to such an imprisonment as is here described, and then released without any specific charge publicly brought against him, and with no opportunity of confronting his accusers. The account is made public, as a strong illustration of a fundamental vice in the constitution of Italy, and, indeed, in the constitution of almost every continental state—the want of proper guarantees and machinery for securing individual li-

berty—the real keystone of all political liberties, as we in England are well assured.

To pass some law equivalent to our Habeas Corpus Act, should be the first business of the Italian government; or, if ministers do not move in the matter, of the Italian opposition. They would, by so doing, be advancing the real interests of their country, immeasurably more than by contriving plots, or fermenting disaffection.

The story told in this paper—and its statements may be implicitly relied upon—shows that there are abuses requiring exposure in the prisons of the *Ré Galant'uomo*, as well as in those of Bomba, or Bombalino. It is quite as important that the abuses of the former should be known in this country as that those of the latter should be known. Italians are, with good reason, sensitive to English opinion; and this sensitiveness may be more usefully appealed to, to stimulate the removal of grievous evils and oppressions, than for any other purpose.

With this preface, we leave the gallant English wife of our Genoese prisoner to tell her interesting and unvarnished story.

You know, I believe, that my husband and I were living in the same house with Mrs. N. She had just returned from La Spezia, where she had been visiting the wounded Garibaldi, and taking supplies of lint, linen, medicines, cordials, &c., in the fulness of one of the warmest and most generous hearts I ever met, when my brother and sister-in-law, with S., arrived in Genoa in September last, on their way to the same object of attraction. Our friends, the T.s, had preceded them only two days before, accompanying Dr. P. As my brother had a vacant seat in his carriage, he offered it to me. When we returned to Genoa, my husband informed us, to our amazement, that the police had entered Mrs. N.'s house—she being absent at the time—had broken open her boxes, drawers, &c., and carried off an immense bundle of her private letters. My husband, who was present, in vain protested against the proceedings, stating that Mrs. N. was a British subject; but the head of the *poliziotti*, a certain Ansaldo, informed him that it was no use for *him* to protest, *as he was not an Italian, but a Venetian*. Such language is not surprising in a police-officer, seeing that the government which calls itself Italian, has constantly refused to recognise the thirty thousand Venetian exiles who have helped to win Sicily and Naples to the Italian crown.

You may imagine the dismay of all Mrs. N.'s English children, who of course had never seen or heard of such proceedings except in the case of criminals, and whose poor little wits were utterly bewildered and confused at this violation of their mother's dwelling.

Next morning, my husband, who did not anticipate any serious consequences from this proceeding, as he foolishly imagined that Mrs. N. would easily obtain redress as an Englishwoman, came to Genoa to join our party, returned from Spezia the night before, and help me to play the part of *cicerone*. An hour afterwards two open

carriages started from the hotel, full of English people in the best of tempers, on their way to explore the lions of Genoa.

Of course, the first thing to be seen was Andrea Doria's palace, but when we had nearly reached the end of the Strada Balbi, we observed two or three dirty persons running after the carriage, and calling to the coachman to stop. He did so, and they then told my husband to desire Mrs. N. to present herself immediately at the office of the chief of the police. He said that he would deliver their message, when one of the very dirtiest of the wretches came round to the side of the carriage where I sat, and laying his odious hand on my arm, addressed me as Mrs. N., and desired me to come quietly to the police-office at once with him! I shook away the abomination of his touch, telling him I was not Mrs. N., and ordered the coachman to drive on. We had, however, only reached the statue of Columbus, when we were again stopped by a larger number of the dirty tribe, who, again asserting that I was Mrs. N., desired us to turn back, and accompany them to the police. Our friends—scarcely knowing whether to laugh or to be angry—now all with one voice declared that I was not the lady in question, and that we were a party of English pleasure-seekers on our way to the Palazzo Doria. One of the unwashed then signed to the coachman that he was to draw up at the Palazzo Doria, which was only a few paces further on, telling him to go *adagio*, *adagio*! in order that he and his fellows might walk by the side of the carriage without inconveniencing themselves. We thus performed an *adagio* movement, with an obligato police accompaniment, to the door of the palace. Here we all descended and entered the palace, where, in admiring the lovely frescoes of Pierino del Vaga, and enjoying the noble view from the garden terrace, we quite forgot the noxious insects we had left buzzing round the entrance.

When we came out, we found that their number and their impertinence had doubled during the interval. Dirty hands now seized hold of both my arms, and once more I was told that I was Mrs. N., and must come away at once to the police-office at the Palazzo Ducale. Seeing that matters were passing a joke, I now demanded to see some legal warrant authorising my arrest in my supposed name, or even the tricoloured scarf which the police-officers are bound to wear when on duty. My friends, too, gathered round me in a stout little phalanx, producing their passports, and pledging their word as British gentlemen and M.P.s, that the police were mistaken. In vain. On my husband's joining in the protest, one of the men turned insolently to him, and told him it was no use for him to speak, as he had orders to take him to the Questura too. Matters were not rendered more agreeable by the crowd which had by this time begun to gather round us. An Italian crowd is, however, utterly blasé to such scenes, and the present case was no exception to their general rule of witnessing with silent and unprotesting disgust every fresh example of illegality and oppression

on the part of the *poliziotti*. For nearly an hour did we stand arguing and quarrelling in the street; I, protesting that an arrest without a proper mandate or warrant being illegal, I would not yield, except to force. At last, weary of my obstinacy, the apparent chief of the crew signed to some armed carabinieri, who had hitherto stood apart, and who immediately came forward and took up their position on each side of my husband and me. There was then nothing for it but to submit to this violence, and our friends, gallantly electing to accompany us, we proceeded in procession through the principal streets of Genoa: the Strade Balbi, Nuovissima, Nuova, and Carlo Felice, to the office of the Questore, in the Palazzo Ducale.

Here we were taken into a little bare white-washed room, where the majesty of the law was caricatured in the person of Signor Ansaldo, then deputy-questore: a little red-haired, red-eyed, irritable being, the insignificant ugliness of whose personal appearance rendered still more striking the monstrous abuse of power permitted him. My brother and Mrs. T. having entered the room with me, he desired the former to withdraw, and at once proceeded, in a singularly uncourteous manner, to interrogate me as to who I was, where I lived, how I occupied my time, why I had come to Genoa, &c. When he had tired himself with asking questions, he curtly uttered the following insolence: "You have spoken nothing but lies, you are Sarina* N."

To this I had, of course, nothing to say, and he then called in my brother, Mr. T., and Dr. P., but treated their producing their passports and offering to swear to my identity, with sovereign contempt: curling his little red nose scornfully at the proposition.

My brother—who kept his temper—nevertheless remarked that such proceedings would be impossible in a free country. This observation nearly sent the small officer of illegality into a fit. He started up, striking the table before him with all the force of his little fist, and told my brother that if he were not instantly silent, he would arrest him too. At the same time he violently rang the bell, and made a sign to a satellite, which caused two carabinieri to present themselves inside the doorway, in order to awe the audacious Briton who had dared to doubt the existence of absolute personal liberty in a country blessed with such imposing representatives of the law. Finding that my brother, instead of sinking with terror, smilingly reminded him that calmness of demeanour was a quality calculated rather to add to, than detract from, the dignity of a magistrate, he again irritably commanded silence, and, turning to me, inquired if I could name any "well affected" persons in Genoa who could speak to my identity? I mentioned the names of several "well affected" bankers, deputies, &c., all of them individuals well known in Genoa. Evidently he felt he had made a mistake, though he did not choose to say so. He made a pretence of sending to

* Genoese for Signorina.

ask the attendance of those gentlemen, and then informed us that by a strange coincidence they were all out of Genoa. Of two or three of them I afterwards learned that they had never left Genoa, and had never been sent. Probably he sent to none of them, because he was already convinced; but as three hours of badgering had wearied even him, he now vanished for a short time, to return accompanied by the Ispettore, a certain Verga, who, apparently with the view of intensifying his natural resemblance to an escaped convict, had recently had his head shaved. This gentleman varied the monotony of the proceedings by not answering a single word to any of the remonstrances or protestations addressed to him by my friends: gazing vacantly into space, and pretending not to see the speaker, or be in any way aware of a speaker's presence.

When the worthy Signori Ansaldo and Verga had consulted together for a short time in whispers, the convict-faced official then, for the first time, deigned to address us, but not to look at us. Fixedly regarding the wall over our heads, he uttered these words: "The lady is free; the gentleman"—meaning my husband—"will now be conducted to prison."

We all stared at one another, as only innocent English people—who will persist at having notions of legality, reason, and justice, in their insular brains—can stare, at arbitrary abuse of power. Everybody eagerly demanded the reason—as if Italian officials knew the meaning of the word—the why—the wherefore, at least—the motive of the imprisonment—the crime of which the victim was accused. Verga coolly turned to my husband and said: "There is no occasion to give any explanation or motive for the arrest; a Venetian has no right of citizenship in Italy." To cut short all further discussion he called in the carabinieri again, informed them that my husband was their prisoner, and that they were at once to conduct him to the Carceri di Sant' Andrea. Then he told us we might depart, and immediately relapsed into his former ostentatious unconsciousness of our existence.

As we turned to go away, after shaking hands over and over again with the victim who was just as quiet and composed about the matter as we were agitated and distressed, Dr. P., who does not understand Italian, and whose face of blank astonishment at the first arrest, and of growing disgust and indignation at the proceedings in the Questura, would have been a study for Leech, could keep quiet no longer. "What," whispered he to my brother, who was mournfully turning away to go—"What, is this to be the end? Do you mean to say we are to go away without punishing those two beasts?" W. directed his attention to the rows of carabinieri in the hall, by way of reminding him that he was in a court of justice. He shook his head sadly, and followed the others out, but twitching nervously at the sleeves of his coat, and, I believe, still longing to throw it off, and seek a vent for his long pent-up indignation.

And, now, do you wish to know what a Pic-

montese prison is like? Anyhow, my husband wished to tell you, and one of his few amusements while there, was to write on scraps of paper a disjointed letter to you. He trusted to me to translate and put in order these fragments, but I was always too tired and low-spirited to complete the task, and now I copy them here in the order I received them, thinking they will not be without interest, considering the circumstances under which they were written.

"Carceri di St. Andrea, October 7.

"Behold me here a prisoner in St. Andrea, and as I wish to open your eyes a little as to the virtues of this constitutional government which you so much admire, I seize the spare moments when my jailers leave me in peace, to give you some details of the position of a man imprisoned without an accusation, and treated like a proved criminal in this *free* land, which you Englishmen admire as it exists only in the columns of your Times, or our official papers. I trust to my wife to smuggle my scraps of paper out of the prison, for she is my only rare visitor (though I only see her in the presence either of the Procuratore del Re, or of my jailer), to translate them, and send them to you in better order than I can write them.

"If you, who are powerful with your English press, should see fit to publish any of the details I send, I should be glad to have been the instrument of letting your really free countrymen know that we of the party of action are not hasty unthinking madmen, when we say there is no true liberty under the House of Savoy. If I say House of *Savoy* still, it is because, although the Galant'uomo sold his birth-right for the Lombardy mess of potage, and received Tuscany and Naples as a gift from the people, he became, alas! no more Italian at heart than he was before."

"10th.

"This prison of St. Andrea was once a monastery, and faint frescoes of saints are still visible on the walls of some of the corridors and cells, looking down with dismay on scenes of suffering, and listening, no doubt, with pious horror, to the constant imprecations which have taken the place of holy chants and prayers within their domain. Even the chapel and campanile are fitted up as prisons, and in the belfry are many Sicilian and Neapolitan Garibaldini, or Aspromontini, as they call them here, to denote the *crime* for which they are imprisoned. From my little grated window I can see them, and I hear their curses on the government, and their constant singing of Garibaldi's hymn."

"13th.

"In the civil part of the prison, where I am, there are few cells and few prisoners, most of whom are men of good position, or family, but in the criminal part (St. Andrea proper), there are more than five hundred, at least half of whom are Garibaldini.

"When I was first arrested, I was kept for eight days in what may better be called a hole

in the roof than a room. It was not more than eight feet long, and only at one end of this hole could I stand upright.

"As it was in September, a terrible hot month here, I was half suffocated; the ceiling, being immediately under the roof, was so hot that I could not hold my hand upon it, and I passed my time all day, and more than half the night, leaning my forehead against the little iron grating, mis-called a window, for so only could I get a breath of air. I cannot tell how I escaped a brain fever. From this little grating I could just see the Paradise, your Lord Byron's house, on the top of the Albaro hill. As I was all segreto, I had at least the good fortune to be alone in my den. The cells on each side of mine contained six prisoners, and they had not more than a yard and a half of space to each man.

"After these first horrible eight days, however, partly owing to the interest shown for me by English friends, and still more to the untiring energy of my wife, who daily worried the authorities about me, I was removed to the tolerably decent cell where I now am writing to you, and thinking of your pretty home in free England, its trees and flowers, and the fresh air on the lawn, where the baby tumbled down for ever, without hurt, and where we took coffee, and had so many pleasant talks."

"21st.

"In the next cell to mine, is a wretched priest, a native of Sardinia, who was condemned to six years of this hell on earth, for having attempted to aid the escape of his nephews from the conscription. He is the most miserable object you can conceive. Having already passed more than four years here, the few clothes he has are hanging about him in filthy shreds and tatters; he has no other bed than a wretched sack of horribly dirty straw, on which, to use his own expression, he lies down at night, hungry, to rise in the morning, famished." . . .

"Nov. 15.

"As I have been somewhat ill lately, in consequence of want of air and exercise, my wife has at last succeeded in obtaining permission for me to have my door open during some hours of the day, and to walk up and down the ante-room, into which my cell, that of the priest, and two others, open. Of course this is under the constant surveillance of two jailers. On these occasions I always put some of my bread into my pocket, and when the jailer's attention is attracted elsewhere, I contrive to throw it through the spirail in the priest's door. The first time I did so I felt myself blush, for it seemed like throwing a bone to a dog; but with the eagerness of a half-starved dog he devoured it, and soon after, I saw him looking out at me, nodding, smiling, and kissing his hand, in token of gratitude.

"Nor would you wonder at this, if you could see the food allowed by the government to these unfortunates. In the morning, the jailers give them two little loaves, weighing about a quarter kilo each, and perfectly black. This bread has

the peculiar quality of causing severe pains in the stomach, and it is many months before hunger and habit combined, accustom the poor prisoners to digest it. My jailer confessed to me that he would not venture to eat of it himself on any account.

"About noon the jailer reappears, carrying a greasy tin vessel, full of a filthy liquid, called, in mockery, *sopp*, in which a few rare grains of rice, previously soaked in oil, swim about like slimy little islands in a huge Atlantic. Of this deplorable mixture he ladles forth somewhat less than a quart to each prisoner, and I assure you it makes the heart ache to hear their entreaties for a little more, only a little more! Many times have I tried to induce the jailer's cat—who pays me many friendly visits, and eagerly eats of my bread—to venture upon either the bread or soup given to the prisoners, but the judicious animal invariably refuses. I have often tasted the *farinha de pao*, which forms the staple food of the slaves in Brazil, and I can assure you that it is a true bonbon in comparison to the food given to Garibaldi's amnestied followers, who are still imprisoned here. The very supply of water is insufficient in quantity, and so inferior in quality, that I never venture to drink it untempered by cognac."

"18th.

"Of the jailers in the criminal part of the prison I know nothing, but it would be difficult for them to be worse than those who embitter the evils of detention in the part where I am. The head jailer, No. 1, is a Lombard, and served in the same capacity under Austria; the second is a Modenese, and was both police-officer and spy under the late duke; the third—one of the vilest of human beings—is a Bolognese, and before coming here he served for eighteen years as jailer in one of the Papal prisons. Thus you see the Piedmontese government is faithful even here to its invariable custom of employing and rewarding those who have been the willing tools of the tyrannies it has been called upon to replace, rather than those who have aided in their overthrow."

"20th.

"The special qualification of the head jailer is a singular ingenuity in robbing his victims of a large per-centage upon every franc he spends for them. Of course we are not allowed to have money in our own keeping, but are compelled to leave it in his hands, and receive from him a highly imaginative document, which he calls an *account* of our expenditure, every week. These fanciful statistics are no doubt diverting enough to him to compose, but I find it difficult to see the joke when I examine them. The jailer, No. 2, carries these little amiable weaknesses rather further. If I rashly leave my cell to walk up and down the ante-room without remembering to cram my few valuables—cigars, brandy-flask, &c.—into my pocket, I am sure to find that during my short absence they have taken wing, never to return."

"21st.

"All these, however, are ill at which one

can shrug one's shoulders with a certain amount of philosophy, but I much doubt whether I shall be able to quit the prison without leaving my mark on jailer No. 3. This monster is in the habit of drinking rather freely in the evening, and at such times he unburthens himself of certain records of his former atrocities under the good old Papal rule. Many of these are too disgusting to repeat, but I cannot refrain from telling you of one of his feats while jailer at Bologna, which he himself related to me with a circumstantiality of detail and cynical indifference which made my blood run cold. It appears he had under his care a prisoner, accused of I know not what crime, who had contrived to displease him, and the tormenting of whom, consequently, afforded him an endless source of gratification and amusement. Every time the wretched prisoner was taken before the tribunal for examination, he was—according to the custom in the Papal States—accompanied by an armed escort and led by the jailer, who held in his hand a chain, the other end of which was fastened to the throat and round the wrists of the victim. The fiend who related the story described to me, grinning all the time at the recollection of his own prowess, how he had, on one of these occasions, pulled and jerked away at the chain by the road, until he had drawn blood from the wretched prisoner's wrists and throat. No sooner, however, had he unfastened the chain on reconducting the poor wretch to his cell, than he flew upon his tormentor like a wild animal, and would have killed him in his rage, had not his cries brought the other jailers quickly to his assistance, who, as a punishment, once more fastened the instrument of torture to the prisoner's throat, and chained him to the wall of his cell. But the brutal Bolognese was determined to be quits with the obnoxious prisoner who had so severely mauled him, and that same night he returned to the cell, accompanied by an under-jailer, and they beat him about the head and chest with their heavy keys till they left him senseless. . . .

"Next morning they found him dead. A little embarrassed by this result, they consulted together as to what was to be done, and hit upon the ingenious scheme of hanging him by his handkerchief to the bars of his grated window, and reporting to the governor of the prison that he had committed suicide. 'But,' said I, 'did no one examine the body—was there no doctor to the prison? Even if the governor could be deceived, no medical man would believe your story.' 'Oh!' said the brute, laughing, 'the prisoners so often destroyed themselves! And the doctor only came once a week, and of course he could not examine those who were buried before he came! But the joke of the thing,' he concluded, 'the joke of the thing was, that of course no priest would bury him in holy ground, so he was just carted away, and buried in a field as a suicide. And you see I had my revenge on his soul as well as on his body!'

"Imagine the cheering effect of such conversations as these—shut up night and day

within the same four walls, and waited upon by the chief actor in the sickening drama!" . . .

"25th.

"As I was taking my morning's walk up and down the corridor to-day, I saw a poor lad of about eighteen—a prisoner—being dragged along by the jailers, and crying bitterly. I inquired the cause of his grief, and was told he was crying because they were removing him to another part of the prison. It is, as far as I can learn, simply at the caprice of the jailers that such changes are made. 'Why does he not like to change his cell?' I asked. 'Oh,' said the jailer, laughing, 'the fool does not want to leave his birds.' It seems this was the second time the poor lad had been moved, and I could never get the jailers to give me any reason for it. He was at first confined in the same room with a Garibaldino, to whom he attached himself so strongly, that when he was separated from him, he fell seriously ill. After a while, when he grew better, he found a solace and amusement in taming birds, and had quite a little colony of friends, who visited him night and morning, perching on his shoulders, eating out of his hand, and bearing him cheerful company in his loneliness. His tears this morning were shed because the cell to which he is now removed is on a low floor of the prison, looking out upon a north wall, where he has no hope that his little pensioners will ever fly down to seek him." . . .

"29th.

"The Aspromontini (who were amnestied early in last October) are still lingering here, half fed, less than half clothed, and lying crowded together on dirty straw; yet I am told their condition is less wretched than that of their companions in arms imprisoned in Sicily. Here, the director has not given himself the trouble to learn their names,* and my jailer tells me that letters are continually arriving by post, which he has no doubt are for some of these unfortunates, but which are coolly sent back by the officials, with 'Not known in St. Andrea,' scrawled upon them.

"There are prisoners here, who, like myself, have never been informed of the motive of their arrest. A day or two after I was imprisoned, the Giudice Istruttore, producing a bundle of sequestrated letters, none of which were either written by or addressed to me, asked me—for form's sake, I suppose—a few questions about them: and, finding that I had nothing to say about the affairs of other people, left me. I saw him only once again, during one of my wife's visits. He then informed us, in the presence of the jailer, that there was nothing against me; that he considered my being there an 'infamia;' and could only attribute it to Rattazzi's personal spite against all known friends of Mazzini. He advised by wife to go to Turin, and see the minister on the subject. She did so; but it was without result."

Here end the scattered MSS. I smuggled

* We learn that, since the above was written, the evil of not keeping correct lists of the prisoners confined in St. Andrea has been remedied.

from the prison, written by stealth, a few words at a time, and hidden away at the sound of the jailer's approach. Of course they form no connected narrative; but I have sent them, because, coming from a source you cannot doubt, they may, as my husband says, serve to show you what lies beneath the smoother constitutional surface here. Numbers of the poor Aspromontini are still paying the penalty of putting their trust in princes, rather than principles; and the Italian papers are full of sickening accounts of their sufferings from hunger, vermin, and disease.

As even the Giudice Istruttore did not scruple to attribute my husband's imprisonment to Rattazzi, I felt sure that when his ministry was overthrown, my husband would soon be liberated. All I had then to struggle against, was the carelessness, red-tapeism, and neglect of the Jaeks in office. My time was spent in running about from the Corte d'Assisie where the Procuratore-Generale was, to the office of the Procuratore del Re in the Palazzo Ducale, and in worrying those individuals to that degree that it became their interest to get rid of a prisoner whose wife was such an intolerable bore. At last, the Procuratore del Re informed me that it was useless to tease him any more, as his part had long been done; that all that now remained was for the Procuratore-Generale to read the processo, as it was necessary for him to declare that there was nothing against my husband before the order of release could be signed. You must understand that the thing they dignify by the title of processo, is simply a collection of documents stitched together, consisting of the statement of the Questore as to why he thought proper to arrest the prisoner, the evidence against him (when there is any) in the shape of sequestered letters, or papers, either written by, or supposed to implicate the accused, the minutes of his answers to the interrogations of the Giudice Istruttore, &c. The whole of this matter is kept private, and only given to the advocate who (in case the affair is sent to trial) acts *against* the prisoners. The counsel for the prisoner is neither shown these papers, nor allowed to be present at any of the examinations of his client, which take place previously to the trial. On hearing that the reading over of this processo was all that remained to be done, of course I rushed away to tease and badger the old Procuratore-Generale once more. I am sure the poor old gentleman will long remember me. Imagine to yourself a feeble tottering old man, wearing a scanty shabby dressing-gown of a very undignified cut, and a blue velvet skull-cap very much the worse for wear, ruthlessly badgered every day, at breakfast and after breakfast, at dinner and after dinner, until I could wring from him the promise that he would finish reading the processo. In vain he feebly stormed and bewailed by turns: "My good lady, come again next week."—"No! I will come every day, and give you no rest till you do my husband justice."—"Madame, you insult the majesty of the law?"—"There is no majesty in a law that confines a man seventy-four days in

prison without telling him of what he is accused."—"My good lady there were very grave suspicions."—"Read the papers, then, and see whether the suspicions are not cleared up."—"Madame, I will read, but my eyes are old, there are a great many intercepted letters among the papers, some of them in very illegible handwriting. You must now go away and be quiet and patient for a week."—"I will not be quiet for a single day. I will come every day and worry you as I do now."—"Per Dio! I will tell the servant not to admit you."—"Then I will go to the Corte d'Assisie, which is public, and where you cannot keep me out."—"Signora! Signora! do you want to be the death of me?"—"I want justice for my husband, and I will never let you rest till I get it"—and so on, until at last the poor old Commendatore (very unlike the Commendatore in Don Juan) was compelled to say, "Come, then, to-morrow, in Heaven's name, and an answer, good or bad, you shall have!"

The next day the old deceiver, who, as I learned afterwards, did not try his eyes by reading the papers at all, but handed them over to an inferior to read, met me with a smiling face, saying: "All is finished now, signora; if you go, to-morrow, to the Procuratore del Re, he will sign the order of release."—"Why to-morrow, if all is finished to-day?"—"Eh, signora, to-day is a festa! don't be so impatient, your husband has been seventy-five days in prison, surely he can be seventy-six!"—"Justice can be done on a festa, signor," said I, and away I ran to the office of the Procuratore del Re. I found him with the paper lying by him ready for signature. "Sign it at once, signor," I said; "I must have it to-day."—"Oh, signora! you see by this that there is no difficulty of my making," said he, signing the order, and handing it to me; "but—" "But what?"—"But that paper is outsigned by me, and the Giudice Istruttore."—"Well, you are the judicial authorities; you yourself told me that your signature was all that the law required."—"Very true, yet, if you show that order to the jailer, you will find he will not set him free."—"What! he will refuse to recognise the judicial authorities of the country?"—"The fact is, signora, there is an order from the Ministry of the Interior forbidding the release." This seemed to me too infamous. Forbidding the judges to release a man they have declared innocent! "Impossible!" said I, rashly.

The procuratore quietly put into my hand a letter, dated from Turin, and signed by the Marquis d'Affitto, the prefect of Genoa. I read, to my astonishment, the order desiring the procuratore, in case the detenuto V. should be found innocent, to detain him in prison, alla disposizione del ministero dell' interno! For a moment the words seemed to swim before my eyes, but then the thought struck me like a flash of light—but there is no minister of the interior now! Rattazzi has fallen, D'Affitto will never dare to perpetrate this infamy with no one in power to back him! I snatched the order out of the procuratore's hand, and was running

away, when he called after me, "Signora! where are you going? That order of release is mere waste paper."—"I am going to the Marquis d'Afflito, to see if he dare interfere with its execution." And away I rushed, with very little ceremony, into the prefect's private room, and, holding out my order of release, demanded to know if he interfered with its execution? He looked up in a languid way, and asked the prisoner's name. When I told him, he said, with some embarrassment, "Oh yes, oh yes! I remember there was a letter on the subject—but circumstances have occurred since—in short, your husband is free—free to-day, if you choose." Away I sped to the procuratore again, but he again delayed me. "Of course, what you say is true, signora, but your word is not enough. The Marquis d'Afflito signed the letter forbidding the release, and that document remains; he must, therefore, hold me harmless by signing also the order of release." What should we say in England of a legal officer who required to be held harmless for executing the law? I turned wearily back—for I had by this time very little strength left—to go once more to D'Afflito for his signature: when the procuratore said: "It is too late to-day, signora; the marquis will be going to dinner now; it is after office-hours already. I will accompany you to-morrow, to explain to him why his signature is necessary; but to-day, at this hour, I could not presume." This made me so furious that it restored all my strength. I seized him by the arm, saying, "It is not too late, you *shall* come now." He uttered no other word of opposition, but followed me as meekly as a lamb. As we went up the grand staircase, weary and angry as I was, I could not help smiling to see him nervously arranging his collar, dusting his boots with his pocket-handkerchief, and brushing his hat with his coat-sleeve, as we approached the great man's room. D'Afflito—with whom the procuratore spoke in whispers, hat in hand—made no difficulty; he signed the order at once. I never thanked him, nor looked again in the direction where they stood. I flew to the prison, threw my order to the jailer as I rushed by him, and never stopped to breathe till I reached my husband's cell.

In five minutes more we were hurrying through the hateful corridors I knew so well, and the tears rushed to my eyes to see kindly faces looking through the gratings in the doors of the other cells, and to hear words of pleasant congratulation spoken by the poor hopeless wretches we left behind. It was then past six o'clock A.M. I had been running about Genoa ever since eight o'clock that morning, without ever remembering to eat or drink, so that now, when all was over, I suddenly found I could scarcely stand. Somehow, we got down the long long flights of stairs, and passed through the old cloisters into the open air; somehow, we got into a carriage; and the next thing of which I have any distinct remembrance is of being on the sofa at home, with my husband and the manservant standing looking at me with faces of great

bewilderment, and giving me some Marsala to drink.—Yes, one thing more I do remember, and that is, how very good that Marsala was!

THE ROUGH SIDE OF FUR.

It is a winter afternoon in London, the air is alive with snow; a lady and her three daughters enter the shop of one of the chief furriers of Regent-street. A stuffed tiger grins impotently at the door; the shop-windows are mantled with furs fit for an empress—white as the thrice-driven snow, silver-grey, zebra-striped, barred, spotted, spangled. These ladies know not where they come from, or who obtained them; they buy capes, gloves, pelisses, all of fur, and re-enter their carriage clad like Lapland princesses.

This same afternoon, the hunter who slew those sables, those ermines, and those grey squirrels, is far away in Eastern Siberia toiling in his dangerous trade—digging pitfalls for bears, watching the grey squirrel, setting traps for the marten, skimming over the snow plains on his great snow-shoes, or flogging the reindeer that draw his sledge till he maddens them to a gallop, as the only chance that he has of escaping the snow whirlwind.

Let us go to the great Russian fair at Novgorod. Elbowing Chinese, Tartars, Magyars, Austrians, and Muscovites, we are sure to find whole bands of fur-hunters laden with their peltries. A year or two ago it was computed that, from the district of Kirensk alone, there was annually sent to this great market six hundred marten-skins, six thousand ermine-skins, one hundred and fifty bear-skins, and four hundred thousand skins of the "petit gris," or grey squirrel.

The fur-hunter clothes himself in a tunic of hair-skin, breeches of reindeer-leather, boots of badger-skin, and cap of the lambswool of Astracan. In this dress he can roll in snow, or wade through icy water, without suffering much from the cold. His ancestors, who were simple, and harder than himself, guided themselves northward by observing that the side of the tree that faces the north is always the mossiest; but the modern hunter never neglects to carry a small compass in his pouch to lead him on straighter and surer to the ermine country. This brave minister of our luxury uses a gun of a very small calibre. More than three hundred of the balls he fires go to the pound; a larger ball would injure the ermine fur, and its use would also compel the hunters to carry with them a cumbersome load of lead.

Kirensk, where most of the fur-hunters live, is a district on the shores of the Lena, in Eastern Siberia. When the Cossacks, riding eastward some two centuries ago, discovered these tribes, they were mere savages, living on fish and reindeer's milk, and clothed in sable skins. They killed the ermine with arrows, the ends of which were tipped with wooden balls. They were in time conquered and displaced by the Sirians, a people of Finnish origin. Their huts are now con-

structed of squared logs, the interstices stuffed with moss and dry clay. Their dogs are trained to hunt, to guard their flocks, and to rock their children's cradles.

The Sirian's gun requires more powder for the priming than for the charge, and it is of so small a calibre that its report is no louder than the crack of a whip, and does not scare the game. At thirty yards or so, the Sirians can hit a quarter rouble piece; but they seldom fire at a moving object, and usually take advantage of a rest. Their guns are rifled, and they do not cast their bullets, but hammer them out of solid lead, using a mallet to force them down the greased barrels.

The Sirian women attach great value to the paws of the glutton: an animal of extreme ferocity, that preys on the elk and the reindeer. Its skin is glossy-black, and its paws, which are white, are worn by the women as ornaments for the head. These fetch a great price in Sweden and Norway. But the glutton is exceptional—the grey squirrel is the great object of pursuit. This beautiful little animal lives on pine-cones and mushrooms. In hard seasons he has to resort to the seeds of the fir, which often fill his mouth and eyes with resin, until at last they seal up his jaws, and force him to die of hunger. In some seasons the squirrels are found in the ravines; they are then caught in plank-traps, to which they are attracted by baits of salt or smoked fish. At other times, they are only to be seen on the highest trees, and are by no means to be tempted down. In dry weather, the squirrel flies from branch to branch, gaily trusting to his bushy tail to act as a parachute and break his fall; but when the rain comes and mats his hair, destroying its buoyancy, he grows timid, and hides in his nest.

Grey squirrels are extraordinarily cunning in hiding; but the fur-hunter has stratagems by which to baffle them. The Sirians go in couples; one places himself in ambuscade, while the other kicks the tree with his foot. The squirrel instantly mounts and hides. Then the second hunter whistles; the squirrel stops, and turns his head; that moment the cruel shot is fired, and down the grey-skin drops upon the snow. Squirrels are, however, so numerous in Oriental Siberia, that, in spite of their little artifices, no less than a hundred are sometimes secured by a fur-hunter in a single day. They migrate through the forests, moving from east to west, and leaving no trace. They spring from bough to bough, and, almost without touching the ground, traverse the woods from Siberia to Finland. The Sirians say that squirrels, when they want to cross a river, form a raft of branches and birch bark, their expanded tails serving them for sails. Their enemies are the polecat and martens, who follow their migrations with as cruel a perseverance, and as evil intentions, as wolves follow a conqueror's army. Martens are, however, too gluttonous, murderous, and carnivorous, to be very common, and, of the two million of skins annually furnished by the district of Kirensk, only six hundred are those of the marten.

Martens and ermines are generally caught by snares. The fur-hunter throws a dead tree across a brook—it is just the bridge the marten will need in following the squirrel. In the middle, a barrier is placed, with but one opening, and in that opening is a running noose, weighted at the end by a loose stone, which falls when the captured animal begins to struggle. The larger animals, such as wolves and bears, are caught in pitfalls, covered over with boughs and approached by a walled way, narrowing to the end, and pierced here and there with holes.

The skins, when cleaned, are arranged in packets of forty; one of these packets of grey squirrel-skins brings the hunter two silver roubles and ten kopecks. The fur-hunter's life is not all pleasure; he is not always skimming along on his snow-shoes, or singing round his bivouac fire. The sudden snow-storms of Siberia are both terrible and dangerous. The hunter has then but one means of escape, and that is to turn his sledge and cover under it until the snow has passed. There have been known on the Tartar steppes whirlwinds so violent as to drive horses into lakes, where they perished. In the woods these storms are even more dangerous than on the plains, as the heavy winds are sure to bring down all trees whose roots are rotten, and to snap asunder those whose trunks are already dead.

In one of these storms a fur-hunter who had lost his way, and was half blinded with snow, fell into a pitfall, upon the sharp stakes placed there to kill the bears. His snow-shoes saved his life and helped to break his fall. He was, nevertheless, wounded in two places, though he had fractured no limbs. The man's first anxiety was to ascertain if the pitfall were a new one, or an abandoned one. If a new one, he would be discovered and saved; if an old one, he would perish of hunger. He thought he would light a match and look about him; but his matches were all in his bag, and the strings of the bag had broken in his fall, and it was lost. Presently, in feeling about, he came upon his carbine. And now his wounds grew every moment more painful, and he needed light to see how to bind them and to stanch the blood, which he could feel streaming down his leg. After a few minutes' rest, he continued his search, fortunately found his bag, lighted a match, and bound his wounds with strips from his handkerchief and shirt. Then he counted his cigars, lighted one to beguile the time and soothe his hunger, and thanked God for saving his life. "After all," he thought, "should the worst come to the worst, I can pull out the stakes, thrust them into the wall of the pit, and by that means climb up and escape."

This hunter was nearly benumbed with the cold, rain, and loss of blood, when suddenly there was a noise overhead, and a heavy body fell on the stakes close to him. A bear had broken through the trellis-work of the branches, and, to judge by its groans, it was severely injured. The next moment it came towards the hunter, its shining eyes reflecting the flame of

his cigar. The hunter knew that all wild beasts dread fire; he therefore kindled a wax-light and placed it on one of the stakes in front of him. The bear rose on its hind-legs, its breast gored by the spike on which it had fallen. The hunter seized his carbine, and, as the bear advanced its head, discharged his piece full in the monster's eye, and struck him dead; then he dragged his body into a corner, and, leaning against it for warmth, slept until daybreak, when he was rescued and carried home, wrapped in furs, on a sledge.

BROTHER BERTRAND, MORMON MISSIONARY.

We have had accounts of the Mormons by apostates from their ranks, as John Hyde; by avowed enemies, as M. Agénor de Gasparin; and by travellers trying hard to be impartial, as Messieurs Remy (a Frenchman) and Brenchley (an Englishman) in their joint Journey to Great Salt Lake City. We may now peruse the pleadings of a convert and missionary, BROTHER L. A. BERTRAND, who, in his *Mémoires d'un Mormon*, boldly states his affiliation to the Latter-Day Saints, and the reasons which led to his conversion.

Mormonism is so called, because it professes to be based on a new revelation, the Book of Mormon, written by the hand of Mormon, in Egyptian characters, on golden plates, and copied and translated by Joseph Smith, by the help of the Urim-Thummim found with the plates. "The Urim-Thummim," said Joseph's mother, who saw it, "consisted of two triangular diamonds enclosed in glass and set in silver, so as to resemble a pair of ancient spectacles."

And who was Mormon? Well; Brother Bertrand knows all about Mormon. The Book of Mormon, he urges, fills up an immense gap in human knowledge. It reveals to us the ancient history of America, from the first colony which reached it from the Tower of Babel to the beginning of the fifth century of the Christian era. After the confusion of tongues, when the human race was dispersed over the earth, the Israelites, a just people, having found favour in the eyes of the Eternal, miraculously crossed the ocean in eight vessels and landed in North America, where they built great cities, and formed a highly civilised nation, with flourishing commerce and manufactures. But their descendants became corrupt, and were stricken with terrible judgments. Prophets arose amongst them from generation to generation, to reproach them with their perversity, and announce the final chastisement which awaited them. Finally, after lasting for fifteen hundred years, they were annihilated for their wickedness about six hundred years B.C.

These first inhabitants of America were replaced by an emigration of Israelites, miraculously led from Jerusalem, in the first year of Zedekiah, King of Judah. They then divided themselves into two nations, the Nephites and

the Lamanites. Sundry celestial and terrestrial phenomena had informed them of the death of the Saviour. They were universally converted to Christianity, and for three hundred years led the life of the just. But towards the end of the fourth century of our era, they were guilty of backsliding, and chastised accordingly. A terrible war broke out between the two nations, which ended with the destruction of the Nephites. Their last battle was fought around the hill of Cumorah (in the State of New York), where the golden plates were afterwards found, about two hundred miles west of the city of Albany. Hundreds of thousands of warriors on both sides were left dead on the field. All that survived of the nation of the Nephites were a few individuals who went over to the enemy, escaped by flight, or were left for dead. Amongst the latter, were Mormon and his son Moroni, both just men.

Mormonism is entirely the growth of the current century. Its present head, Brigham Young, was born in 1801. Its founder, Joseph Smith, born in 1805, seems to have regarded religion as many engineers have treated machinery: not finding a religion to his mind, amidst the numerous sects then struggling for pre-eminence in America, he set to work somewhat precociously, to make a new one that should answer his requirements. At the age of fifteen, he saw his first vision. At eighteen, misled by his passions, he committed "many faults," and in a fit of repentance saw the heavenly messenger, who informed him of the existence and whereabouts of the book written on plates of gold. At twenty-two, he married Emma Hale—much against the will of her parents, for which we highly respect her parents. In the autumn of the same year, the angel allowed him to have possession of the plates, which were taken back from him in the May following, after they had served to accomplish the designs of Heaven. O Joseph that was an artful "move" of the plates upward again!

Brother Bertrand fully believes in Joseph Smith. Mormonism, he repeatedly observes, is nothing else than the completion of Christianity by a supplemental revelation. Born only yesterday, the Latter-Day Saints form the strongest and most compact religious, political, and social unity which has ever worked upon the globe. Borrowed from every nationality, the Mormons are the body of most faithful believers at present existing in the world. By their faith, the colonists of the Great Basin are strong enough to lift the Rocky Mountains and cast them into the Atlantic Ocean. Thus Brother Bertrand, and on the whole we should like to see them do it.

Brother Bertrand, who was the translator of the Book of Mormon into French, had led a tolerably agitated and romantic life. He was born at Marseilles. His father intended him for the Catholic priesthood, but the love of travel thwarted the design. The Mediterranean, the Antilles, the Cape of Good Hope, North and South America, were visited before he could

settle down to literary pursuits in Paris. A treatise by one Orson Pratt (a Divinely appointed essayist of great Mormon renown) converted him; and after completing other Mormonic studies, he set out for Utah to finish his initiation, unaccompanied by his wife, who refused to stir—and who would appear to be a very sensible lady, though in this wise benighted.

Liverpool is the point of departure for European Mormon emigrations. In that city, the Church has a special agency, which usually freights a whole ship for each voyage. Brother Bertrand describes the shipping arrangements in rose-coloured terms. Perfect order presides over the installation of the emigrants on board. In cleanliness, decency, comfort, and abundance of provisions, there is a sensible difference, and that entirely in their favour, between Mormon emigrations and those of other strangers who cross over to America. All pains are taken, under careful regulations, to make the voyage a party of pleasure. It is rare that marriages do not take place during the passage. Landed at New York, the emigrants are immediately forwarded, by railway, to Florence, a small town in the Nebraska territory, situated on the left bank of the Missouri, where, for the last five years, caravans have been organised to cross the thousand miles of desert which lie between it and the Great Salt Lake. The emigrants wait there several weeks, while the provision of food, cattle, and waggons is being made.

Each caravan consists of from five to six hundred persons, with about fifty waggons drawn by oxen. To set an example to the young people, Brother Bertrand performed the whole of the thousand miles on foot, without riding an instant in his wagon; and two young women, his fellow-travellers, bravely did the same. At present, companies of emigrants annually traverse the plains, each dragging his own little two-wheeled handcart. This mode of emigration, much cheaper than by waggons drawn by oxen, many of which perish on the road, has been practised for the last five years. In every caravan are to be found handsome Englishwomen, whose delicate feet have hitherto been accustomed to carpets, traversing thus the immense wilderness. Such, exclaims our Mormon pilgrim, are the miracles which religious faith performs. Religious faith, observe, in Joseph Smith and his golden plates, read (by Joseph only) with the help of a pair of triangular diamond spectacles!

The journey is accomplished, on an average, in seventy-five days, with bullocks. The cost of these emigrations is extremely moderate. It is easy to understand that, by marching in caravans, the Mormons save considerably. Their arrangements are so prudently made, that wealthy emigrants do not spend more than twenty pounds per head, from Liverpool to the banks of the Great Salt Lake. The whole distance is six thousand miles.

To form an idea of the strategetic importance of the City and of the whole valley of the Great Salt

Lake, it must be remembered that this asylum is defended, to the east and the north, by a triple chain of barren mountains, and on all sides by citadels of inaccessible granite. A distance varying from seven hundred to a thousand miles separates it from any inhabited country. It is surrounded in all directions by arid deserts, which are inaccessible in winter, and which in summer are unprovided with the natural resources indispensable to the passage of large caravans. The conquest of the Salt Lake Valley from the Mormons could not be effected by the Americans without employing an army of fifty thousand well-seasoned warriors, and costing some eighty millions sterling. This is Brother Bertrand's estimate.

Utah derives its name from one of the many wandering tribes which still live in the environs of Salt Lake. The centre of this vast region is composed of an immense table-land which geographers have styled the Great Basin. Its general climate is the most salubrious which can be found, under the same latitude, in the whole world. The absence of fogs, the vivifying air of the mountains, the incomparable purity of the atmosphere, and the excellence of its waters, are favourable to the rapid increase of the population. Mormon industry has metamorphosed its arid soil into a wide oasis, which is becoming more and more productive. Even their enemies allow the industry of the Mormons. One of their favourite maxims is, "I CAN'T DO IT, never did anything; I WILL TRY, has worked wonders; and I WILL DO IT, has performed miracles." They have introduced into Utah the ox, the horse, the mule, the ass, the sheep, the pig, and all our domestic poultry. The abundance and richness of the pasture is such, that, in certain counties, an indefinite number of horned cattle and sheep may be reared. Oxen already form an important branch of exportation to Lower California.

What strikes strangers as they emerge from the mountains, is the imposing aspect of the metropolis of the saints. Seated at the western base of the Wah-Satch mountains, Great Salt Lake City stretches picturesquely from east to west, over an area five miles long by three miles wide. The streets crossing at right angles, are all five-and-forty yards in width. The town is composed of twenty-one wards or quarters, each of twelve "blocks," or regular squares. On each side of the streets runs a stream of limpid water, conducted from the neighbouring hills. A double row of cotton-wood trees lines each of these runs of water. Each dwelling, placed back twenty feet from the street, is surrounded by garden-ground. Near the town are hot springs, which supply commodious bathing establishments.

The name of Temple Block explains its destination. Not far from it is Social Hall, a large building, in which the legislature holds its sessions. The principal room serves as a theatre; in winter only amateur actors perform dramas and comedies. The band is superior to those of American towns of the third rank, and quite

capable of worthily interpreting the masterpieces of Haydn, Mozart, Rossini, and Meyerbeer. The Mormons have a decided taste for music. Public balls are also given at Social Hall. The religion of the Latter-Day Saints is anything but melancholy. Brigham Young himself is still one of the best dancers in the place.

The Salt Lake is the greatest natural curiosity. Baron Laboutan, in 1689, first acquainted the world with its existence. The circumference of this American Caspian Sea is not much less than three hundred miles. Its average depth is scarcely twenty feet, though in certain places it is more than fifty,—shallow upon the whole for so large an expanse of water. A small steamer and several smacks already navigate this sea of the desert. In the middle of the lake, several islands and islets rise from its surface. They serve as a retreat for myriads of pelicans, gulls, ducks, and other aquatic birds. The largest is sixteen miles long by five broad; it rises to an altitude of more than three thousand feet above the level of the lake. Cattle are bred upon it. The most picturesque is Castle Island, an immense rock standing on a basement of verdure, and whose fantastic outlines resemble those of a ruin. From its summit you enjoy a splendid view.

The waters of the lake are the most concentrated natural brine in the world. Their density is such that the human body will not sink in them; neither fish nor shell-fish can live in them. The Mormons generally extract, by evaporation, a trifle more than one gallon of salt from three gallons of water. But the density of the water varies annually, according to the quantity of snow and rain which falls in the neighbourhood, and which the rivers discharge into the Salt Lake. Incessantly fed by the waters of Lake Timpanogos (now called Lake Utah), it resembles the Caspian Sea in having no communication with the ocean, and in losing, by evaporation only, all the water it receives.

Lake Utah is thirty miles long, by fifteen wide. Its depth varies from twelve to twenty feet. Higher than the Salt Lake, it discharges itself into the latter by the Jordan: a small river which is not navigable, but whose banks will one day be covered with mills. Its waters are particularly sweet and clear, and abound in perch and pike, besides trout with yellow flesh and of exquisite flavour, which weigh as much as thirty pounds each. At certain points, the grand valley of Utah resembles the scenery of Switzerland.

The Church of the Latter-Day Saints has three sacred books; the Bible, the Book of Mormon, and the Book of Doctrines and Covenants. But Joseph Smith made a new "inspired" translation (not yet published) of the whole Old and New Testament, which is to throw bright light on obscure passages, and put all other versions into the shade. There also is a celebrated revelation, known as the Word of Wisdom, which forms a hygienic code. It says, "Liquors and strong drinks are not intended to be taken internally, but to be used as outward lotions. Similarly, tobacco is not good at all for men; it

is a plant capable of curing bruises and sick animals, but its use requires great prudence and skill." The same revelation proscribes warm drinks, and lays down other precepts on the moderate use of meat and divers cereal grains. It seems to prognosticate a more complete law, which will formally enforce a strictly vegetable diet. But many of the prophet's revelations are still kept back in dark closets, to be produced from their hiding-places as time and opportunity shall serve.

Brother Bertrand boldly justifies the practice of polygamy, or, as he phrases it, patriarchal marriage. But polygamy, with the Mormons, is not a mere tenet, it is a revelation, and that puts an end to the matter. It appears that on the 29th of April, 1852, the revelation made to Joseph Smith respecting polygamy—hitherto kept back in reserve—was proclaimed and adopted in a special Conference, as the law of the Church of the Latter-Day Saints. Of all the writings which the saints have published on the important subject of a plurality of wives, the report of this Conference, thinks Brother Bertrand, renders the greatest service in appreciating the real character of the institution. We think so too. The meeting opened with a wonderful improvisation by the transcendent Orson Pratt—the great orator, the able theologian, the learned engineer. Orson began by proving the constitutional legality of polygamy by the Article of the Federal Law, which proclaims "the freedom of religious worship." This must have been done with the kindest intentions; because the very same argument would prove the legality of polygamy in Great Britain and Ireland. Orson then launched out into the doctrine of the pre-existence of souls. "Souls," said Orson, "are not contemporary with bodies. It is unreasonable to believe that the Deity creates a new soul every time that a new tabernacle comes into the world; for then, the creation would not have been completed in six days; it would be going on still, and the Deity would have nothing else to do than to create spirits, at the rate of a billion per century, at least. We admit that the spirit is much older than its tabernacle. The spirit now living in every individual is several thousand years old. Solomon says that when the body returns to dust, the spirit returns to God. It is evident that, if the spirit had never been in heaven, it could not return there. I cannot return to California, because I have never been there. In the inspired translation which Joseph (Smith) made of Genesis, it is proved that the spirits of all men and of all women existed before the earthly creation of Adam and Eve. God is the father of our spirits.

"It was promised to Abraham that his seed should be as numerous as the sands of the sea. But if the earth should last eight thousand years longer, ten sacks of sand would contain more grains than the whole human population since the creation. If man, therefore, ceased to multiply, what would become of the promise made to Abraham? The priesthood of the

Latter-Days has pronounced the blessings of Abraham on the heads of the Mormons. And what did Abraham do to found his mighty kingdom? Had he to found it with a single wife? No. He had Sarah, Hagar, and Keturah, who bore him a considerable number of children.

"There are two reasons for the saints having a plurality of wives. The first is, that they may inherit the promises made to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob—that they may have an innumerable posterity. The second is, that the chosen people may have a faithful posterity, when all nations that have become corrupt shall be destroyed. The saints are the salt of the earth. It is with them that earthly tabernacles, through legitimate parentage, will be chosen by the noble spirits who are still awaiting in heaven the moment of their descent to earth. If they have been retained so long on high, it was not to let them enter the bodies of Hottentots, negroes, idolators, or false Christians. Imitate the patriarchs, therefore, and take unto you several wives."

Brigham Young, who followed Orson, reminded his hearers of the excellence of Joseph Smith's doctrine and of the powerlessness of the Gentiles to meet it by serious argument. "The doctrine of which Brother Orson Pratt has been speaking to you was made the subject of a revelation previously to the death of Joseph Smith. It is in opposition to a feeble minority of the dwellers on earth; but our people believed in it several years ago, although it was not practised by the elders. The original copy of the revelation is burnt. W. Clayton wrote it from the mouth of the prophet. It happened to be in the possession of Bishop Whitney, who obtained from Joseph the privilege of copying it. Sister Emma (the prophet's wife, who did not at all like polygamy) burnt the original. I tell you all that, because those who knew of the revelation suppose that it no longer exists. I prophesy to you that the principle of polygamy will make its way; that it will triumph over the prejudices and the priestcraft of the day: that it will be embraced by the most intelligent men in the world as one of the best doctrines that has ever been proclaimed to any people. The world has long known—it was known during his lifetime—that Joseph had more than one wife. One of the senators of the Federal Congress was perfectly aware of it, and was not the less our friend on that account. He even said that if the principle were not adopted by the United States, the extreme limit of human life there would not exceed thirty years. We could not proclaim this principle some years ago; everything must come in its own time. At present, I am prepared to proclaim it. This revelation has been in my power for several years. And who knew of it? Nobody except those who ought to know it. I have a patent lock on my secretary, and nothing comes out of it which ought not to come out."

Immediately after Brigham's speech, Elder Thomas Bullock, the secretary of the Church, read, in the presence of the principal elders of

Israel, whose number exceeded two thousand, the REVELATION ON POLYGAMY, received by Joseph Smith, at Nauvoo, the 12th of July, 1843, proclaimed the 20th of August, 1852, and published on the 14th of September, 1852, in the Deseret News. It is sufficient to mention here of this precious production that it is an offensive parody of Scripture phraseology, and that its burden is, "Go then, and do the works of Abraham."

"I have forty-eight children," said a Mormon prophet publicly in Brother Bertrand's hearing; "and I have reason to hope that Heaven will vouchsafe me a good many more. Before a hundred years, my direct descendants will exceed in number the population of the State of New York, which consists of four million souls." If, in less than a century, the posterity of a single Mormon patriarch is to exceed four millions, what, at the same epoch, will be the total population of Mormonia? Their hope is to conquer the whole American continent, from Cape Horn to Kotzebue's Sound, by overrunning it in countless hosts. America is their Promised Land, of which the first was only the symbol. And this is why they have received the mission and the ordinances necessary for peopling rapidly, very rapidly, the Zion of the Latter Days. Brother Bertrand may well assert that the question of a plurality of wives is one of extreme gravity!

Every marriageable girl in Utah has the right to dispose of her hand freely, and to offer it to the man of her choice. They exercise the right with a maturity of reason which would astonish many a Parisian girl. The regular practice of prayer and charity, assiduity and skill in work, are generally the surest means of attracting their attention. Brother Bertrand himself, without the slightest vanity, can cite his own case as an instance to the purpose. During his sojourn in Utah, he had passed the first blush of youth, and he claims not the slightest relationship with the Apollo Belvedere. Well! If he had accepted all the women, young and old, pretty and ugly, who came and popped the question to him in his hermitage, he would now be the husband of more wives than Brigham Young himself. This for the edification of bachelors who, like Brother Bertrand, pretend only to purely moral beauty.

We Mormons have, he tells us, two forms of marriage. The rite of ordinary marriage is similar to that followed by most Protestant sects. In polygamous marriages, things pass thus. Is one of our people already married, and does he wish to marry a fresh wife? He first applies to the young lady's parents or guardians. If he obtains their consent, he then makes direct application to the bride, who has always the right to accept or refuse him. If the lady prove agreeable, he goes and asks his bishop for a certificate that he is a faithful member of the Church. He presents his certificate at the presidential office, where he is informed of the day and the hour fixed for his wedding. At the appointed time, he presents himself at the presidency, with *his*

wife, his bride, and her relations. The clerk inscribes in a register kept for the purpose the names, ages, and birthplaces of the contracting parties. The president interrogates the bridegroom, his wife, and his bride, who remain standing before him. He says to the wife, "Do you consent to give this woman to your husband as a lawful wife, in time and all eternity? If you consent thereto, testify the same by placing her right hand in your husband's hand."

The right hands of the bride and bridegroom being thus joined, the wife takes the husband's left arm. Then the president says, addressing the man, "Brother So-and-so, do you take Sister So-and-so by the right hand to receive her as yours, to be your lawful wife, and you to be her lawful husband, in time and in all eternity, promising on your part to fulfil all the laws, rites, and ordinances relating to holy matrimony, in the New and Eternal Covenant?"

The bridegroom answers, "Yes." The same words are addressed to the bride, who likewise answers, "Yes;" after which the president gives them his blessing: "And I say unto you, increase and multiply; people the whole earth. Amen."

How many wives has the prophet, Brigham Young? Some have said twenty, others thirty, forty, sixty, and even eighty. The truth is, he has only fifteen; but it is right to remark, that several of these wives, the companions of his youth, and always treated with all imaginable deference and respect, are now merely his friends. These fifteen ladies dwell together in Lion's Mansion, where each has her private room. They take their meals in common, at which Brigham presides. He offers up the different prayers of the day, and gives instruction to his children. The first wife, namely, she who was first married, directs the household occupations of this large family.

Several other patriarchs, such as Kimball, Orson Pratt, and other eminent heads of the Church, likewise live under the same roof together with all their wives. The children play together like brothers and sisters, and all bear their father's name. But the majority of the polygamous brethren cause their wives to live in separate houses, at slight distances from one another. Each lady then educates and governs exclusively her own proper children. The census made at the end of 1858, during the last American campaign against the Mormons, gave the following results:

Husbands with seven or more wives . . .	387
Husbands with five wives	730
Husbands with four wives	1100
Husbands with more than one, and less than four wives	1400
Total of polygamous husbands in Utah . .	3617

"Peace and harmony," says Brother Bertrand, "generally reign in our polygamous households. We might call sundry witnesses to attest the fact. On the borders of Great Salt Lake there

are ladies capable of shining in the first saloons of Europe." Brother Bertrand's wife not having consented to follow him to Utah, Brigham advised him to form fresh connexions and found a new family there. He believed that under the impression of that unlooked-for incident, the lady would hasten to join her husband. The husband thought otherwise; and in the hope of eventually converting her, as well as his two sons, to the new religion, he abstained, and accepted the office of Mormon missionary to France. His belief in the approaching destruction of the American States assures him, as one consequence, of the return of the Mormons to their promised land of Missouri, and of their re-possession of the splendid domains of which they were despoiled. The grand central temple, that marvel of architectural marvels which is to eclipse every building in the world, will then be constructed according to Joseph's revealed plan. Meanwhile Utah forms the land of refuge for Americans. That vast territory, so marvellously colonised by the Mormons, is already become for them the fulcrum which Archimedes required for himself, and is to move the world.

What is to be said of such a book as this, treating of such a people as the disciples of Mr. Joseph Smith? Simply that here is a new instructive leaf in the long long volume of credulity and imposture, appropriately illustrated by Mr. Joseph Smith's "golden plates." Imagine the faithful on the banks of the Great Salt Lake imagining Mr. Joseph Smith appointed by the eternal Heavens to decipher the plates, with the Divine assistance (attested by Mr. Joseph's mother) of "two triangular diamonds enclosed in glass and set in silver, so as to resemble a pair of ancient spectacles!"

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[PRICE 2d.

A DARK NIGHT'S WORK.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "MARY BARTON."

CHAPTER XIII.

ELLINOR, having read the report of Dixon's examination in the newspaper, bathed her eyes and forehead in cold water, and tried to still her poor heart's beating, that she might be clear and collected enough to weigh the evidence.

Every line of it was condemnatory. One or two witnesses spoke of Dixon's unconcealed dislike of Dunster, a dislike which Ellinor knew had been entertained by the old servant out of a species of loyalty to his master, as well as from personal distaste. The fleam was proved beyond all doubt to be Dixon's; and a man, who had been stable-boy in Mr. Wilkins's service, swore that on the day when Mr. Dunster was missed, and when the whole town was wondering what had become of him, a certain colt of Mr. Wilkins's had needed bleeding, and that he had been sent by Dixon to the farrier's for a horse-lancet—an errand which he had remarked upon at the time, as he knew that Dixon had a fleam of his own.

Mr. Osbaldistone was examined. He kept interrupting himself perpetually to express his surprise at the fact of so steady and well-conducted a man as Dixon being guilty of so heinous a crime, and was willing enough to testify to the excellent character Dixon had borne during all the many years he had been in his (Mr. Osbaldistone's) service; but he appeared to be quite convinced by the evidence previously given of the prisoner's guilt in the matter, and strengthened the case against him materially by stating the circumstance of the old man's dogged unwillingness to have the slightest interference by cultivation with that particular piece of ground.

Here Ellinor shuddered. Before her, in that Roman bed-chamber, rose the fatal oblong she knew by heart—a little green moss or lichen, and thinly-growing blades of grass scarcely covering the caked and undisturbed soil under the old tree. Oh, that she had been in England when the surveyors of the railway between Ashcombe and Hamley had altered their line; she would have entreated, implored, compelled her trustees not to have sold that piece of

ground for any sum of money whatsoever. She would have bribed the surveyors, done she knew not what—but now it was too late; she would not let her mind wander off to what might have been; she would force herself again to attend to the newspaper columns. There was little more: the prisoner had been asked if he could say anything to clear himself, and properly cautioned not to say anything to incriminate himself. The poor old man's person was described, and his evident emotion. "The prisoner was observed to clutch at the rail before him to steady himself, and his colour changed so much at this part of the evidence that one of the turnkeys offered him a glass of water, which he declined. He is a man of a strongly-built frame, and with rather a morose and sullen cast of countenance."

"My poor, poor Dixon!" said Ellinor, laying down the paper for an instant, and she was near crying, only she had resolved to shed no tears till she had finished all, and could judge of the chances. There were but a few lines more: "At one time the prisoner seemed to be desirous of alleging something in his defence, but he changed his mind, if such had been the case, and in reply to Mr. Gordon (the magistrate) he only said, 'You've made a pretty strong case out against me, gentlemen, and it seems for to satisfy you. So I think I'll not disturb your minds by saying anything more.' Accordingly Dixon now stands committed for trial for murder at the next Hellingford Assizes, which commence on March the sixth, before Baron Rushton and Mr. Justice Corbet."

"Mr. Justice Corbet!" The words ran through Ellinor as though she had been stabbed with a knife, and by an irrepressible movement, she stood up rigid. The young man, her lover in her youth, the old servant who in those days was perpetually about her—the two who had so often met in familiar if not friendly relations, now to face each other as judge and accused! She could not tell how much Mr. Corbet had conjectured from the partial revelation she had made to him of the impending shame that hung over her and hers. A day or two ago, she could have remembered the exact words she had used in that memorable interview; but now, strive as she would, she could only recall facts not words. After all, the Mr. Justice Corbet might not be Ralph. There was one chance in a hundred against the identity of the two.

While she was weighing probabilities in her sick dizzy mind, she heard soft steps outside her bolted door, and low voices whispering. It was the bedtime of happy people with hearts at ease. Some of the footsteps passed lightly on; but there was a gentle rap at Ellinor's door. She pressed her two hot hands hard against her temples for an instant before she went to open the door. There stood Mrs. Forbes in her handsome evening dress, holding a lighted lamp in her hand.

"May I come in, my dear," she asked. Ellinor's stiff dry lips refused to utter the words of assent which indeed did not come readily from her heart.

"I am so grieved at this sad news which the canon brings. I can well understand what a shock it must be to you; we have just been saying it must be as bad for you as it would be to us if our old Donald should turn out to have been a hidden murderer all these years that he has lived with us; I really could have as soon suspected Donald as that white-haired respectable old man who used to come and see you at East Chester."

Ellinor felt that she must say something. "It is a terrible shock—poor old man! and no friend near him, even Mr. Osbaldistone giving evidence against him. Oh dear, dear! why did I ever come to Rome?"

"Now, my dear, you must not let yourself take an exaggerated view of the case. Sad and shocking as it is to have been so deceived, it is what happens to many of us, though not to so terrible a degree; and as to your coming to Rome having anything to do with it——"

(Mrs. Forbes almost smiled at the idea, so anxious was she to banish the idea of self-reproach from Ellinor's sensitive mind, but Ellinor interrupted her abruptly:)

"Mrs. Forbes! did he—did Canon Livingstone tell you that I must leave you to-morrow? I must go to England as fast as possible to do what I can for Dixon."

"Yes, he told us you were thinking of it, and it was partly that that made me force myself in upon you to-night. I think, my love, you are mistaken in feeling as if you were called upon to do more than what the canon tells me Miss Mouro has already done in your name—engaged the best legal advice, and spared no expense to give the suspected man every chance. What could you do more even if you were on the spot? And it is very possible that the trial may have come on before you get home. Then what could you do? He would either have been acquitted or condemned; if the former, he would find public sympathy all in his favour; it always is for the unjustly accused. And if he turns out to be guilty, my dear Ellinor, it will be far better for you to have all the softening which distance can give to such a dreadful termination to the life of a poor man whom you have respected so long."

But Ellinor spoke again with a kind of irritated determination, very foreign to her usual soft docility:

"Please just let me judge for myself this once. I am not ungrateful. God knows I don't want to vex one who has been so kind to me as you have been, dear Mrs. Forbes; but I must go—and every word you say to dissuade me only makes me more convinced. I am going to Civita to-morrow. I shall be that much on the way. I cannot rest here."

Mrs. Forbes looked at her in grave silence. Ellinor could not bear the consciousness of that fixed gaze. Yet its fixity only arose from Mrs. Forbes's perplexity as to how best to assist Ellinor, whether to restrain her by further advice—of which the first dose had proved so useless—or to speed her departure. Ellinor broke in on her meditations:

"You have always been so kind and good to me,—go on being so,—please do! Leave me alone now, dear Mrs. Forbes, for I cannot bear talking about it, and help me to go to-morrow, and you do not know how I will pray to God to bless you!"

Such an appeal was irresistible. Mrs. Forbes kissed her very tenderly, and went to rejoin her daughters, who were clustered together in their mother's bedroom, awaiting her coming.

"Well, mamma, how is she? What does she say?"

"She is in a very excited state, poor thing! and has got so strong an impression that it is her duty to go back to England and do all she can for this wretched old man, that I am afraid we must not oppose her. I am afraid she really must go on Thursday."

Although Mrs. Forbes secured the services of a travelling-maid, Dr. Livingstone insisted on accompanying Ellinor to England, and it would have required more energy than Ellinor professed at this time to combat a resolution which both words and manner expressed as determined. She would much rather have travelled alone with her maid; she did not feel the need of the services he offered; but she was utterly listless and broken down; all her interest was centred in the thought of Dixon and his approaching trial, and the perplexity as to the mode in which she must do her duty.

They embarked late that evening in the tardy Santa Lucia, and Ellinor immediately went to her berth. She was not sea-sick; that might possibly have lessened her mental sufferings, which all night long tormented her. High-perched in an upper berth, she did not like disturbing the other occupants of the cabin till daylight appeared. Then she descended and dressed, and went on deck; the vessel was just passing the rocky coast of Elba, and the sky was flushed with rosy light, that made the shadows on the island of the most exquisite purple. The sea still heaved with yesterday's storm, but the motion only added to the beauty of the sparkles and white foam that dimpled and curled on the blue waters. The air was delicious, after the closeness of the cabin, and Ellinor only wondered that more people were not on deck to enjoy it. One or two stragglers came up, time after time,

and began pacing the deck. Dr. Livingstone came up before very long; but he seemed to have made a rule of not obtruding himself on Ellinor excepting when he could be of some use. After a few words of common-place morning greeting, he, too, began to walk backwards and forwards, while Ellinor sat quietly watching the lovely island receding fast from her view—a beautiful vision never to be seen again by her mortal eyes.

Suddenly there was a shock and stound all over the vessel, her progress was stopped, and a rocking vibration was felt everywhere. The quarter-deck was filled with blasts of steam, which obscured everything. Sick people came rushing up out of their berths in strange undress; the steerage passengers—a motley and picturesque set of people, in many varieties of gay costume—took refuge on the quarter-deck, speaking loudly in all varieties of French and Italian patois. Ellinor stood up in silent wondering dismay. Was the Santa Lucia going down on the great deep, and Dixon unaided in his peril? Dr. Livingstone was by her side in a moment. She could scarcely see him for the vapour, nor hear him for the roar of the escaping steam.

“Do not be unnecessarily frightened,” he repeated, a little louder. “Some accident has occurred to the engines. I will go and make instant inquiry, and come back to you as soon as I can. Trust to me.”

He came back to where she sat trembling.

“A part of the engine is broken, through the carelessness of these Neapolitan engineers; they say we must make for the nearest port—return to Civita, in fact.”

“But Elba is not many miles away,” said Ellinor. “If this steam were but away, you could see it still.”

“And if we were landed there we might stay on the island for many days; no steamer touches there; but if we return to Civita, we shall be in time for the Sunday boat.”

“Oh dear, dear!” said Ellinor. “To-day is the second—Sunday will be the fourth—the assizes begin on the seventh; how miserably unfortunate!”

“Yes!” he said, “it is. And these things always appear so doubly unfortunate when they hinder our serving others! But it does not follow that because the assizes begin at Hellingford on the seventh, that Dixon’s trial will come on so soon. We may still get to Marseilles on Monday evening; on by diligence to Lyons; it will, it must, I fear be Thursday, at the earliest, before we reach Paris—Thursday, the eighth—and I suppose you know of some exculpatory evidence that has to be hunted up.”

He added this unwillingly; for he saw that Ellinor was jealous of the secrecy she had hitherto maintained as to her reasons for believing Dixon innocent; but he could not help thinking that she, a gentle timid woman, unaccustomed to action or business, would require some of the assistance which he would have been so

thankful to give her; especially as this untoward accident would increase the press of time in which what was to be done would have to be done.

But no. Ellinor scarcely replied to his half-inquiry as to her reasons for hastening to England. She yielded to all his directions, agreed to his plans, but gave him none of her confidence, and he had to submit to this exclusion from sympathy in the exact causes of her anxiety.

Once more in the dreary sala, with the gaudy painted ceiling, the bare dirty floor, the innumerable rattling doors and windows! Ellinor was submissive and patient in demeanour, because so sick and despairing at heart. Her maid was ten times as demonstrative of annoyance and disgust; she who had no particular reason for wanting to reach England, but who thought it became her dignity to make as though she had.

At length the weary time was over; and again they sailed past Elba, and arrived at Marseilles. Now Ellinor began to feel how much assistance it was to her to have Dr. Livingstone for a “courier,” as he had several times called himself.

CHAPTER XIV.

“WHERE now?” said the canon, as they approached the London-bridge station.

“To the Great Western,” said she; “Hellingford is on that line, I see. But, please, now we must part.”

“Then I may not go with you to Hellingford? At any rate, you will allow me to go with you to the railway station, and do my last office as courier in getting you your ticket and placing you in the carriage.”

So they went together to the station, and learnt that no train was leaving for Hellingford for two hours. There was nothing for it but to go to the hotel close by, and pass away the time as best they could.

Ellinor called for her maid’s accounts, and dismissed her. Some refreshment that the canon had ordered was eaten, and the table cleared. He began walking up and down the room, his arms folded, his eyes cast down. Every now and then he looked at the clock on the mantelpiece. When that showed that it only wanted a quarter of an hour to the time appointed for the train to start, he came up to Ellinor, who sat leaning her head upon her hand, her hand resting on the table.

“Miss Wilkins,” he began—and there was something peculiar in his tone which startled Ellinor—“I am sure you will not scruple to apply to me if in any possible way I can help you in this sad trouble of yours?”

“No, indeed I won’t!” said Ellinor, gratefully, and putting out her hand as a token. He took it, and held it; she went on, a little more hastily than before: “You know you were so good as to say you would go at once and see Miss Monro, and tell her all you know, and that I will write to her as soon as I can.”

“May I not ask for one line?” he continued, still holding her hand.

"Certainly; so kind a friend as you shall hear all I can tell; that is, all I am at liberty to tell."

"A friend! Yes, I am a friend; and I will not urge any other claim just now. Perhaps——"

Ellinor could not affect to misunderstand him. His manner implied even more than his words.

"No!" she said, eagerly. "We are friends. That is it. I think we shall always be friends, though I will tell you now—something—this much—it is a sad secret. God help me! I am as guilty as poor Dixon, if, indeed, he is guilty—but he is innocent—indeed he is!"

"If he is no more guilty than you, I am sure he is! Let me be more than your friend, Ellinor—let me know all, and help you all that I can, with the right of an affianced husband."

"No, no!" said she, frightened both at what she had revealed, and his eager, warm, imploring manner. "That can never be. You do not know the disgrace that may be hanging over me."

"If that is all," said he, "I take my risk—if that is all—if you only fear that I may shrink from sharing any peril you may be exposed to."

"It is not peril—it is shame and obloquy——" she murmured.

"Well! shame and obloquy. Perhaps, if I knew all, I could shield you from it."

"Don't, pray, speak any more about it now; if you do, I must say 'No.'"

She did not perceive the implied encouragement in these words; but he did, and they sufficed to make him patient. The time was up, and he could only render her his last services as courier, and none other but the necessary words at starting passed between them. But he went away from the station with a cheerful heart; while she, sitting alone and quiet, and at last approaching near to the place where so much was to be decided, felt sadder and sadder, heavier and heavier.

All the intelligence she had gained since she had seen the Galignani in Paris, had been from the waiter at the Great Western Hotel, who, after returning from a vain search for an unoccupied Times, had volunteered the information that there was an unusual demand for the paper because of Hellingford Assizes, and the trial there for murder that was going on.

There was no electric telegraphs in those days; at every station Ellinor put her head out, and inquired if the murder trial at Hellingford was ended. Some porters told her one thing, some another, in their hurry; she felt that she could not rely on them.

"Drive to Mr. Johnson's, in the High-street—quick, quick. I will give you half-a-crown if you will go quick."

For, indeed, her endurance, her patience, was strained almost to snapping; yet at Hellingford station, where doubtless they could have told her the truth, she dared not ask the question. It was past eight o'clock at night. In many houses in the little country town there were

unusual lights and sounds. The inhabitants were showing their hospitality to such of the strangers brought by the assizes, who were lingering there now that the business that had brought them was over. The judges had left the town that afternoon, to wind up the circuit by the short list of a neighbouring county town.

Mr. Johnson was entertaining a dinner-party of attorneys when he was summoned from dessert by the announcement of a "lady who wanted to speak to him immediate and particular."

He went into his study in not the best of tempers. There he found his client, Miss Wilkins, white and ghastly, standing by the fireplace, with her eyes fixed on the door.

"It is you, Miss Wilkins! I am very glad——"

"Dixon!" said she. It was all she could utter.

Mr. Johnson shook his head.

"Ah! that's a sad piece of business, and I'm afraid it has shortened your visit at Rome."

"Is he——?"

"Ay, I am afraid there's no doubt of his guilt. At any rate, the jury found him guilty, and——"

"And!" she repeated, quickly, sitting down, the better to bear the words that she knew were coming——

"Is condemned to death."

"When?"

"The Saturday but one after the judges left the town, I suppose—it's the usual time."

"Who tried him?"

"Judge Corbet; and, for a new judge, I must say I never knew one who got through his business so well. It was really as much as I could stand to hear him condemning the prisoner to death. Dixon was undoubtedly guilty, and he was as stubborn as could be—a sullen old fellow who would let no one help him through. I am sure I did my best for him at Miss Mouro's desire and for your sake. But he would furnish me with no particulars, help us to no evidence. I had the hardest work to keep him from confessing all before witnesses, who would have been bound to repeat it as evidence against him. Indeed, I never thought he would have pleaded 'Not Guilty.' I think it was only with a desire to justify himself in the eyes of some old Hamley acquaintances. Good God, Miss Wilkins! What's the matter? You're not fainting!" He rang the bell till the rope remained in his hands. "Here, Esther! Jerry! Whoever you are, come quick! Miss Wilkins has fainted! Water! Wine! Tell Mrs. Johnson to come here directly!"

Mrs. Johnson, a kind, motherly woman, who had been excluded from the "gentleman's dinner-party," and had devoted her time to superintending the dinner her husband had ordered, came in answer to his call for assistance, and found Ellinor lying back in her chair white and senseless.

"Bessy, Miss Wilkins has fainted; she has had a long journey, and is in a fidget about

Dixon, the old fellow who was sentenced to be hung for that murder, you know. I can't stop here, I must go back to those men. You bring her round, and see her to bed. The blue room is empty since Horner left. She must stop here, and I'll see her in the morning. Take care of her, and keep her mind as easy as you can, will you, for she can do no good by fidgeting."

And, knowing that he left Ellinor in good hands, and with plenty of assistance about her, he returned to his friends.

Ellinor came to herself before long.

"It was very foolish of me, but I could not help it," said she, apologetically.

"No; to be sure not, dear. Here, drink this; it is some of Mr. Johnson's best port wine that he has sent out on purpose for you. Or would you rather have some white soup—or what? We have had everything you could think of at dinner, and you've only to ask and have. And then you must go to bed, my dear—Mr. Johnson says you must; and there's a well-aired room, for Mr. Horner only left us this morning."

"I must see Mr. Johnson again, please."

"But indeed you must not. You must not worry your poor head with business now; and Johnson would only talk to you on business. No; go to-bed, and sleep soundly, and then you'll get up quite bright and strong, and fit to talk about business."

"I cannot sleep—I cannot rest till I have asked Mr. Johnson one or two more questions; indeed I cannot," pleaded Ellinor.

Mrs. Johnson knew that her husband's orders on such occasions were peremptory, and that she should come in for a good conjugal scolding if, after what he had said, she ventured to send for him again. Yet Ellinor looked so entreating and wistful that she could hardly find in her heart to refuse her. A bright thought struck her.

"Here is pen and paper, my dear. Could you not write down the questions you wanted to ask? and he'll just jot down the answers upon the same piece of paper. I'll send it in by Jerry. He has got friends to dinner with him, you see."

Ellinor yielded. She sat, resting her weary head on her hand, and wondering what were the questions which would have come so readily to her tongue could she have been face to face with him. As it was, she only wrote this:

"How early can I see you to-morrow morning? Will you take all the necessary steps for my going to Dixon as soon as possible? Could I be admitted to him to-night?"

The pencilled answers were:

"Eight o'clock. Yes. No."

"I suppose he knows best," said Ellinor, sighing as she read the last word. "But it seems wicked in me to be going to bed—and he so near, in prison."

When she rose up and stood she felt the former dizziness return, and that reconciled her to seeking rest before she entered upon the duties which were becoming clearer before her, now that

she knew all, and was on the scene of action. Mrs. Johnson brought her white-wine why instead of the tea she had asked for; and perhaps it was owing to this that she slept so soundly.

CHAPTER XV.

WHEN Ellinor awoke, the clear light of dawn was fully in the room. She could not remember where she was; for so many mornings she had wakened up in strange places that it took her several minutes before she could make out the geographical whereabouts of the heavy blue moreen curtains, the print of the lord-lieutenant of the county on the wall, and all the handsome ponderous mahogany furniture that stuffed up the room. As soon as full memory came into her mind, she started up; nor did she go to bed again, although she saw by her watch on the dressing-table that it was not yet six o'clock. She dressed herself with the dainty completeness so habitual to her that it had become an unconscious habit, and then—the instinct was irrepressible—she put on her bonnet and shawl, and went down, past the servant on her knees cleaning the door-step, out into the fresh open air; and so she found her way down the High-street to Hellingford Castle, the building in which the courts of assize were held—the prison in which Dixon lay condemned to die. She almost knew she could not see him; yet it seemed like some amends to her conscience for having slept through so many hours of the night if she made the attempt. She went up to the porter's lodge, and asked the little girl sweeping out the place if she might see Abraham Dixon. The child stared at her, and ran into the house, bringing out her father, a great burly man, who had not yet donned either coat or waistcoat, and who, consequently, felt the morning air as rather nipping. To him Ellinor repeated her question.

"Him as is to be hung come Saturday se'night? Why, ma'am, I've nought to do with it. You may go to the governor's house and try; but, if you'll excuse me, you'll have your walk for your pains. Them in the condemned cells is never seen by nobody without the sheriff's order. You may go up to the governor's house, and welcome; but they'll only tell you the same. Yon's the governor's house."

Ellinor fully believed the man, and yet she went on to the house indicated as if she still hoped that in her case there might be some exception to the rule, which she now remembered to have heard of before, in days when such a possible desire as to see a condemned prisoner was treated by her as a wish that some people might have, did have—people as far removed from her circle of circumstances as the inhabitants of the moon. Of course she met with the same reply, a little more abruptly given, as if every man was from his birth bound to know such an obvious regulation.

She went out past the porter, now fully clothed. He was sorry for her disappointment, but could not help saying, with a slight tone

of exultation: "Well, you see I was right, ma'am!"

She walked as nearly round the castle as ever she could, looking up at the few high-barred windows she could see, and wondering in what part of the building Dixon was confined. Then she went into the adjoining churchyard, and sitting down upon a tombstone, she gazed idly at the view spread below her—a view which was considered as the lion of the place, to be shown to all strangers by the inhabitants of Hellingford. Ellinor did not see it, however. She only saw the blackness of that fatal night. The hurried work—the lanterns glancing to and fro. She only heard the hard breathing of those who are engaged upon unwonted labour; the few hoarse muttered words; the swaying of the branches to and fro. All at once the church clock above her struck eight, and then pealed out for distant labourers to cease their work for a time; such was the old custom of the place. Ellinor rose up, and made her way back to Mr. Johnson's house in High-street. The room felt close and confined in which she awaited her interview with Mr. Johnson, who had sent down an apology for having overslept himself, and at last made his appearance in a hurried, half-awakened state, in consequence of his late hospitality of the night before.

"I am so sorry I gave you all so much trouble last night," said Ellinor, apologetically. "I was over-tired, and much shocked by the news I heard."

"No trouble, no trouble, I am sure. Neither Mrs. Johnson nor I felt it in the least a trouble. Many ladies, I know, feel such things very trying, though there are others that can stand a judge's putting on the black cap better than most men. I'm sure I saw some as composed as could be under Judge Corbet's speech."

"But, about Dixon? He must not die, Mr. Johnson."

"Well, I don't know that he will," said Mr. Johnson, in something of the tone of voice he would have used in soothing a child. "Judge Corbet said something about the possibility of a pardon. The jury did not recommend him to mercy; you see, his looks went so much against him, and all the evidence was so strong, and no defence, so to speak, for he would not furnish any information on which we could base defence. But the judge did give some hope, to my mind, though there are others that think differently."

"I tell you, Mr. Johnson, he must not die, and he shall not. To whom must I go?"

"Whew! Have you got additional evidence?" with a sudden sharp glance of professional inquiry.

"Never mind," Ellinor answered. "I beg your pardon . . . only tell me into whose hands the power of life and death have passed."

"Into the Home Secretary's—Sir Philip Homes; but you cannot get access to him on such an errand. It is the judge who tried

the case that must urge a reprieve—Judge Corbet."

"Judge Corbet?"

"Yes; and he was rather inclined to take a merciful view of the whole case. I saw it in his charge. He'll be the person for you to see. I suppose you don't like to give me your confidence, or else I could arrange and draw up what will have to be said?"

"No. What I have to say must be spoken to the arbiter—to no one else. I am afraid I answered you impatiently just now. You must forgive me; if you knew all, I am sure you would."

"Say no more, my dear lady. We will suppose you have some evidence not adduced at the trial. Well; you must go up and see the judge, since you don't choose to impart it to any one, and lay it before him. He will, doubtless, compare it with his notes of the trial, and see how far it agrees with them. Of course you must be prepared with some kind of proof; for Judge Corbet will have to test your evidence."

"It seems strange to think of him as the judge," said Ellinor, almost to herself.

"Why, yes. He's but a young judge. You knew him at Hamley, I suppose? I remember his reading there with Mr. Ness."

"Yes. But do not let us talk more about that time. Tell me, when can I see Dixon? I have been to the castle already, but they said I must have a sheriff's order."

"To be sure. I desired Mrs. Johnson to tell you so last night. Old Ormerod was dining here; he is clerk to the magistrates, and I told him of your wish. He said he would see Sir Henry Croper, and have the order here before ten. But all this time Mrs. Johnson is waiting breakfast for us. Let me take you into the dining-room."

It was very hard work for Ellinor to do her duty as a guest, and to allow herself to be interested and talked to on local affairs by her host and hostess. But she felt as if she had spoken shortly and abruptly to Mr. Johnson in their previous conversation, and that she must try and make amends for it; so she attended to all the details about the restoration of the church, and the difficulty of getting a good music-master for the three little Miss Johnsons, with all her usual gentle good breeding and patience, though no one can tell how her heart and imagination were full of the coming interview with poor old Dixon.

By-and-by Mr. Johnson was called out of the room to see Mr. Ormerod, and receive the order of admission from him. Ellinor clasped her hands tight together as she listened with apparent composure to Mrs. Johnson's never-ending praise of the Tonic Sol-fa system. But, when Mr. Johnson returned, she could not help interrupting her eulogy, and saying,

"Then, I may go now?"

"Yes; the order was there—she might go, and Mr. Johnson would accompany her, to see that she met with no difficulty or obstacle.

As they walked thither, he told her that some

one—a turnkey, or some one—would have to be present at the interview; that such was always the rule in the case of condemned prisoners; but that if this third person was “obliging,” he would keep out of earshot. Mr. Johnson quietly took care to see that the turnkey who accompanied Ellinor was “obliging.”

The man took her across high-walled courts, along stone corridors, and through many locked doors, before they came to the condemned cells.

“I’ve had three at a time in here,” said he, unlocking the final door, “after Judge Morton had been here. We always called him the ‘Hanging Judge.’ But it’s five years since he died, and now there’s never more than one in at a time; though once it was a woman for poisoning her husband. Mary Jones was her name.”

The stone passage out of which the cells opened was light, and bare, and scrupulously clean. Over each door was a small barred window, and an outer window of the same description was placed high up in the cell, which the turnkey now opened.

Old Abraham Dixon was sitting on the side of his bed, doing nothing. His head was bent, his frame sunk, and he did not seem to care to turn round and see who it was that entered.

Ellinor tried to keep down her sobs while the man went up to him, and laying his hand on his shoulder, and lightly shaking him, he said:

“Here’s a friend come to see you, Dixon.” Then, turning to Ellinor, he added, “There’s some as takes it in this kind o’ stunned way, while others are as restless as a wild beast in a cage, after they’re sentenced.” And then he withdrew into the passage, leaving the door open, so that he could see all that passed if he chose to look, but ostentatiously keeping his eyes averted, and whistling to himself, so that he could not hear what they said to each other.

Dixon looked up at Ellinor, but then let his eyes fall on the ground again; the increased trembling of his shrunk frame was the only sign he gave that he had recognised her.

She sat down by him, and took his large horny hand in hers. She wanted to overcome her inclination to sob hysterically before she spoke. She stroked the bony shrivelled fingers, on which her hot scalding tears kept dropping.

“Dunnot do that,” said he, at length, in a hollow voice. “Dunnot take on about it; it’s best as it is, missy.”

“No, Dixon, it is not best. It shall not be. You know it shall not—cannot be.”

“I’m rather tired of living. It’s been a great strain and labour for me. I think I’d as lief be with God as with men. And you see, I were fond on him ever sin’ he were a little lad, and told me what hard times he had at school, he did, just as if I were his brother! I loved him next to Molly Greaves. Dear! and I shall see her again, I reckon, come next Saturday week!

They’ll think well on me, up there, I’ll be bound; though I cannot say as I’ve done all as I should do here below.”

“But, Dixon,” said Ellinor, “you know who did this—this——”

“Guilty o’ murder,” said he. “That’s what they called it. Murder. And that it never were, choose who did it.”

“My poor, poor father did it. I am going up to London this afternoon—I am going to see the judge, and tell him all.”

“Don’t you demean yourself to that fellow, missy. It’s him as left you in the lurch as soon as sorrow and shame came nigh you.”

He looked up at her now, for the first time; but she went on as if she had not noticed those wistful weary eyes.

“Yes! I shall go to him. I know who it is; and I am resolved. After all, he may be better than a stranger, for real help; and I shall never remember any—anything else, when I think of you, good faithful friend.”

“He looks but a wizened old fellow in his grey wig. I should hardly ha’ known him. I gave him a look, as much as to say, ‘I could tell tales o’ you, my lord judge, if I chose.’ I don’t know if he heeded me, though. I suppose it were for a sign of old acquaintance that he said he’d recommend me to mercy. But I’d sooner have death nor mercy, by long odds. You man out there says mercy means Botany Bay. It would be like killing me by inches, that would. It would. I’d liefer go straight to Heaven than live on, among the black folk.”

He began to shake again; this idea of transportation, from its very mysteriousness, was more terrifying to him than death. He kept on saying plaintively, “Missy, you’ll never let them send me to Botany Bay—I could not stand that.”

“No, no!” said she. “You shall come out of this prison, and go home with me to East Chester—I promise you, you shall. I promise you. I don’t yet quite know how, but trust in my promise. Don’t fret about Botany Bay. If you go there, I go too—I am so sure you will not go. And you know if you have done anything against the law in concealing that fatal night’s work, I did too, and if you are to be punished, I will be punished too. But I feel sure it will be right—I mean, as right as anything can be, with the recollection of that time present to us, as it must always be.” She almost spoke these last words to herself. They sat on, hand in hand, for a few minutes more in silence.

“I thought you’d come to me. I knowed you were far away in foreign parts. But I used to pray to God. ‘Dear Lord God!’ I used to say, ‘let me see her again.’ I told the chaplain as I’d begin to pray for repentance—at after I’d done praying that I might see you once again: for it just seemed to take all my strength to say those words as I have named. And I thought as how God knew what was in my heart better than I could tell Him. How I was main and sorry for all as I’d ever done wrong; I allays were, at alter it was done; but I thought as no

one could know how bitter-keen I wanted to see you."

Again they sank into silence. Ellinor felt as if she would fain be away and active in procuring his release; but she also perceived how precious her presence was to him; and she did not like to leave him a moment before the time allowed for. His voice had changed to a weak piping old man's quaver, and between the times of his talking he seemed to relapse into a dreamy state; but through it all he held her hand tight, as though afraid that she would leave him.

So the hour elapsed, with no more spoken words than those above. From time to time Ellinor's tears dropped down upon her lap; she could not restrain them, though she scarce knew why she cried just then.

At length the turnkey said that the time allowed for the interview was ended. Ellinor spoke no word; but rose, and bent down and kissed the old man's forehead, saying,

"I shall come back to-morrow. God keep and comfort you."

So, almost without an articulate word from him in reply (he rose up, and stood on his shaking legs, as she bade him farewell—putting his hand to his head with the old habitual mark of respect), she went her way, swiftly out of the prison, swiftly back with Mr. Johnson to his house, scarcely patient or strong enough in her hurry to explain to him fully all that she meant to do. She only asked him a few absolutely requisite questions; and informed him of her intention to go straight to London to see Judge Corbet.

Just before the railway carriage in which she was seated started on the journey, she bent forward and put out her hand once more to Mr. Johnson. "To-morrow I will thank you for all," she said. "I cannot now."

It was about the same time that she had reached Hellingford on the previous night, that she arrived at the Great Western station on this evening—past eight o'clock. On the way she had remembered and arranged many things: one important question she had omitted to ask Mr. Johnson; but that was easily remedied. She had not inquired where she could find Judge Corbet; if she had, Mr. Johnson could probably have given her his professional address. As it was, she asked for a Post-office Directory at the hotel, and looked out for his private dwelling—128, Hyde Park-gardens.

She rang for a waiter.

"Can I send a messenger to Hyde Park-gardens," she said, hurrying on to her business, tired and worn-out as she was. "It is only to ask if Judge Corbet is at home this evening. If he is, I must go and see him."

The waiter was a little surprised, and would gladly have had her name to authorise the inquiry; but she could not bear to send it; it would be bad enough that first meeting, without the feeling that he, too, had had time to recall all the past days. Better to go in upon him unprepared, and plunge into the subject.

The waiter returned with the answer while she

yet was pacing up and down the room restlessly, nerving herself for the interview.

"The messenger has been to Hyde Park-gardens, ma'am. The Judge and Lady Corbet are gone out to dinner."

Lady Corbet! Of course Ellinor knew that he was married. Had she not been present at the wedding in East Chester Cathedral; but somehow these recent events had so carried her back to old times, that the intimate association of the names, "the Judge and Lady Corbet," seemed to awaken her out of some dream.

"Oh, very well," she said, just as if these thoughts were not passing rapidly through her mind. "Let me be called at seven to-morrow morning, and let me have a cab at the door to Hyde Park-gardens at eight."

And so she went to bed; but scarcely to sleep. All night long she had the scenes of those old times, the happy, happy days of her youth, the one terrible night that cut all happiness short, present before her. She could almost have fancied that she heard the long-silent sounds of her father's step, her father's way of breathing, the rustle of his newspaper as he hastily turned it over, coming through the lapse of years; the silence of the night. She knew that she had the little writing-case of her girlhood with her, in her box. The treasures of the dead that it contained, the morsel of dainty sewing, the little sister's golden curl, the half-finished letter to Mr. Corbet, were all there. She took them out, and looked at each separately; looked at them long—long and wistfully. "Will it be of any use to me?" she questioned of herself, as she was about to put her father's letter back into its receptacle. She read the last words over again, once more: "From my death-bed I adjure you to stand her friend; I will beg pardon on my knees for anything."

"I will take it," thought she. "I need not bring it out; most likely there will be no need for it, after what I shall have to say. All is so altered, so changed between us, as utterly as if it never had been, that I think I shall have no shame in showing it him for my own part of it. While, if he sees poor papa's, dear, dear papa's suffering humility, it may make him think more gently of one who loved him once, though they parted in wrath with each other, I'm afraid."

So she took the letter with her when she drove to Hyde Park-gardens.

Every nerve in her body was in such a high state of tension that she could have screamed out at the cabmen's boisterous knock at the door. She got out hastily, before any one was ready or willing to answer such an untimely summons; paid the man double what he ought to have had; and stood there, sick, trembling, and humble.

CHAPTER XVI. AND LAST.

"Is Judge Corbet at home? Can I see him?" she asked of the footman, who at length answered the door.

He looked at her, curiously, and a little familiarly, before he replied.

"Why, yes! He's pretty sure to be at home at this time of day; but whether he'll see you is quite another thing."

"Would you be so good as to ask him? It is on very particular business."

"Can you give me a card? your name, perhaps, will do, if you have not a card. I say, Simmons" (to a lady's-maid crossing the hall), "is the judge up yet?"

"Oh yes! he's in his dressing-room this half-hour. My lady is coming down directly. It is just breakfast-time."

"Can't you put it off, and come again, a little later?" said he, turning once more to Ellinor—white Ellinor! trembling Ellinor!

"No! please let me come in. I will wait. I am sure Judge Corbet will see me, if you will tell him I am here. Miss Wilkins. He will know the name."

"Well, then; will you wait here till I have got breakfast in," said the man, letting her into the hall, and pointing to the bench there. He took her, from her dress, to be a lady's-maid or governess, or at most a tradesman's daughter; and besides, he was behindhand with all his preparations. She came in and sat down.

"You will tell him I am here," she said, faintly.

"Oh yes, never fear; I'll send up word, though I don't believe he'll come to you before breakfast."

He told a page, who ran up-stairs, and, knocking at the judge's door, told him a Miss Jenkins wanted to speak to him.

"Who?" asked the judge from the inside.

"Miss Jenkins. She said you would know the name, sir."

"Not I. Tell her to wait."

So Ellinor waited. Presently down the stairs, with slow deliberate dignity, came the handsome Lady Corbet, in her rustling silks and ample petticoats, carrying her fine boy, and followed by her majestic nurse. She was ill-pleased that any one should come and take up her husband's time when he was at home, and supposed to be enjoying domestic leisure; and her imperious inconsiderate nature did not prompt her to any civility towards the gentle creature sitting down weary and heart-sick in her house. On the contrary, she looked her over as she slowly descended, till Ellinor shrank abashed from the steady gaze of the large black eyes. Then she, her baby and nurse, disappeared into the large dining-room, into which all the preparations for breakfast had been carried.

The next person to come down would be the judge. Ellinor instinctively put down her veil. She heard his quick decided step; she had known it well of old.

He gave one of his quick shrewd glances at the person sitting in the hall and waiting to speak to him, and his practised eye recognised the lady at once, in spite of her travel-worn dress.

"Will you just come into this room," said he, opening the door of his study, to the front of the house, the dining-room was to the back; they communicated by folding-doors.

The astute lawyer placed himself with his back to the window; it was the natural position of the master of the apartment; but it also gave him the advantage of seeing his companion's face in full light. Ellinor lifted her veil; it had only been a dislike to a recognition in the hall, which had made her put it down.

Judge Corbet's countenance changed more than hers; she had been prepared for the interview; he was not. But he usually had the full command of the expression on his face.

"Ellinor! Miss Wilkins! is it you?" And he went forwards holding out his hand with cordial greeting, under which the embarrassment, if he felt any, was carefully concealed. She could not speak all at once in the way she wished.

"That stupid Henry told me Jenkins! I beg your pardon. How could they put you down to sit in the hall? You must come in and have some breakfast with us; Lady Corbet will be delighted, I'm sure." His sense of the awkwardness of the meeting with the woman who was once to have been his wife, and of the probable introduction which was to follow to the woman who was his actual wife, grew upon him, and made him speak a little hurriedly. Ellinor's next words were a wonderful relief; and her soft gentle way of speaking was like the touch of a cooling balsam.

"Thank you, you must excuse me. I am come strictly on business, otherwise I should never have thought of calling on you at such an hour. It is about poor Dixon."

"Ah! I thought as much!" said the judge, handing her a chair, and sitting down himself. He tried to compose his mind to business, but, in spite of his strength of character, and his present efforts, the remembrance of old times would come back at the sound of her voice. He wondered if he was as much changed in appearance as she struck him as being in that first look of recognition; after that first glance he rather avoided meeting her eyes.

"I knew how much you would feel it. Some one at Hellingford told me you were abroad, in Rome, I think. But you must not distress yourself unnecessarily; the sentence is sure to be commuted to transportation, or something equivalent. I was talking to the Home Secretary about it only last night. Lapse of time and subsequent good character quite preclude any idea of capital punishment." All the time that he said this he had other thoughts at the back of his mind—some curiosity, a little regret, a touch of remorse, a wonder how the meeting (which of course would have to be some time) between Lady Corbet and Ellinor would go off; but he spoke clearly enough on the subject in hand, and no outward mark of distraction from it appeared.

Ellinor answered:

"I came to tell you, what I suppose may be told to any judge, in confidence and full reliance on his secrecy, that Abraham Dixon was not the murderer." She stopped short, and choked a little.

The judge looked sharply at her.

"Then you know who was?" said he.

"Yes," she replied, with a low steady voice, looking him full in the face, with sad solemn eyes.

The truth flashed into his mind. He shaded his face, and did not speak for a minute or two. Then he said, not looking up, a little hoarsely, "This, then, was the shame you told me of long ago."

"Yes," said she.

Both sat quite still; quite silent for some time. Through the silence a sharp clear voice was heard speaking through the folding-doors.

"Take the kedgeeree down, and tell the cook to keep it hot for the judge. It is so tiresome people coming on business here, as if the judge had not his proper hours for being at chambers."

He got up hastily, and went into the dining-room; but he had audibly some difficulty in curbing his wife's irritation.

When he came back, Ellinor said:

"I am afraid I ought not to have come here, now."

"Oh! it's all nonsense!" said he, in a tone of annoyance. "You've done quite right." He scated himself where he had been before; and again half-covered his face with his hand.

"And Dixon knew of this. I believe I must put the fact plainly to you—your father was the guilty person? He murdered Dunster?"

"Yes. If you call it murder. It was done by a blow, in the heat of passion. No one can ever tell how Dunster always irritated papa," said Ellinor, in a stupid heavy way; and then she sighed.

"How do you know this?" There was a kind of tender reluctance in the judge's voice, as he put all these questions. Ellinor had made up her mind beforehand that something like them must be asked, and must also be answered; but she spoke like a sleep-walker.

"I came into papa's room just after he had struck Mr. Dunster the blow. He was lying insensible, as we thought—dead, as he really was."

"What was Dixon's part in it? He must have known a good deal about it. And the horse-lanceet that was found with his name upon it?"

"Papa went to wake Dixon, and he brought his fleam—I suppose to try and bleed him. I have said enough, have I not? I seem so confused. But I will answer any question to make it appear that Dixon is innocent."

The judge had been noting all down. He sat still now without replying to her. Then he wrote rapidly, referring to his previous paper, from time to time. In five minutes or so he read the facts which Ellinor had stated, as he now arranged them, in a legal and connected form. He just asked her one or two trivial questions as he did so. Then he read it over to her, and asked her to sign it. She took up the pen, and held it, hesitating.

"This will never be made public?" said she.

"No! I shall take care that no one but the Home Secretary sees it."

"Thank you. I could not help it, now it has come to this."

"There are not many men like Dixon," said the judge, almost to himself, as he sealed the paper in an envelope.

"No!" said Ellinor. "I never knew any one so faithful."

And just at the same moment the reflection on a less faithful person that these words might seem to imply struck both of them, and each instinctively glanced at the other.

"Ellinor!" said the judge, after a moment's pause. "We are friends, I hope?"

"Yes; friends," said she, quietly and sadly.

He felt a little chagrined at her answer. Why, he could hardly tell. To cover any sign of his feeling he went on talking.

"Where are you living now?"

"At East Chester."

"But you come sometimes to town, don't you?"

Let us know always—whenever you come; and Lady Corbet shall call on you. Indeed, I wish you'd let me bring her to see you to-day."

"Thank you. I am going straight back to Hellingford; at least, as soon as you can get me the pardon for Dixon."

He half smiled at her ignorance.

"The pardon must be sent to the sheriff, who holds the warrant for his execution. But, of course, you may have every assurance that it shall be sent as soon as possible. It is just the same as if he had it now."

"Thank you very much," said Ellinor, rising.

"Pray don't go without breakfast. If you would rather not see Lady Corbet just now, it shall be sent in to you in this room, unless you have already breakfasted."

"No, thank you; I would rather not. You are very kind, and I am very glad to have seen you once again. There is just one thing more," said she, colouring a little and hesitating. "This note to you was found under papa's pillow after his death; some of it refers to past things; but I should be glad if you could think as kindly as you can of poor papa—and so—if you will read it—"

He took it and read it, not without emotion.

Then he laid it down on his table, and said, "Poor man! he must have suffered a great deal for that night's work. And you, Ellinor, you have suffered too."

Yes, she had suffered; and he who spoke had been one of the instruments of her suffering, although he seemed forgetful of it. She shook her head a little for reply. Then she looked up at him—they were both standing at the time—and said:

"I think I shall be happier now. I always knew it must be found out. Once more, good-by, and thank you. I may take this letter, I suppose?" said she, casting envious loving eyes at her father's note, lying unregarded on the table.

"Oh! certainly, certainly," said he; and then he took her hand; he held it, while he looked into her face. He had thought it changed when he had first seen her, but it was now almost the same to him as of yore. The sweet shy eyes, the indicated dimple in the cheek, and something of fever had brought a faint pink flush into her usually colourless cheeks. Married judge though he was, he was not sure if she had not more charms for him still in her sorrow and her shabbiness than the handsome stately wife

in the next room, whose looks had not been of the pleasantest when he had left her a few minutes before. He sighed a little regretfully as Ellinor went away. He had obtained the position he had struggled for, and sacrificed for; but now he could not help wishing that the slaughtered creature laid on the shrine of his ambition were alive again.

The kedge-gee was brought up again, smoking hot, but it remained untasted by him; and though he appeared to be reading the Times, he did not see a word of the distinct type. His wife, meanwhile, continued her complaints of the untimely visitor, whose name he did not give to her in its corrected form, as he was not anxious that she should have it in her power to identify the call of this morning with a possible future acquaintance.

When Ellinor reached Mr. Johnson's house in Hellingford that afternoon, she found Miss Monro was there, and that she had been with much difficulty restrained by Mr. Johnson from following Ellinor to London.

Miss Monro fondled and purred inarticulately through her tears over her recovered darling, before she could speak intelligibly enough to tell her that Canon Livingstone had come straight to see her immediately on his return to East Chester, and had suggested her journey to Hellingford, in order that she might be of all the comfort she could to Ellinor. She did not at first let out that he had accompanied her to Hellingford; she was a little afraid of Ellinor's displeasure at his being there; Ellinor had always objected so much to any advance to intimacy with him that Miss Monro had wished to make. But Ellinor was different now.

"How white you are, Nelly," said Miss Monro. "You have been travelling too much and too fast, my child."

"My head aches!" said Ellinor, wearily. "But I must go to the castle, and tell my poor Dixon that he is reprieved,—I am so tired! Will you ask Mr. Johnson to get me leave to see him? He will know all about it."

She threw herself down on the bed in the spare room; the bed with the heavy blue curtains. After an unheeded remonstrance, Miss Monro went to do her bidding. But it was now late afternoon, and Mr. Johnson said that it would be impossible for him to get permission from the sheriff that night.

"Besides," said he, courteously, "one scarcely knows whether Miss Wilkins may not give the old man false hopes, whether she has not been excited to have false hopes herself; it might be a cruel kindness to let her see him, without more legal certainty as to what his sentence, or reprieve, is to be. By to-morrow morning, if I have properly understood her story, which was a little confused—"

"She is so dreadfully tired, poor creature," put in Miss Monro, who never could bear the shadow of a suspicion that Ellinor was not wisest, best, in all relations and situations of life.

Mr. Johnson went on, with a deprecatory bow: "Well then—it really is the only course

open to her besides,—persuade her to rest for this evening. By to-morrow morning I will have obtained the sheriff's leave, and he will most likely have heard from London."

"Thank you! I believe that will be best."

"It is the only course," said he.

When Miss Monro returned to the bedroom, Ellinor was in a heavy feverish slumber; so feverish and so uneasy did she appear, that, after the hesitation of a moment or two, Miss Monro had no scruple in waking her.

But she did not appear to understand the answer to her request; she did not seem even to remember that she had made any request.

The journey to England, the misery, the surprises, had been too much for her. The morrow morning came, bringing the formal free pardon for Abraham Dixon. The sheriff's order for her admission to see the old man lay awaiting her wish to use it; but she knew nothing of all this.

For days, nay weeks, she hovered between life and death, tended, as of old, by Miss Monro, while good Mrs. Johnson was ever willing to assist.

One summer evening in early June she wakened into memory.

Miss Monro heard the faint piping voice, as she kept her watch by the bedside.

"Where is Dixon?" asked she.

"At the canon's house at Bromham." This was the name of Dr. Livingstone's country parish.

"Why?"

"We thought it better to get him into country air, and fresh scenes, at once."

"How is he?"

"Much better. Get strong, and he shall come to see you."

"You are sure all is right?" said Ellinor.

"Sure, my dear. All is quite right."

Then Ellinor went to sleep again out of very weakness and weariness.

From that time she recovered pretty steadily. Her great desire was to return to East Chester as soon as possible. The associations of grief, anxiety, and coming illness, connected with Hellingford, made her wish to be once again in the solemn quiet sunny Close of East Chester.

Canon Livingstone came over to assist Miss Monro in managing the journey with her invalid. But he did not intrude himself upon Ellinor, any more than he had done in coming from home.

The morning after her return, Miss Monro said:

"Do you feel strong enough to see Dixon?"

"Yes. Is he here?"

"He is at the canon's house. He sent for him from Bromham, in order that he might be ready for you to see him when you wished."

"Please let him come directly," said Ellinor, flushing and trembling.

She went to the door to meet the tottering old man; she led him to the easy-chair that had been placed and arranged for herself; she knelt down before him, and put his hands on her head, he trembling and shaking all the while.

"Forgive me all the shame and misery, Dixon. Say you forgive me; and give me your

blessing. And then let never a word of the terrible past be spoken between us."

"It's not for me to forgive you as never did harm to no one——"

"But say you do—it will ease my heart."

"I forgive thee!" said he. And then he raised himself to his feet with effort, and standing up above her, he blessed her solemnly.

After that he sat down, she by him, gazing at him.

"You's a good man, missy," said he, at length, lifting his slow eyes and looking at her.

"Better nor t'other ever was."

"He is a good man," said Ellinor.

But no more was spoken on the subject. The next day, Canon Livingstone made his formal call. Ellinor would fain have kept Miss Monro in the room, but that worthy lady knew better than to stop.

They went on, forcing talk on indifferent subjects. At last he could speak no longer on everything but that which he had most at heart. "Miss Wilkins!" (he had got up, and was standing by the mantelpiece, apparently examining the ornaments upon it)—"Miss Wilkins! is there any chance of your giving me a favourable answer, now—you know what I mean—what we spoke about at the Great Western Hotel, that day?"

Ellinor hung her head.

"You know that I was once engaged before?"

"Yes! I know; to Mr. Corbet—he that is now the judge—you cannot suppose that would make any difference—if that is all. I have loved you, and you only, ever since we met eighteen years ago—Miss Wilkins—Ellinor—put me out of suspense."

"I will!" said she, putting out her thin white hand for him to take and kiss, almost with tears of gratitude, but she seemed frightened at his impetuosity, and tried to check him. "Wait—you have not heard all—my poor, poor father, in a fit of anger, irritated beyond his bearing, struck the blow that killed Mr. Dunster—Dixon and I knew of it, just after the blow was struck—we helped to hide it—we kept the secret—my poor father died of sorrow and remorse—you now know all—can you still love me? It seems to me as if I had been an accomplice in such a terrible thing!"

"Poor, poor Ellinor!" said he, now taking her in his arms as to a shelter. "How I wish I had known of all this years and years ago: I could have stood between you and so much!"

Those who pass through the village of Bromham, and pause to look over the laurel-hedge that separates the rectory garden from the road, may often see, on summer days, an old, old man, sitting in a wicker-chair, out upon the lawn. He leans upon his stick, and seldom raises his bent head; but for all that his eyes are on a level with the two little fairy children who come to him in all their small joys and sorrows, and who learn to lisp his name, almost as soon as they do that of their father and mother.

Nor is Miss Monro often absent; and although she prefers to retain the old house in the Close

for winter quarters, she generally makes her way across to Canon Livingstone's residence every evening.

SO ENDS "A DARK NIGHT'S WORK."

OLD ALEXANDRIA.

A TRACT of Egyptian desert sand
Sweeping in undulating swells,
A low sea-beach without pebbles or shells,
Patches of meagre sun-burnt grasses
Through which the sea-wind whirrs as it passes
Across the desolate strand.
Fragments of marble, grey and white,
Basalt like iron and black as night,
Rich red porphyry, and verd antique
And here and there the skull of a Greek
That crumbles to dust in your hand.

For when a fellah has need of stones
To make his miserable den,
He goes and robs the buried men;
And in the great Necropolis
You often come on a deep abyss
In whose sides are many a broken tomb,
And if you peer into their inner gloom
You may see these dead men's bones.

Beneath a sandy shell-less shore
Lies scattered with fragments of masonry,
And marble pavements the Romans of yore
Spread out to make a dainty floor
For their baths in the tideless sea.

Like a dolphin in the throes of death
Those Mediterranean waters lie,
Dyed with violet, green and blue,
Gold and amber and every hue,
By the angry evening sky.
Down from the lowering purple cloud,
Suddenly drops the scarlet sun,
And a scarlet flash from the evening gun,
And a burst of sluggish smoke, snow-white,
And a thunder sullen and loud
Come over the sea, and the day dies down
To his grave in the wave with an angry frown,
And I wander home thro' the night.

RATHER A STRONG DOSE.

"DOCTOR JOHN CAMPBELL, the minister of the Tabernacle Chapel, Finsbury, and editor of the British Banner, &c., with that massive vigour which distinguishes his style," did, we are informed by Mr. HOWITT, "deliver a verdict in the Banner, for November, 1852," of great importance and favour to the Table-rapping cause. We are not informed whether the Public, sitting in judgment on the question, reserved any point in this great verdict for subsequent consideration; but the verdict would seem to have been regarded by a perverse generation as not quite final, inasmuch as Mr. Howitt finds it necessary to re-open the case, a round ten years afterwards, in nine hundred and sixty-two stiff octavo pages, published by Messrs. Longman and Company.

Mr. Howitt is in such a bristling temper on the Supernatural subject, that we will not take the great liberty of arguing any point with him. But—with the view of assisting him to make

converts—we will inform our readers, on his conclusive authority, what they are required to believe; penning what may rather astonish them in connexion with their views of a certain historical trifle, called The Reformation, that their present state of unbelief is all the fault of Protestantism, and that “it is high time, therefore, to protest against Protestantism.”

They will please to believe, by way of an easy beginning, all the stories of good and evil demons, ghosts, prophecies, communication with spirits, and practice of magic, that ever obtained, or are said to have ever obtained, in the North, in the South, in the East, in the West, from the earliest and darkest ages, as to which we have any hazy intelligence, real or supposititious, down to the yet unfinished displacement of the red men in North America. They will please to believe that nothing in this wise was changed by the fulfilment of Our Saviour's mission upon earth; and further, that what Saint Paul did, can be done again, and has been done again. As this is not much to begin with, they will throw in at this point rejection of FARADAY and BREWSTER, and “poor PALEY;” and implicit acceptance of those shining lights, the Reverend CHARLES BEECHER, and the Reverend HENRY WARD BEECHER (“one of the most vigorous and eloquent preachers of America”), and the Reverend ADIN BALLOU.

Having thus cleared the way for a healthy exercise of faith, our advancing readers will next proceed especially to believe in the old story of the Drummer of Tedworth, in the inspiration of George Fox, in “the spiritualism, prophecies, and prevision” of Huntington the coal-porter (him who prayed for the leather breeches which miraculously fitted him), and even in the Cock-lane Ghost. They will please wind up, before fetching their breath, with believing that there is a close analogy between rejection of any such plain and proved facts as those contained in the whole foregoing catalogue, and the opposition encountered by the inventors of railways, lighting by gas, microscopes and telescopes, and vaccination. This stinging consideration they will always carry rankling in their remorseful hearts as they advance.

As touching the Cock-lane ghost, our conscience-stricken readers will please particularly to reproach themselves for having ever supposed that important spiritual manifestation to have been a gross imposture which was thoroughly detected. They will please to believe that Dr. JOHNSON believed in it, and that, in Mr. Howitt's words, he “appears to have had excellent reasons for his belief.” With a view to this end, the faithful will be so good as to obliterate from their BOSWELLS the following passage: “Many of my readers, I am convinced, are to this hour under an impression that Johnson was thus foolishly deceived. It will therefore surprise them a good deal when they are informed upon undoubted authority that Johnson was one of those by whom the imposture was detected. The story had become so popular, that he thought it should be investigated, and

in this research he was assisted by the Rev. Dr. Douglas, now Bishop of Salisbury, the great detector of impostures”—and therefore tremendously obnoxious to Mr. Howitt—“who informs me that after the gentlemen who went and examined into the evidence were satisfied of its falsity, Johnson wrote in their presence an account of it, which was published in the newspapers and Gentleman's Magazine, and undecieved the world.” But as there will still remain another highly inconvenient passage in the Boswells of the true believers, they must likewise be at the trouble of cancelling the following also, referring to a later time: “He (Johnson) expressed great indignation at the imposture of the Cock-lane Ghost, and related with much satisfaction how he had assisted in detecting the cheat, and had published an account of it in the newspapers.”

They will next believe (if they be, in the words of Captain Bobadil, “so generously minded”) in the transatlantic trance-speakers “who professed to speak from direct inspiration,” Mrs. CORA HATCH, Mrs. HENDERSON, and Miss EMMA HARDINGE; and they will believe in those eminent ladies having “spoken on Sundays to five hundred thousand hearers”—small audiences, by the way, compared with the intelligent concourse recently assembled in the city of New York, to do honour to the Nuptials of General the Honourable T. BARNUM THUMB. At about this stage of their spiritual education, they may take the opportunity of believing in “letters from a distinguished gentleman of New York, in which the frequent appearance of the gentleman's deceased wife and of Dr. Franklin, to him and other well-known friends, are unquestionably unequalled in the annals of the marvellous.” Why these modest appearances should seem at all out of the common way to Mr. Howitt (who would be in a state of flaming indignation if we thought them so), we could not imagine, until we found on reading further, “it is solemnly stated that the witnesses have not only seen but touched these spirits, and handled the clothes and hair of Franklin.” Without presuming to go Mr. Howitt's length of considering this by any means a marvellous experience, we yet venture to confess that it has awakened in our mind many interesting speculations touching the present whereabouts in space, of the spirits of Mr. Howitt's own departed boots and hats.

The next articles of belief are Belief in the moderate figures of “thirty thousand media in the United States in 1853;” and in two million five hundred thousand spiritualists in the same country of composed minds, in 1855, “professing to have arrived at their convictions of spiritual communication from personal experience;” and in “an average rate of increase of three hundred thousand per annum,” still in the same country of calm philosophers. Belief in spiritual knockings, in all manner of American places, and, among others, in the house of “a Doctor Phelps at Stratford, Connecticut, a man of the highest character for intelligence,” says Mr. Howitt,

and to whom we willingly concede the possession of far higher intelligence than was displayed by his spiritual knocker, in "frequently cutting to pieces the clothes of one of his boys," and in breaking "seventy-one panes of glass"—unless, indeed, the knocker, when in the body, was connected with the tailoring and glazing interests. Belief in immaterial performers playing (in the dark though: they are obstinate about its being in the dark) on material instruments of wood, catgut, brass, tin, and parchment. Your belief is further requested in "the Kentucky Jerks." The spiritual achievements thus euphoniously denominated "appear," says Mr. Howitt, "to have been of a very disorderly kind." It appears that a certain Mr. Doke, a Presbyterian clergyman, "was first seized by the jerks," and the jerks laid hold of Mr. Doke in that unclerical way and with that scant respect for his cloth, that they "twitched him about in a most extraordinary manner, often when in the pulpit, and caused him to shout aloud, and run out of the pulpit into the woods, screaming like a madman. When the fit was over, he returned calmly to his pulpit and finished the service." The congregation having waited, we presume, and edified themselves with the distant bellowings of Doke in the woods, until he came back again, a little warm and hoarse, but otherwise in fine condition, "People were often seized at hotels, and at table would, on lifting a glass to drink, jerk the liquor to the ceiling; ladies would at the breakfast-table suddenly be compelled to throw aloft their coffee, and frequently break the cup and saucer." A certain venturesome clergyman vowed that he would preach down the Jerks, "but he was seized in the midst of his attempt, and made so ridiculous that he withdrew himself from further notice"—an example much to be commended. That same favoured land of America has been particularly favoured in the development of "innumerable mediums," and Mr. Howitt orders you to believe in DANIEL DUNGLAS HOME, ANDREW DAVIS JACKSON, and THOMAS L. HARRIS, as "the three most remarkable, or most familiar, on this side of the Atlantic." Concerning Mr. Home, the articles of belief (besides removal of furniture) are, That through him raps have been given and communications made from deceased friends. That "his hand has been seized by spirit influence, and rapid communications written out, of a surprising character to those to whom they were addressed." That at his bidding, "spirit hands have appeared which have been seen, felt, and recognised frequently, by persons present, as those of deceased friends." That he has been frequently lifted up and carried, floating "as it were" through a room, near the ceiling. That in America, "all these phenomena have displayed themselves in greater force than here"—which we have not the slightest doubt of. That he is "the planter of spiritualism all over Europe." That "by circumstances that no man could have devised, he became the guest of the Emperor of the French, of the King of Holland, of the Czar

of Russia, and of many lesser princes." That he returned from "this unpremeditated missionary tour," "endowed with competence;" but not before, "at the Tuileries, on one occasion when the emperor, empress, a distinguished lady, and himself only were sitting at table, a hand appeared, took up a pen, and wrote, in a strong and well-known character, the word NAPOLEON. The hand was then successively presented to the several personages of the party to kiss." The stout believer, having disposed of Mr. Home, and rested a little, will then proceed to believe in ANDREW DAVIS JACKSON, or ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS (Mr. Howitt, having no Medium at hand to settle this difference and reveal the right name of the seer, calls him by both names), who merely "beheld all the essential natures of things, saw the interior of men and animals, as perfectly as their exterior; and described them in language so correct, that the most able technologists could not surpass him. He pointed out the proper remedies for all the complaints, and the shops where they were to be obtained;"—in the latter respect appearing to hail from an advertising circle, as we conceive. It was also in this gentleman's limited department to "see the metals in the earth," and to have "the most distant regions and their various productions present before him." Having despatched this tough case, the believer will pass on to Thomas L. Harris, and will swallow *him* easily, together with "whole epics" of his composition; a certain work "of scarcely less than Miltonic grandeur," called *The Lyric of the Golden Age*—a lyric pretty nigh as long as one of Mr. Howitt's volumes—dictated by Mr. (not Mrs.) Harris to the publisher in ninety-four hours; and several extempore sermons, possessing the remarkably lucid property of being "full, unforced, out-gushing, unstinted, and absorbing." The candidate for examination in pure belief, will then pass on to the spirit-photography department; this, again, will be found in so-favoured America, under the superintendence of Medium MUMLER, a photographer of Boston: who was "astonished" (though, on Mr. Howitt's showing, he surely ought not to have been) "on taking a photograph of himself, to find also by his side the figure of a young girl, which he immediately recognised as that of a deceased relative. The circumstance made a great excitement. Numbers of persons rushed to his rooms, and many have found deceased friends photographed with themselves." (Perhaps Mr. Mumler, too, may become "endowed with competence" in time. Who knows?) Finally, the true believers in the gospel according to Howitt, have, besides, but to pin their faith on "ladies who see spirits habitually," on ladies who *know* they have a tendency to soar in the air on sufficient provocation, and on a few other gnats to be taken after their camels, and they shall be pronounced by Mr. Howitt not of "the stereotyped class of minds," and not partakers of "the astonishing ignorance of the press," and shall receive a first-class certificate of merit.

But before they pass through this portal into the Temple of Serene Wisdom, we, halting blind and helpless on the steps, beg to suggest to them what they must at once and for ever disbelieve. They must disbelieve that in the dark times, when very few were versed in what are now the mere recreations of Science, and when those few formed a priesthood-class apart, any marvels were wrought by the aid of concave mirrors and a knowledge of the properties of certain odours and gases, although the self-same marvels could be reproduced before their eyes at the Polytechnic Institution, Regent-street, London, any day in the year. They must by no means believe that Conjuring and Ventriloquism are old trades. They must disbelieve all Philosophical Transactions containing the records of painful and careful inquiry into now familiar disorders of the senses of seeing and hearing, and into the wonders of somnambulism, epilepsy, hysteria, miasmatic influence, vegetable poisons derived by whole communities from corrupted air, diseased imitation, and moral infection. They must disbelieve all such awkward leading cases as the case of the Woodstock Commissioners and their man, and the case of the identity of the Stockwell Ghost with the maid-servant. They must disbelieve the vanishing of champion haunted houses (except, indeed, out of Mr. Howitt's book), represented to have been closed and ruined for years, before one day's inquiry by four gentlemen associated with this Journal, and one hour's reference to the local Rate-books. They must disbelieve all possibility of a human creature on the last verge of the dark bridge from Life to Death, being mysteriously able, in occasional cases, so to influence the mind of one very near and dear, as vividly to impress that mind with some disturbed sense of the solemn change impending. They must disbelieve the possibility of the lawful existence of a class of intellects which, humbly conscious of the illimitable power of God and of their own weakness and ignorance, never deny that He can cause the souls of the dead to revisit the earth, or that He may have caused the souls of the dead to revisit the earth, or that He can cause any awful or wondrous thing to be; but do deny the likelihood of apparitions or spirits coming here upon the stupidest of bootless errands, and producing credentials tantamount to a solicitation of our vote and interest and next proxy, to get them into the Asylum for Idiots. They must disbelieve the right of Christian people who do *not* protest against Protestantism, but who hold it to be a barrier against the darkest superstitions that can enslave the soul, to guard with jealousy all approaches tending down to Cock-lane Ghosts and such-like infamous swindles, widely degrading when widely believed in; and they must disbelieve that such people have the right to know, and that it is their duty to know, wonder-workers by their fruits, and to test miracle-mongers by the tests of probability, analogy, and common sense. They must disbelieve all rational explanations of thoroughly proved experiences (only) which appear supernatural, derived from the average ex-

perience and study of the visible world. They must disbelieve the speciality of the Master and the Disciples, and that it is a monstrosity to test the wonders of show-folk by the same touchstone. Lastly, they must disbelieve that one of the best accredited chapters in the history of mankind is the chapter that records the astonishing deceits continually practised, with no object or purpose but the distorted pleasure of deceiving.

We have summed up a few—not nearly all—of the articles of belief and disbelief to which Mr. Howitt most arrogantly demands an implicit adherence. To uphold these, he uses a book as a Clown in a Pantomime does, and knocks everybody on the head with it who comes in his way. Moreover, he is an angrier personage than the Clown, and does not experimentally try the effect of his red-hot poker on your shins, but straightway runs you through the body and soul with it. He is always raging to tell you that if you are not Howitt, you are Atheist and Anti-Christ. He is the sans-culotte of the Spiritual Revolution, and will not hear of your accepting this point and rejecting that;—down your throat with them all, one and indivisible, at the point of the pike; No Liberty, Totality, Fraternity, or Death!

Without presuming to question that "it is high time to protest against Protestantism" on such very substantial grounds as Mr. Howitt sets forth, we do presume to think that it is high time to protest against Mr. Howitt's spiritualism, as being a little in excess of the peculiar merit of Thomas L. Harris's sermons, and somewhat *too* "full, out-gushing, unstinted, and absorbing."

VOLTAIRE'S HEART.

WHOSE property should the heart of a great man be? That of his family and his friends, or that of his country?

Amongst the inheritances left by the Marquis de Vilette, about which, in 1860, a lawsuit came before the assizes at Clermont, there was the heart of Voltaire—surely one of the rarest bequests ever made. What Shakespeare was to England—what Schiller and Goethe to Germany—that Voltaire was to France.

And this heart was, according to the last will and testament of the Marquis de Vilette, to fall into the hands of the Duc de Bordeaux, or Henry the Fifth, as the Legitimists call him.

Wonderful adventures have befallen this heart. Voltaire died on the 30th of May, 1778, at Paris. The weak government, which had not dared to oppose the last triumphant assertion of the living man, now prohibited the mere mention of his name in newspapers and other writings. The Archbishop of Paris refused permission for his interment, and the first minister, Maurepas, to whom the Académie sent its petitions, replied that his conscience forbade him to give his consent to the Christian burial of such

a man, and that there would be no harm in the people's believing that the devil had carried Voltaire off. His friends, relatives, and heirs: his niece, Madame Denis; his nephew, the Abbé Mignot; and the Marquis de Vilette, in whose house, Rue Beanne, he died; had foreseen this, and determined accordingly. They dressed his body in a dressing-gown and nightcap, and put it upright in a carriage, and took it in the dead of the night to the abbey of the Bernardins, at Scellières. Here, among the solitary monks, the name of Voltaire was as good as unknown; the Abbé Mignot was their curé; and so Voltaire was, on the 2nd of June, 1778, without let or hindrance, buried in their cemetery: the interdiction of the Bishop of Troyes, to whose parish Scellières belonged, arriving four-and-twenty hours too late at the convent.

But fate gave no rest to the earthly remains of this mighty and unquiet spirit. In 1791, four commissaires arrived at the cemetery of Scellières; the abbey had been sold in 1790, and the monks dispersed; they came for the body of Voltaire, which the people of Paris wanted to carry with high honours to the Panthéon. Upon this occasion the coffin was opened, and "there," says an eye-witness, "lay Voltaire, as if in sleep, so still and calm was his face; but as the air swept over it, it suddenly changed, and could soon no longer be recognised." All histories of the revolution record with what pomp and splendour the Parisians carried the corpse to the Panthéon, and, also, how they soon afterwards placed Marat by his side.

When the body had been opened and embalmed, the Marquis de Vilette had unlawfully appropriated the heart. A letter from the Abbé Mignot to the editor of the *Mercure*, informs him that Voltaire never intended or wished for such a separation, and disclaims the fact of its having taken place at all; but therein the good old abbé was mistaken. The marquis really did possess himself of the heart, and when he had bought the château Fernay, for two hundred and thirty thousand livres, from Voltaire's principal heiress, Madame Denis, he promised there to erect a costly monument for the heart. And what was the costly material? The glazed Dutch tiles of an old stove, bearing the inscription—

His spirit is everywhere, but his heart is here.

Later, the marquis sold all the furniture and ornaments, with which Voltaire had adorned his Tusculum, and let Fernay to an English gentleman, whom he persuaded that Voltaire's heart still rested under the monument, whereas he had long ago removed it to his house in Paris. Poor heart! how it had to suffer from the unsteady caprices of its proprietor, who now abused philosophy, and cast "the heart" into the lumber-room; now, awakening from his short dream about church and religion, put the relic back in his salon, which he called "The Chamber of the Heart." On the walls of this chamber

you saw the following portraits: On one side, Benedict the Fourteenth, Ganganelli, Buirini, Féuclon; opposite, Mesdames Sévigné, Tenein, Lambert, Geoffrin, Boufflers, Dufeffant, Genlis; on the other side, the poets and writers Saint-Lambert, Chastellux, Thomas, Tressan, Marmontel, Regnal, Delille. Jules Janin, to whom we are indebted for the greater part of these details, exclaims, "Profanation!"

From the hands of this man, the heart passed into those of his son, who bequeathed it, with the rest of his property, nominally to a bishop, but really to the last legitimate descendant of the Bourbons, Henry the Fifth. Luckily, the Marquis de Vilette's natural heirs have now won their lawsuit vice the bishop, and have made a present of "the heart" to the Académie Française. Let us hope that there it may have found rest at last.

SMALL-BEER CHRONICLES.

TAKING, the other morning, my weekly walk round that Moral Brewery which it is my business to superintend, I was struck by the enormous size and fulness of a certain vat, which, on inspection, I found to be labelled SOCIAL SMALL-BEER. I saw, at a single glance, that there was plenty of work cut out for me here, and that it must be set about at once.

The Small-Beer which I have now to chronicle is, I am happy to say, of a very high class, and we may expect to derive a great deal of advantage as well as pleasure from a careful scrutiny and measurement of the contents of this same Social Vat. In plain English, I may as well announce that we are going into the subject of MANNERS—the manners of our own immediate day. And it is possible that we may occasionally glance at the manners of the day which preceded it, and compare the two in various small ways, one with the other.

Those persons who are of opinion that the changes which have taken place of late in our manners are all changes for the worse, will, I am afraid, turn away disgusted from my page when they find that, in the main, it is my purpose to defend the social customs of the day, and while doing full justice to their defects, to show, or attempt to show, that they are to the full as wholesome as those which have lately passed away. It may, however, serve to conciliate this class of readers, if I own frankly that it has been with much difficulty and great sacrifice of prejudice that I have reached this conclusion: the dead manners and customs to which some people cleave, being still attractive enough in my eyes to render me inclined to do them something more than strict justice. The old times were easier times, and in some respects pleasanter times, than the new.

What do you bring us? asks the porter who now stands at the gate of society. What right have you here, and what can you show to justify your admission? "I have had a first-rate education,"

is the answer, "and I have a good memory, which I have diligently cultivated, so that I have the power of bringing to bear upon the subject of the moment, apposite instances connected with the history of the past, and this I can undertake to do without boring anybody."—"I," urges another, "have sacrificed all the pleasures of town life when I was quite young and could have enjoyed them as well as another, and have passed thirteen years in India, where I acted in such and such a capacity under such and such a minister. I then went to China for a time, and subsequently to Ceylon. All this time I worked hard to get an insight into the real character of the people, and I always kept my eyes open and my attention on the alert. I have plenty of information on all sorts of subjects connected with the countries I have mentioned, and I have also always kept up my acquaintance with my own country, and know what was going on in Europe while I was away." This man is admitted as the other was, at once, and another steps forward. "I have just come from the seat of war. I have travelled north and south, I have run all sorts of risks, encountered all kinds of hardships, sacrificed my ease and comfort at every turn, and I have many very interesting anecdotes to relate of what I have seen and heard." This person goes through, it is unnecessary to say, triumphantly; and more apply. "I am under-secretary for peace," says one; "mine has been a diplomatic career from the first. I have been at Berlin, Constantinople, Vienna, and have at last raised myself to be in this subordinate but high position in the ministry. I can tell you a great deal about these different courts at which I have lived, and a few things about affairs here, which are not unlikely to prove interesting." Another says: "I am a bookworm, and have all sorts of knowledge of queer out-of-the-way stories of what private influences were at work affecting the public questions of past days. I know, too, many good stories about ancestors of people still living, and who are themselves public characters; but I have kept pace with the day, so you need not fear, as I see you do, that I am a bore, for I know when to come in with my lore and when to hold my tongue, or talk of other things." As this man goes through the gate, a well-known barrister appears. "I have been engaged in the great swindling case," he says, "about which everybody is anxious to know. I have, besides, all sorts of things to tell you about other lawsuits of an exciting nature, and many circuit recollections of the utmost interest." After our learned brother has skipped through the great gates, the novelist of the day appears and is admitted. Then comes the successful artist, the actor who has taken the town by storm. The cotton lord, who has been a factory-boy once, appears next. Then the man of the clubs, who knows everything about everybody, is an important authority on all matters of a personal kind, and who always knows what is in the evening paper. And last, but certainly not least, comes the rich man, the man who has money—

and nothing else. For all these, the social doors swing back on well-oiled hinges, and they are admitted.

Now, in all these cases, let it be observed, except the two last, the people who are admitted through these wonderful gates are persons to whom some credit attaches. It will be said by some discontented individuals that they are all successful men, and so they are; but, to reach that success, they have all worked hard. None of those whose claims to social distinction we have glanced at, have been idlers. They have all been diligent, have all made the most of their opportunities, and the best of their natural advantages and talents. It is one of the fine social qualities of our day that we make so much of diligence: a virtue which, if not the highest of all, is at any rate one that cannot be admired too much, and one that, to our poor judgment, seems to be so esteemed in heaven that men who possess it, prosper, even when they are in other ways vastly defective. Diligence and self-denial, as shown in their glorious results, are worshipped in this age, and we do well to give honour to such fine qualities. Even the money-worship, which is one of our most glaring weaknesses, is, when the money is merely a result of these two virtues, something more than excusable. To be rich is often an extremely creditable thing, and poverty is not always so free from disgracefulness as people think.

It may be said that these same virtues of diligence and self-denial are not themselves worshipped by modern society, but only their results in the shape of success. Very likely this is so; but it comes, after all, to the same thing, practically, since the prizes which society has to offer are attainable by the exercise of those qualities: which is a wholesome state of things, say what you will.

For, suppose that one had to give advice to a lad as to what his life should be, in order that he might attain what is called a "good position" when he grew up. It is curious what really good advice it would be. It might be what is called "worldly," but it would be good for all that. "You must think seriously," the homily would begin, "at an early age of what is before you. You must decide when your time of enjoyment and ease is to come. That time is a sort of inheritance; will you have it when you have earned it, when it comes in its legitimate season, or will you mortgage your patrimony, spend it first and work to earn it afterwards? Beware of a course so hopeless as this last. Look at the history of a day, which is, in some respects, like that of a man's life. As it is sometimes said that youth is the period for enjoyment, so one might say that morning also is the time for pleasure. It is undoubtedly the best part of the day. The air is freshest then, the light is purest, the spirits and the perceptions of man are bright and clear. Yet this is the time of day when it is most needful to work. Are we not obliged to turn away from that tempting scene outside, and bend over the desk, or be shut up in a

musty court, sniffing at musty parchments? Imagine what would come of another kind of proceeding. Suppose we said morning is the time for enjoyment, it is evident that it is so, nature herself seems to point it out. And then, having given up the morning to the enjoyment for which we had discovered that it was so obviously intended, how should we get on when we came back to work in the afternoon? Should we be in cue for work then? Would work, in the truest sense of the word, be possible even? How would what we did, stand comparison with the performances of those who had stuck close at it, all through that beautiful and bright morning which they had so magnificently given up to labour? Well," continues the modern Chesterfield, still counselling his son, "you have to choose whether you will waste your youth, and work when you are middle aged, with every disadvantage against you, or whether you will sacrifice your young days in order to attain a respected manhood. The commencement of a career is an up-hill affair, and it should be got over when you are young and strong, sanguine and active, so that in middle age and afterwards you should have rather to practise what you know, than to acquire rudimentary information. It is a miserable thing to see an old man poor and unsuccessful. It is terrible to see him with his children grown up about him, shy and ill educated, through there having been in their case a reversal of what is almost a law of nature. For it does seem to be a law of nature that men should rise, and that their children should be brought up to a position superior to that with which the father began. Now, every youngster with a life before him should think of his life as a whole, and look on as far as he can to the end of it. Let the light work and the fun come rather late, just as the light work and the exercise and the social enjoyment come daily in the afternoon and evening. It is true that in one sense we enjoy it less keenly than we should in the morning of the day, or of our life, but we enjoy it quite keenly enough, and all the more for taking it with a clear conscience, and a sense of right, and with the added zest which delay and self-restraint are able to impart."

Look, if this worldly advice be not almost like a sermon! And yet it *is* worldly, or what is generally called so. We are talking about society and about the world, and anything else is purposely kept out of sight, though it may be, none the less, an extremely doubtful point whether a successful career in this world is, *in itself*, at all an impediment to our happiness in another. And now, when we have reasoned with this good boy whom we are persuading, after our worldly fashion, to embark on a prosperous career—when we have got him to determine to be an industrious apprentice instead of an idle one—what more have we to say to him? We have to tell him that, his choice made, there are still plenty of enjoyments open to him. His life is not to be all business, though it is necessary that play should be sparingly indulged in, and never made an object of pursuit. A man may take

thirty mornings a year and devote them to enjoyment and yet prosper perfectly in his business; and just in like manner, the morning of a lifetime may be interspersed with occasional amusement securely and even advantageously—so that self-restraint is never lost, and pleasure never made a business. We have—still be it remembered being desperately worldly advisers—to tell our young friend, in conclusion, that he must be truthful and courageous, that he must not over-eat or over-drink himself, that he must be clean and sober in his attire, and have his temper under control.

These things will all aid our neophyte in getting on in the world. It *is* possible that there are some other acquirements which he may pick up when once fairly in its arena, which are not quite so unobjectionable; but those hitherto quoted as needful to get him a favourable reception among men and women, are all good of their kind. Something it is to be able to say this of the world whose manners we are going to study. Something also it is to be able to affirm confidently, that to be capable of taking three bottles of wine under your waistcoat, to be a skilful gamester, a Don Juan, a Lovelace, will not help a man on a bit. So far, then, the world is to be commended, in that it encourages diligence and self-restraint, and punishes self-indulgence and sloth.

The only people we have seen admitted at that gate of society where we stood just now, whose claims one might be disposed to dispute, were the men whose only qualification for entrance was a great wealth of gossip, and the millionaire, whose riches have come to him without labour of his own to acquire them. I am afraid that we cannot say much for the first of these, except that he is amusing, and that people must have—and ought to have at the right moment—amusement; while, as to the last—why, there is so much to be said, that one hardly knows where to begin.

"Effodiuntur opes irritamenta malorum," saith the Latin grammar. "We can be good and wise without riches," announceth the well-known proverb. "The gold is but the guinea-stamp—the man's the man for a' that," cries the poet. Still, when all is said, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that riches are very delightful, and that they endow their possessors with many very charming qualities. Other things being equal, rich people are probably pleasanter to associate with than poor people. The rich man is able to do so many more agreeable things than the poor man. Dives, too, has a more comfortable look about him; he can enter into all sorts of pleasant schemes without falling into those terrible fits of moody abstraction which belong to the poor man. There is a certain insolvent stare which appertains to this last about the time when the tavern bill becomes due which is very terrible, and spoils one's pleasure. He can pay it, of course, or his share of it; but other and weightier bills remain undischarged, and as he gazes into vacancy and chews his unprosperous whisker, these

other liabilities stare him in the face. Then how gay the habitation of Dives is; how smoothly the wheels of his domestic machinery work round and round. His children are not heard squalling. The leg of mutton does not perfume *his* house at 4.30 p.m. *His* door is not opened by a disconsolate servant-of-all-work, with a sooty face. I dare say we can be "good and wise," but I think we can hardly give entirely successful dinners—without riches; I dare say, too, as the grammar says, that these same riches are dug out of the earth—I wish, by-the-by, the learned author had mentioned casually where those diggings were situated—still, when they *are* out of the earth, they are mighty serviceable.

It is among the great advantages which attach to the office of a Small-Beer Chronicler, that one in so humble a position is able to speak the truth. It is my desire to be entirely just and impartial, and to state the case for and against what is called "society" candidly. We have seen that the grand staircase, which gives admission to its halls, is a creditable structure, open, and well lighted; and we have seen, also, that the examination through which we are put at the foot of that flight of steps is a fair one enough in the main. It may be that there are a back-staircase, and a side-door, by means of which certain unworthy persons creep up into high places, eluding the test of the main entrance, and the inspection of the jealous Cerberus who keeps it. It may be that, in this way, there are defects not only in society itself—these we shall, I hope, pry into hereafter—but even in the organisation of the highways and byways which lead to it. But at any rate, I believe that Cerberus keeps a sharper look-out on that back-door than he used to do, and that fewer unqualified persons sneak through it now than formerly.

Of course it will be understood that all this time we are speaking only of those who have their own way to make. Some people are born to a good position in society, as it is called, just as some are born members of the House of Lords. We are not occupying ourselves with such. They are already inside that marvellous circle, the different modes of access to which we are still studying at our leisure, being more particularly engaged just now with the back entrance. Poor contemptible adventurers those are who are obliged to have recourse to it. Friends, relatives, hangers-on to others who have either been born within the precincts of the great temple, or who have by resolute struggling legitimately won a place there. Perhaps one of these last has kindly memories of some ancient friend who has been ignominiously rejected at the grand entrance, and determines to lug him in the other way by hook or by crook, and, determining on the thing, contrives to carry it out. This is after all the most harmless use to which that back-door is put, there being something of good about the successful man's remembrance of his unprosperous associate and desire to help him, even unfairly; the poor devil, too, who has been so smuggled in, rarely retaining

his place, or being in anybody's way, for any length of time. The worst use to which those back-stairs are put, remains to be told. Prospero, we will say, is inside the great enclosure: perhaps has been there always. He has, however, a certain hanger-on, Unprospero, who is less fortunate, and who, with no right whatever to take his place up-stairs, is consumed with a frantic ambition to be there. Now, this personage is in some way or other of use to Prospero, or Prospero is in his power. He has, ignoble though he be, some possession which Prospero covets, some ewe-lamb which he prefers to his own flocks and herds, some vineyard more dear, though it is only a four-acre affair, to the great man, than his own broad estates. Here is a case for the back-staircase. Or perhaps Prospero wants his flatterer and toady near him. This miserable wretch, with his perpetual hideous servile grin, will so flatter and diminish his poor supple flimsy figure that he will manage at last to writhe and twist himself in at a door only an eighth part open, following his master so quickly that he glides in after him before the door can bang.

Or perhaps it is Mrs. Prospero who takes a friend in laud. Mrs. Prospero is, we will say, in debt, and Mrs. Unprospero is only unfortunate socially, but has plenty of money, and comes to the rescue. Now, it is too much for a Small-Beer Chronicler to say that these two enter into a distinct understanding that the one shall find means and the other friends; but, somehow or other, it happens that Mrs. Unprospero is dragged up the back-stairs, and though kicked and cuffed about by the officials with whom she comes in contact, gets at last, dishevelled and drabble-tailed, into the enclosure, to receive more kicks and cuffs and slaps there; for it is curious and worthy of remark, that those who come into society by the back-door are rarely happy or successful when they get there.

This much concerning the different ways of access into what is called the world, it was necessary to say before studying its manners. But it must be remembered that "society" is only, after all, one section of the world, while manners belong to its every section. As to society in its largest sense, no preliminary rites are exacted from him who desires to mingle with its ranks. Its manners may be studied, by him who cares so to occupy himself, in the streets and lanes of the city, in its public places and gardens, in its warehouses and shops. Everywhere the characteristics of the day may be noted. Everywhere the changes which have taken place, or which are still imminent, may be observed.

I would beg to insinuate that there are two points of view from which we may make our observations on manners: that of the man who merely aims at legitimate success, such as his merits justify him in looking for; and that of him who would "parvenir" at any price. It is proposed, as far as the eyesight of a Small-Beer Chronicler permits, to take an observation or two from both these points of view, examining the course of conduct pursued by those two

entirely different individuals, one of whom is actuated simply by the desire to "get on," while the other has set before himself the arduous task of being—a gentleman. With this preliminary remark, we proceed to report progress on a very important branch of our subject: OUR POLITENESS.

If a man were to appear without a coat in Persian society, it would be the idiom of the Persian tongue to say that he wore the coat "of absence;" and really I sometimes think when watching our present social customs that our manners may almost be said to be characterised by the *politeness* "of absence."

If I were called upon to give advice to a young man who had passed his social examination, whose desire was simply to get on, and the motto on whose shield was "Parvenir," I should caution him, above all things, against being civil to anybody; I should urge him never by any means to try to be agreeable; I should recommend him to be cold, critical, contradictory—three words all easy to remember, as beginning with the same letter—and to be, generally and always, as impudent and as rude as he could possibly manage to make himself:—supposing that he really required to cultivate those precious qualities, and did not find himself already sufficiently endowed with them by Bounteous Nature.

A gentleman—gentle man! Heaven help any one who finds himself in such a plight as that. Why, if a man were to be gentle in these days he would be crushed, overwhelmed, trampled upon, gored to death, by those who understand the manners of the day, and practise as well as understand. Gentle? Oh miserable man, I counsel you in police parlance to "come out of that" with all the speed you can, or you are lost. Where have you been all your life? You must have imbibed some of the opinions of your great-grandfather, and which are as well adapted to the habit of this age as his black silk stockings and shorts would be. You must have formed your notion on some old book on manners. You have read, for instance, in some such work, that in passing through a doorway you should yield the *pas* to your neighbour, and let him go first. Do nothing of the kind, I entreat you; on the contrary, elbow your neighbour aside, or, better still, ignore him; forget his existence; forget all existences but your own.

And what else have you been told to do by these luminaries of the old régime? You have been told, I think, to assert your opinions with modesty, not to be obstinate in entertaining them; if some one in company commences speaking as you do, to yield him the preference. If you do any of these things now, you are lost. The sooner such trumpery old fallacies as these are exposed, the better for everybody. What you are to do is simply this. Talk everybody down. If you have naturally a loud voice, thank your stars, and make the most of it. If, on the other hand, your organ is a weak one, cultivate it. Go

to Professor Lowder, and study a clamorous intonation, in which to enunciate your views; with these by all means interrupt anybody who is going to speak, choosing, however, your man carefully, for he must not be too rich or successful, talk him down, interrupt him—and, above all things, NEVER LISTEN.

"A bon ecouteur salut!" says a great French author. Hail to the good listener! Let no one ever hail *you* in that capacity. Never listen, or at least never seem to listen. It may be well really to listen occasionally, in order to get new matter with which to impress some future audience. But you must never show that you are listening. This is a distinction well understood by most of our greatest social professors. I know a professed teller of good stories, and consummate master of manners, who has never got the slightest symptom of amusement or encouragement with which to greet your story, and who never indicates by the movement of a muscle, that he has even heard a word of it, and who yet goes away and relates that story to another audience, correct in every particular. Or the more learned talker, who does not deal in stories—when he puts you down with "a fact that was mentioned to him the other day," how did he get that fact unless he listened? He *does* listen, and so does the other, and so may you, but you must not appear to do so.

You have been told, again, doubtless, by some of these old-world fogies not to turn your back upon people if you can possibly help it. Despicable delusion! Prize your back above all things. It is an invaluable possession. You may edge people away from fires, and out of groups of which they formed part, with your back; you may turn it suddenly upon some unwary person who was just going to offer you his hand; you may effect these achievements, and many others, with immense success, simply with the aid of your back; and may back yourself into a very good position in society with, comparatively speaking, but little labour. There is a very ingenious method of interposing your body between the gentleman next you and the master of the house, which you may practise with effect when the ladies have left the dinner-table. To achieve this you have only to place the elbow, which is nearest to the person you wish to extinguish, on the table, and squeezing yourself well round, address your host on the particular subject which you have been coaching up earlier in the day.

Of course you have little or no veneration in your nature. If, however, there should be any lurking tendency in your mind to respect anything or anybody, you must get rid of such deplorable weakness with all possible speed and promptitude. It is possible that in the event of your being invited to meet some person who has distinguished himself, who has done something for society which it recognises gratefully—a man full of knowledge and power—it is just possible that even you may feel some slight diffidence and sense of partial inferiority—because, you know,

you are not a very wonderful fellow after all—if any such momentary misgivings should seize you, you must crush them and trample them down as you would sparks in the neighbourhood of a powder-magazine. Repress all tendency to curiosity about the great man's appearance or conversation. Pretend not to notice him. Imply that such men as he are your ordinary associates, and that your own intellect is rather the better of the two, especially in practical matters; and mind you stick to that, because you know perfectly well that a few beggarly facts, a good memory, a sturdy constitution, and an utterly earthly and unspeculative mind, are your strong points. A slight look of surprise will be useful, too, if you find that you must listen to something which the great man says; an expression which says very plainly—"what queer, half-cracked creatures these geniuses are!"

There is nothing like being disagreeable, depend upon it. Be disagreeable—it is almost as successful as being rich, while if you are disagreeable *and* rich—the world is at your feet. As to being civil to strangers—but, no, there is no need to caution you on that head, or else I should warn you that if you behave with common courtesy to people whom you meet for the first time, they will absolutely view you with suspicion as well as contempt: while, if you conduct yourself with proper brutality and decline to answer when a stranger, in the simplicity of his heart, addresses you, you will be regarded with awe and respect. Never mind whether you are liked or not—get yourself feared.

And now to speak seriously for a moment. There certainly is less of politeness among us than there used to be. There was more bowing and scraping in the days when men wore powder and carried swords. Prettier speeches were made, and compliments passed more freely, even when gentlemen appeared at a dinner-party in under-waistcoats, and had recourse to the curling-tongs before a great banquet. We have ceased to send our compliments to each other now, and get on just as well without expressing our feelings of regard. Different virtues, like different colours, are in fashion at different times, and modesty is not in vogue just now. Perhaps boldness is the better quality of the two: at all events, it implies energy and diligence, the virtues which we have seen all along are needed pre-eminently in these days. It is true, on the other hand, that courage and energy, those noble qualities, are too often found mixed up with egotism and rudeness. Egotism that crushes you, in order that it may rise. And it does rise. The disagreeable man has it all his own way in public places, in society, and at home. In all places, and all times, he is cajoled and petted that he may be kept in a tolerable humour—and as to his wife! What an obedient, docile, devoted creature she is invariably. How eagerly she watches her lord and master when they are in company. How she leads the talk on the subject which will give him an opportunity of boasting and laying down the law, happy if she

gets rewarded by a moment's transient good humour afterwards. Yes, it pays in this world to be disagreeable.

AN ITALIAN INSTITUTION.

WHEN the traveller, only a few years ago, entered Naples from the sea, he was struck by the circumstance that as he handed the boatman his fare, a man suddenly appeared, who looked on at the payment, and then, receiving a certain small part of it, went his way without a word. The same ceremony, with a different individual for the actor, occurred as the traveller paid his cab-fare to the hotel, and paid the porter who took down his luggage; and, doubtless, had he been able to see it, he would have recognised a similar agency at work when he discharged the bill of his landlord. The *servitore di piazza* who accompanied him to the Opera was met by one of these mysterious figures. Even down to the itinerant orange vendor, or the fabricator of cooling drinks on the Chiaja, all were visited, all were alike subject to this strange supervision. If, tempted by the curiosity natural on such a theme, the stranger asked for an explanation, he was told, with a significance which implied that further elucidation was better avoided, "La Camorra."

What does La Camorra mean? Etymologically, it is not easy to say. The word would seem to have come from a Spanish origin, as the practice which it commemorates, lovers of Italy are fain to believe, was also derived from Spain. It is, to use the simplest of all illustrations, a system of black mail, so extended and organised as to apply to every walk in life, and every condition of human industry. From the affluent merchant with his argosies on the seas, to the humblest faquino on the Mole—all are its victims. From the minister in his cabinet, or the professor in his chair, down to him who asks alms at the door of the church, or the very galley-slave whose chains clank as he moves in his weary labour—all pay their quota of this iniquitous exaction, and all recognise in its infliction the existence of a system which no Bourbon government ever yet dared to grapple with, and for the success against which, of the present rulers of South Italy, I am very far indeed from confident.

Corruptions of a government are very speedily propagated through every class, and for a long series of years the sway of the Neapolitan Bourbons has been little else than an organised intimidation. Every one was under the influence of terror, and the dread of being "denounced" was universal. The oppressed were not slow to learn the lesson of the oppressors, and thus grew up crops of secret societies, which, ostensibly organised for self-protection, soon became agents of the most oppressive and cruel tyranny. Of these the Camorra was the chief, representing within its limits all that Thuggee is to the Bengalese, Whiteboyism to the Irish, and the old Highland system of black mail to the natives of the north of Scotland.

Had the working of the association contemplated nothing beyond the exaction of a tax, without assuming, or affecting to assume, some relative obligations, it is likely enough that it might have been long since resisted. La Camorra was, however, ingenious enough to pretend to a paternal care for its followers, and it at least provided that they should not be robbed or pillaged by any other agency than its own. For this purpose, a careful selection of those who were to carry out its edicts was necessary, and admission into the order was only obtained after due and unquestionable proofs of courage and boldness. In fact, the first task usually proposed to an aspirant for the Camorra was an assassination, and, if he shrank from the task, to ensure secrecy his own life always paid the penalty.

The society consisted of a number of distinct groups or knots, under the guidance of a chief—the Capo di Camorra, as he was called—who treasured the revenues that were brought in, and distributed the payments to the followers with an admirable fairness and regularity. These sums, collected in the most minute fractions from every fashion and form of human industry, and even levying toll upon the gains of mendicancy, rose to very considerable amounts, and were sensibly felt in the diminished revenues of the state, which they in a measure anticipated and supplanted.

While the Bourbon government tolerated this gross abuse as exercised among the humble classes of its subjects, it also availed itself of the Camorra as a means of intimidation or vengeance, and gave up the whole discipline of its prisons to this infamous sect. Here it was, in reality, that the Camorra ruled supreme. The newly-admitted prisoner had but to pass the threshold of his cell, to feel himself in its toils. The first demand usually made was for a contribution to the lamp in honour of the Virgin, over the door; for the Camorra is strictly religious, and would not think of dedicating a locality to its vices without assuring itself of the friendly protection of a chosen saint. The privilege to possess money, to buy food or eat it, to smoke, drink, gamble, or sing, was taxed; and the faintest show of resistance was met by the knife. Indeed, he who determined to resent the dictation of the Camorra soon saw that he must place life on the issue. If, aided by a stout heart and strong hand, he conquered his adversary, he was himself at once affiliated into the society, and was recognised by its members as worthy of the order. In this way a priest, who sturdily resented an attempt to extort money from him, and who in the struggle that ensued fatally wounded his antagonist, was presented with a powerful stick by an unknown hand, and handsomely complimented on the courage by which he had distinguished himself. Though the Camorra, therefore, declared its protective care of all beneath its rules, it never vindicated the fate of those who defended themselves ill; nay, it took measures always to mark that courage was the first of gifts, and that he who was unequal to his own

defence could not be relied upon to protect others. Success, too, was exalted to the position of a test, and no extenuating circumstances, no plausibilities, could absolve him who failed. There was an obvious policy in this. The system depended entirely upon intimidation, and it was, above all things, necessary that the opinion should prevail that its victims never escaped. So wide-spread and general was this impression, that every secret vengeance, every dark and untracked crime, was unhesitatingly referred to the Camorristi. With such an unrelenting persistence were they wont to track and hunt down their victims, that men have been known to commit crimes, and get consigned to prison, for no other object than to be fellow-prisoners with one whom they had doomed to destruction.

Outside the limits of their own sect, the Camorristi pretended to be, and in some respects were, the friends of order; that is, they lent a willing aid to the police to track out all malefactors who were not Camorristi. They were ever ready to suppress riot in the streets, to arrange disputes that grew up at play, and to arbitrate between contending gamblers. They assumed at times, too, the functions of benevolence, and took upon them the care of the suffering or the wounded by the accidents of street warfare.

Of the modes in which they contributed to establish something like discipline in the prisons, the police reports are full. The mean and cowardly jailers relied upon them almost exclusively for the maintenance of order; and whenever, from any chance outbreak among the prisoners, some feat of personal daring would be called for, it was at the hands of a Camorrist it would be required. When it is borne in mind that the Camorra was thus regarded and recognised by the state, it need be little wondered at that its exactions were submitted to with patient obedience by the poor, unprotected and undefended as they were.

A market-gardener at one of the city gates was lately congratulated that the odious imposts of the Camorra were no more, and that he had no longer to groan under the insolent tyranny of this robber association. His answer was, "So much the worse. The Camorra demanded his mulet, it is true, but gave us protection in return. It watched after our property in the streets, and suffered none to defraud us. If we have lost one robber, we have gained thirty." And so through every industry that the poorest live by, was the Camorra recognised. It was the ever present help to every form of human wretchedness, indicating—just as disease will sometimes indicate the remedy—how a people might be cared for and guided and protected, their lives assured, their property defended, had the government that ruled them been only more eager for the good of those under its sway than for a demoralisation and abasement which made them easier to control, and fitter tools of despotism.

In the lottery, the Camorra played a distinguished part, the news of the successful

numbers being transmitted hither and thither by the fraternity with a speed and exactitude that the telegraph itself never rivalled. To the poor and unlettered man awaiting his fate at some remote village, and not trusting to public sources of information, it is scarcely credible what a boon was the intelligence brought by some Camorristo, who even could lighten the load of heavy fortune by assurances of better luck in store, or some explanation as to the peculiar causes which were then so adverse to his benefit.

As the lowest venture in the state lottery is four carlini, or about a franc and a half, on the Saturday, the last day of the venture, it is rare for the poor Neapolitan who has played during the entire week to find a single grain in his pocket. With, however, the very smallest coin he can scrape out of it, he repairs to the office of some secret Camorrist, and by his intervention is able to associate himself with others as poor and as speculative as himself, and by whose conjoint efforts the requisite sum is made up. If the venture should win, the Camorrist distributes the gain with a marvellous probity and accuracy; when a failure is announced, not the slightest shadow of a doubt ever obtains as to the fairness and credit to the Camorrist who proclaims it.

The tax of the Camorra was not, however, limited to the vices of the poor man. An agent of the sect was to be seen at fashionable gaming-tables, and at the doors of houses of private play, exacting his "teeth," the recognised mulet, with a regularity that showed how the "institution" was regarded.

As in that open-air life popular in the south, a party have amused themselves with a game at cards before their own door of an evening, an agent of the Camorra has suddenly appeared to claim his dividend. Though assured that they are playing for nothing, it avails not; he regrets the circumstance with politeness, but reasserts his claim, and with success; for all are aware that however luck may vacillate at play, he who resists the Camorra defies fate and fortune.

The very fact that the Camorra had never connected itself with politics, rendered it a useful agent in the hands of a corrupt and tyrannical government. The severities which the liberal party well knew they had to expect from the state, were, however, as nothing compared to the atrocities in store if the Camorra should be loosened upon them. It was by dark hints at such a day of reckoning, that Ferdinand held in check those who would not have feared to adventure their fortune in a contest with all the force of government. It was also by appealing to this sect that the king assumed to enjoy that popularity among his subjects, by which he replied to the energetic protests of France and England.

"Ask the Neapolitans how they feel towards me!" said he to M. Bresson, the French minister, who had, in writing home to his court, to own that the lowest rabble of Naples entertained for the king a devotion that was

marvellous. In fact, the only offences which never could be pardoned under the Bourbon dynasty, were those against the state. The terrible crimes which rend society in twain; the fearful acts which make men almost despair of humanity; were all more or less mercifully dealt with. Talarico, for instance, the assassin of a dozen people, was banished to a pleasant and salubrious island, pensioned, and set at liberty. The world knows the story of Pœrio and his companions in the terrible scenes of '49. The lowest populace sided entirely with the monarchy, and this show of popular sympathy offered to strangers one of the most puzzling and difficult problems of the day. Minister after minister wrote home to their several courts, "We cannot deny, as little can we explain, the marvellous popularity the king enjoys."

"Which of your masters," said the king on one day of a court reception to the assembled ambassadors—"which of your masters can go amongst his people with more confidence than I can? Come down with me into the street, and see whether I am loved by my people!"

At length, the liberal party found means to open negotiations with the leaders of the Camorra. They were not very promising, it is true, and vouched little for the patriotic aspirations of these sectaries, who only saw in the prospect of a revolution a question of their own material benefit. The Camorrists talked big; spoke of their numbers, their courage, and so forth; but did nothing beyond excite the fears of the royalists, who really dreaded them with a most disproportionate terror. At length the prefect of police determined on the bold step of arresting the Camorrists, and banishing them to Ischia; and out of this imprisonment they grew, as fellow-sufferers with Pœrio and Spaventa, to regard themselves as political martyrs and patriots. Liberated on Garibaldi's entrance into Naples, their first act was to attack all the agents of the police, and destroy all the documents of that office. They were, in twenty-four hours, the masters of the capital. It was in this contingency that Liborio Romano bethought himself of enlisting these men in the cause of order and law. On one side was a baffled, enraged, and dishonoured soldiery, ready for pillage, and eager to cover their shame by acts of outrage and violence; on the other, were the helpless, unarmed, and trembling citizens. The old police was disbanded; the National Guard not yet organised; the priestly party only waiting for opportunity to renew the atrocious scenes of ten years before. They had even hired stores to receive the pillage! It was, it is said, at the suggestions of an old Bourbon adherent, a general, that Liborio Romano took this daring step. "Do as we did in times of danger; fall back on the mob," was the counsel. Blame him, as one may, Camorra saved Naples!

Emboldened by his success, Liborio Romano now organised them into a sort of regular police force, under their own chiefs, and, marvellous to say, for the first month or two the experi-

ment would seem to have succeeded. Crime of all sorts diminished, and especially theft. Armed simply with staves, and only distinguished by a tricolour cockade, they very soon obtained by their boldness and courage an amount of influence far greater than that enjoyed by the late police. But stranger than their bravery, was their honesty: innumerable are the facts on record, of their self-denial in temptation, and their rigid integrity; and there is no doubt that they mainly contributed to that new-born enthusiasm for Garibaldi, whose greatest triumph ever was to evoke from popular masses whatever was good, or great, or hopeful, in their natures.

"See what such a people may become when the causes of their demoralisation are removed. Look at the virtues these men exhibit, and say is theirs a nation to be despaired of!" was the language on every side.

The first enthusiasm over, however, the Camorristi seemed to revert to their old instincts. They were not bandits nor galley-slaves, but they were men of strong frames, violent passions, long accustomed to lead lives of unrestrained licence, and to see themselves universally dreaded. Without ceasing to be a police, then, they introduced into their discipline all the oppressions and exactions of the Camorra. Their first care was to take all smuggling under their especial protection. Under the Bourbon dynasty, contraband had long ceased to attach any shame to its exercise. The most respectable merchants defrauded the government, without a particle of remorse, and without any sense of dishonour. The frauds were arranged between the chiefs of the Camorra and the officers of the customs, and a regular tariff was established—about one fourth of that ruled by the state. On the arrival of Garibaldi, however, the Camorristi, no longer content with half measures, assumed all contraband as their own especial perquisites. A certain Salvatore de Crescenza, a well-known Camorrist, took the port dues under his peculiar care; and from forty thousand ducats, which was the daily receipt, the ducs of Naples fell short of one thousand!

A no less celebrated leader, Pasquale Menotte, took charge of the "octroi" at the gates. No sooner did a waggon arrive laden with wine, or meat, or any excisable articles, than the Camorrist presented themselves, arms in hand, to the customs officials, and crying out, "Let it pass—it is for Garibaldi!" the order was instantly obeyed, and the tax was paid to the Camorra in the very presence of the officers of the government. Strangest of all, the tax now imposed was a mere fraction less than that imposed by the state, and so complete was the intermediation, that the people actually preferred to hand the sum to the Camorristi rather than to the servants of the government. It may be imagined to what an extent this fraud was practised, when the receipts of all the gates of the

city in one day, realised only twenty-five soldi—about twopence of our money!

Spaventa, a fellow-sufferer with Poerio, a man of daring boldness and consummate craft, was the prefect of police; he resolved on a step of no mean courage. He arrested one hundred Camorristi on a single night; dissolved the whole "Guardia Celladina," as it was called; and established in its stead a guard of public safety, over whose organisation he had for some time sedulously and carefully watched. It has been alleged that Spaventa used but little discrimination in his act of repression; that some tried patriots and brave followers of Garibaldi were included among those of less fame and more damaged reputations; but it was a moment of great peril, and admitted of little time for selection. The resources of the state were being preyed upon on all sides. Peculation was in high places as well as in low; and a letter to the formidable Camorristi was certain to take effect.

The government by this act severed itself at once and for ever from all connexion with the Camorra. Every day has widened the breach, and every day sees the powers of the state more stringently exercised towards those who declare that they are an institution of the land, and that they are determined to hold their own against the present government as they did against the last. Thus the Camorra has in latter times undergone four distinct mutations. Under the reign of Ferdinand the Second, it acted as the secret police; under his son Francis, it became the ally of the liberals; beneath the revolution it performed the functions of a police; and now, under Victor Emmanuel, it declares itself persecuted, and pronounces for the return of the Bourbons.

Profiting by the facilities which a state of siege confers upon a governor, General la Marmora made a most vigorous onslaught on the Camorra. Vast numbers have already been arrested, and the jails of even Florence and Turin are filled with these southern depredators. The more active the measures taken, the more does the extent of the disease manifest itself; the Camorra is now found to have penetrated the public service in every direction, to abound in the ranks of the army, and to have its followers in the navy.

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VERY HARD CASH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

PROLOGUE.

IN a snowy villa, with a sloping lawn, just outside the great commercial seaport, Barking-ton, there lived, a few years ago, a happy family. A lady, middle aged, but still charming; two young friends of hers; and a periodical visitor.

The lady was Mrs. Dodd; her occasional visitor was her husband; her friends were her son Edward, aged twenty, and her daughter Julia, nineteen; the fruit of a misalliance.

Mrs. Dodd was originally Miss Fountain, a young lady well born, high bred, and a denizen of the fashionable world. Under a strange concurrence of circumstances she coolly married the captain of an East Indiaman. The deed done, and with her eyes open, for she was not, to say, in love with him, she took a judicious line; and kept it; no hankering after Mayfair, no talking about Lord "This" and Lady "That," to commercial gentlewomen; no amphibiousness. She accepted her place in society, reserving the right to embellish it with the graces she had gathered in a higher sphere. In her home, and in her person, she was little less elegant than a countess; yet nothing more than a merchant-captain's wife: and she reared that commander's children, in a suburban villa, with the manners which adorn a palace. When they happen to be there.

This lady had a bugbear: viz. Slang. She could not endure the smart technicalities current; their multitude did not overpower her distaste; she called them "jargon;" "slang" was too coarse a word for her to apply to slang: she excluded many a good "raey idiom" along with the real offenders; and monosyllables in general ran some risk of having to show their passports.

If this was pedantry, it went no further; she was open, free, and youthful with her young pupils; and had the art to put herself on their level; often, when they were quite young she would feign infantine ignorance, in order to hunt trite truth in couples with them, and detect, by joint experiment, that rainbows cannot, or else will not, be walked into, nor Jack-o'-lantern be gathered like a cowslip; and that, dissect we the

vocal dog—its hair is like a lamb's—never so skilfully, no fragment of palpable bark, no sediment of tangible squeak, remains inside him to bles the inquisitive little operator, &c. &c.

When they advanced from these elementary branches to Languages, History, Tapestry, and "What Not," she managed still to keep by their side, learning with them, not just hearing them lessons down from the top of a high tower of maternity. She never checked their curiosity; but made herself share it; never gave them, as so many parents do, a white-lying answer; wooed their affections with subtle though innocent art; thawed their reserve; obtained their love, and retained their respect. Briefly, a female Chesterfield; her husband's lover after marriage, though not before; and the mild monitress, the elder sister, the favourite companion and bosom friend, of both her children.

They were remarkably dissimilar; and perhaps I may be allowed to preface the narrative of their adventures by a delineation; as in country churches an individual pipes the key-note, and the tune comes raging after.

Edward, then, had a great calm eye, that was always looking folk full in the face, mildly; his countenance comely and manly, but no more; too square for Apollo; but sufficed for John Bull. His figure it was that charmed the curious observer of male beauty. He was five feet ten; had square shoulders, a deep chest, masculine flank, small foot, high instep. To crown all this, a head, overflowed by ripples of dark brown hair, sat with heroic grace upon his solid white throat, like some glossy falcon new lighted on a Parian column.

This young gentleman had decided qualities, positive and negative. He could walk up to a five-barred gate, and clear it, alighting on the other side like a fallen feather; could row all day, and then dance all night; could fling a cricket ball a hundred and six yards; had a lathe and a tool-box, and would make you in a trice a chair, a table, a doll, a nutcracker, or any other movable, useful, or the very reverse. And could not learn his lessons, to save his life.

His sister Julia was not so easy to describe. Her figure was tall, lithe, and serpentine; her hair the colour of a horse-chestnut fresh from its pod; her ears tiny and shell-like, her eyelashes long and silky; her mouth small when grave, large when smiling; her eyes pure hazel by day, and

tinged with a little violet by night. But in jotting down these details, true as they are, I seem to myself to be painting fire, with a little snow and saffron, mixed on a marble pallet. There is a beauty too spiritual to be chained in a string of items; and Julia's fair features were but the china vessel that brimmed over with the higher loveliness of her soul. Her essential charm was, what shall I say? Transparency.

You would have said her very body thought.

Modesty, Intelligence, and, above all, Enthusiasm, shone through her, and out of her, and made her an airy, fiery, household joy. Briefly, an incarnate sunbeam.

This one could learn her lessons with unreasonable rapidity, and, until Edward went to Eton, would insist upon learning his into the bargain, partly with the fond notion of coaxing him on; as the company of a swift horse incites a slow one; partly because she was determined to share his every trouble, if she could not remove it. A little choleric, and indeed downright prone to that more generous indignation which fires at the wrongs of others. When heated with emotion, or sentiment, she lowered her voice, instead of raising it like the rest of us: she called her mother "Lady Placid," and her brother "Sir Imperturbable." And so much for outlines.

Mrs. Dodd laid aside her personal ambition with her maiden name; but she looked high for her children. Perhaps she was all the more ambitious for them, that they had no rival aspirant in Mrs. Dodd. She educated Julia herself from first to last: but with true feminine distrust of her power to mould a lordling of creation, she sent Edward to Eton, at nine.

This was slackening her tortoise. For at Eton is no female master, to coax dry knowledge into a slow head. However, he made good progress in two branches—aquatics and cricket.

After Eton came the choice of a profession. His mother recognised but four; and these her discreet ambition speedily sifted down to two. For military heroes are shot now and then, however pacific the century; and naval ones drowned. She would never expose her Edward to this class of accidents. Glory by all means; glory by the pail; but safe glory, please; or she would none of it. Remained the church and the bar; and, within these reasonable limits she left her dear boy free as air; and not even hurried; there was plenty of time to choose: he must pass through the university to either. This last essential had been settled about a twelvemonth, and the very day for his going to Oxford was at hand, when one morning Mr. Edward formally cleared his throat: it was an unusual act, and drew the ladies' eyes upon him. He followed the solemnity up by delivering calmly and ponderously a connected discourse, which astonished them by its length and purport. "Mamma, dear, let us look the thing in the face." This was his favourite expression, as well as habit.

"I have been thinking it quietly over for the last six months. Why send me to the university? I shall be out of place there. It will cost you a lot of money, and no good. Now, you take a fool's advice! Don't you waste your money and papa's sending a dull fellow like me to Oxford! I did bad enough at Eton. Make me an engineer, or something. If you were not so fond of me, and I of you, I'd say send me to Canada, with a pickaxe; you know I've got no headpiece."

Mrs. Dodd had sat aghast, casting Edward deprecating looks at the close of each ponderous sentence, but too polite to interrupt a soul, even a son talking nonsense. She now assured him she could afford very well to send him to Oxford, and begged leave to remind him that he was too good and too sensible to run up bills there, like the young men who did not really love their parents. "Then, as for learning, why we must be reasonable in our turn. Do the best you can, love. We know you have no great turn for the classics; we do not expect you to take high honours, like young Mr. Hardie; besides, that might make your head ache: he has sad headaches his sister told Julia. But, my dear, an university education is indispensable; do but see how the signs of it follow a gentleman through life, to say nothing of the valuable acquaintances and lasting friendships he makes there: even those few distinguished persons who have risen in the world without it, have openly regretted the want, and have sent their children: and *that* says volumes to me."

"Why, Edward, it is the hall-mark of a gentleman," said Julia, eagerly.

Mrs. Dodd caught a flash of her daughter: "And my silver shall never be without it," said she, warmly. She added presently, in her usual placid tone, "I beg your pardon, my dears, I ought to have said my gold." With this she kissed Edward tenderly on the brow, and drew an embrace and a little grunt of resignation from him.

"Take the dear boy and show him our purchases, love!" said Mrs. Dodd, with a little gentle accent of half reproach, scarce perceptible to a male ear.

"Oh yes," and Julia rose and tripped to the door. There she stood a moment, half turned, with arching neck, colouring with innocent pleasure. "Come, darling. Oh, you good-for-nothing thing."

The pair found a little room hard by, paved with china, crockery, glass, baths, kettles, &c.

"There, sir. Look them in the face and us, if you can."

"Well, you know, I had no idea you had been and bought a cart-load of things for Oxford." His eye brightened; he whipped out a two-foot rule, and began to calculate the cubic contents. "I'll turn to and make the cases, Ju."

The ladies had their way; the cases were made and despatched; and one morning the Bus came

for Edward, and stopped at the gate of Albion Villa. At this sight mother and daughter both turned their heads quickly away by one independent impulse, and set a bad example. Apparently neither of them had calculated on this paltry little detail. They were game for theoretical departures; to impalpable universities; and "an air-drawn Bus, a Bus of the mind," would not have dejected for a moment their lofty Spartan souls on glory bent; safe glory. But here was a Bus of wood, and Edward going bodily away inside it.

The victim kissed them, threw up his port-manteau and bag, and departed serene as Italian skies. The victors watched the pitiless Bus quite out of sight; then went up to his bedroom, all disordered by packing, and, on the very face of it, vacant; and sat down on his little bed intertwining and weeping.

Edward was received at Exeter College, as young gentlemen are received at college; and nowhere else, I hope, for the credit of Christendom. They showed him a hole in the roof, and called it an "Attic;" grim pleasantry! being a puncture in the modern Athens. They inserted him; told him what hour at the top of the morning he must be in chapel; and left him to find out his other ills. His cases were welcomed like Christians, by the whole staircase. These undergraduates abused one another's crockery as their own: the joint stock of breakables had just dwindled very low, and Mrs. Dodd's bountiful contribution was a godsend.

The new comer soon found that his views of a learned university had been narrow. Out of place in it? why, he could not have taken his wares to a better market; the modern Athens, like the ancient, cultivates muscle as well as mind. The captain of the university eleven saw a cricket-ball thrown all across the ground; he instantly sent a professional bowler to find out who that was; through the same ambassador the thrower was invited to play on club days; and proving himself an infallible catch and long stop, a mighty thrower, a swift runner, and a steady, though not very brilliant, bat, he was, after one or two repulses, actually adopted into the university eleven. He communicated this ray of glory by letter to his mother and sister with genuine delight, coldly and clumsily expressed; they replied with feigned and fluent rapture. Advancing steadily in that line of academic study, towards which his genius lay, he won a hurdle race, and sent home a little silver hurdle; and soon after brought a pewter pot, with a Latin inscription, recording the victory at "Fives" of Edward Dodd; but not too arrogantly; for in the centre of the pot was this device, "*The Lord is my illumination.*"

The Curate of Sandford, who pulled number six in the Exeter boat, left Sandford for Witney: on this he felt he could no longer do his college justice by water, and his parish by land, nor escape the change of pluralism, preaching at Witney, and rowing at Oxford. He fluctuated,

sighed, kept his Witney, and laid down his oar. Then Edward was solemnly weighed in his Jersey and flannel trousers by the crew, and proving only eleven stone eight, whereas he had been ungenerously suspected of twelve stone, was elected to the vacant oar by acclamation. He was a picture in a boat; and oh!!! well pulled, six!! was a hearty ejaculation constantly hurled at him from the bank by many men of other colleges, and even by the more genial among the cads, as the Exeter glided at ease down the river, or shot up it in a race.

He was now as much talked of in the University as any man of his College, except one. Singularly enough that one was his townsman; but no friend of his: he was much Edward's senior in standing, though not in age; and this is a barrier the junior must not step over—without direct encouragement—at Oxford. Moreover, the college was a large one, and some of "the sets" very exclusive: young Hardie was Doge of a studious clique; and careful to make it understood that he was a reading man who boated and cricketed, to avoid the fatigue of lounging; not a boatman or cricketer who strayed into Aristotle in the intervals of Perspiration.

His public running since he left Harrow was as follows; the prize poem in his fourth term; the sculls in his sixth; the Ireland scholarship in his eighth (he pulled second for it the year before); Stroke of the Exeter in his tenth; and reckoned sure of a first class, to consummate his twofold career.

To this young Apollo, crowned with variegated laurel, Edward looked up from a distance. The brilliant creature never bestowed a word on him by land; and by water only such observations as the following; "Time, Six!" "Well pulled, Six!" "Very well pulled, Six!" Except, by-the-by, one race; when he swore at him like a trooper for not being quicker at starting. The excitement of nearly being bumped by Brasenose in the first hundred yards was an excuse; however, Hardie apologised as they were dressing in the barge after the race: but the apology was so stiff, it did not pave the way to an acquaintance.

Young Hardie, rising twenty-one, thought nothing human worthy of reverence, but Intellect. Invited to dinner, on the same day, with the Emperor of Russia, and with Voltaire, and with meek St. John, he would certainly have told the coachman to put him down at Voltaire.

His quick eye detected Edward's character; but was not attracted by it: says he to one of his adherents "what a good-natured spoon that Dodd is! Phœbus, what a name!" Edward, on the other hand, praised this brilliant in all his letters, and recorded his triumphs and such of his witty sayings as leaked through his own set, to reinvigorate mankind. This roused Julia's ire. It smouldered through three letters: but burst out when there was no letter, but Mrs. Dodd, meaning, Heaven knows, no harm, happened to say meekly, à propos of Edward, "You know, love, we cannot all be young

Hardies." "No, and thank Heaven," said Julia, defiantly. "Yes, mamma," she continued, in answer to Mrs. Dodd's eyebrow, which had curved; "your mild glance reads my soul; I detest that boy." Mrs. Dodd smiled. "Are you sure you know what the word 'detest' means? and what has young Mr. Hardie done, that you should bestow so violent a sentiment on him?"

"Mamma, I am Edward's sister," was the tragic reply; then, kicking off the buskin pretty nimbly, "there! he beats our boy at everything, and ours sits quietly down and admires him for it: oh! how can a man let anybody or anything beat him? I wouldn't; without a desperate struggle." She clenched her white teeth and imagined the struggle. To be sure, she owned she had never seen this Mr. Hardie, but after all it was only Jane Hardie's brother, as Edward was hers; "and would I sit down and let Jane beat me at Things? never! never! never! I couldn't."

"Your friend to the death, dear; was not that your expression?"

"Oh, that was a slip of the tongue, dear mamma; I was off my guard. I generally am, by the way. But now I am on it, and propose an amendment. Now I second it. Now I carry it."

"And now let me hear it."

"She is my friend till death—or Eclipse; and that means until she eclipses me, of course." But Julia added softly, and with sudden gravity: "Ah! Jane Hardie has a fault, which will always prevent her from eclipsing your humble servant in this wicked world."

"What is that?"

"She is too good. Much."

"Par exemple!"

"Too religious."

"Oh, that is another matter."

"For shame, mamma! I am glad to hear it: for, I scorn a life of frivolity, but then, again, I should not like to give up everything, you know."

Mrs. Dodd looked a little staggered, too, at so vast a scheme of capitulation. But "everything" was soon explained to mean balls, concerts, dinner-parties in general, tea-parties without exposition of Scripture, races and operas, cards, charades, and whatever else amuses society without perceptibly sanctifying it. All these, by Julia's account, Miss Hardie had renounced, and was now denouncing (with the young the latter verb treads on the very heels of the former). "And, you know, she is a district visitor!"

This climax delivered, Julia stopped short, and awaited the result.

Mrs. Dodd heard it all with quiet disapproval and cool incredulity. She had seen so many young ladies healed of so many young enthusiasms, by a wedding ring. But while she was searching diligently in her mine of ladylike English—mine with plenty of water in it, begging

her pardon—for expressions to convey inoffensively, and roundabout, her conviction that Miss Hardie was a little, furious, simpleton, the post came, and swept the subject away in a moment.

Two letters; one from Calcutta, one from Oxford.

They came quietly in upon one salver, and were opened and read with pleasurable interest, but without surprise, or misgiving; and without the slightest foretaste of their grave and singular consequences.

Rivers deep and broad start from such little springs.

David's letter was of unusual length for him. The main topics were, first, the date and manner of his return home. His ship, a very old one, had been condemned in port: and he was to sail a fine new teak-built vessel, the Agra, as far as the Cape; where her captain, just recovered from a severe illness, would come on board, and convey her and him to England. In future, Dodd was to command one of the Company's large steamers to Alexandria and back.

"It is rather a come-down for a sailor, to go straight ahead like a wheelbarrow, in all weathers, with a steam-pot and a crew of coalheavers. But then I shall not be parted from my sweetheart such long dreary spells as I have been this twenty years, my dear love: so is it for me to complain?"

The second topic was pecuniary: the transfer of their savings from India, where interest was higher than at home, but the capital not so secure.

And the third was ardent and tender expressions of affection for the wife and children he adored. These effusions of the heart had no separate place, except in my somewhat arbitrary analysis of the honest sailor's letter; they were the under-current.

Mrs. Dodd read part of it out to Julia; in fact, all but the money matter: that concerned the heads of the family more immediately; and Cash was a topic her daughter did not understand, nor care about. And, when Mrs. Dodd had read it with glistening eyes, she kissed it tenderly, and read it all over again to herself, and then put it into her bosom as naïvely as a milkmaid in love.

Edward's letter was short enough, and Mrs. Dodd allowed Julia to read it to her, which she did with panting breath, and glowing cheeks, and a running fire of comments.

"Dear Mamma, I hope you and Ju are quite well."

"Ju," murmured Mrs. Dodd, plaintively.

"—And that there is good news about papa coming home. As for me, I have plenty on my hands just now; all this term I have been ('training' scratched out, and another word put in: cr—oh, I know) 'cramming.'"

"Cramming, love?"

"Yes, that is the Oxfordish for studying."

“—For smalls.”

Mrs. Dodd contrived to sigh interrogatively. Julia, who understood her every accent, reminded her that “smalls” was the new word for “little go.”

“—Cramming for smalls; and now I am in two races at Henley, and that rather puts the snaffle on reading and gooseberry pie’ (Goodness me), ‘and adds to my chance of being ploughed for smalls.’”

“What does it all mean?” inquired mamma, “gooseberry pie?” and ‘the snaffle?’ and ‘ploughed?’”

“Well, the gooseberry pie is really too deep for me: but ploughed is the new Oxfordish for ‘plucked.’ O mamma, have you forgotten that? Plucked was vulgar, so now they are ploughed.

“—For smalls; but I hope I shall not be, to vex you and puss.”

“Heaven forbid he should be so disgraced! But what has the cat to do with it?”

“Nothing on earth. Puss? that is me. How dare he? Did I not forbid all these nicknames, and all this Oxfordish, by proclamation, last Long.”

“Last Long?”

“Hem! last protracted vacation.

“—Dear mamma, sometimes I cannot help being down in the mouth’ (why, it is a string of pearls) ‘to think you have not got a son like Hardie.’”

At this unfortunate reflection it was Julia’s turn to suffer. She deposited the letter in her lap, and fired up. “Now, have not I cause to hate, and scorn, and despise, le petit Hardie?”

“Julia!”

“I mean to dislike with propriety, and gently to abominate Mr. Hardie, junior.

“—Dear mamma, do come to Henley on the tenth, you and Ju. The university eights will not be there, but the head boats of the Oxford and Cambridge river will; and the Oxford head boat is Exeter, you know; and I pull six.”

“Then I am truly sorry to hear it; my poor child will overtake his strength; and how unfair of the other young gentlemen; it seems ungenerous; unreasonable.”

“—And I am entered for the sculls as well, and if you and “the Impetuosity” (Vengeance!) ‘were looking on from the bank, I do think I should be lucky this time. Henley is a long way from Barkington, but it is a pretty place; all the ladies admire it, and like to see both the universities out and a stunning race.’

“Oh, well, there *is* an epithet. One would think thunder was going to race lightning, instead of Oxford Cambridge.

“—If you can come, please write, and I will get you nice lodgings; I will not let you go to a noisy inn. Love to Julia and no end of kisses to my pretty mamma,

“from your affectionate Son,

“EDWARD DODD.”

They wrote off a cordial assent, and reached Henley in time to see the dullest town in Europe; and also to see it turn one of the gayest in an hour or two; so impetuously came both the universities pouring into it—in all known vehicles that could go their pace—by land and water.

CHAPTER I.

It was a bright hot day in June. Mrs. Dodd and Julia sat half reclining, with their parasols up, in an open carriage, by the brink of the Thames at one of its loveliest bends.

About a furlong up stream a silvery stone bridge, just mellowed by time, spanned the river with many fair arches. Through these the coming river peeped sparkling a long way above, then came meandering and shining down, loitered cool and sombre under the dark vaults, then glistening on again crookedly to the spot where sat its two fairest visitors that day; but at that very point flung off its serpentine habits, and shot straight away in a broad stream of scintillating water a mile long, down to an island in mid-stream; a little fairy island with old trees and a white temple. To curl round this fairy isle the broad current parted, and both silver streams turned purple in the shade of the grove; then winded and melted from the sight.

This noble and rare passage of the silvery Thames was the Henley race-course. The starting place was down at the island, and the goal was up at a point in the river below the bridge, but above the bend where Mrs. Dodd and Julia sat, unruffled by the racing, and enjoying luxuriously the glorious stream, the mellow bridge crowded with carriages—whose fair occupants stretched a broad band of bright colour above the dark figures clustering on the battlements—and the green meadows opposite with the motley crowd streaming up and down.

Nor was that sense, which seems especially keen and delicate in women, left unregaled in the general bounty of the time. The green meadows on the opposite bank, and the gardens at the back of our fair friends, flung their sweet fresh odours at their liquid benefactor gliding by; and the sun himself seemed to burn perfumes, and the air to scatter them, over the motley merry crowd, that bright, hot, smiling, airy day in June.

Thus tuned to gentle enjoyment, the fair mother and her lovely daughter leaned back in a delicious languor proper to their sex, and eyed with unflagging, though demure, interest, and furtive curiosity, the wealth of youth, beauty, stature, agility, gaiety, and good temper, the two great universities had poured out upon those obscure banks; all dressed in neat but easy fitting clothes, cut in the height of the fashion, or else in Jerseys, white or striped, and flannel trousers, and straw hats, or cloth caps of bright and various hues; betting, strolling, laughing, chaffing, larking, and whirling stunted bludgeons at Aunt Sally.

But as for the sport itself they were there to see, the centre of all these bright accessories, "The Racing," my ladies did not understand it, nor try, nor care a hook-and-eye about it. But this mild dignified indifference to the main event received a shock at two P.M.: for then the first heat for the cup came on, and Edward was in it. So then racing became all in a moment a most interesting pastime; an appendage to Loving. He left them to join his crew. And, soon after, the Exeter glided down the river before their eyes, with the beloved one rowing quietly in it: his Jersey revealed not only the working power of his arms, as sunburnt below the elbow as a gipsy's, and as corded above as a blacksmith's, but also the play of the great muscles across his broad and deeply indented chest: his oar entered the water smoothly, gripped it severely, then came out clean, and feathered clear and tunably on the ringing rowlock, the boat jumped, and then glided, at each neat, easy, powerful stroke. "Oh, how beautiful and strong he is," cried Julia. "I had no idea."

Presently the competitor for this heat came down, the Cambridge boat, rowed by a fine crew in broad striped Jerseys. "Oh dear!" said Julia, "they are odious and strong in this boat too. I wish I was in it—with a gimlet; he *should* win, poor boy."

Which corkscrew staircase to Honour being inaccessible, the race had to be decided by two unfeminine trifles called "Speed" and "Bottom."

Few things in this vale of tears are more worthy a pen of fire than an English boat-race is, as seen by the runners; and none else have ever seen one, or can paint one. But I, unhappily, have nothing to do with this race, except as it appeared to two ladies seated on the Henley side of the Thames, nearly opposite the winning-post. These fair novices then looked all down the river, and could just discern two whitish streaks on the water, one on each side the little fairy isle; and a great black patch on the Berkshire bank. The threatening streaks were the two racing boats: the black patch was about a hundred Cambridge and Oxford men, ready to run and hallo with the boats all the way, or at least till the last puff of wind should be run plus halloed out of their young bodies. Others less fleet and enduring, but equally clamorous, stood in knots at various distances, ripe for a shorter yell and run when the boats should come up to them. Of the natives and country visitors, those, who were not nailed down by bounteous Fate, ebbed and flowed up and down the bank with no settled idea, but of getting in the way as much as possible, and of getting knocked into the Thames as little as might be.

There was a long uneasy suspense.

At last a puff of smoke issued from a pistol down at the island; two oars seemed to splash into the water from each white streak; and the black patch was moving; so were the threatening streaks. Presently was heard a faint, conti-

nuous, distant murmur, and the streaks began to get larger, and larger, and larger; and the eight splashing oars looked four instead of two.

Every head was now turned down the river. Groups hung craning over it like nodding bulrushes.

Next the runners were swelled by the stragglers they picked up; so were their voices; and on came the splashing oars and roaring lungs.

Now the colours of the racing Jerseys peeped distinct. The oarsmen's heads and bodies came swinging back like one, and the oars seemed to lash the water savagely, like a connected row of swords, and the spray squirted at each vicious stroke. The boats leaped and darted side by side, and, looking at them in front, nobody could say which was ahead. On they came nearer and nearer, with hundreds of voices vociferating, "Go it Cambridge!" "Well pulled Oxford!" "You are gaining, hurrah!" "Well pulled Trinity!" "Hurrah!" "Oxford!" "Cambridge!" "Now is your time, Hardie, pick her up!" "Oh, well pulled, six!" "Well pulled, stroke!" "Up, up! lift her a bit!" "Cambridge!" "Oxford!" "Hurrah!"

At this Julia turned red and pale by turns. "Oh, mamma!" said she, clasping her hands and colouring high, "would it be very wrong if I was to *pray* for Oxford to win?"

Mrs. Dodd had a monitory finger; it was on her left hand; she raised it; and, that moment, as if she had given a signal, the boats, foreshortened no longer, shot out to treble the length they had looked hitherto, and came broadside past our palpitating fair, the elastic rowers stretched like greyhounds in a chase, darting forward at each stroke so boldly, they seemed flying out of the boats, and surging back as superbly, an eightfold human wave: their nostrils all open, the lips of some pale and glutinous; their white teeth all clenched grimly, their young eyes all glowing, their supple bodies swelling, the muscles writhing beneath their Jerseys, and the sinews starting on each bare brown arm; their little shrill coxswains shouting imperiously at the young giants, and working to and fro with them, like jockeys at a finish; nine souls and bodies flung whole into each magnificent effort; water foaming and flying, rowlocks ringing, crowd running, tumbling, and howling like mad; and Cambridge a boat's nose ahead.

They had scarcely passed our two spectators, when Oxford put on a furious spurt, and got fully even with the leading boat. There was a louder roar than ever from the bank. Cambridge spurted desperately in turn, and stole those few feet back; and so they went fighting every inch of water. Bang! A cannon on the bank sent its smoke over both competitors; it dispersed in a moment, and the boats were seen pulling slowly towards the bridge, Cambridge with four oars, Oxford with six, as if that gun had winged them both.

The race was over.

But who had won our party could not see, and must wait to learn.

SHAKESPEARE MUSIC.

IN THREE ACTS.

FIRST ACT. FANTASTIC AND SUPERNATURAL PLAYS.

THAT there is no profane writer (to adopt the known distinction) who has furnished such inspiration, to every creator, in every branch of imaginative art, as England's dramatist, may be proved, if merely one corner of the world of poetry be glanced at, not explored to the fullest. I have given up collection of facts in regard to Shakespeare music as a task hopeless by reason of its immensity, and in stringing together a few notes made during some years, merely open a subject which will furnish a substantial decade's work to any one intending to dismiss his labour as complete.

How to begin?—with a word or two on the paucity of real inventions in art—pointing out how Shakespeare quoted Hollinshed wholesale, and patched Plutarch, and ravaged the world of Italian fiction for his plots?—with a speculation on the marvellous elements of reproduction existing everywhere—so shadowed out by Hamlet in the churchyard—so beautifully to be tested, tasted, and handled, by any one who walks in an old forest, and who sees how the trees feed the turf, and how the soil beneath the turf, gives aliment to the trees, and prepares new ones to spring when the ancients shall fall in the fulness of time? One could rhapsodise for pages on these old truths, and illustrate them musically with reference to the subject in hand. No—for the moment let it suffice to glance through the open gate of Dreamland, and then, taking down from the shelf a chance copy of the plays (the one here taken down is Theobald's, with its old wry Frenchified copper-plate illustrations by Gravelot and Van der Gucht), to go through the list of them, and to see what may turn up from Memory and the memorandum-book.

The first in Theobald's edition, is Shakespeare's last, The Tempest.—This brings us at once into what may be called his three supernatural plays—the magical dream-drama, the fairy masque, and the human tragedy of Destiny, Ambition, and Crime.

It is a comparatively recent fancy to attempt the supernatural in Music. The first legend which got on the opera stage, more romantic in its character than the histories of Mitridate and Alessandro in ancient days, was that of Armida with its duel betwixt Sense and Spirit; Paganism and Christianity—Enchantment and Faith stronger than Enchantment.—And Armida with her fairy garden is possibly the heroine who has appeared in the largest number of operas; her devices and her discomfiture having been set by some fifty composers—among these, Lulli, Handel, Gluck, Haydn, Rossini. This may be

in part accounted for by the strong human interest which keeps the fantastic story alive. Less, if not comparatively little, of this belongs to Shakespeare's Tempest. Miranda and Ferdinand are in the second distance, Prospero, Ariel, and Caliban, in the first. The temptation of the story, then, to the musician, has been mainly its supernatural element; and the exquisite fancy showered over it everywhere by the dramatist. Such are the limits of music, however, that it is not possible to treat Ariel except conventionally. The effects of elemental sound—the sighing of breezes, the dropping of water, the rustling of leaves, the distant echo on the hill—can only be represented in one and the same language; and the very thing which appears to have seduced so many musicians is the one which might more naturally have distanced them.

At first, of course, musical illustration confined itself to a mere setting of Ariel's and Caliban's lyrics—to tunes which the actors might sing on the stage. It is more probable that these were snatched up and brought in from any source in those old rude days (as the vaudeville tunes in France are even now), than that they were expressly written for the dramas—stage music was little more advanced in Shakespeare's time than stage scene-painting. There was no orchestra meriting the name. There was Tempest music composed by Lock or Eccles, but it never took the place which the Maebeth music, attributed to those two men, has done, and which it still keeps. The first real mark made on the play in music may be said to be in the songs of Purcell—those sweet and stately melodies of which we English shall never tire. It is worth while, however, to remark in this Purcell music for The Tempest a certain restraint not shown by him in other of his settings of poetry for the stage. That he could be eminently and expressively fantastic in advance of his time, his Frost Scene, and his deliciously wayward *cantata* the Delirious Lady, remain to attest. Strange that Dryden should, in one point of view, have been more suggestive to the musician than Shakespeare! Those, however, were the days of Shakespeare's neglect in England—days which lasted on even into the time of Handel. The last named great man knew our poets, as his L'Allegro, and Samson, and Cecilian Odes, bear witness, and that he never set a line of Shakespeare's verse is a case singular enough among oversights and exceptions to be worth noting. His right-hand man, Smith, had a finer sense;—and wrote or fitted up music for The Tempest, as well as The Midsummer Night's Dream—the former being lost and forgotten, and no wonder, seeing that The Tempest was taken in hand by one of the best of Shakespearian composers, Thomas Augustine Arne.

Among all the English songs of the last century, those by this melodist to The Tempest and As You Like It, stand out with a distinct beauty and prominence, shared by none other in the long list. Their freshness will be at once felt if they be compared to the beautiful, but

more modish melodies—so many copies from the Italian—which fill Arne's *Artaxerxes*. There is no trace of place or period in Ariel's song, "Where the bee sucks," that delicate inspiration which will keep its favour so long as young voices are left to sing, and ears of all ages to enjoy. With Caliban (a monster puzzling to all musicians), Arne was less happy, having no power, so far as may be judged, over rude, brutal, vigorous passion. He could have made nothing of Gay's *Polyphemus*. Nor does his masque music for Juno and Ceres, if he composed it, remain. That episode, though more than once ingeniously treated, as by Linley, and by Mr. Henry Smart, a few years since, under Mr. Macready's management—has never been worthily set till the other day, and that, as we shall see, by one of the two youngest composers, if we mistake not, who have ventured to deal with Shakespeare.

Early in the last century, when German theatrical music began to stir itself in quest of individuality, the romantic plays of Shakespeare began also to excite curiosity and admiration. Tired enough must the poor composers of all and sundry countries have been of Greek kings and queens, of Gods and Goddesses—especially after a certain Gluck, by his five imperishable operas, had made further progress in classical musical tragedy impossible. The *Tempest*, however, fell into clumsy and feeble keeping among the Germans. Rolle—one of the thousand voluminous composers, who flourish respectably, and write what by no means should be remembered—had an opera on the subject. Another, a later settler, figures in the list of works by a man who enjoyed a wider reputation, and whose name is not yet utterly forgotten—Winter. But that meritorious person seems to have been born without a grain of the picturesque in his genius. His South American opera, *The Interrupted Sacrifice*, still drowsily lingering in the German theatre, has not a trace in it of colour or climate. The scene might be as well laid in Brandenburg or Holland, for any touch of warmth or barbaric splendour which it possesses. Of all respectable composers, Winter is among the most weakly wearisome. Such a man's *Tempest* could only live in the line of a dictionary. There could, by no magic, have been any enchantment in it.

How strongly the legend tempted Mendelssohn is too well known a story to require being dwelt on at length. For years he was trying to work on it in conjunction with Immermann (probably even to the extent of sketching certain portions), but the inherent difficulties of the legend, as one to be exclusively conducted in music, may have made themselves felt then—as they did later, when a London manager ventured the length of positively promising a *Tempest* opera from Mendelssohn (advertising the cast, nay, too, giving portraits of the artists in the principal scenes), merely on the strength of the composer having consented to look at an opera-book on his favourite drama, after it had been arranged by the adroit but unscrupulous Scribe. Two worse assorted fellow-labourers could hardly have been

found. It might have been foreseen that no good could come of the affair when the French party to the contract was irreverent enough to spice Shakespeare's too insipid play, by bringing into visible prominence Caliban's odious persecution of Miranda. The book was returned with protest; and Mendelssohn died without having realised one of the dearest plans of his musical life.

Halévy's *Tempesta*, on M. Scribe's book, set for London, and sung here by Sontag and Lablache, has not had altogether fair measure from any public. There is an incurable French taint in the arrangement, with its superfluous last act, which was quietly lopped away when the opera was attempted in Paris. Yet some of the music has elegance, and Lablache, the incomparable, was furnished in it with fair opportunity for his display and his discretion. That old man's personification of Caliban (for Lablache, when he personated Caliban, was old), the brute force thrown by him into look, voice, and gesture, and yet the admirable propriety with which difficulties in the part, which might so easily have become abominations, were managed and concealed, should not be forgotten as one of the most remarkable examples of might, versatility, and subtle judgment, which have been seen on the musical stage.—It should also be recorded, as a curiosity, that the one encore gained during the opera, was won by Middle Parodi's spirited singing of the Franco-Italianised version of Stephano's song—

The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I,
which choice ditty has been, for the most part, left alone in its coarseness by our home musicians.

Besides the illustrations mentioned, a few more modern ones still claim notice—a spirited, but too long-drawn overture, by M. Benedict, written in contemplation of the play being revived, with complete music, by the same hand at Munich—a scene for Miranda and chorus, by that eccentric French student of Shakespeare, whom we shall meet again, M. Berlioz—another Shakespearian curiosity—for its uncouthness of idea, its absence of melody, and the elaborate oddity of its orchestral effects—a complete decking of the play, by that meritorious and level composer, Herr Taubert, of Berlin, spoken of with temperate praise by German authorities, and in which one of the most noticeable features is said to be the spectral chase of Caliban—and yet another, that by our very young countryman, Mr. A. Sullivan—which, besides being the newest, is the best one extant—and which has deservedly created a sensation in our musical world, such as no first English appearance made under such difficulties has done before.—Had the boy been a man, he might have hesitated to measure himself against Purcell and Arne, and to enter a land of enchantment, the entering of which involves certain conditions of colour and form. A new storm, a new Ariel, were not easy to conjure up; but the feat has been done. Mr. Sullivan's music is not crude and boy-like; but

ripe, fresh, and with a modest mastery shown in setting forth delicate fancies—bespeaking as much real artistic training as feeling. In particular may his masque music for Juno and Ceres (including the festive and gracious overture to the fourth act), and the prelude to the fifth, where Prospero dissolves the enchantment, be specified as so many pages which any composer of any country, of any age, might well have been, or be too glad to sign.—Mr. Sullivan is firmer and brighter as an orchestral colourist than any of his countrymen, past or present. He has brought from Germany the best of its science, without its pedantry, or the vagueness which, at the time being, is making such a confusion in art. He thinks poetically, and in the tune of English poetry. It is no light praise to say, that Shakespeare's lovely dream, which during so many a year exercised such a fascination over the greatest Shakespearian composer who ever lived, Mendelssohn—has suffered no dishonour from England's Mendelssohn scholar.

Beyond question, the most perfect musical illustration of Shakespeare that the art has produced is that to the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, by FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLODY. That a mere boy—for he was a mere boy when the music of Beethoven and Weber was in what may be called the fulness of its unwasted glory—should strike out so incomparable a prelude as was his Overture—in the fashioning of which no influences of Beethoven or Weber had the slightest share—is one among the marvels of genius. It is true, that though Mendelssohn remained to be a child till the last, he was a man from the first—a man with a vigorous individuality, which owed much to conception, much to study, nothing to models, and which set aside the fashions of the day, at home and abroad, in his own works, without disdaining them in the person of others. It is not too much to say that Zelter's pupil and Goethe's friend (for his friend he was, in spite of the disparity in their ages) revelled in Shakespeare. His passion for poetry, his intense sense of humour, distinguishing him from any other German that I have ever known, his marvellous knowledge of languages, his English sympathies, all aided the charm. His choice of this play, too, was decided by the predominance of the fantastic element in it. Oberon and Titania were more tempting to him than Romeo and Juliet. His overtures—that to Ruy Blas excepted—are landscape pictures, animated by figures, rather than such foreshadowings of passion as are to be found in Beethoven's *Leonora*, *Coriolan*, and *Egmont* overtures. But his first (that to the *faery masque*) is his best. There is a riot of rich and new fancy in it; a clear characterisation of the three distinct groups of elfin beings, boors, and noble lovers, wrought out by an employment of science exquisite in its case. One could fancy the work thrown out at one jet, without misgiving or retouching. The novelty of it is startling, without the least affectation or eccentricity. No wonder that it burst out like a new revelation,

which set its bright, fascinating boy-creator among the mighty and mature masters of his art in Europe.

This Overture lay, for some dozen years or more, solitary in its perfection, till it pleased the late King of Prussia—an amateur monarch, who was always occupying himself with experiments and inventions, and who at that time was making great efforts to attach the best geniuses of Germany to his court—to command a revival of the *faery play* and its overture, with added music by the same master-hand.—Nothing could be pleasanter than to hear Mendelssohn talk of his delight in this commission, or the trouble and the triumph which ensued. There is idea enough in the overture to furnish a large part of the material for the scenic illustrations. But the new matter is equal, and more, to the old; perfectly corresponding, too, in tone. The *intermezzo*, or “curtain tune,” that preludes the second act; the *rondel* and the *faery song*, “*Ye spotted snakes*” (already happily set as one of our best English glees by Stevens), with its lullaby burthen and the *nocturno*, where the lovers sleep in the wood, made it clear that the original inspiration had not been weakened by time and experience. As a whole, it is one of Mendelssohn's two most perfect works—to range in its world as high as does his *Elijah* among oratorios.

The Berlin pedants and critics came out with unusual strength (for even Berlin) on the occasion. Louis Tieck, whose readings of Shakespeare enjoyed an European reputation, had the charge of putting the drama on the stage: and by way of making the performance as correct as possible to its author's intentions (compelled to overlook the showy innovations of the painter's art), he—the author of the *Phantasm*—conceived the sublime idea of making the Athenians wear Spanish dresses, because so it was in the good old times! How Mendelssohn used to crow with laughter when he told this; and after, recalled the compliment of the *Stick in Waiting*, who came to him at the close of the first performance at court—are things pleasant to recollect. “Charming, delicious music you have made, doctor,” said the *Stick*, “but what a wretched, stupid play it is!” “So you see,” the artist added, “we are not without our *Bottoms* and *Quincees* at his Majesty's court.”

It would be difficult to draw out a list of the many settings of passages selected from the play; some of them retained during its stage revivals in England. Bishop's are the best: his *canzonet*, “By the simplicity of *Venus' doves*,” sang with so much taste and tenderness by Miss Stephens, is a faultless English song. Horn set “*I know a bank*” prettily as a duet; and who shall forget *Shield's* wonderful comprehension of his author in the glee,

Your eyes are loadstars, and your tongue's sweet air!
which used to be the delight of part-singers having sickly predilections. We had a Francis Flute, then, assuredly among our musicians! Now-a-days, such a piece of slovenly misunder-

standing would, it might have been argued, be simply impossible, had we not heard such a wonderful modern reading of one of Tennyson's lines as,

Queen of the rosebud: garden of girls!

The third of Shakespeare's plays, not suggesting, but expressly *demanding*, supernatural music, is the grand witch-tragedy, which has been handled in every conceivable form of illustration, and apparently formed one of the most tempting of the entire series, especially to continental composers. In England we have been debarred from variety and improvement in the attempt by our loyalty. We have regarded the old music to Macbeth (whether by Eccles or Lock is a matter of controversy too dry and too doubtful to be entered on here) with a sort of "church and state" reverence, in which there has been as much superstition as of sound faith. Few established institutions have been more implicitly believed in—more redundantly overpraised. Even to these latest days of ours, when Dryden and Cibber, and a host besides of patching playwrights, have been thrust off the stage in favour of Shakespeare's pure text, no one has dared to intermeddle with this portion of it, in order to weed the words of much questionable matter; and the writer will stand in a worse plight than the rash party who spoke disrespectfully of the Equator, should he venture to call the music bald and monotonous—so much sound remotely representing the sense. There is sweetness in it, some pomp, some opportunity of choral display—but not a chord, not an inflection, to tell that the "supernatural solicitings" are those of malignant beings who rejoice in wreck, in revenge, in murder. When their incantations recur to us, as thus set, it is impossible not to recal, by comparison, that page in Handel's Saul where the witch of Endor calls up Samuel—so intense, yet so ghastly in its simplicity.

The Germans, quickened, no doubt, by interest in Schiller's translation, and by the great fame of *their* Siddons, Madame Sophie Schröder (yet living), as the representative of the Lady, occupied themselves to find music for the tragedy.—Spohr's overture is not by any means the best of his overtures, it is grim and stale.—Goethe's friend, Eberwein—André of Offenbach—Holly of Breslau—Reichardt of Berlin, the "German Fatherland"—Reichardt—Mederitsch, called Gallus among forgotten composers—Rastrelli of Dresden—Taubert, more recently at Berlin, and others, successively tried their hands at scenic music for the tragedy, but have produced none that is final, or that can be everywhere accepted. The play is yet open to the garniture which was expressly bespoke for it by its writer.

Two operas on the subject are to be mentioned: Chêlard's and Signor Verdi's.—Though not a first-rate French composer, and having fallen as he did in France on the awkward interregnum betwixt the operatic reigns of Spon-tini and Signor Rossini, Hyppolitus Andrew

John Baptist Chêlard grappled with Macbeth, neither feebly nor unintelligently.—His opera, which could find no home in Paris, gained its author renown and a chapel-mastership in Germany. In London, when it was performed under his superintendence during the year 1832, it was effaced entirely by the interest of *Fidelio*, which work was then an utter novelty in England. There are some artful and effective musical contrasts. The music given to the witches, who always sing in a group, has a sinister and piercing shrillness, which cuts the gloom of the tempest on the heath as it were with the edge of lightning. The reception of Duncan is gorgeous, with a certain bardic tone thrown into the chorus. The sleep-walking scene is exceedingly well noted, with a closeness of expression in the accompanied recitative often tried for, but rarely attained, in this most difficult portion of a musician's task, because, it is the portion in which he must assert his equality with the poet, without any great special display, without overpowering his mate, still leaving freedom to the declaiming singers.—Madame Schroeder-Devrient's *Lady Macbeth* is one among the great opera recollections of the last half century. It was from her baleful look, her indications of ambitious crime, compressed yet never concealed, her wretched frenzy of remorse, that Retsch derived his idea of the heroine, not Siddonian, it is true, but still arresting for the moment, and leaving the record of wicked power, and lacerating anguish, upon the memory of all who saw the actress.

It is worth recording, that the text for Chêlard's *Macbeth*, was arranged by the luckless clever author of "*La Marseillaise*," Rouget de Lisle. The musician never took another flight so high, or gained so much success, in any subsequent opera; he was elbowed out of sight, perhaps owing to certain peculiarities of temper, and died, some years ago, at Weimar, an obscure and unpopular man.

The Italian *Macbeth* is far more flimsy, far more tawdry, though written by a far more famous man than Chêlard—Signor Verdi. But his taste in musical tragedy is for that meagre ferocity which does not get beyond melodrama (with slight exception)—then, too, he shares the incapacity of his countrymen to deal with supernatural subjects—Signor Rossini's apparition of Ninus in *Semiramide* making the one exception. His witches are mere Vauxhall sorecreesses, ludicrous and make-believe, anything but appalling and prophetic.—His *Lady's* drinking song at the banquet, might, with the soberest propriety, be transferred to the free-and-easy supper of the *Camellia* gentlewoman, otherwise *La Traviata*. Nor is the last monologue of the heroine (who, by the way, was originally the most ill-favoured woman, and the grandest voice in modern Italy, Madame Barbieri-Nini) in any respect comparable to Chêlard's. Like Chêlard's, however, this scene has had the advantage of being presented by one of the greatest actresses of any time, we may say the greatest living actress, recollecting her incomparable yesterday's per-

sonation of Gluck's Orpheus—Madame Garcia Viardot.

The passion-plays of Shakespeare must form our second act; the comedies and songs our third.

BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

SOME miners were sinking a shaft in Wales
(I know not where; but the facts have fill'd
A chink in my brain, while other tales

Have been swept away, as when pearls are spill'd,
One pearl rolls into a chink in the floor)—
Somewhere, then, where God's light is kill'd,

And men tear, in the dark, at the earth's heart-core,
These men were at work, when their axes knock'd
A hole in a passage, closed years before.

A slip in the earth, I suppose, had block'd
This gallery suddenly up, with a heap
Of rubble, as safe as a chest is lock'd,

Till these men pick'd it; and 'gan to creep
In on all-fours. Then a loud shout rau
Round the black roof, "Here's a man asleep!"

They all push'd forward; and scarce a span;
From the mouth of the passage, in sooth, the
lamp

Fell on the upturn'd face of a man!

No taint of death, no decaying damp
Had touch'd that fair young brow, whereon
Courage had set its glorious stamp.

Calm as a monarch upon his throne,
Lips hard-clenched,—no shadow of fear,—
He sat there, taking his rest alone.

He must have been there for many a year.
The spirit had fled; but there was its shrine,
In clothes of a century old, or near!

The dry and embalming air of the mine
Had arrested the natural hand of decay;
Nor faded the flesh, nor dimm'd a line.

Who was he then? . . . No man might say
When the passage had suddenly fallen in.
Its memory, even, was past away!

In their great rough arms, begrimed with coal,
They took him up, as a tender lass
Will carry a babe, from that darksome hole,

To the outer world of the short warm grass.
Then up spake one. "Let us send for Bess,—
She is seventy-nine, come Martinmas;

"Older than any one here, I guess!
Belike, she may mind when the wall fell there,
And remember the lad, by his comeliness." . . .

So they brought old Bess, with her silver hair,
To the side of the hill, where the dead man lay,
Ere the flesh had crumbled in outer air.

And the crowd around him all gave way,
As with tottering steps old Bess drew nigh,
And bent o'er the face of the unchanged clay.

Then suddenly rang a sharp low cry! . . .
Bess sank on her knees, and wildly toss'd
Her wither'd arms in the summer sky.

"O Willie! Willie! My lad! My lost! . . .
The Lord be praised! After sixty years
I see ye again! . . . The tears ye cost,

"O Willie, darlin'! were bitter tears . . .
They never look'd for ye under ground!
They told me a tale to mock my fears!

"They said ye were over the sea . . . ye'd found
A lass ye loved better nor me,—to explain
How ye'd a-vanish'd fro' sight and sound!

"O darlin'! . . . A long, long night o' pain
I ha' lived since then!—and now I'm old,
Seems a'most as if youth was come back again,—

"Seeing ye there, wi' your locks o' gold,
And limbs so straight as ashen beams,—
I a'most forget how the years ha' roll'd

"Between us! . . . O Willie! how strange it seems
To see ye here, as I've seen ye oft,
Over and over again—in dreams!" . . .

In broken words like these, with soft
Low wails, she rock'd herself. And none
Of the rough men around her scoff'd.

For surely a sight like this, the sun
Had rarely look'd upon. Face to face,
The old dead love, and the living one!—

The dead, with its undimm'd fleshy grace,
At the end of threescore years; the quick,
Pucker'd, and wither'd, without a trace

Of its warm girl-beauty;—a wizard's trick,
Bringing the love and the youth that were,
Back to the eyes of the old and sick.

Those bodies were just of one age! yet there,
Death, clad in youth, had been standing still,
While Life had been fretting itself threadbare!

But the moment was come, as a moment will
To all who have loved, and been parted here,
And have toil'd alone, up the thorny hill;

When, at the top, as their eyes see clear,
Over the mists in this vale below,
Mere specks their trials and toils appear,

Beside the eternal rest they know!
—Death came to old Bess that night, and gave
The welcome summons that she should go.

And now, though the rains and winds may rave,
Nothing can part them. Deep and wide,
The miners, that evening, dug one grave.

So at last, while the summers and winters glide,
Old Bess and young Willie sleep, side by side.

THE TENTH OF MARCH.

It is good to see every kind and variety of beautiful thing in the world. It is good to stand by moonlight on the deck of a ship, and watch the flash of the phosphorus in the vessel's wake; good to ascend the Jura heights and look across the Geneva lake to where the whitened peaks of the Alps are lost among the vapours of the sky; good to saunter in the well-ordered walks of a flower-garden; or to pass the best half of a summer night among the ruined temples of Pæstum. Such pleasures as these are, to a certain extent, at a man's command. He may enjoy them again and again, and return to them often. But there are some sights of which this may not be said.

There are some scenes which require for the perfection of their development, a combination of elements so rarely brought together, and which would lose so incalculably by the withdrawal of some one special ingredient, whose very nature is transitory, that they can only be seen in their perfection once in a lifetime, and not always even so often as that. Nay, one may go even further, and say that in the whole course of Time there are certain things which in their entirety, and taking *all* the elements which go to make them up, occur but once, and never happen again under all the same circumstances, or with all the same surroundings—as long as Time endures.

He who had the privilege of being present in Saint George's Chapel at Windsor, on the tenth day of March, in this present year, had a chance which cannot come to him again, and indeed is not likely to come again to any man. Much has already been said and written about what took place on that day, but more remains behind. Time has carried us on a certain distance since the events of that day took place. We have drawn back from the picture whose details we at first pored into so eagerly, and being further off can see its general effect much better and very much more truly. Like everything really grand and fine, the drama enacted on that day not only bears the test of calm reflection, but even gains by it. If we kept that same drama by us for the Horatian period, it would bear the test.

Consider the argument of this enacted poem, how interesting it is, and withal how good and wholesome: Somewhere about twenty-five years ago, a young girl, then only nineteen years of age, was crowned Queen of one of the greatest countries on the face of the globe, and before this frail tenant of a most mighty throne, men and women, old and young, the grey-haired senator, and the soldier in the prime of youth and strength, bowed their heads, half pleased at the thought of their own voluntary submission to a sceptre held by such a young and feeble arm. By-and-by, this young Queen was married to a prince who was the very choice of her affections, and these two lived before the world, doing what perhaps is just the very best thing any human being can do—setting a good example; so good an example, that the court over which they presided was surely the most incorrupt of which we have any authentic record in the world's history. And so it happened that under this most happy reign the country prospered marvellously, and did really seem to be favoured among the nations of the earth: a great prosperity and peace reigning in it, while troublous times were known in the other European countries. For twenty years these two lived continually together, and in this time five daughters and four sons were born to them. The harmony of their lives was at its completest, and their quiet happiness at its fullest, when suddenly the husband of the Queen fell ill, and after a sickness too short to prepare either the Queen herself, or, indeed, any one else, for the shock, he died. The

grief of his widow, still young, and again as solitary on the throne as she had been twenty years before, was of a rare and most absorbing kind; there has probably been no such royal sorrow since that of the English king who built a separate monument at each separate town where those who bore the body of his beloved queen rested on the funeral journey—such grief is a living monument to the memory of a good man, and speaks more strongly than words or sculptured records can.

But the children of the dead prince are growing up around their mother, and the time has arrived when one of them, the chiefest prince in all the land, has chosen him a bride, the fame of whose winning presence and other fair qualities have so preceded her, that the people of this most loyal country loved the young lady almost before seeing her, and received her not as a welcome stranger, but rather as a friend well known already, and most anxiously expected. With every step of ground traversed between the old town on the river's estuary, and the castle high up on the same river's course, the princess made new friends of those who hurried down to examine the credentials she brought with her, and which, like the rest of us, she bore upon her face. There never was a progress so triumphant as that which the Princess Alexandra made, from the spot where she landed on English ground, to her home in Windsor Castle.

Now this simple—most simple—story of the love of the Queen for her husband, and of his loss, must be borne in mind by those who would understand ALL that there was of interest in that great pageant and ceremony of the Tenth of March. That little tale forgotten, the picture would have been splendid indeed; but it would have wanted that one touch of shade, of which many must have felt the effect who hardly realised what it was that brought it about. Who knows how far the minds of those who pronounced that wedding-procession to be the loveliest sight they had ever seen, were unconsciously affected by the presence of the dark figure of the mourning Queen, half concealed in the pew above the altar?

Those who watched the details of that glorious pageant, with somewhere down in the recesses of their hearts an undefined memory of all that had preceded it, saw a perfect thing through a perfect medium, and came away convinced that they might live long and see many things, but never anything in its own way so beautiful as that.

One thing very remarkable about that spectacle, treating it only *as* a spectacle, was the great comfort it gave you from its reality. It was so like the theatre, but with everything that the theatre wants. There were no bad actors in the parts. The princes were real princes, and the jewels were real diamonds and pearls. All that the theatre attempts, spectacularly, was here thoroughly realised. When you found a duke announced in the programme, it was really a duke whom you saw, not a suit of

clothes with a scene-shifter inside them—just as we know that every necklace or diadem that one saw was a thing of actual value such as it looked, and not a composition of bits of glass with coloured tinsel behind them.

It was a sort of combined sensation of getting married, of going to the play, of standing god-father, and simply going to church, all mixed up together, with a suspicion of morning concert, and a faint dash of flower-show. Here were ladies in opera-cloaks—it must be a play we were going to see; but they had smart bonnets on—it was a morning concert. No, we were standing in a Gothic porch, and there were pinnacles, and trefoils, and other ecclesiastical ornaments, in all directions—we were going to church; but then none of us had prayer-books, and several, on the other hand, carried opera-glasses. At any rate, we were all jammed close together waiting at a door, which was not yet opened, and we were complaining that our feet were very cold, and that the carriages which continued to set down fresh arrivals every moment were pressing much too closely on us. Yet, with all this close packing and dim suggestion of a pit entrance on the occasion of some popular performance, it was evident that we were in good company; for a little lady alongside me was murmuring in a soft tone the words, "It's Lady Jane;" and an old gentleman accompanying the little lady responded eagerly, "Is she looking this way?" and the little lady replied despondently, "Not just now;" and a moment afterwards began to nod and smile maniacally, whereupon the old gentleman asked feverishly, "Did she see you?" and the little lady replied, "Yes;" and they both remained breathless with joy from that time until the moment when the door in front of us was opened, and we moved on at last, and found ourselves after all in a church—a church with a carpet on the floor though, and between the columns of the nave rows of seats, rising one above another, and covered with red cloth. Soon we were all distributed over these seats, and eagerly watching the proceedings of certain gentlemen in blue coats, with stand-up collars all over gold; and of certain other gentlemen, who ingeniously combined two different periods in their costume—their upper halves being clad in dress-coats and white chokers of our own period, and their lower halves resembling the extremities of the Reverend Mr. Sterne, deceased. These gentlemen appeared to have a great deal on their minds, and were continually disappearing behind a curtain which hung over the western entrance of the chapel in which we were seated, and re-entering with countenances suggestive of a great deal—though what, it would be difficult to say with precision. In due time their position was considerably strengthened by a detachment of beefeaters, each of whom courageously took charge of one of the pillars which supported the roof, with an evident determination to stand or fall by it. Nor was it long before the scene was further enlivened by the appearance of some

gentlemen who rather resembled the knaves in a pack of cards, and these personages were also somewhat given to a polyglot view of costume, combining the herald's tabard of the fourteenth century with the trouser of 1863, and the shirt collar of 1825. However, it was all very imposing and grand, and what followed was wondrously free from defect, unaffected, and real.

There is no doubt that the effect of what was to come was much brightened by the long, long interval which elapsed between the time when we took our places on each side of that carpeted central avenue, and the moment when the little knot of trumpeters assembled at the curtain suddenly stepped aside, at the command of one among them who had been peeping behind the drapery. A moment afterwards, a hand came from between the curtains and motioned impatiently to the men whose office it was to undraw them.

They opened, and the wedding guests passed slowly and separately along in order. There was no music, no flourish of trumpets, no announcement even of names or titles. It would be idle to speak of this preliminary procession. There were bright jewels and splendid garments, and gallant gentlemen and noble gentlewomen to grace them. We who stood by to look were all perfectly quiet, and the carpeted floor gave no sound of footfall, and so this band of guests in bright clothing passed on in silence the completest that can be imagined, and ascending the steps that led into the choir of the chapel, presently disappeared from view.

That curtain, covering the western entrance of the building, fell as the last guest passed before us; but it was anxiously watched; for the procession next expected was one of more interest than the last. Indeed, the arrangement of these four processions, though entirely natural, was also organised as if with a view to dramatic effect: each in succession exceeding in interest that which preceded it. When we had waited a little time after the company of guests had passed, the trumpeters formed into line, two and two. For this next procession the trumpeters were to head, playing a flourish as they led the way in front. They were followed by the heralds, and by the different members of the Queen's household, a long array of equerries and ushers and kings of arms—and then came the Princess Mary of Cambridge.

There are some people in this world whom everybody likes. There are some people of whom the public knows next to nothing, to whose side it goes over almost without consideration. They have never courted approbation, never in any way "stooped to conquer," nor had recourse to artful practices in order to win applause. But somehow or other we feel that those whom we have elected our favourites are what are familiarly called people of the right sort. We feel sure of them. We know that if an occasion came when something right had to be done, they would do it, and do it without grudging. It is so with the lady I have mentioned. When the Princess Mary appears

on any public occasion there is always a hearty welcome ready for her, and when she passes in private along our streets, she leaves a train of good temper as she goes, and men and women look pleasanter, and perhaps feel happier as her carriage drives past them. I had rather have such a place as this in the good will of such a people as the English than—be King of Greece to-morrow. The fact is, we are all—and especially those of us who say least about it—skilled physiognomists, and we find that that handsome countenance of the Princess Mary of Cambridge agrees in all particulars with the principles of the science by which we are guided.

The Princess of Prussia is another of these general favourites, and when the time came for her to pass, with the little kilted youngster clinging to her hand, that peculiar and faint murmur of satisfaction which tells so much was heard from end to end of this portion of the church.

I am afraid that any ladies who may honour me by reading these words, will expect me to give an account of how these princesses, and all the other ladies, were dressed, even to the young princesses who took their part in the procession so gravely and modestly. I had better own at once that for the dresses I must refer to the Court Newsmen, or some other authority on millinery, where they will be found better described than they would be by me, even if I had made notes as the wearers passed before my eyes. I remember magnificent trains of various glorious colours. I remember an indistinct vision of white and gold, and pearls, and feathers, and diamonds, and ribbons; but anything more definite than this is altogether beyond me, and out of reach; I remember, also, that the ladies who bore the trains all appeared to do so under protest, and to have a hearty dislike for the encumbrance.

But the Bride is not here yet, though the time is getting nearer and nearer to the particular minute—for punctuality is a royal virtue—when it is announced that she will appear. As the last of those who accompany and attend the family of the Queen disappear within the screened-off portion of the church, the shrill cry of the trumpets is heard no more, and the triumphal march of Beethoven bursts magnificently from the organ above the choir. And so listening to that, and with a pleasant remembrance of the procession that had just passed, and more particularly—of the little princesses, two walking side by side, and one, the eldest, holding by the hand the last born of the Queen, the smallest and most delicate of creatures, moving with little precise steps as if to the music of the trumpets, and with long fair hair combed straight behind her back—of the only married pair who appeared in the procession together, the Princess Alice and her husband, leading her with a tender care and affection which it was very good to see—all these things we had time to think about as the organ played, and as we waited for the curtain to rise on the next act of the splendid drama.

The trumpeters and heralds who had accompanied the last to the entrance of the choir having returned from its doorway, and ranged themselves once more in order by the opposite door, we knew that at last the Bridegroom had left the castle, and was on his way; for faintly and far-off we could hear the bands outside and in the distance playing the national anthem, and almost more faintly a still more impressive sound. This was the repeated cheering of the great multitude without, who lined the way from the castle to the chapel entrance. This distant music, and, still more, this distant cheering, had a wonderful sound as we listened and waited, and it was, perhaps, made the more remarkable by the strange silence of so large a body of people as we were, filling all the nave of Saint George's Chapel. Presently the cheering ceased, and the distant music too, and the trumpeters who stood before the curtain drew themselves up in line, and waited, with their trumpets at their lips. The part of Bridegroom is difficult to play in the wedding-drama, and one which it is not possible to make much of. The Prince of Wales was nervous when he entered the chapel, and doubtless no one there thought the less of him for being so, but rather the more. The trumpeters, the heralds, and the different officers of his household preceded him; but it is doubtful whether any one present saw much of them. In a drama of such concentrated interest, the chief actors and the popular favourites alone are thought of, and the minor performers are in danger of losing the fair share of attention which belongs to them as their due. When the Prince of Wales appeared in that western doorway, with his uncle, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, and his brother-in-law, the Prince of Prussia, one on either side of him—and two as gallant-looking gentlemen as ever stepped they were—the three, covered from head to foot with the splendid mantle of the Garter, would have made a study that Paul Veronese or Tintoretto might have made something fine of.

It was impossible to sit by and look on at such a scene as this, without being continually reminded of other royal pageants held in other times on this same ground. How much there was in this that was akin to them, and at the same time how much that was widely different! Those rows of beefeaters might have kept the line, just as they stood, for a royal procession in the days of Henry the Eighth, or of Charles the Second. The general effect of those splendid robes and magnificent trains and flashing jewels must have been much the same in the older period; and where, then, did the great difference lie? It lay principally in this: that one could really respect the actors in this scene. No doubt, the people of the fifteenth or seventeenth century, were much impressed by the court pageants of their own day, and stood by, looking on with awe as princes, nobles, and courtiers passed in array before them; but how should we of this time look (were the thing possible) upon a procession in which Wolsey took a part,

or Judge Jeffreys figured? Should we disguise our contempt as Harry the Eighth strode onward to plight his troth for the fourth or fifth time, or as the Second Charles passed along, surrounded by worthless court favourites and court panders? Would the arrogant strut and defiant looks of the nobles of Henry's court impress us? Should we look with approval on the ladies who surrounded the Merry Monarch when he came abroad? Nay, to come down to later times, what should we have to say to another merry monarch who flourished much more recently, and held his sway when some of us were young? What should we say to him who last held the prince's plume? Should we call him the first gentleman in Europe now?

Be the cause what it may, and the influence that has brought the thing about whose it may, the thing is certain, that we live in an age when to excel in riot and debauchery is no longer a claim on men's esteem and favour; in an age when to pursue a straight course—which is difficult—is universally creditable; and when to pursue a crooked course—which is easy—is universally discreditable; an age when men must earn our respect if they would enjoy popularity, and must win a victory over themselves before they win the approbation of the people.

But stop—away with even the remembrance of those *bad* "old times." Let us clear our memory even of the recollections which have been haunting us. Let the very mention of the Merry Monarch be hushed. Let me forget even the name of the bloated king who made the headman judge in his Divorce Court, and who stepped over the corpse of one wife to take the hand of another at the altar. For behold! the curtain—that curtain which has had so much to do to-day—is parted once again, and the procession of the Bride appears.

I have never seen—I question whether any one has ever seen—anything to equal the intense subdued feeling of that assembly of persons when those curtains opened for the fourth time. I question whether any one *saw* even the first part of this procession, or heard the sound of the braying trumpets at the head of it; there was expectancy, and nothing else, until the moment came when, quite slowly and softly, the Princess of Denmark, with a cluster of ladies around her, appeared in the western doorway. Her progress was so slow, that she seemed at first to be standing there for a moment motionless, though she was moving all the time, no doubt.

You have had enough of description of this young lady's personal appearance, and doubtless by this time her portraits have penetrated even to where you are residing. So I shall not attempt that perfectly hopeless performance—the description of a face. Indeed, on occasions like this, separate features are for the most part as little defined before one as separate articles of attire. People saw a sort of large and soft nest of some undefined white substance; they saw a ring of ladies with rich white drapery held in the midst among them, and one a little out of that circle and in advance of the

rest; they saw rosebuds, and lace, and white flowers, and green leaves intermingled with them. They were struck by a face that was very pale and full of a sort of awe and wonder, but the face of no ordinary bride, not simply a timid shrinking girl, but one with character, distinctive of her own, conscious that hers was a most marked and uncommon lot; prepared, if I mistake not, to act a great part greatly, and something awe-struck to find that at nineteen years of age she was no longer a young girl, but a *woman* singled out and marked from among the millions of the earth as one to whom a most special destiny was assigned. There was this look surely. There is always something very much the reverse of gay about a wedding, though people will talk of "gay weddings" nevertheless. Attaching to the bride there is always a sense of an indefinite romance, which mingles with the admiration of those who see her pass along. There is something of the votive offering about her appearance as decorated with garlands, and accompanied like Jephthah's daughter by the maidens, her companions, she goes on her way to the altar.

Was it physical weakness, the result of great agitation; was it that the company might see better her whom they had come to see; or was it some singular tact and instinct teaching this lady what was right—which of these things was it that caused her to move along the chapel nave so very, very slowly? I believe no one expected this. By none of those who had preceded the princess in the other processions, had they been taught to expect it. I think it took every one by surprise, and I think there was no one present who did not feel the effect of that slowness of progress which carried the Bride so gradually and with such almost imperceptible movement past them. Once or twice, and more particularly as she neared the steps that led into the choir, she seemed to pause altogether, and then she was seen for a moment at the other end of the church passing behind the screen, to appear no more as the Princess Alexandra of Denmark.

Over the whole of this, there was a subtle influence shed by the foregoing story at which we have already glanced. When the young princesses went through the entrance that led into the choir; when the Prince of Wales ascended those steps; when the Bride passed out of sight; they all looked to that opening in the wall from which the lady dressed in mourning watched the scene; and, as they looked, they did obeisance to her love and her sorrow. Surely, remembering all these things, this was a remarkable and touching scene, and one that justified the enthusiasm with which those who stood by regarded it. On all, no doubt, whether they could see it or not, that dark figure had an unconscious influence, and in every heart was reflected, to some extent at least, the shadow on the chancel wall.

Upon us who waited outside in silence, the faint sound of the voice of him who administered those solemn vows to the Prince and Princess, had a strange and mysterious in-

fluence. It was wonderful to think what was being effected in that short time, and with those little words; wonderful to think to what good and bad purpose they had been spoken first and last since originally they had been put together; wonderful when at last they ceased, the wild joy of the Hallelujah Chorus succeeded them, and when presently the two who had gone into the choir a few moments before, each single and alone, came out together hand in hand, the die cast, the pledge given, suspense no longer written in anxious characters upon their faces, but succeeded by the calmness which belongs to certainty.

And so they went forth into the world together by that western gate, and the curtain fell again and finally, behind the last of the wedding guests.

AN HOTEL TO "PUT UP" AT.

L'HÔTEL is, in a topographical point of view, immediately behind the Grande Opéra of Paris. In point of attractiveness, the Grand Opéra is far behind the Hotel. At the Opéra, a large portion of the public, for a large portion of the night, is wearied with so-called pastime. At the Hotel, the performances never pall. If the spectator does not find entertainment enough, he has only to become an actor in them. The rules of the house permit him to watch or share the play of passions there, at will.

Parisians say L'Hôtel, as Londoners say The Tower; as Mussulmans, Al Koran—for eminence, and for short. The Hotel is also styled Hôtel Drouot, from one of the streets on which it faces; and exhaustively as definition, Hôtel des Ventes des Commissaires Priseurs—Auctioneers' Sales Hall, as you might translate in English. It contains sixteen auction-rooms on ground floor and first story, and a court-yard that often serves as a seventeenth. Into it, and out of it, from early autumn, round again to early summer, the "season" nearly circling in the year, all sorts of movable French properties are daily put up, and daily knocked down!

Hither come all house furnishings; lowliest pots and pans and grossest earthenware; vases in bronze and precious metals, and marbles of cunningest workmanship, and Sèvres sets of fragile elegance; family portraits which, if like, would justify a cheerful resignation in the breasts of relicts bereaved of the originals; canvases by masters, whose counterfeit presentment of beauty tutors nature. Huddled in this room are poverty's "honest, mean habiliments," and instruments of labour, and small domestic gods; in the next room are displayed the late contents of a broken stock-gambler's splendid apartments, or the wardrobe and costly thingamies of some frail goddess of the neighbouring Opéra—

With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and things;
With scarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery—

which the gentleman who fell with the stock once helped to pay for, belike—and also that young Gandin, fanciful speculator in such values, who has come to re-purchase some jewelled extoken of affection, given when *she* was his treasure—and he was her treasury. The shrewd marchand de toilette and the shrewder Israelite guilefully watch both goods and Gandin, with view to new profits out of both. Here, are rush-bottomed chairs, plain and rigid, from hard-working St. Antoine; and here, fauteuils damask-quilted, soft-armed, pliant, yielding, the property of the Vicomte d'Olcéfar, while yet that distinguished nobleman gave himself the pains to live and consume the fruits of the earth. At the gateway there, plebeian white wood and ramshackle walnut wood have familiarly met, and are jolting invisibly-jointed rosewood, palisandre, and exquisite marqueterie.

Not only do the social estates of to-day send their representatives here—from saloon and attic, from the noble faubourg and the industrial quarters, from the central boulevards and the barriers—but the historical periods too. In Salle Number Six, Monsieur Escribe is knocking down stiff Romanaster uglinesses of the first Empire; awaiting the like fate to-morrow, are gathered in the next room, chairs and stools from which the Revolution pushed the ancien régime; or tables that were rioted over—and under—in the nights of the Regency; or mirrors that did not blush to reflect the beauties of the latter days of that "Well Beloved," of whom Niebuhr has written the terrible epitaph, "God at last took pity on France and had Louis the Fifteenth die;" chiffonniers, writing-desks, work-tables, many such things that recal the witty abbé, and the frivolous marquises, and the unvirtuous women, who lived so gaily and naughtily while the body of the state was festering towards corruption, in the diseased time which Dr. Guillotin finally had to prescribe for; here likewise are caskets, and cabinets, and buffets of earlier quainter ages, tankards, carved sword-hilts, door knockers, vases of the Renaissance (mostly, the expert says, the work of Benvenuto Cellini, who must have been a singularly industrious artificer), odds and ends of the middle ages, lamps and candlesticks of the dark ages, armour of the Crusaders, Carolingian battle-axes, Merovingian swords, matarae and gaesa of the Celtic Gauls, and everything left of their mikler utensils in the culinary or religious way.

A routh o' auld nicknackets,
Rusty airn caps and jinglin jackets,
And parritch-pats and auld saut buckets
Before the Flood.

The department of antiquities and curiosities is by no means limited by French history and geography. They come from beyond the Rhine, and the Alps, and the Channel, and from the islands beyond the sea. China and Japan furnish largely; since the Franco-British war and fiery allied irruption into the Summer Palace, the Celestial Empire with especial copiousness; and Persia, and Egypt, and India

(the other day a notable lot of Hindoo idols of bewitching ugliness, more directly from Brummagem). If the unhappy Mexicans have anything left more saleable than Jecker bonds—which may be labelled diplomatic curiosities now—you may look for assortments next winter in the Rue Drouot. It is the constant reservoir of private collections of virtuosi, whose heirs are sometimes agreeably surprised at the profitable nature of the queer investments they were used ignorantly to grumble at. When you saw your not sufficiently respected uncle buying for a hundred francs a piece of old crockery that your aunt* would not have lent two francs on, you little thought that ten years later it would sell for a thousand at public auction! It is also the constant reservoir from which private collectors and museum directors draw. A famous piece of armour, formerly one of the gems of Strawberry Hill, said to be engraved by the inevitable Benvenuto Cellini, and to have once belonged to Francis the First, was sold last January out of the Demidoff collection.

Miaou! cock-a-doo! quack! cluck! bow! oodle! wow! doo! qrr! chatter, clack, snarl, and the "dumb inarticulate" rest of it. In the large hall on the ground floor, is imminent, or in progress, a sale of gallinaces, volatiles, dogs, cats, monkeys, rabbits, or other animals of the smaller classes—either useful domestic, or useless, or destructive of all domestic quiet and good neighbourhood.

Pictures and engravings form the most attractive feature of the place, and shall have more notice further on. Enough cataloguing for the present of the infinite variety of merchandise, which custom cannot stale, for fast as the commissaires clear off their stocks, so fast are they replenished with

Alle manere of chaffare,

Apes, and japes, and marmosettes taylede,
Nifes, trifles, that littelle have availed,
And thynges with which they fetely blere our eye,
With thynges not endurenge that we bye;
Ffor muche of thys chaffare that is wastable
Might be forborne for dere and dyssevable.

The population of the Hotel is to be classified as fixed, habitual, and floating. At the head of the fixed class stands the master of the house, member of the ancient and honourable company of licensed commissaires priscurs. Their honours, which are in other men's mouths, are sometimes disputed by querulous parties, who make bargains with them. Their profits they take care of themselves, and no one questions their importance. They number eighty souls, to speak figuratively. They drive their trade otherwheres than at the Hotel: as at Bercy, in wines; at the Tattersall's in the Rue Beaujon, in horses; at the Maison Silvestre, in books; but this is their central house of business—twenty million francs' worth in a year. The com-

missaire is a sort of public functionary, and, like all "ministerial" persons in France, is, when on duty, black-dress-coated and close shaven. It is curious that a full beard is never official costume in France; it has been for the last dozen or two of régimes, at least, a sign of opposition, a badge of the dangerous class. Those liberals under the Restoration, who officially attached themselves to the younger branch of the Bourbons, after July, straightway shaved. When that broke down, beards sprouted again; but the coup d'état was a coup de rasoir, and the barber reduced many a hirsute republican to a smooth courtier of the rising Empire. With the hair of the head, the capillary law is different: so that a certain close shorn bristling cut is known as the style à la malcontent. But here extremes must be avoided lest they meet; for over-long locks are supposed to indicate inflammable political and social deposits in the underlying brain. It is noticeable, that shrewd political aspirants, the best advised waiters on revolution and providence, keep themselves well trimmed at all times.

The commissaire presides at the sale at an elevated desk. In the crisis of bids and attendant excitement, he rises to command the situation. In his right hand he holds the hammer, which is Demosthenic in its eloquence of action. Now, it is poised expectant, high in air; now, waves in undulating lines, persuasive; now, exhorts, projected; now, jerks, in argument; anon pauses, as if to listen—falls with menacing rapidity to within an inch of the desk, swoops up a bid, then up again—surprising judgment, keeping short-pulsed fears and hopes in a dangle. At last, the theme exhausted, perorating with an impressive ping! His eye is swiftly rotatory, penetrating, prehensile—catching and interpreting the slightest wink of yours, of your neighbour's—noting that the indifferent man back in the crowd still fingers his watch-guard; that the man yet more indifferent at the back of him again, strokes his moustache or gives a preconcerted scratch to his nose. This eye of his has, beside, a magnetic quality which, as its interrogative glance meets yours, sets you a winking affirmatively in almost involuntary sympathy. And his smiles! You feel as though he were a friend of yours—not of the other fellow who is bidding against you—having your interest at heart, appreciating your taste and judgment; so that when at last, what with the sentiment of complaisance and your mutual regard, and crescendo exhilaration of bids, you say or nod five hundred francs, and the hammer knocks the Corregio into your possession at that price—plus five per cent for the house—you consider that man as an ornament to his sex. Next day, in the streets, the commissaire does not hasten to foster your bidding look of intimacy by the opening warmth of his countenance—does not know you. By his side (the auctioneer's, when on duty) sits his clerk, also in black integuments and close shaven; he records the order of the goings, and makes out duplicate bulletins, one of which is stuck, by a

* The Mont de Piété is fondly called Ma Tante in France.

deft dab of hybrid waxy paste, peculiar in its composition to the Hotel, to the knocked down object, and one-handed to the more or less exalted purchaser.

An open space before the desk, partitioned from the public by a range of tables stretching across the room, is the stage of the crier and the expert. The crier fills the first speaking rôle after the auctioneer, who is supported by him, to whom he gives the antistrophe. He has the eyes of Argus, the ear of Dionysius, the lungs of a Stentor, the mouth of Chrysostom. He reverses the Eastern proverb; his speech is golden, and his silence in calculated pauses is silvern. In the pond of faces before him, he fishes for bids. His practised eye suspects under the strenuously placid countenance, the swelling purpose and even the unconsciously rising desire to buy. He has the tempting article—pretty picture or what not—held up to you, plays about you with flying word-baits, brings you to the surface and hooks you as it were with a glance. There is a celebrated crier, an old man known to fame only by the name of Jean, so skilful in this art of angling, that he not unfrequently catches simple gudgeons who, rather than struggle to get clear against the laughter of the whole house, quietly pay for what they did not want.

Higher in rank is the expert. He is a man—if a being of such sui-generical qualities can be called a man—who sees below the surface of all sorts of things, into their origin and history and intrinsic and market value. In the fine arts, for example, he is learned in schools and familiar with masters: with their early manner and second manner and last but one and last manner; with their pupils and imitators and copyists; with originals and undoubted originals and attributed originals and copies of the period; with touch and re-touch and tone and colour and varnish—especially varnish; with drawing and grouping and composition; with all the grounds—fore, back, and middle, and with the "Corregiosity of Corregio" generally. Sometimes he makes mistakes between liquorice-juice of modern application and the mellow dimness of antiquity. One day, in an invoice of Italian pictures was a crucifix with the legend *Salvator Mundi*, which the expert commended to amateurs as a work of the namesake and rival in genius of *Salvator Rosa*.

Humbler in the Hotel hierarchy is the commissionnaire, though he, too, is a privileged, and in some sort official person; like all such in France, he wears a uniform; a short jacket of a fixed cut and colour, with buttons after their kind, and a cap after its kind, more than civil, but less than military. He receives the object from the hands of the expert, puts it on the table, holds it up to the scrutiny of the assembly. Also he diligently watches the game, points out and faithfully brings to the notice of the crier an unexpected bidder timidly breaking cover. Lowly and coarse-habited as he looks, curse not the commissionnaire. Peradventure, he is grown a practical connoisseur by long experience, and rich by little investments and deinvestments of his

own, watchfully made at the curious ebbs and flows of the course of trade here. The good will of his place is worth five thousand francs—a much larger sum, or value, at any rate, in Paris than in London.

Need I include in the census of the fixed population, those respectable gentlemen clothed in proportion to their authority, in long-skirted coats, with straight meagre swords of justice by their sides, the instruments of French providence, watchful tutors of the paternal government's restless children? Are we not in Paris? And are they not the sergents de *Napoleonville*?

For the numerous and mixed habitual populations of the Hotel, in their tribes and families, you will find hints towards a nomenclature in a chapter of *Southey's Doctor*. Here, as in other centres of human activity, the *Gettites* and *Haveites* abound, and the children of *Terade* and *Mammon*. If you venture into the rooms on the ground floor, you will think you have fallen among *Philistines*, mingled with a winning tribe of *Israelites* and *Hittites* and veritable *Haggites*. There are professional dealers in all second-hand merchandise, *Marchands de Meubles*, *Marchands de Tableaux*, *Marchands de Bric-à-brac*, *Marchandes de Toilette*. They are specially to be avoided and not to be (voluntarily) met with, within the borders of miscellaneous sales of cheap articles. Recognising as I do the pervading urbanity of the French, I bear witness to these as an ocular, olfactory, and costal witness, that they are an inelegant, unpolished, unfragrant folk. Their raiment is uncomely, their unbad breath is the breath of garlic eaters, the elbows of them are rigid and pungent, and the fingers and the nails thereof are as the claws of unclean birds. Among them are many who, interpreted by their outer garb, should be women, but of whom the fierceness of greed and the favour are epieene. Real and pretended connoisseurs and amateurs are *Geshurites* when they are lucky, often enough *Manassites*. They are mainly attendant upon sales of pictures, engravings, articles of vertu. They are a special folk, including many varieties with curious manners and customs, that shall be spoken of hereafter. I will only mention in passing, the *Amorites*, a very feeble people, who attend the sales of furniture, jewels, &c., sent in by actresses, more celebrated for their high skirts and misdemeanours than for their histrionic merits, or by other female "celebrities," to buy at high prices either memorials of them or presents for rivals.

An important class, in number, are the idlers and spectacle-loving flaneurs—the *Gadites* and the *Gazeites*. Their time is not money. They come to exchange it for any cheap return of amusement; to get rid of themselves. You may see such with their feet at the register, of a cold day, chatting low with their antipodes, or quietly gone—amid the stirring goings—fast asleep. Of these are they who haunt the public libraries and other places of gratis warmth, in dull winter days. It was one of them who, entering the reading-room of the *Bibliothèque Impériale* one chilly morning, and finding all the chairs beset, asked for a

large book. "What title?" "I don't know." "What subject, then, at least?" "It's all one to me, if it's only big." "But, monsieur!" "Pray give me the largest volume you've got." "But, in fine, for what end does monsieur wish it?" "To sit on—Parbleu!" Among these are men who wear the St. Helena medal; who knew the actors in the Great Revolution: men who have seen much, and are entertaining historical gossipers. As ready to talk as to gad and gaze, or fall asleep—quiet little rentiers and philosophers. They toil not, neither do they spin, these rather seedy lilies. When the winter is past, and the time of the singing-birds is come, they transplant themselves to the Tuileries and other public gardens. It is not merely idleness, nor love of spectacle, nor economising of fuel, nor yet any merely English cause, that brings to the Hotel this sort of frequenters. They are drawn hither by the assurance that they will find others there.

Let the germinating shrewd observer of foreign manners and customs, freshly arrived in Paris from the other side of the Channel, as he lays down his luggage and trifling insular prejudices at his Hotel, hang up this axiomatic guide poster before his mind's eye, thus: the chiefest need and comfort and luxury of a Frenchman are some more Frenchmen. I often think that the love and sympathy of the French for the First Napoleon, flow largely from compassion for the loneliness of his exile in St. Helena. Had he been transported to some thickly inhabited part of the globe—China, for instance—he could at least have amused himself, have seen people, have talked—and Sir Hudson Low and perfide Albion had been spared much anathema.

Up-stair sales of the better sort are preceded by a day "on view." These exhibitions attract numerous visitors, and are commended to the attention of the foreign observer. As he may in the market-place of a strange town catch glimpses into the very bowels of the land—see on what meats its people feed, and at what cost, and gather thence quite invaluable suggestions and inferences as to their physical, economical, politico-economical, and et cetera conditions—so these varied expositions of the "clothes" of society offer a certain subtle measure of its wants, its tastes, and the mode of their gratification. Ninevite bulls are pastured in the cultivated modern mind, mummies are developed in our thoughts, we unpuzzle the Sphinx like a last week's conundrum, we eagerly grope amid its ashes to kindle extinct Pompeii into life again, we greedily inspect the porridge-pans and spoon-victuals of deceased Anglo-Saxons and anti-Christian Gauls. But, living French folk are more entertaining. And The Hotel is a place to study them, in the matériel of their life, and in propriâ personâ. On Sundays, when there are no sales, and ordinarily many expositions, it is thronged with Parisians of all classes. They resort to the Hotel as they do to the public museums. Nothing is more usual than to meet ladies there, prayer-book in hand, who have taken the Hotel on their way home from mass. A

consequence is, that pretty pictures, decorative female gear, ornaments, useful household wares, and the like, are apt to sell better on Mondays than on other days. The fond (or subdued) husband, the indulgent father, the loving suitor, the kind brother, the dutiful nephew even (if the aunt be rich and aged), comes on the morrow and bids under the impulse of tender affection, or a tough imitation of it. But, bidding from emotion rather than calculation, a counter-bid affects him like a personal insult, rather than an obstacle expressive of mercantile opinion. So his vanity is engaged; and so the commissaire-priseur sees it, and the crier—both of whom take his part, as he seems to see, and the other man's part as growing plainer to *him*, and are meantime impartially eloquent to the house at large; withal they grow excited and the house grows excited, and the two combatants, who are already grown, yet more aggravate themselves; and the bids grow as Indian corn does in Texas.

OUT OF THE CROWD.

I AM what some people would call a disagreeable old lunk; indeed I once, when listening outside a door, heard myself described in those very identical words. I have also before now heard the epithets "crusty," "crabbed," and "churlish" coupled with my name, while on one occasion I overheard my own niece mention me casually to a mixed assembly as "Old Grumpy."

What I have done to earn all this distinction I am wholly at a loss to say. It is true that I generally disapprove of everything that other people like, and that I have an invincible dislike to my species, but what of that? I don't harm anybody. I only maintain that man is an odious animal, and I simply do my best to get out of his way. I don't like him. Why should I like him? Is he not always trying to cheat me, to get my money out of me? Is he not in my way continually? Is he not always putting himself into cabs and omnibuses in order to prevent me from crossing over the streets? Does he not pack up huge quantities of goods in bales and send them about London in Pickford's vans, with the same intent? When a horse tumbles down in the street, does he not get in my way and prevent me from seeing? When a house is on fire and promises a magnificent spectacle, does he not always go and put it out just as I get to the scene of action? When I take it into my head suddenly to go to the play, does he not occupy all the good places before I can get to them?

This is the first time I have contributed to the literature of my country. I don't like the literature of my country. It is too genial—a great deal too good natured, to use a ridiculous phrase. I have been watching for some time for an opportunity of infusing a little ill nature into it—a little wholesome acid. I intend to write a genuine "old crusted" article, if I may be allowed the expression. You can do as you like about printing it.

I saw nothing, thank goodness, of the Procession of the seventh of March, and I am going to describe some rational enjoyment of which I partook on that day. I never do anything in a hurry, so I have allowed the popular enthusiasm to evaporate a little, and have given the public time to satiate themselves with descriptions of the Procession, and all sorts of things connected with it, before I step in with *my* view of the subject.

I was very near seeing the Procession whether I would or no. My occupation, which is that of collecting the outstanding debts of a gas company—and I shall have enough to do after that precious flare-up on the night of the tenth—my occupation, I say, compels me, much against my will, to live among the haunts of men, and my present residence is in a certain small street which leads down from the Strand to the river. So, when I turned out of my lodgings on the afternoon of the great day, I found myself so completely surrounded by my species, that it was almost impossible to get out into those back settlements of the metropolis in which I had made up my mind to spend the day. For this was the pleasure I had been looking forward to so long—the pleasure of at last getting away from the sight of a human being, and enjoying the delights of solitude.

For some time I really thought this exquisite gratification was going to slip through my fingers, for I was borne along the Strand against my will, and forced to observe some of the preposterous follies into which my weak-minded fellow-creatures had been betrayed—such as spending their money in strips of bunting to be hung across the street, like damp clothes on a washing-day, or passing the day sitting upon a chimney-pot, or in a shop window, looking like an article exposed for sale. At last I did manage to get to the outskirts of the crowd, and if man is, as I have asserted elsewhere, always an odious animal, I can tell you that man, as he emerges from the back courts about Drury-lane, with a pale face and a greasy curl on each side of it, is something so odious that I cannot wonder that they are always knocking each other about, and committing perfectly justifiable homicides upon one another.

Once out of the thick of the crowd, I soon began to enjoy myself very much. In the back streets I observed some of the most unhappy people I had ever beheld, sitting disconsolate upon all sorts of crippled benches and injured trucks, which their proprietors had originally intended to erect by the side of the roadway, and which had been removed promptly by the police. One man, quite far off from the line of the Procession, posted along in that direction with a truck full of benches, till he was met suddenly by an old woman, connected with the business, who stopped him, and warned him how his fellows had been served. The man did not say a word or attempt to proceed, but remained where he was, between the shafts of the vehicle, lost in meditation. Even the men who were armed with a single stool, or who carried chairs like

cages over their heads and faces, were turned back; and, as I have said, these people, assembling with their rickety wares, in back streets, from which no view of the Procession could be obtained, and talking to each other gloomily, were very gratifying to me: forming a spectacle which might well rejoice the heart of any well-regulated misanthrope. Not so, three active and sprightly little men, each of whom had provided himself with a flat piece of wood with little steps nailed on to each side of it so that the happy possessor of such an instrument could by getting his back against a wall, raise himself step by step to a tolerable height. The good humour of these three little men, and the applause they met with from a group of cabmen assembled at the door of a certain public-house, were very offensive to me. "Out-and-out move, that," said the waterman attached to the said group, "out-and-out move as ever I see!" and then they all roared with laughter, and wished the three little men good luck. This was not at all to my taste, as the reader may imagine. No more was the woman who, being in the last depths of poverty and dirt, had stuck a wedding-favour upon the breast of her baby;—the idea of *her* pretending to rejoice!

As to the two *blind* men tearing along Queen-street, Lincoln's Inn-fields, led by a little girl, all three grinning from ear to ear, and jabbering away like magpies—that really was too much to bear. This phenomenon absolutely brought me to a dead stand-still. Whither were they bent? They were in a violent hurry. They were going in the direction of the Strand. They were in a high state of glee and excitement. They absolutely seemed as if they were going to join the mass of the gaping multitude which I had just escaped from. But, then, they were blind. What was the use of two blind men rushing off after a pageant which they could not see? I felt that this mystery must be solved, and I turned back and ran after the party.

"And where are you going, then?" I said, when I had at last overtaken them. Neither of the blind men heard me, but the little girl could see, and she directed the attention of the man she was leading, to my inquiry.

"Where are you going?" I asked again, as soon as I had got the ear of the blind man.

"Why, to see the sight, to be sure," he answered, in the gayest tone that can be imagined.

"Well, but you are blind, are you not? Both you and your friend?"

"Yes, blind, both of us. There's no doubt about that."

"Then," I inquired again, "what's the use of your going?"

The man's answer was very remarkable. It may have been half in fun, but I think it was half in earnest, too.

"Well," he said, still speaking in the same jovial tone, which grated terribly on my misanthropic ear. "The fact is, they do so go on about her," meaning the Princess Alexandra, "and do so make much of her, as if she were a God—

that perhaps she'll be able to do something for me if I get in the way."

"Something for you?" I repeated, aghast.

"Yes," said the blind man, and I really suppose he may have been thinking of blind Bartimæus. Presently the man spoke again, and gave another motive for his joining in this expedition. "You see, sir, I'm going adown to Bow-street, and I want to try if I can't get into some place where I can stick my little girl here upon my shoulder, and so let *her* see the thing, at any rate."

I don't know how it was. It was entirely inconsistent with my principles and my practice; it was conduct alike unworthy of a professed misanthrope, and the collector of a gas-company's outstanding debts; but I gave the man a shilling. I wish to be candid in this narration, and so I am obliged to own to the weakness. It shall not occur again.

The blind men were in too great a hurry to stop while I questioned them, so I had been obliged to turn and hasten along beside them. However, I soon made up for the time lost in this conversation, and continued my search for solitude in a northerly direction.

And now, as I began to reach the neighbourhood of Holborn and Southampton-row, I found that I really was getting into capital cue. In the latter thoroughfare, some intensely miserable men were singing what appeared to be a dirge, in parts: turning themselves about from time to time to see what effect their melody was taking upon that sensible portion of the population which were spending the day at home. Here, too, inside the glass-door of a shop, which, like the rest of the shops, was shut up, I observed a very dismal woman and child posted with an expectant look:—as if they thought that because people were looking out of window in the Strand and Fleet-street, they would be failing to observe the day if they did not look out of window in Southampton-row.

Should there ever be another occasion for something of this sort, I strongly recommend any person with a taste for solitude at all resembling my own, to spend a considerable portion of the day in Queen-square, Bloomsbury, and to lounge on past the Foundling and through Guildford-street to Mecklenburgh-square. The ghastly horror of the Foundling, with five very malignant-looking boys standing within its gates, and an industrious foundling sweeping the path in front of the hospital, was, indeed, only to be exceeded in despair by the aspect of Mecklenburgh-square. A boy of fiendish disposition stood upon the kerb-stone, taunting a very little pony, which was standing in the road, attached to a small chaise-cart: the boy being engaged in alternately offering and withdrawing a very rosy apple, which the pony longed for excessively. The milk-woman was delivering her spurious beverage at one of the houses when I entered the square; a woman was calling water-creeses; and presently a laundress's cart appeared, and drove up to the door of a victim to—I should think—ill-got-up linen.

Mentioning milk, there surely never was such a desperately copious milk-delivery as on this particular afternoon. If I were asked what were the leading characteristics of the non-processional parts of London on the afternoon of the seventh of March, I should mention small boys and milkmen. Window-cleaning had its place; the opportunity being seized by certain coffee-house keepers and publicans to get this important work effected; but the most marked thing of all was milk-delivery.

It was very disappointing—I may almost say disgusting—to a person of well-regulated nature, to observe that those persons who, from circumstances or from inclination, remained in the regions I am describing, were trying to enjoy the holiday in spite of their distance from the great scene of action. I observed one ridiculous person actually taking his children out for a walk in Euston-square, and, what is even more preposterous, the said children seemed to be enjoying themselves: one small girl—I suppose a lunatic—actually skipping along with glee by her father's side. A quiet middle-aged man, again, had got among the sculptors' yards, near the same place, and appeared to be deriving exquisite gratification from his little boy's criticisms on the various terrific objects which some of those front gardens contain. Nor must I omit to mention a very weak-minded baker, who, having to deliver his bread to his customers in the afternoon, and so being debarred from a glimpse of the Procession, instead of being sulky and low-spirited, as any sensible man would have been, foolishly made the best of his position by sticking a small flag on his horse's head, and placing a ruff made of wedding-favours round his dog's neck.

It was sheer disgust at this very wretched creature that drove me, after losing sight of him, to seek refuge in the terminus of the Great Northern Railway. The bell was ringing on the arrival platform, so I thought to myself that I was pretty sure of some gloomy company. I was not disappointed. The train arrived and disgorged such a small number of passengers as must have made it a very unremunerative run: about six disconsolate bag-men, and one unprotected female with a japanned band-box. They were all too late to see the show, and looked so wretched that they helped me to get over the cheerfulness of that idiotic baker.

But one of the most extraordinary things, to my mind, connected with the history of this memorable day, is the fact I am now about to relate;—that there were people in parts of the town remote from the great show, who had apparently nothing to do, and who yet did not go to see the show. Not only did I observe more people than I expected, whose business kept them in this part of the town, but I saw idlers. Pulling open the door of a public-house at King's-cross I found it full of people, talking, quarrelling, swearing, and drinking. Now, how was it that they were not carrying on those interesting pursuits in the neighbourhood through which the procession was to pass?

Altogether, as an expedition in search of solitude, my enterprise was a failure. Everywhere there were people. The omnibuses were empty, it is true; the large thoroughfares, such as Holborn and the New-road, looked bare; but solitude there was none. No, not in Burton-crescent, where one old lady was crawling along by the railings, done up in her best clothes, and, doubtless, going out to tea; and where a poor invalid gentleman was returning with his wife from taking a convalescent's airing; not, as we have seen, in Mecklenburgh-square, where I had sought it confidently; not even in Burton-street, a small thoroughfare at the back of the Crescent, where I made sure of solitude, and in which I counted, to my horror and disgust, no fewer than thirty souls, including several children, and a man eating a raw carrot; no, nor yet was there solitude in the Underground Railway, into one of whose carriages I at length flung myself with disgust, and where I came upon a host of people, who, having seen the Procession in the City, were rushing off to catch it again at Paddington.

Now, surely, when one reflects that the whole of that line from the Bricklayers' Arms to the Great Western Railway was thronged densely; when one remembers that all the little streets which turned out of the main line were crowded; when one thinks of the mass of people accommodated with seats at windows, and on scaffoldings, and house-tops; it *does* seem rather hard that a perfectly harmless misanthrope who had looked forward for months to a Robinson Crusoeistic afternoon, should find that there were still plenty of people left, to dispute his possession of Burton-crescent or the open space of ground in front of the Foundling. My chance is over now, and I am not likely to get another until the happy day arrives when I shall have at last done with the gas company, and can go and establish myself under canvas in the middle of Salisbury Plain.

IN THE STREETS OF TEHRAN.

My favourite horse, a beautiful Arab from the stud of Timour Meerza at Bagdad, has been ailing some days, so a Persian horse-doctor is sent for to cure him. Great is my alarm and tribulation when I see my magnificent favourite thrown upon the ground, and the horse-doctor kneeling upon his neck with a horrible instrument like an oyster knife in his hand. Presently, he thrusts one of his thumbs into my beauty's eyes, forces the eyeballs round and cuts something like a stone as big as a small bean from the back of each eyeball, then he gets up, and my poor favourite gets up too, winking piteously, his bright soft kind eyes all dimmed and bleared, and running with blood. A large concourse of grooms and horse-dealers, assembled to witness the ceremony, appear highly delighted by it, and compliment the horse-doctor, who evidently considers himself, and is considered by others, a professional man of the highest scientific attainments. There

is no reason to gainsay this opinion; for, in two days after this shocking gouging operation with the oyster-knife, my beauty will be bounding under me again as fresh as a daisy, and with eyes as bright and good tempered as ever.

But, meantime, what am I to do for a ride? I will do what is a very uncommon thing in Persia, I will take a walk.

Five servants prepare to go with me. Two go before, two follow, and my nozzir, or chief servant, walks beside me, but a pace or two behind, at convenient speaking distance. He wants to know where we are going, as a coachman might inquire in England, and I tell him that I have a fancy to walk round the chief bazaars. He marshals his men accordingly. We are an imposing company; but I have not more attendants than are strictly necessary, for no Persian gentleman ever walks abroad with fewer, and indeed they are requisite for safety and protection, quite as much as for state and parade. Swift-pacing, ambling horses flit noiselessly about, and knock down the unsuspecting foot-passenger who is unattended very unceremoniously. The bustle and hurry of everybody, the narrowness of the streets, the holes and abrupt flights of steps at the entrance of houses, make each yard of the road dangerous. Then there are donkeys pattering rapidly along, with large blocks of ice tied on each side of them, and a boy with a goad behind. Luckless the man who should be jammed between a house-wall and one of these donkeys; he would be quashed flat as a pancake. Then there are armed men of fierce aspect, trailing their guns after them as Britons do their umbrellas. Many of these personages are of saintly character, and would consider that they had wrought a work of peculiar excellence if they could rid the world of a Christian or two. There are white-clothed madmen rushing about, and shouting, and gibbering—jolly dogs, who love the gay thoroughfares, and who would not be sorry either to have a turn up with a Frank; being well aware of the impunity their madness, whether pretended or otherwise, would secure to them. Here and there is a man carrying the reeking carcass of a fat-tailed sheep across his horse—a disgusting sight—and he rushes through the crowd; everywhere making way for himself, and knocking people down if not beaten off. The Shah's runners and messengers hurry through the street, dressed in scarlet, with short breeches and embroidered leggings, and caps all covered with tinsel. They have sticks in their hands, and apply them with great readiness to the backs of anybody in their way who appears likely to take a beating without making much fuss about it. Then there are the insolent attendants of great men clearing the way for their masters with blows and shouts; and beggars foul with leprosy, who would be very troublesome to a solitary Frank on foot. Long streams of camels, laden with heavy merchandise, would crush a man in their passage, as one might crack a walnut, if he did not keep his eyes about him. And there are mules tied between long poles—the

barked stems of the lordly poplar, tall enough for the masts of a ship—and mules between large bundles of firewood and fagots, rough hewn, or great fat trusses of fresh grass or straw, or reeking skins of water.

Mules, camels, horses, donkeys, men, all shoving, rushing, and pushing as fast as possible through the streets. Truly my five servants are not one too many, and sometimes they are all employed together in preventing my being knocked down and hurt by this turbulent stream of traffic. It is also equally true, that they are fond of attracting rather more attention to me than needs be, by a custom which Persian servants have of taking every passenger they meet—man or woman, horse, or ass, or mule—and turning them round by the shoulders to keep them out of the way, muttering the important words “Sahib! sahib!” to drown remonstrance. “Sahib” is a word signifying a foreign gentleman, and is used much as “Moosoo” might be among a certain class in London. Yet, if a company of lacqueys were to appear in Fleet-street, surrounding a gentleman from Leicester-square, and turn Mr. Punch and Mr. Omnium towards St. Paul’s when going to Temple Bar, it is doubtful if the word “Moosoo,” however imposingly pronounced, would immediately pacify them. The respect and honours exacted by Europeans in the East would seem absurd indeed, if required by Asiatics in Europe. Perhaps it is absurd in any case.

Very strange and pretty, however, is the aspect of the streets and bazaars of Tehran to an European eye. Here comes a lady on a white ass. Its mane and tail are dyed with henna. The lady is a light blue lady, wearing a white calico veil with windows in it. She rides upon a crimson velvet saddle. Then two women come along in a pair of cajowas, or hooded baskets, slung on each side of a white horse, and thus balancing each other’s weight. Another woman follows, perched on a bed carried by a mule. Around her are a swarm of children and servants, and a man walking unconcernedly in front. This is the family of some humble townsman migrating to another dwelling. By-and-by comes a great lady riding a-straddle on a tall horse. She has a golden bridle and fine housings. She is followed by half a dozen maids, and a crowd of eunuchs and ferrosles with sticks; some on horseback, some on foot. She is evidently a very great lady indeed. I have noticed that the peculiarly bumptious, self-satisfied, boasting, vain nature of the Persian people is never more visible outwardly than when they are seated on horseback. A mounted Persian is Vanity itself, in full bloom, and full feather.

Here walks, arrayed in a scarlet cloak, one of the keepers of the gates of the Ark. On his head is a grotesque hat, covered with tassels of many-coloured silks, and in shape something like the head-dress worn by the Incas of Peru. In his hand is a long staff with a silver spear-point. Near him, a great man, dressed in mag-

nificent shawls, passes by on horseback. I ask my nozzir in a whisper who he is? But my words have been heard by the keen, sharp-witted race around me, and the passers-by immediately stop to answer the question. They each and all inform me eagerly that he is a great state dignitary, and gossip about him with much wit and license of tongue. A man marketing for a lamb, takes immediate advantage of the chance assembly, and tries to enlist us all in his favour against the butcher, talking loud to shame the fellow, apparently a sheep-faced bumpkin, into letting him have it half-price. What strikes me especially is the beauty of the men, and the general ugliness of the women. But Persian women have a remarkably free and graceful step in walking, especially when contrasted with the duck-like waddle of the Turks.

Under a little shed, perhaps merely hired for the day, is a tailor cutting his cloth on a round block of wood, which he places between his knees. This block is in shape like an immense pumpkin. The instrument he uses to cut the cloth is a broad semicircular blade, something like that used by cheesemongers in England. He is surrounded by a talkative crowd, all dressed in bright colours, blue, and yellow, and red.

At the corners of the streets are money-changers, with tables, such as the Divine Master overthrew in the Temple. Their owners are mostly Jews, a miserable and abject race in Persia. In a small gloomy shop, excessively dirty, is an establishment which appears to be a mint for making money. The operation of coining in Persia seemed simple enough. It consisted in beating together and melting a quantity of Russian imperials, and making them into tomanas. This process was carried on in a dark hole, only fit for the abode of a chimney-sweeper.

A powerful khan sits in a gossip-shop, surrounded by servants, and talking to them. One, who appears a privileged person, has a skewbald beard. It is white from age near the roots, but he has dipped the ends in henna, and dyed them a reddish brown. These gossip-shops are very numerous, and well frequented, even the ladies of the court often coming to sit and talk away a whole afternoon in them. There are a great many professional talkers and story-tellers about; but they are not very romantic-looking personages, and their audiences are chiefly mere rabble. The beggars, who sit upon the ground chanting the Koran (for it should be chanted, and not read), are far more worthy of attention. So is the snake-charmer, really a mighty curious personage.

But I think I prefer to wander heedlessly on among the pretty shops of many-coloured pottery, of those graceful shapes for which the East has always been so famous. I like to stop and watch the eager eyes fixed on some goldsmith, as he weighs out the coins for a kaleon. He hands the gold or silver, when weighed, to the metal workers, whose tools are rude and primitive, a hammer and file doing the

chief part of their business, with a little melting furnace, which they blow with their mouths, as there is not a pair of bellows in the land. At last I stop before a jeweller's to buy a turquoise, which I think is a great bargain at two tomanas. I find afterwards that I have bought a piece of artfully-coloured wax.

The saddlers' shops are very pretty, and so are the gun shops, with guns from Bokhara, inlaid with ivory, and other curious arms. So are the fruiterers', where golden oranges swim, bobbing about, in tubs of water, and cool melons lie temptingly reposing upon ice. So are the shoe shops, with their red and blue shoes; and the shops where they sell caskets looking like ruby and gold. Then there is such a fondness for tinsel, that even the lamb and mutton hung up at butchers' shops is tinselled, to call attention to its fatness.

There is a pretty part of the bazaar where there are flowers in great plenty, and birds of beautiful plumage in cages, and talking parrots, to attest the fondness for birds and flowers which is born with Orientals. Then there are cooks' shops in merry little nooks and corners. Kabobs are, of course, the chief dainty sold here. But the kabobs are more artistically prepared in Persia than in Turkey. What should you say, O traveller! to a little lump of lean lamb-chop, a little lump of fat, a little lump of kidney, a little lump of liver, well powdered over with finely-chopped garlic, discreetly salted and peppered, and served, all frothing, upon a silver skewer, with a nice little flap of hot bread to roll it up in? Though kabobs are the chief and the best things in these cooks' shops. Still, other things may be had. There is caviar and dried fish for a relish; wine, too, is sold openly—too openly, indeed. Wine and eggs are sold higgledy-piggledy together, for some inexplicable reason, unless it should be that although wine is forbidden by the law, egg-flip is not, so that it is easy and profitable in the way of trade to suggest a compromise; the immense pantomime wine-bottles squashing the eggs upon which they lie. Perhaps a very good street dinner might be got in the bazaars for about sixpence, if one were inclined to try.

There are some noble khans and caravanseries here and there, with charming living pictures of Asiatic life to be seen through their open gateways. Turbanned moollabs, seeming to read for decorum's sake, but with shrewd eyes keeping sharp watch around them; travellers praying at the fountain in the centre of the court-yard; and rooms containing rich goods closed with pretty shutters.

Most of the European articles sold in the bazaars of Tehran are very coarse and paltry, and there is a fine opening for an enterprising British merchant in the Persian capital. I saw some gingerbread-looking mirrors of the worst possible kind from Russia, some coarse English cotton goods of gaudy colours, and some common crockery. These trumpery foreign things, however, are all displayed with childish exultation, and are a source of deep pride to the shop-keeper who owns them. Generally, what strikes one most about the bazaars is the coolness and utter indifference to business of the Oriental trader, who seldom deigns to call attention, even by a glance, to his wares. But it is the clatter of some English tea-things that their owner is pompously dusting which suddenly reminds me of home, and recalls to me the time when I was a child, and took tea at a pleasant country-house with a loved and leathery old nurse, some five-and-twenty years ago. I wonder for a moment whether it can be really the same "I," at which the dogs are now barking in Paynimrie, and the children point—a stranger in a strange land.

Those children, by the way, are quite naked, which warns me that we have strayed into an unfrequented quarter of the town, and had better go homewards. Upon the whole, there is nothing to tempt one to buy, and spend one's money in the bazaars. Perhaps all that is really valuable or curious is hidden by timid merchants fearful of the rapacity of power.

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VERY HARD CASH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

CHAPTER II.

A YOUTH, adorned with a blue and yellow rosette, cried out, in the hearing of Mrs. Dodd, "I say, they are properly pumped, both crews are;" then, jumping on to a spoke of her carriage-wheel, with a slight apology, he announced that two or three were shut up in the Exeter.

The exact meaning of these two verbs passive was not clear to Mrs. Dodd: but their intensity was; she fluttered, and wanted to go to her boy and nurse him, and turned two most imploring eyes on Julia, and Julia straightway kissed her with gentle vehemence, and offered to run and see.

"What, amongst all those young gentlemen, love? I fear that would not be proper. See, all the ladies remain apart." So they kept quiet and miserable, after the manner of females.

Meantime the Cantab's quick eye had not deceived him; in each racing boat were two young gentlemen leaning collapsed over their oars; and two more, who were in a cloud, and not at all clear whether they were in this world still, or in their zeal had pulled into a better. But their malady was not a rare one in racing boats, and the remedy always at hand. It combined the rival systems. Thames was sprinkled in their faces—Homœopathy: and brandy in a teaspoon trickled down their throats—Allopathy: youth and spirits soon did the rest; and, the moment their eyes opened, their mouths opened; and, the moment their mouths opened, they fell a chaffing.

Mrs. Dodd's anxiety and Julia's were relieved by the appearance of Mr. Edward, in a tweed shooting-jacket, sauntering down to them, hands in his pocket, and a cigar in his mouth, placidly unconscious of their solicitude on his account. He was received with a little guttural cry of delight; the misery they had been in about him was duly concealed from him by both, and Julia asked him warmly who had won.

"Oh, Cambridge?"

"Cambridge! Why, then, you are beaten?"

"Rather." (Puff.)

"And you can come here with that horrible calm, and cigar, owning defeat, and puffing tranquillity, with the same mouth. Mamma, we are beaten. Beaten! actually."

"Never mind," said Edward, kindly; "you

have seen a capital race, the closest ever known on this river; and one side or other must lose."

"And if they did not quite win, they very nearly did," observed Mrs. Dodd, composedly; then, with heartfelt content, "he is not hurt, and that is the main thing."

"Well, my Lady Placid, and Mr. Imperturbable, I am glad neither of your equanimities is disturbed; but defeat is a Bitter Pill to me."

Julia said this in her earnest voice, and drawing her scarf suddenly round her, so as almost to make it speak, digested her Bitter Pill in silence. During which process several Exeter men caught sight of Edward, and came round him, and an animated discussion took place. They began with asking him how it had happened, and, as he never spoke in a hurry, supplied him with the answers. A stretcher had broken in the Exeter. No, but the Cambridge was a much better-built boat, and her bottom cleaner. The bow oar of the Exeter was ill, and not fit for work. Each of these solutions was advanced and combated in turn, and then all together. At last the Babel lulled, and Edward was once more appealed to.

"Well, I will tell you the real truth," said he, "how it happened." (Puff.)

There was a pause of expectation, for the young man's tone was that of conviction, knowledge, and authority.

"The Cambridge men pulled faster than we did." (Puff.)

The hearers stared and then laughed.

"Come, old fellows," said Edward, "never win a boat-race on dry land! That is such a plain thing to do: gives the other side the laugh as well as the race. I have heard a stretcher or two told, but I saw none broken. (Puff.) Their boat is the worst I ever saw, it dips every stroke. (Puff.) Their strength lies in the crew. It was a good race and a fair one. Cambridge got a lead and kept it. (Puff.) They beat us a yard or two at rowing; but hang it all, don't let them beat us at telling the truth, not by an inch." (Puff.)

"All right, old fellow!" was now the cry. One observed, however, that Stroke did not take the matter so coolly as Six, for he had shed a tear getting out of the boat.

"Shed a fiddlestick!" squeaked a little sceptic.

"No," said another, "he didn't quite shed it; his pride wouldn't let him."

"So he decanted it, and put it by for supper," suggested Edward, and puffed.

"None of your chaff, Six. He had a gulp or two, and swallowed the rest by main force."

"Don't you talk: you can swallow anything, it seems." (Puff.)

"Well, I believe it," said one of Hardie's own set. "Dodd doesn't know him as we do. Taff Hardie can't bear to be beat."

When they were gone, Mrs. Dodd observed, "Dear me! what if the young gentleman did cry a little, it was very excusable; after such great exertions it *was* disappointing, mortifying. I pity him for one, and wish he had his mother alive and here, to dry them."^{*}

"Mamma, it is you for reading us," cried Edward, slapping his thigh. "Well, then, since you can feel for a fellow, Hardie *was* a good deal cut up. You know the university was in a manner beaten, and he took the blame. He never cried; that was a cracker of those fellows. But he did give one great sob, that was all, and hung his head on one side a moment. But then he fought out of it directly, like a man, and there was an end of it, or ought to have been. Hang chatterboxes!"

"And what did you say to console him, Edward?" inquired Julia, warmly.

"What me? Console my senior, and my Stroke? No, thank you."

At this thunderbolt of etiquette both ladies kept their countenances—this was *their* muscular feat that day—and the racing for the sculls came on: six competitors—two Cambridge, three Oxford, one London. The three heats furnished but one good race, a sharp contest between a Cambridge man and Hardie, ending in favour of the latter; the Londoner walked away from his opponent. Sir Imperturbable's competitor was impetuous, and ran into him in the first hundred yards; Sir I. consenting calmly. The umpire, appealed to on the spot, decided that it was a foul, Mr. Dodd being in his own water. He walked over the course, and explained the matter to his sister, who delivered her mind thus:

"Oh! if races are to be won by going slower than the other, we may shine yet: *only*, I call it Cheating, not Racing."

He smiled unmoved; she gave her scarf the iron twist, and they all went to dinner. The business recommenced with a race between a London boat and the winner of yesterday's heat, Cambridge. Here the truth of Edward's remark appeared. The Cambridge boat was too light for the men, and kept burying her nose; the London craft, under a heavy crew, floated like a cork. The Londoners soon found out their advantage, and, overrating it, steered into their opponents' water prematurely, in spite of a warning voice from the bank. Cambridge saw, and cracked on for a foul; and for about a minute it was anybody's race. But the Londoners pulled gallantly, and just scraped clear ahead. This peril escaped, they kept their backs straight and a clear lead to the finish; Cam-

bridge followed a few feet in their wake, pulling wonderfully fast to the end, but a trifle out of form, and much distressed.

At this both universities looked blue, their humble aspiration being, first to beat off all the external world, and then tackle each other for the prize.

Just before Edward left his friends for "the sculls," the final heat, a note was brought to him. He ran his eye over it, and threw it open into his sister's lap. The ladies read it. It's writer had won a prize poem, and so now is our time to get a hint for composition:

Dear Sir,—Oxford must win something. Suppose we go in for these sculls. You are a horse that can stay; Silcock is hot for the lead at starting, I hear; so I mean to work him out of wind; then you can wait on us, and pick up the race. My head is not well enough to-day to win, but I am good to pump the Cockney; he is quick, but a little stale.

Yours truly,

ALFRED HARDIE

Mrs. Dodd remarked that the language was sadly figurative; but she hoped Edward might be successful in spite of his correspondent's style.

Julia said she did not dare hope it. "The race is not always to the slowest and the dearest." This was in allusion to yesterday's "foul."

The skiffs started down at the island, and, as they were longer coming up than the eight-oars, she was in a fever for nearly ten minutes; at last, near the opposite bank, up came the two leading skiffs struggling, both men visibly exhausted; Silcock ahead, but his rudder overlapped by Hardie's bow; each in his own water.

"We are third," sighed Julia, and turned her head away from the river sorrowfully; but only for a moment, for she felt Mrs. Dodd start and press her arm; and lo! Edward's skiff was shooting swiftly across from their side of the river. He was pulling just within himself, in beautiful form, and with far more elasticity than the other two had got left. As he passed his mother and sister, his eye seemed to strike fire, and he laid out all his powers, and went at the leading skiffs hand over head. There was a yell of astonishment and delight from both sides of the Thames. He passed Hardie, who upon that relaxed his speed. In thirty seconds more he was even with Silcock; then came a keen struggle: but the new comer was "the horse that could stay;" he drew steadily ahead, and the stem of his boat was in a line with Silcock's person, when the gun fired, and a fearful roar from the bridge, the river, and the banks, announced that the favourite university had picked up the sculls in the person of Dodd of Exeter.

In due course, he brought the little silver sculls, and pinned them on his mother.

While she and Julia were telling him how proud they were and how happy they should be, but for their fears that he would hurt himself, beating gentlemen ever so much older than himself, came two Exeter men with wild looks hunting for him; "Oh, Dodd! Hardie wants you directly."

* Oh where, and oh where, *was* her Lindley Murray gone?

"Don't you go, Edward," whispered Julia: "why should you be at Mr. Hardie's beck and call? I never heard of such a thing. That youth *will* make me hate him."

"Oh, I think I had better just go and see what it is about," replied Edward: "I shall be back directly." And on this understanding he went off with the men.

Half an hour passed; an hour: two hours; and he did not return. Mrs. Dodd and Julia sat wondering what had become of him, and were looking all around, and getting uneasy; when at last they did hear something about him, but indirectly, and from an unexpected quarter. A tall young man in a Jersey and flannel trousers, and a little straw hat, with a purple rosette, came away from the bustle to the more secluded part where they sat, and made eagerly for the Thames as if he was a duck, and going in. But at the brink he flung himself into a sitting posture, and dipped his white handkerchief into the stream, then tied it viciously round his brow, doubled himself up with his head in his hands, and rocked himself like an old woman—minus the patience, of course.

Mrs. Dodd and Julia, sitting but a few paces behind him, interchanged a look of intelligence. The young gentleman was a stranger: but they had recognised a faithful old acquaintance at the bottom of his pantomime. They discovered, too, that the afflicted one was a personage: for he had not sat there long when quite a little band of men came after him. Observing his semicircularity and general condition, they hesitated a moment: and then one of them remonstrated eagerly. "For Heaven's sake come back to the boat! there is a crowd of all the colleges come round us; and they all say Oxford is being sold; we had a chance for the four-oared race, and you are throwing it away."

"What do I care what they all say?" was the answer, delivered with a kind of plaintive snarl. But we care.

"Care then! I pity you." And he turned his back fiercely on them; and then groaned by way of half apology. Another tried him, "Come give us a civil answer, please."

"People that intrude upon a man's privacy, racked with pain, have no right to demand civility," replied the sufferer more gently, but sullenly enough.

"Do you call this privacy?"

"It was, a minute ago. Do you think I left the boat, and came here, among the natives, for company? and noise? With my head splitting."

Here Julia gave Mrs. Dodd a soft pinch, to which Mrs. Dodd replied by a smile. And so they settled who this petulant young invalid must be.

"There, it is no use," observed one, sotto voce, "the bloke really has awful headaches, like a girl, and then he always shuts up this way. You will only rile him, and get the rough side of his tongue."

Here, then, the conference drew towards a close. But a Wadham man, who was one of the ambassadors, interposed. "Stop a minute,"

said he. "Mr. Hardie, I have not the honour to be acquainted with you, and I am not here to annoy you, nor to be affronted by you. But the university has a stake in this race, and the university expostulates through us; through me if you like."

"Who have I the honour," inquired Hardie, assuming politeness sudden and vast.

"Badham, of Wadham."

"Badham o' Wadham? Hear that, ye tuncful nine! Well Badham o' Wadham, you are no acquaintance of mine; so you may possibly not be a fool. Let us assume by way of hypothesis that you are a man of sense, a man of reason as well as of rhyme. Then follow my logic.

"Hardie of Exeter is a good man in a boat when he has not got a headache.

"When he has got a headache, Hardie of Exeter is not worth a straw in a boat.

"Hardie of Exeter has a headache now.

"Ergo, the university would put the said Hardie into a race, headache and all, and reduce defeat to a certainty.

"And, ergo, on the same premises, I, not being an egotist, nor an ass, have taken Hardie of Exeter and his headache out of the boat, as I should have done any other cripple.

"Secondly, I have put the best man on the river into this cripple's place.

"Total, I have given the university the benefit of my brains; and the university, not having brains enough to see what it gains by the exchange, turns again and rends me, like an animal frequently mentioned in Scripture; but, nota bene, never once with approbation."

And the afflicted Rhetorician attempted a diabolical grin, but failed signally; and groaned instead.

"Is this your answer to the university, sir?"

At this query, delivered in a somewhat threatening tone, the invalid sat up all in a moment, like a poked lion.

"Oh, if Badham o' Wadham thinks to crush me auctoritate sua et totius universitatis, Badham o' Wadham may just tell the whole university to go and be d—d, from the Chancellor down to the junior cook at Skimmery Hall, with my compliments."

"Ill conditioned brute!" muttered Badham of Wadham. "Serve you right if the university were to chuck you into the Thames." And with this comment they left him to his ill temper. One remained; sat quietly down a little way off, struck a sweetly aromatic lucifer, and blew a noisome cloud; but the only one which betokens calm.

As for Hardie, he held his aching head over his knees, absorbed in pain, and quite unconscious that sacred pity was poisoning the air beside him, and two pair of dove-like eyes resting on him with womanly concern.

Mrs. Dodd and Julia had heard the greatest part of this colloquy. They had terribly quick ears; and nothing better to do with them just then. Indeed, their interest was excited.

Julia went so far as to put her salts into Mrs.

Dodd's hand with a little earnest look. But Mrs. Dodd did not act upon the hint; she had learned who the young man was; had his very name been strange to her, she would have been more at her ease with him. Moreover, his rudeness to the other men repelled her a little; above all, he had uttered a monosyllable; and a stinger; a thorn of speech not in her vocabulary, nor even in society's. Those might be his manners, even when not aching. Still, it seems, a feather would have turned the scale in his favour, for she whispered, "I have a great mind; if I could but catch his eye."

While feminine pity and social reserve were holding the balance so nicely, and nonsensically, about half a split straw, one of the racing four-oars went down close under the Berkshire bank.

"London!" cried Hardie's adherent.

"What, are you there, old fellow?" murmured Hardie, in a faint voice. "Now, that is like a friend, a real friend, to sit by me, and not make a row. Thank you! thank you!"

Presently the Cambridge four-oar passed: it was speedily followed by the Oxford; the last came down in mid-stream, and Hardie eyed it keenly as it passed. "There," he cried, "was I wrong? There is a swing for you; there is a stroke. I did not know what a treasure I had got sitting behind me."

The ladies looked, and lo! the lauded Stroke of the four-oar was their Edward.

"Sing out and tell him it is not like the sculls. He must fight for the lead, at starting, and hold it with his eyelids when he has got it."

The adherent bawled this at Edward, and Edward's reply came ringing back in a clear cheerful voice, "We mean to try all we know."

"What is the odds?" inquired the invalid, faintly.

"Even on London; two to one against Cambridge; three to one against us."

"Take all my tin and lay it on," sighed the sufferer.

"Fork it out, then. Hallo! eighteen pounds? Fancy having eighteen pounds at the end of term! I'll get the odds up at the bridge directly. Here's a lady offering you her smelling-bottle."

Hardie rose and turned round, and sure enough there were two ladies seated in their carriage at some distance; one of whom was holding him out three pretty little things enough—a little smile, a little blush, and a little cut-glass bottle with a gold cork. The last panegyric on Edward had turned the scale.

Hardie went slowly up to the side of the carriage, and took off his hat to them with a half-bewildered air. Now that he was so near, his face showed very pale; the more so that his neck was a good deal tanned; his eyelids were rather swollen, and his young eyes troubled and almost filmy with the pain. The ladies saw, and their gentle bosoms were touched: they had heard of him as a victorious young Apollo, trampling on all difficulties of mind and body; and they saw him

wan, and worn, with feminine suffering: the contrast made him doubly interesting.

Arrived at the side of the carriage, he almost started at Julia's beauty. It was sun-like, and so were her two lovely earnest eyes, beaming soft pity on him with an eloquence he had never seen in human eyes before; for Julia's were mirrors of herself: they did nothing by halves.

He looked at her and her mother, and blushed, and stood irresolute, awaiting their commands. This sudden contrast to his petulance with his own sex paved the way. "You have a sad headache, sir," said Mrs. Dodd; "oblige me by trying my salts."

He thanked her in a low voice.

"And mamma," inquired Julia, "ought he to sit in the sun?"

"Certainly not. You had better sit there, sir, and profit by our shade and our parasols."

"Yes, mamma, but you know the real place where he ought to be, is Bed."

"Oh, pray don't say that," implored the patient.

But Julia continued, with unabated severity, "And that is where he would go this minute, if I was his mamma."

"Instead of his junior, and a stranger," said Mrs. Dodd, somewhat coldly, dwelling with a very slight monitory emphasis on the "stranger."

Julia said nothing, but drew in perceptibly, and was dead silent.

"Oh, madam!" said Hardie, eagerly, "I do not dispute her authority; nor yours. You have a right to send me where you please, after your kindness in noticing my infernal head, and doing me the honour to speak to me, and lending me this. But if I go to bed, my head will be my master. Besides, I shall throw away what little chance I have of making your acquaintance; and the race just coming off!"

"We will not usurp authority, sir," said Mrs. Dodd, quietly; "but we know what a severe headache is, and should be glad to see you sit still in the shade, and excite yourself as little as possible."

"Yes, madam," said the youth, humbly, and sat down like a lamb. He glanced now and then at the island, and now and then peered up at the radiant young mute beside him.

The silence continued till it was broken by a fish out of water.

An under-graduate in spectacles came mooning along, all out of his element. It was Mr. Kennet, who used to rise at four every morning to his Plato, and walk up Shotover-hill every afternoon, wet or dry, to cool his eyes for his evening work. With what view he deviated to Henley has not yet been ascertained; he was blind as a bat, and did not care a button about any earthly boat-race, except the one in the *Æneid*, even if he could have seen one. However, nearly all the men of his college went to Henley, and perhaps some branch, hitherto unexplored, of animal magnetism, drew him after. At any rate, there was his body; and his mind at Oxford and Athens, and

other venerable but irrelevant cities. He brightened at sight of his doge, and asked him warmly if he had heard the news.

"No; what? Nothing wrong, I hope?"

"Why, two of our men are ploughed; that is all," said Kennet, affecting with withering irony to undervalue his intelligence.

"Confound it, Kennet, how you frightened me! I was afraid there was some screw loose with the crew."

At this very instant, the smoke of the pistol was seen to puff out from the island, and Hardie rose to his feet. "They are off!" cried he to the ladies, and, after first putting his palms together with a hypocritical look of apology, he laid one hand on an old barge that was drawn up ashore, and sprang like a mountain goat on to the bow, lighting on the very gunwale. The position was not tenable an instant, but he extended one foot very nimbly and boldly, and planted it on the other gunwale; and there he was in a moment, headache and all, in an attitude as large and inspired, as the boldest gesture antiquity has committed to marble; he had even the advantage in stature over most of the sculptured forms of Greece. But a double opera-glass at his eye "spoiled the lot," as Mr. Punch says.

I am not to repeat the particulars of a distant race coming nearer and nearer. The main features are always the same, only this time it was more exciting to our fair friends, on account of Edward's high stake in it. And then their grateful though refractory patient, an authority in their eyes, indeed all but a river-god, stood poised in air, and in excited whispers interpreted each distant and unintelligible feature down to them:

"Cambridge was off quickest."

"But not much."

"Anybody's race at present, madam."

"If this lasts long we may win. None of them can stay like us."

"Come, the favourite is not so very dangerous."

"Cambridge looks best."

"I wouldn't change with either, so far."

"Now, in forty seconds more, I shall be able to pick out the winner."

Julia went up this ladder of thrills to a high state of excitement; and, indeed, they were all so tuned to racing pitch, that some metal nerve or other seemed to jar inside all three, when the piercing, grating voice of Kennet broke in suddenly with,

"How do you construe *γαστριμαργος*?"

The wretch had burrowed in the intellectual ruins of Greece the moment the pistol went off, and college chat ceased. Hardie raised his opera-glass, and his first impulse was to brain the judicious Kennet, gazing up to him for an answer, with spectacles goggling like supernatural eyes of dead sophists in the sun.

"How do you construe 'Hoc age?' you in-

congruous dog! Hold your tongue, and mind the race!"

"There, I thought so! Where's your three to one, now? The Cockneys are out of this event, any way. Go on, Universities, and order their suppers!"

"But, which is first, sir?" asked Julia, inquiringly. Oh, which is first of all?"

"Neither. Never mind; it looks well. London is pumped; and if Cambridge can't lead him before this turn in the river, the race will be ours. Now, look out! By Jove, we are *ahead*!"

The leading boats came on, Oxford pulling a long, lofty, sturdy stroke, that seemed as if it never could compete with the quick action of its competitor. Yet it was undeniably ahead, and gaining at every swing.

Young Hardie writhed on his perch. He screeched at them across the Thames "Well pulled Stroke! Well pulled all! Splendidly pulled, Dodd! You are walking away from them altogether! Hurrah! Oxford for ever, hurrah!" The gun went off over the heads of the Oxford crew in advance, and even Mrs. Dodd and Julia could see the race was theirs.

"We have won at last!" cried Julia, all on fire, "and fairly; only think of that!"

Hardie turned round, grateful to beauty for siding with his university. "Yes, and the fools may thank me; or rather my man, Dodd. Dodd for ever! Hurrah!"

At this climax even Mrs. Dodd took a gentle share in the youthful enthusiasm that was boiling around her, and her soft eyes sparkled, and she returned the fervid pressure of her daughter's hand; and both their faces were flushed with gratified pride and affection.

"Dodd!" broke in "the incongruous dog," with a voice just like a saw's; "Dodd! Ah, that's the man who is just ploughed for smalls."

Ice has its thunderbolts.

MOB LAW AND ORDER.

THE untaught million in Chaucer's time were called, because of the ease with which they could be influenced, "the mobil people;" afterwards, as by Sir Thomas More and Sir Thomas Browne, the "mobility," or the mobile; in Dryden's time, "the mobile," or by a contraction, then recent, the mob. It is clear, then, that they have always, when ill-mannered, reproached by their name the civilisation of those who consider themselves the better classes. If the great untaught, ill-lodged, and ill-fed masses of the people can be so easily influenced as that we have even named it from its swift impressibility, why has it not been always influenced for good?

A few weeks ago there passed through the streets of London a Procession, which all London crammed itself into some streets, and into houses bordering those streets, to see. There was

afterwards a general illumination of unprecedented splendour, inviting throngs, in which, by neglect of due precautions on the part of those who mismanage the obsolete small section of town known as the City, eight persons were crushed or trampled to death. The swarms who ought to represent the London mob were packed in a dense mass together. Thousands upon thousands were to be seen, ragged and rough, sallow and careworn; but what order of their own making was struck out of the worst disorder of each day! The mob, as it was understood in the last century, or even thirty years ago, has vanished; as far as regards current English history, the very word for it may drop out of the language.

In old days, when the wealth of the land was parted among a body of nobles, and the great multitude of the people was ill fed, ill clothed, untaught, except by the influence their lords exerted over them, each for his own selfish ends, there was a wide-spread hunger sharpening the sense of visible injustice in a mobile people whom nobody trained to be good logicians, and who, if they had been the best logicians in the world, would not have found it easy to get at facts from which to draw sound conclusions. It was a multitude brought just so much in contact with civilisation as to be humanised into the rough sense of social justice, and desire of social right; a mass of men suffering many a hard pinch from no fault of their own, and, at the same time, held in open scorn, or, at times, mocked with contemptuous flatteries, by the more prosperous. The hard battle of life strengthened the energies of all these men, but through their untrained minds the repressed vigour had no sufficient outlet. They were energetic in rough sport, energetic in complaint, often energetic in turbulent effort to readjust their uneasy position in the state. "There shall be in England seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny," says Jack Cade. "The three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops, and I will make it felony to drink small beer." But with all its errors and excesses, in its worst days, there has been usually a rough sense of right and justice in the English mob. Mob law has been at all times the sign of defect in established law, of injustice in the law, or of failure in the law's administration.

It is only of late years, as many can witness who saw the destruction of machinery by mobs who thus asserted their notion of the rights of human labour, that the last vestige of mob law has died out of England. We may go a long way back for illustration of it, and read in Hollinshed how, in William the Conqueror's day, justice was done by the people upon Walker, Bishop of Durham, and some persons of his household, for the murder of Liulfus. Liulfus was a Saxon gentleman, retired to Durham, who became so intimate with the bishop, and was entrusted so constantly with the management of his affairs, that Gilbert, the bishop's appointed steward, murdered him one night in his own manor-house. Liulfus being much loved by the

people, the bishop declared that he would purge himself, according to the order of the canon law, of all complicity in the murder, and that he had banished from Northumberland, Gilbert and his accomplices. But it was known that he was sheltering the murderers in his own house. The kinsmen of Liulfus then appointed a day for a conference with the bishop, at Gateshead. The bishop went to Gateshead, but, when there, was afraid to trust himself out of the church, sending messengers to commune with the other side. "But," says the chronicler, "when the people that were there gathered in great numbers had signified in plain words that he should either come forth and show himself among them, or else that they should fire the place where he sat, he caused Gilbert to go forth to them, whom they slew, and his partakers also, that issued out of the church with him for his defence. But when the people's fury was not so quenched, the bishop himself, casting the skirts of his gown over his face, came likewise forth, and was immediately slain by the people. After this, they set the church on fire, because Leofwine, the bishop's chaplain, and others, were yet within, and refused to come forth; howbeit in the end, being compelled by the rage of the fire to come out, the said Leofwine was also slain and backed in pieces (as he had well deserved), being the ringleader of all the mischief. Thus," adds Hollinshed, "may we see what followed of the neglecting of justice in the bishop: for if he had either banished Gilbert and other of his complices (according as he pretended to do), or otherwise had seen due punishment executed against them, the people's rage had never proceeded so far as it did." As it was in the reign of William the Conqueror, so it was in reign after reign of the succeeding kings; mobs were provoked by manifest injustice to such rude efforts as they could conceive towards doing public right.

Coming home from the reign of William the Conqueror, we will look to the reign of George the Third, and the year seventeen hundred and sixty-three. The Annual Register tells us that on the king's birthday, June the fourth, a hundred years ago, there was so great a crowd of people through the postern on Tower-hill, to see some fireworks, that the railings about a well, thirty feet deep, gave way, and the well was filled with the bodies of those falling in. Six were taken up dead, fourteen or fifteen dangerously mangled. During the consternation caused by the accident, a sailor had his pocket picked by a Jew, who was caught and ducked. Hopping out of the water with a pretence that his leg was broken, he was carried off by some of his friends; but the sailor, suspecting the trick, gave chase, and pursued him to Duke's-place, "where, at first, they were beaten off by the inhabitants; but presently returning with a fresh reinforcement, they attacked the place, entered three houses, threw everything out of the windows, broke the glasses, tore the beds, and ripped up the wainscot, leaving the houses in the most ruinous condition. With the

furniture, three children sick of the small-pox were thrown out of the window."

In the month of March, a hundred years ago, in a struggle for the beer in cask that had been furnished to the populace by the successful candidate at a Westminster election, a party of sailors quarrelled with some Irish chairmen, and, having driven their adversaries from the field, broke up all the chairs they could find, except one that had been labelled "This belongs to English chairmen." Two days afterwards, the fights were renewed, and soldiers had to interfere. Again, three days later, search was made by the peace-officers, and a few women connected with the offenders were being sent to Bridewell under guard of a sergeant and twelve men, when they were rescued in Chiswell-street and carried off in triumph, after one man had been shot.

Here the law showed equal weakness and injustice. Its weakness was in nothing more conspicuous than in the extreme and vindictive penalties for small offences. The mob argued in its own way against the excessive use of capital punishment. One night, for example, in the same year, seventeen 'sixty-three, "all the gibbets in the Edgeware-road, on which many malefactors were hung in chains, were cut down by persons unknown." Offenders liable to excessive penalty were shielded by the people. As for pickpockets, the mob usually took them out of the weak hands of justice, and punished them with a rough ducking. Even worse offenders it was thought more humane to forgive than kill. Still in this year seventeen 'sixty-three, a century ago, we read in the Annual Register, that "as soon as the execution of several criminals, condemned at last sessions of the Old Bailey, was over at Tyburn, the body of Cornelius Sanders, executed for stealing about fifty pounds out of the house of Mr. White, in Lamb-street, Spitalfields, was carried and laid before his door; where great numbers of people assembling, they at last grew so outrageous that a guard of soldiers was sent for to stop their proceedings: notwithstanding which, they forced open the door, fetched out all the salmon-tubs, most of the household furniture, piled them on a heap, and set fire to them; and to prevent the Guards from extinguishing the flames, pelted them off with stones, and would not disperse till the whole was consumed." This terrible idea of literally laying the dead man at the door of the person who seemed to have procured the unequal punishment, was then in fashion with the mob. In the following May, says the Annual Register, "the criminal condemned for returning from transportation, and afterwards executed, addressed himself to the populace at Tyburn, and told them he could wish they would carry his body and lay it at the door of Mr. Parker, a butcher, in the Minories, who, it seems, was the principal evidence against him; which being accordingly done, the mob behaved so riotously before the man's house, it was no easy matter to disperse them."

The history of the mobility in this country is full of outside changes, indicative of the chang-

ing influences of the well-fed classes upon whom the neglected million fixes its keen eyes. But there is the English character under it all. The mob of London hooted Wiclif when, cited to answer for himself before a bishop at St. Paul's, he went attended by a royal duke and other noble representatives of the court party. The court party, then at odds with Rome, profited materially by the pure Reformer's disinterested protest against Church abuses, and was glad to back him. It paid no more attention to him when, still going forward on his way of right, he ceased to serve its turn. But the mob, who were against him when they saw him in the company of their hard masters, learnt afterwards something of the meaning of his life, and were yet more tumultuous in his favour when he was subject to ecclesiastical citation.

In old days, when the multitude was absolutely unconsidered, its clumsy attempts to turn wrong into right, were either things to fear or bow before, or things to crush. Thus, in William the Conqueror's time, after the execution of Lynch law on the Bishop of Durham and his followers, Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, was sent to take revenge upon Northumberland, and, "with an army, he sore afflicted the country by spoiling it on every side with great cruelty." And that way of helping the untaught in their struggle for satisfaction to the human sense of justice was not extinct in the days of Peterloo.

In early accounts of pageants it is seldom that we hear anything about the people who were present. The grandees dress themselves in a barbaric pomp, regardless of expense, and parade themselves before the eyes of the ragged commonalty. The most splendid procession in which a bride ever was conveyed through London streets, was that of 1533, when Henry the Eighth had divorced Queen Katherine. The City had not only a pompous water-procession on the twenty-ninth of May, but also, two days afterwards, one of the most brilliant of its decorated street shows. From the Tower, where the queen was to be received, to Temple Bar, the streets were new gravelled and railed in on each side. Within the rail on one side of the way, stood the Hanseatic merchants and the several City corporations, in their robes, from Gracechurch to the upper end of Cheapside. On the other side of the way, were the City constables dressed in silk and velvet, with staves in their hands to keep back the mob. Gracechurch-street and Cornhill were hung with crimson and scarlet cloth; and Goldsmiths'-row, in Cheapside, with gold brocades, velvets, and rich tapestry. The procession, rich in velvet and satin, miniver and cloth of gold, included the knights in their order, and the judges, the abbots, barons, bishops, earls, and marquises, in their robes, the dukes and the lord mayor on horseback, the queen's officers in scarlet, the queen herself on a litter brilliant in silver brocade and ermine and jewels, under a gold canopy, with pages in white damask, and a following of knights; after whom came ladies in crimson velvet, faced with gold brocade, riding

on beautiful horses trapped in gold; then, great ladies in chariots covered with cloth of gold; more ladies on horseback; chariots in white, containing ladies in crimson velvet; seven ladies in crimson velvet following on horseback; a chariot in red containing ladies, followed by thirty ladies on horseback dressed in silk and velvet; the cavalcade closing with a troop of the Guards richly accoutred.

The procession was stopped at the corner of Gracechurch-street, for the entertainment of the queen with a pageant of Mount Parnassus, with a fountain of Helicon in white marble, running Rhenish wine till night, and Apollo and the Muses there to greet the bride. In Leadenhall, there was another stately pageant of a hill of red and white roses, with performance by a white falcon, and angel and St. Anne with her progeny, then waiting to wish the queen a family as numerous as her own. The graces were stationed in Cornhill, by a fountain of Grace playing wine, at which a poet sat. The great conduit in Cheapside, opposite Mercers' Hall, was curiously decorated, and played divers sorts of wine for the refreshment of the populace. The standard at the end of Wood-street was embellished with royal portraitures, flags, trophies, &c., and here was a fine concert of vocal and instrumental music. At the upper end of Fleet-street, was the recorder, who made his address of congratulation musical, by presenting her majesty at its close with a thousand marks in a gold purse; after which there was at the same place a pageant of the gods, who presented the queen with a golden ball, trebly divided, to signify the gifts of wisdom, wealth, and happiness. At St. Paul's Gate, there was another pageant. Next, her majesty was stopped to hear the congratulatory verses of the scholars of St. Paul's School, and so, passing on to Ludgate, which was finely decorated, was there entertained with songs by men and boys placed on the leads over the gate. In Fleet-street, the conduit opposite Shoe-lane ran wine, and there was a handsome tower built over it, from the top of which the cardinal virtues promised never to desert her majesty. Inside this tower, there was music, and at Temple-bar there was another concert.

A part of the pageant at the coronation of Edward the Sixth, consisted in the sliding of a Spaniard on his breast, head first, with feet and arms extended, down a rope stretched from the battlements of St. Paul's steeple to the Dean's Gate in the churchyard.

But there was nothing in all that show to be compared for majesty with the great spectacle in our streets on the tenth of March this year. The spectacle was that of a populace representing worthily a people now firmly united class with class. The most wretched, knowing himself to be not contemned, but to be understood and worked for by the wealthiest and wisest of the land, bore with his own grief that day, and welcomed a young princess to the palace in which many an anxious earnest thought has been taken for the comfort of the poor man's home.

Before we speak more fully of the nature of this change, let us compare what we have all seen or heard of the crowd in the streets last month with some record of a procession-seeing crowd in the streets, as they used to be. Ned Ward records in the London Spy his experience in the crowd at a Lord Mayor's Show in the days of William and Mary. No smooth pavement then distinguished, in the narrow filthy ill-lighted streets, the footways from the carriage-road. The homes of the poor were wretched unconsidered dens. Worse than all, fashionable society had very recently been dragged through the filth of the court of Charles the Second. Sense of right was strong in the people, but it had gone out of fashion. The court had set the fashion. A young wit and poet had accounted it a merry freak to exhibit himself naked in a balcony in Bow-street; many a man—Dryden for one—had been waylaid and cudgelled, to gratify the humours of great lords. The corruption of the court infected everywhere the surface of society, and the forward and weak wits of St. Giles's became as filthy as those of St. James's in their conversation and their jests. The better manners of the educated classes might come to the front after the Revolution, but the corruption was not easy of cure; and after Defoe, and Steele, and Addison had done their work, there were still the unwholesome courts of the first Georges to keep open the old sore. Ward sketches the English mob when at its worst. If we go further back, we may, perhaps, find it rougher and more terrible—in some respects more stupid—but its coarseness was rather blunt natural speech than the sign of a diseased appetite. The love of filth for its own sake, came in at the Restoration, and was the mark set by that merry gentleman Charles the Second on this country. It is a London mob polluted by long contact with such a sovereign, and not the natural average mob of English history, that we here see disporting itself between the pageants of a Lord Mayor's Show.

"When," says the Spy, "I came to the end of Blowbladder-street, I saw such a crowd before my eyes that I could scarce forbear thinking the very stones of the street, by the harmony of their drums and trumpets, were metamorphosed into men, women, and children; the balconies were hung with old tapestry and Turkey-work tablecloths, for the cleanly leaning of the ladies, with whom they were chiefly filled, which the mob had soon pelted into so dirty a condition with their kennel ammunition, that some of them looked as nasty as the cover-cloth of a led horse that had travelled from St. Margate's to London in the midst of winter; the ladies at every volley quitting their post and retreating into dining-rooms, some fretting at their daub'd scarfs. . . . Whilst my friend and I were thus staring at the spectators much more than the show, the pageants were advanced within our view, upon which such a tide of mob overflowed the place we stood in that the children cried out for room, the women for breath, and every man, whether citizen or foreigner, strove very hard

for his freedom. . . . As soon as this was passed, the industrious rabble, who hate idleness, had procured a dead cat, covered all over with dirt, blood, and nastiness, in which pickle she was handed about as an agreeable diversion, every now and then being tossed in the face of some gaping booby or other. By that time this sport had gone a little about, crying out, "No s'quibs! no squibs!" another pageant approached us. . . . In every interval between pageant and pageant the mob had still a new project to put on foot. By this time they had got a piece of cloth a yard or more square; this they dipped in the kennel, till they had made it fit for their purpose, then tossed it about, it expanding itself in the air, and falling on the heads of two or three at once. By that time forty or fifty of the heedless spectators were made as dirty as so many scavengers, the fourth pageant came up. . . . The rabble, having changed their sport to a new scene of unluckiness, had got a bullock's horn, which they filled with kennel water, and poured it down people's necks and in their pockets, that it run down their legs and into their shoes."

The same reporter of London life having described the funeral of Dryden, speaks of the unseemly riot among hackney-coachmen, who had been waiting in the press at the end of Chancery-lane to see that procession pass; and adds, "No sooner had these dispersed themselves, but one of the prize-fighting gladiators from Dorset Garden Theatre, was conducted by in triumph, with a couple of drums to proclaim his victory, attended by such a parcel of scarified ruffians, whose faces seemed to be as full of cuts as a ploughed field is of furrows. These were hemmed in with such a cluster of journeymen shoemakers, weavers, and tailors, that no pickpocket carrying to be pumped, could have been honoured with a greater attendance."

A few traces of this spirit no doubt still lurk in our foul alleys, but the men who cherish them sink into haunts of their own, and never hope now to assume the leadership of any English crowd. We passed on foot through the dense crowd on both those March days that brought all our London poor into the street for a rare holiday and a delightful spectacle that cost them not a penny to enjoy. Among the crowd in many places, during many hours, the only vestige of the old mob we could find was the occasional small streak through the vast mass, of a knot of rough youths who thought it frolicsome to wear false noses and eccentric hats, hang on to one another and plunge wherever they could make an inconvenient pressure. The proportion of such idle fellows was so small, that the rare appearance of a little knot of them was an exception calling strong attention to the rule. And the exception was a weak one, for beyond the sort of laughter which bespeaks the vacant mind and the wild steering of erratic courses—a wildness dangerous, and it would seem in one or two places the cause of fatal accident—there was nothing offensive in the conduct even of these persons. They insulted

nobody, and were left alone by the police as being held in sufficient check by their involuntary though limited respect for the good order that prevailed around them. On both days, and on the intervening Sunday, when in many streets the concourse was immense, the crowd was full of young children. The very poor, who have no nurses in their pay, must carry their little ones about with them when they make holiday. Wherever you looked, there was some patient father, with a child on his arm, and the rest of his household by his side, trudging together; the child in arms received many a friendly look or gentle playful touch from the people about it.

Everywhere, when the pressure was serious, men were to be seen, careful not only of themselves, but pressing the crowd back from women and children, or hopeless fellow-victims waiting their time of release, and exchanging friendly words, stranger with stranger. We passed, certainly, through a million of people, and did not hear a dozen oaths. Of those we heard, there was not one spoken in anger. One solitary fight we discovered at the back of a crowd waiting to see the procession pass; it was a fight without words, short and sharp; one combatant was felled in less than a minute, and peace was instantly restored. We stood at the door of a hospital, and saw some who were wounded being carried in, with silent endurance of pain and surrounding sympathy. We climbed a shilling stand on the top of a waggon, and found a charming family party of man and wife and female friend, with three or four dirty children, all full of kindness and happiness and gentle cheerful words. They had their holiday, and took a few shillings from the sight-seers who climbed up to them, and fraternised with them, and joined them in making the best of everything.

The mob is absorbed in the people, or, what little may yet remain of it, keeps order in presence of the people. But what has produced the change? There was no such mass of kindly self-disciplined men, women, and children, in the street when the fun of the illumination in honour of Queen Caroline was to smash the dark windows with cries of "Light up!" The same sort of amusement was sought at the illumination after the passing of the Reform Bill; the candle illuminations themselves being in those days, it must be owned, not calculated to afford sufficient entertainment to the public. The concurrent spread of education and cheap literature, of the power to read and the supply of wholesome reading that tends to inform and refine without tasking too heavily (often, no doubt, without tasking quite enough for their healthy development) the untrained powers of attention, have done much to bring about this change. Instead of living upon half a dozen thoughts, the million now enjoys the exercise of mind: is educated by mere variety of topic. It has learnt to reason, is remote as the poles are asunder from the spirit in which Jack Cade would have hanged, with his ink-horn about his neck, any man who could read and write, and delights

in exercise of its fresh reasoning power. While the many learn to watch with a new intelligence the public actions of the few, that which they have in all generations observed keenly is more fitted than it ever before was, to endure their scrutiny.

Between the rich and the poor, strong and direct ties have been recognised on both sides, and the improved tone of the more prosperous classes of society has been in no small degree assured, as it is marked most strongly, by the character of the first household in the land. We need not dwell upon that which every Englishman distinctly feels. When the wedding procession the other day was passing to the Mansion House, and when the absurd City authorities having pressed nearly as many people as London-bridge could hold, at the last moment, out upon the streets through which the prince and princess were to pass; when, the City police being useless, the people joining hand to hand pressed back, and with pain and difficulty themselves made clear the way that should have been kept; a costermonger is said to have pressed forward, and with ill-mannered cordiality offered his hand to the princess whom all this show was to greet. The princess took the offered hand. The costermonger certainly was rude and stupid; but the act as certainly typified the spirit of human friendship that now binds the highest with the lowest, and which, diffused through every crowd, fills it with incidents of kindness, casts out the old brutalities, and makes a crush among unfashionable people in the Poultry, even more full of true courtesy than a fashionable crush at a Court Drawing-Room.

SHAKESPEARE MUSIC.

IN THREE ACTS.

SECOND ACT. PLAYS OF PASSION.

AMONG what may be called the passion-plays of Shakespeare, there has been none so perpetually set and set again in the operatic form as *Romeo and Juliet*. Yet there is no play which offers more difficulties: because, for only a single reason among many, it is the play in which youth can be the least dispensed with; not to speak of personal beauty. There has been only one opera male *Romeo* possible during the last half century—*Signor Mario*. The homely *Rubini*, in his homeliness guiltless of the slightest offence of attempting action—the more energetic, but not less singular-looking *Duprez*—could not, by any magic, have been endured in the balcony scene. So that to meet so great a difficulty (greater, perhaps, in opera than in spoken tragedy), it has been found advisable to make a travesty-part of the lover of Verona.—This cannot be done without weakening the entire musical structure of the work, and also every chance of its stage effect, unless, indeed, the *Romeo* happens to be called *Pasta*. And then, he has to be matched with a *Juliet*: and in nine cases out of ten, a competent singing *Juliet* must be an experienced, mature woman. But these

manifest anomalies, so many things not to be escaped from, would seem never to have suggested themselves to the easy-going folk who take names for ideas, and who will

Slush and slash

(Like to a censor in a barber's shop)

Shakespeare's most poetical imaginings and most delicate thoughts, for the sake of a love-duet or a cemetery-scene. Nevertheless, these may amount to a cause why, among so many *Romeo* and *Juliet* operas as are now to be enumerated, there is not one that remains, or should remain. It has been said that *M. Gounod* is, at the time being, trying to solve the problem.

The earliest musical *Romeo and Juliet*, perhaps—or it may have been merely a setting of a single scene or situation by one who was fond of such exercise (as a duo-drame on the story of *Ariadne*, in its time popular, attested), is that by *George Benda*—for a while one of *Frederick the Great's* musical staff-officers, who got some training, in the military orchestra of the inexorable, flute-playing, philosophic king, but who seems to have been in advance of his time, though not a note (how sad this seems!) of his music has come down to us.—There was an attempt on it made by a more innocuous *Herr Schwanenberg*, of *Wolfenbittel* (fancy a musical composer settled at *Newport, Isle of Wight, Wolfenbittel* having been merely a summer place, to which those reigning in *Brunswick* resorted).—There was a *Baron Sigismund von Rumling*, an *Alsatian*, it appears, who devoted himself to the *Veronese lovers*.—*Herr Steibelt*, the pianoforte player (a charming melodist, whose *Storm Concerto* ranged with the *Battle of Prague* in popularity, and whose *Spanish tune* inspired *Keats* to write words for it, "Hush! hush! tread softly"), treated this tale for the *Opéra Comique* of *Paris* with some success. The charming *Madame Scio*, whom *Cherubini's Medea* killed by its strain on her voice, was the *Juliet*.—*Steibelt's* music is too good to have deserved perishing so completely as it has done. Some of the scenes have sweetness and picturesque feeling; the want with him being power and stage experience. There is another *French Romeo and Juliet*, by *Dalayrac*, whose *Nina* is remembered by hearsay, but not a note of the *Shakespeare music* survives.

Five *Italian operas* recur at once to recollection: one by *Marescalchi* (a mere name); two by *Guglielmi*, a showy and slight composer, who flourished at the close of the last century; by *Zingarelli*, the prolific; by *Vaccari*; and by the more famous *Bellini*. One and all are weakly unsatisfactory: the admirable *Pasta*, when she conceived the character of *Romeo* ("attempted" was her modest word), took with a royal license everything that pleased her from every opera, and made up a mosaic for herself, the recollection of which is among the imperishable things of art. Since her day, there has been no *Romeo* on the stage worthy of mention, no version of *Crescentini's "Ombra adorata"* (one among her appropriations) welcome in a concert-room. Her love-making had an intensity, her distress a

forlorn, subduing despair, which have never been reproduced—could never be exceeded. It was strange that though, night after night, she was exactly in the same place, with the same semblance of emotion, the same marvellous treatment of that husky, defective instrument, her voice—though we looked out for *the* moment and listened for *the* tone, when the moment and the tone came, there was a thrill of unexpectedness in them, which entirely removed the display from any impression of foresight or mechanism. She had the marvellous firmness and discretion to choose what was best and most complete as expressing her own conceptions: and the choice grew so real to herself, as to become a part of herself and her art, and thus to be a spontaneous manifestation, when the spell was on her, to call up any among her “beings of the mind.” Madame Giulia Grisi (Giuditta Grisi, her elder sister, was the first Romeo in Bellini’s Shakespeare opera) has passed as having worn Pasta’s mantle: but *her* attempt at Romeo in *I Montecchi*, to the Juliet of Madame Persiani, was one of those things to be forgiven and forgotten. In truth, the part is one not easy to fill; by either man or woman: and the love-tragedy has yet to be placed on the musical stage.

The French have an odd constancy about two works, by strange authors, largely popular. In music, they have not got far as regards Handel, beyond his *Chantons Victoire*, “See the conquering hero comes,” and shake their heads in the sweet peace of ignorance when his *Israel* is mentioned. *Oui, c’est sublime! Hallelujah.* And the French Shakespeareans of late time, who saw Miss Smithson, and that more real artist, Charles Kemble, move Paris to tears, seem to have clung very fast to the “love, still love” of Shakespeare’s young passion-play. Such, at least, has been the case with that singular, clever, paradoxical, unmusical musician, M. Berlioz. He has symphonised the story, and in an extraordinary manner. Honest enthusiasm never took a more amazing form than in his case, when he tried to make his orchestra tell the ancient feud betwixt Montagu and Capulet, the meeting at the masquerade—after which *Rosalind* was to be loved no more—the parting, the poisoning, the death. It is noticeable, that to give some relief of piquancy, as well as symphonic variety, to a sentimental story, it has been found necessary to bring out *Queen Mab*, not as in *Mercutio’s* recital, but as part and parcel of the tale. The odd, orchestral scherzo, with its harmonic harp effects, is due to this bright idea. The Nurse, and Peter the Nurse’s fan-bearer, are left out. But in such wise do the French read Shakespeare, considering him as a sort of literary *Milor Maire*, to be treated with huge respect in their own way.

The pretensions of this extraordinary, most unmusical piece of music, have not been altogether advanced in vain. Its length, its obscurity, the accumulation of useless executive material (we have seen it performed with thirteen harps added to the usual orchestra), its

extreme difficulty, have all had charms for unmusical people. How should their honest souls suspect that the whole partakes largely of the character of solemn nonsense?—how comprehend that, for the sake of one good quality, brightness and variety in orchestral sonority, poverty of idea, and want of grammatical correctness, were to be accepted? It is a cumbersome mistake made by a self-willed, self-deceived man, who conceives scale and size as sufficient for a work of art, be the beauty, the purpose, the cohesion, ever so small: an attempt at music which will never be accepted as an achievement save within the influences of the very marked personality of its author.

How a Neapolitan marquis, *Il Marchese Berio*, stumbled on *Othello* as the subject for an opera, it would not be easy to divine. As set by Signor Rossini, it is his finest tragic musical drama; a gallery of Paul Veronese pictures (for *The Remorse of Cain*, in the Madrid Gallery, reminds us that Paul Veronese could be simply and intensely pathetic as well as gorgeous). There is a florid exuberance in the two first acts of *Otello*, whether in the entry of the successful Moor, in the scene where *Desdemona’s* secret is revealed—in the garden duet—a most forcible example of rage and despair thrown into forms of the wildest brilliancy—in the heroine’s heart-broken suspense over the fate of her lord, and dismay at being disowned by her father, which reminds us of the sumptuous Venetian fancy of the painter, who heaped his brocades, and jewels, and heavy velvet draperies, even on his martyr scenes. The third act is of a totally different character till the catastrophe is reached, and standing as it does, almost, if not altogether alone in music, deserves a few words of separate study.

What Mendelssohn did by the *Midsummer Night’s Dream*, was done by Signor Rossini with that last act of *Otello*. To re-set it would be simply impossible. Signor Rossini has been, not unjustly, accused of too great a contempt of passion and situation, of too implicit a reliance on the merely sensual allurements of music. But his third act of *Otello* is a specimen of melancholy pathos and frenzy, consistent with the most lavish display of beauty, with the most noble simplicity of expressive means, which places it alone in the world of musical drama. *Desdemona’s* sad memories—her tearful misgivings, darkened by presentiment—the gondolier passing her window with his wail of melancholy melody—her willow song—her waking up at last to the frenzied despair and attempt at self-protection, of one in the face of violent death (this not Shakespearean)—these things are as true in their strength to move, and therefore as permanent, as the great passages in Handel’s *Messiah*, as the infernal and Elysian scenes in Gluck’s *Orphée*. How has that third act tempted and displayed the best of the best singers! *Pasta*, first of all; then *Malibran*, more fervid, more unequal (there is a portrait of her *Desdemona* at the harp, which is the best portrait of

her); then Grisi, the great, beautiful, abundant artist, not afraid, in all her beauty and abundance, to borrow; then Viardot, the inventor and interpreter of the last quarter of a century. And yet the reading of Signor Rossini's *Desdemona* music, in this third act of his *Otello*, is no more exhausted than Shakespeare's character would be should a new Siddons, a new O'Neill, arrive to brighten the tragic stage. This third act is as unique as the second act of its composer's *Guillaume Tell*; yet the opera can hardly be said to keep the stage, so difficult is it in these days of vocal poverty to find any man capable of conceiving the hero's part, even of conscientiously executing the notes.

One can hardly turn away from this most superb example of Italian musical tragedy in being, without wistfully thinking what the genius of its maker might have done had he chosen to follow Shakespeare in treating that most enchanting of all the women of antique history, "the serpent of old Nile." Perhaps there can be no *Cleopatra* in music. The Queen of Egypt (whether on Shakespeare's suggestion or not) has been timidly approached in opera—by Mattheson, at Hamburg, early in the last century—later, by Frederick the Great's Italianised-German familiar, Graun; lastly, perhaps, by Weigl, whose sweet but superficial talent in no respect fitted him to deal with a subject so complex. Even less happily was it chosen, with reference to his resources, by the tender and melancholy Paisiello. There has been but one woman on the musical stage in our time who could have played, and sung, and looked *Cleopatra*: that was Malibran.

If *Cleopatra* be Shakespeare's most intractable heroine, *Hamlet* is his most difficult hero; as difficult in his melancholy as *Faust*, as difficult in the waverings of an unsettled brain as *Don Quixote*; two types as well as heroes, purposely referred to, as examples of musical caprice—both having been favourite themes of illustration with composers. In England the tragedy has been wholly untouched, save as having given a title to one or two overtures, since the early days when common street ditties were put into *Ophelia's* part, perhaps to suit the powers of the singing actress of the time.—In Italy, we find it exciting Gasparini of Venice, Corelli's favourite pupil, whose opera *Amleto*, produced in the earlier part of last century, is the only one on the subject that lives, even in the column of a dictionary. But Gasparini's music has entirely perished out of recollection; nor, as the art then stood, is it possible to conceive the tragedy of Kronberg, treated by Marcello's townsman without utter discharge of local colour. It has never been operatised, I believe, in Germany;—which is strange, considering the peculiar attention drawn to it by that ingenious body of workers and dreamers, the critics of Shakespeare. Two forgotten men, Holland, a Hanoverian, and Holly, of Breslau, fitted it up with scenic music; and, besides them, a more noticeable and original person, the Abbé Vogler. His in-

complete, eccentric genius, not without a pretty strong spice of charlatanry (which was indignantly, and, for a wonder, ill naturedly exposed, by the facile, profound, yet rarely unamiable Mozart), delighted in unusual combinations and experiments. He was as far in advance of his time as a hasty half-educated enthusiast can be, without solid acquirements on which to make good his advance. That he had powers of divination might be seen in the fact of his attaching to him, and materially influencing, a pair of pupils no less distinguished than Weber and M. Meyerbeer, the works of both of whom reflect his imperfections; but he is remembered by Mozart's satire and by his pupils' success, better than by his *Orchestrion* (an instrument of his invention), or by his impure lessons on counterpoint, or by his travels east, west, north, or south, or by his setting of the Penitential Psalms, translated by Moses Mendelssohn, or by his unsuccessful assault on the French opera in *Le Patriotisme* (he was always trying strange conclusions). His *Hamlet* music was printed in the now sleepy old cathedral city of Speyer, but one may doubt whether a copy yet lingers in any of the dusty libraries of the Palatinate. *Hamlet* was a fit task for Vogler's more gifted pupil, Weber; but, in his day, *the Ophelia* whom I have never heard sing without thinking the while of the lady, "of ladies, most deject and wretched," the great northern artist, Mdle. Lind, had not appeared on the horizon.—The interesting and completely-executed monograph on Madame Schræder-Devrient, just published by Baron Alfred von Wolzogen, tells us that, in the early days of that great German singer, when it was not as yet decided whether she was to be actress or dancer, her young voice and intense dramatic sensibility were charming in this tragedy.

Thus much of Shakespeare's passion-plays, the grandeur of the grandest of all, *King Lear*, having, apparently, distanced the musicians. In Lablache's day there was a talk of the tragedy being attempted by Signor Verdi, with a view to its personation by that great artist; but it came to nought.—Having incidentally mentioned Weber, it may be here recalled, even though it disturb, in some degree, the arrangement marked out, that his *Euryanthe* belongs to *Cymbeline*, which story was transformed and deformed, in deference to Vienna prudery (Heaven save the mark!), by that poor, shabby, sentimental, literary drudge, Helmina von Chèzy. She managed to produce almost the most stupid among the many stupid operabooks in being; and the Viennese, little grateful for that consideration of their morals which had suppressed "the mole cinque-spotted," seen by the venomous Iachimo—glad as the Viennese have always been of an inane joke—called the opera *L'Ennujante*. But Weber's best music is in it; and a few—very few—touches and changes in the text would make it the one great German opera on Shakespeare's text as yet existing. The original *Imogene* (for *Euryanthe* is *Imogene* spoiled for Austrian

uses) was, in the young days of the opera, most fair to see, most exquisite to hear—Henrietta Sontag.

OLD FRIENDS.

THE old old friends!

Some changed; some buried; some gone out of sight;

Some enemies, and in the world's swift fight
No time to make amends,

The old old friends—

Where are they? Three are lying in one grave;
And one from the far-off world on the daily wave
No loving message sends.

The old dear friends!

One passes daily; and one wears a mask;
Another long estranged cares not to ask
Where causeless anger ends.

The dear old friends,

So many and so fond in days of youth!
Alas that Faith can be divorced from Truth,
When love in severance ends.

The old old friends!

They hover round me still in evening shades:
Surely they shall return when sunlight fades,
And life on God depends.

THE MARTYR MEDIUM.

"AFTER the valets, the master!" is MR. FECHTER'S rallying cry in the picturesque romantic drama which attracts all London to the Lyceum Theatre. After the worshippers and puffers of MR. DANIEL DUNGLAS HOME, the spirit medium, comes Mr. Daniel Dunglas Home himself, in one volume. And we must, for the honour of Literature, plainly express our great surprise and regret that he comes arm in arm with such good company as MESSRS. LONGMAN and Company.

We have already summed up Mr. Home's demands on the public capacity of swallowing, as sounded through the war-denouncing trumpet of MR. HOWITT, and it is not our intention to revive the strain as performed by Mr. Home on his own melodious instrument. We notice, by the way, that in that part of the Fantasia where the hand of the first Napoleon is supposed to be reproduced, recognised, and kissed, at the Tuileries, Mr. Home subdues the florid effects one might have expected after Mr. Howitt's execution, and brays in an extremely general manner. And yet we observe Mr. Home to be in other things very reliant on Mr. Howitt, of whom he entertains as gratifying an opinion as Mr. Howitt entertains of him: dwelling on his "deep researches into this subject," and of his "great work now ready for the press," and of his "eloquent and forcible" advocacy, and eke of his "elaborate and almost exhaustive work," which Mr. Home trusts will be "extensively read." But, indeed, it would seem to be the most reliable characteristic of the Dear Spirits, though very capricious in other particulars, that they always form their circles into what may be

described, in worldly terms, as A Mutual Admiration and Complimentation Company (Limited).

Mr. Home's book is entitled, "Incidents in my Life." We will extract a dozen sample passages from it, as variations on and phrases of harmony in, the general strain for the Trumpet, which we have promised not to repeat.

1. MR. HOME IS SUPERNATURALLY NURSED.

"I cannot remember when first I became subject to the curious phenomena which have now for so long attended me, but my aunt and others have told me that when I was a baby my cradle was frequently rocked, as if some kind guardian spirit was attending me in my slumbers."

2. DISRESPECTFUL CONDUCT OF MR. HOME'S AUNT NEVERTHELESS.

"In her uncontrollable anger she seized a chair and threw it at me."

3. PUNISHMENT OF MR. HOME'S AUNT.

"Upon one occasion as the table was being thus moved about of itself, my aunt brought the family Bible, and placing it on the table, said, 'There, that will soon drive the devils away;' but to her astonishment the table only moved in a more lively manner, as if pleased to bear such a burden." (We believe this is constantly observed in pulpits and church reading desks, which are invariably lively.) "Seeing this she was greatly incensed, and determined to stop it, she angrily placed her whole weight on the table, and was actually lifted up with it bodily from the floor."

4. TRIUMPHANT EFFECT OF THIS DISCIPLINE ON MR. HOME'S AUNT.

"And she felt it a duty that I should leave her house, and which I did."

5. MR. HOME'S MISSION.

It was communicated to him by the spirit of his mother, in the following terms: "Daniel, fear not, my child, God is with you, and who shall be against you? Seek to do good: be truthful and truth-loving, and you will prosper, my child. Yours is a glorious mission—you will convince the infidel, cure the sick, and console the weeping." It is a coincidence that another eminent man, with several missions, heard a voice from the Heavens blessing him, when he also was a youth, and saying, "You will be rewarded, my son, in time." This Medium was the celebrated BARON MUNCHAUSEN, who relates the experience in the opening of the second chapter of the incidents in *his* life.

6. MODEST SUCCESS OF MR. HOME'S MISSION.

"Certainly these phenomena, whether from God or from the devil, have in ten years caused more converts to the great truths of immortality and angel communion, with all that flows from these great facts, than all the sects in Christendom have made during the same period."

7. WHAT THE FIRST COMPOSERS SAY OF THE SPIRIT-MUSIC, TO MR. HOME.

"As to the music, it has been my good fortune

to be on intimate terms with some of the first composers of the day, and more than one of them have said of such as they have heard, that it is such music as only angels could make, and no man could write it."

These "first composers" are not more particularly named. We shall therefore be happy to receive and file at the office of this Journal, the testimonials in the foregoing terms of DR. STERNDALE BENNETT, MR. BALFE, MR. MACFARREN, MR. BENEDICT, MR. VINCENT WALLACE, SIGNOR COSTA, M. AUBER, M. GOUNOD, SIGNOR ROSSINI, and SIGNOR VERDI. We shall also feel obliged to MR. ALFRED MELLON, who is no doubt constantly studying this wonderful music, under the Medium's auspices, if he will note on paper, from memory, say a single sheet of the same. SIGNOR GIULIO REGONDI will then perform it, as correctly as a mere mortal can, on the Accordion, at the next ensuing concert of the Philharmonic Society; on which occasion the before-mentioned testimonials will be conspicuously displayed in the front of the orchestra.

8. MR. HOME'S MIRACULOUS INFANT.

"On the 26th April, old style, or 8th May, according to our style, at seven in the evening, and as the snow was fast falling, our little boy was born at the town house, situate on the Gagarines-quay, in St. Petersburg, where we were still staying. A few hours after his birth, his mother, the nurse, and I heard for several hours the warbling of a bird as if singing over him. Also that night, and for two or three nights afterwards, a bright starlike light, which was clearly visible from the partial darkness of the room, in which there was only a night-lamp burning, appeared several times directly over its head, where it remained for some moments, and then slowly moved in the direction of the door, where it disappeared. This was also seen by each of us at the same time. The light was more condensed than those which have been so often seen in my presence upon previous and subsequent occasions. It was brighter and more distinctly globular. I do not believe that it came through my mediumship, but rather through that of the child, who has manifested on several occasions the presence of the gift. I do not like to allude to such a matter, but as there are more strange things in Heaven and earth than are dreamt of, even in my philosophy, I do not feel myself at liberty to omit stating, that during the latter part of my wife's pregnancy, we thought it better that she should not join in Séances, because it was found that whenever the rappings occurred in the room, a simultaneous movement of the child was distinctly felt, perfectly in unison with the sounds. When there were three sounds, three movements were felt, and so on, and when five sounds were heard, which is generally the call for the alphabet, she felt the five internal movements, and she would frequently, when we were mistaken in the latter, correct us from what the child indicated."

We should ask pardon of our readers for

sullyng our paper with this nauseous matter, if without it they could adequately understand what Mr. Home's book is.

9. CAGLIOSTRO'S SPIRIT CALLS ON MR. HOME.

Prudently avoiding the disagreeable question of his giving himself, both in this state of existence and in his spiritual circle, a name to which he never had any pretensions whatever, and likewise prudently suppressing any reference to his amiable weaknesses as a swindler and an infamous trafficker in his own wife, the guileless MR. BALSAMO delivered, in a "distinct voice," this distinct celestial utterance—unquestionably punctuated in a supernatural manner: "My power was that of a mesmerist, but all-misunderstood by those about me, my biographers have even done me injustice, but I care not for the untruths of earth."

10. ORACULAR STATE OF MR. HOME.

"After various manifestations, Mr. Home went into the trance, and addressing a person present, said, 'You ask what good are such trivial manifestations, such as rapping, table-moving, &c.? God is a better judge than we are what is fitted for humanity, immense results may spring from trivial things. The steam from a kettle is a small thing, but look at the locomotive! The electric spark from the back of a cat is a small thing, but see the wonders of electricity! The raps are small things, but their results will lead you to the Spirit-World, and to eternity! Why should great results spring from such small causes? Christ was born in a manger, he was not born a King. When you tell me why he was born in a manger, I will tell you why these manifestations, so trivial, so undignified as they appear to you, have been appointed to convince the world of the truth of spiritualism.'"

Wonderful! Clearly direct Inspiration!—And yet, perhaps, hardly worth the trouble of going "into the trance" for, either. Amazing as the revelation is, we seem to have heard something like it from more than one personage who was wide awake. A quack doctor, in an open barouche (attended by a barrel-organ and two footmen in brass helmets), delivered just such another address within our hearing, outside a gate of Paris, not two months ago.

11. THE TESTIMONY OF MR. HOME'S BOOTS.

"The lady of the house turned to me and said abruptly, 'Why, you are sitting in the air;' and on looking, we found that the chair remained in its place, but that I was elevated two or three inches above it, and my feet not touching the floor. This may show how utterly unconscious I am at times to the sensation of levitation. As is usual, when I had not got above the level of the heads of those about me, and when they change their position much—as they frequently do in looking wistfully at such a phenomenon—I came down again, but not till I had remained so raised about half a minute

from the time of its being first seen. I was now impressed to leave the table, and was soon carried to the lofty ceiling. The Count de B—— left his place at the table, and coming under where I was, said, 'Now, young Home, come and let me touch your feet.' I told him I had no volition in the matter, but perhaps the spirits would kindly allow me to come down to him. They did so, by floating me down to him, and my feet were soon in his outstretched hands. He seized my boots, and now I was again elevated, he holding tightly, and pulling at my feet, till the boots I wore, which had elastic sides, came off and remained in his hands."

12. THE UNCOMBATIVE NATURE OF MR. HOME.

As there is a maudlin complaint in this book, about men of Science being hard upon "the 'Orphan' Home," and as the "gentle and uncombative nature" of this Medium in a martyred point of view is pathetically commented on by the anonymous literary friend who supplies him with an Introduction and appendix—rather at odds with Mr. Howitt, who is so mightily triumphant about the same Martyr's reception by crowned heads, and about the competence he has become endowed with—we cull from Mr. Home's book one or two little illustrative flowers. SIR DAVID BREWSTER (a pestilent unbeliever) "has come before the public in few matters which have brought more shame upon him than his conduct and assertions on this occasion, in which he manifested not only a disregard for truth, but also a disloyalty to scientific observation, and to the use of his own eyesight and natural faculties." The same unhappy Sir David Brewster's "character may be the better known, not only for his untruthful dealing with this subject, but also in his own domain of science in which the same unfaithfulness to truth will be seen to be the characteristic of his mind." Again, he "is really not a man over whom victory is any honour." Again, "not only he, but PROFESSOR FARADAY have had time and ample leisure to regret that they should have so foolishly pledged themselves," &c. A FARADAY a fool in the sight of a HOME! That unjust judge and whited wall, LORD BROUGHAM, has his share of this Martyr Medium's uncombateness. "In order that he might not be compelled to deny Sir David's statements, he found it necessary that he should be silent, and I have some reason to complain that his Lordship preferred sacrificing me to his desire not to immolate his friend." M. ARAGO also came off with very doubtful honours from a wrestle with the uncombative Martyr; who is perfectly clear (and so are we, let us add) that scientific men are not the men for his purpose. Of course, he is the butt of "utter and acknowledged ignorance," and of "the most gross and foolish statements," and of "the unjust and dishonest," and of "the press-gang," and of crowds of other alien and combative adjectives, participles, and substantives.

Nothing is without its use, and even this odious book may do some service. Not because

it coolly claims for the writer and his disciples such powers as were wielded by the Saviour and the Apostles; not because it sees no difference between twelve table rappers in these days, and "twelve fishermen" in those; not because it appeals for precedents to statements extracted from the most ignorant and wretched of mankind, by cruel torture, and constantly withdrawn when the torture was withdrawn; not because it sets forth such a strange confusion of ideas as is presented by one of the faithful when, writing of a certain sprig of geranium handed by an invisible hand, he adds in ecstasies, "*which we have planted and it is growing, so that it is no delusion, no fairy money turned into dross or leaves*"—as if it followed that the conjuror's half-crowns really did become invisible and in that state fly, because he afterwards cuts them out of a real orange; or as if the conjuror's pigeon, being after the discharge of his gun, a real live pigeon fluttering on the target, must therefore conclusively be a pigeon, fired, whole, living and unshattered, out of the gun!—not because of the exposure of any of these weaknesses, or a thousand such, are these moving incidents in the life of the Martyr Medium, and similar productions, likely to prove useful, but because of their uniform abuse of those who go to test the reality of these alleged phenomena, and who come away incredulous. There is an old homely proverb concerning pitch and its adhesive character, which we hope this significant circumstance may impress on many minds. The writer of these lines has lately heard overmuch touching young men of promise in the imaginative arts, "towards whom" Martyr Mediums assisting at evening parties feel themselves "drawn." It may be a hint to such young men to stick to their own drawing, as being of a much better kind, and to leave Martyr Mediums alone in their glory.

As there is a good deal in these books about "lying spirits," we will conclude by putting a hypothetical case. Supposing that a Medium (Martyr or otherwise) were established for a time in the house of an English gentleman abroad; say, somewhere in Italy. Supposing that the more marvellous the Medium became, the more suspicious of him the lady of the house became. Supposing that the lady, her distrust once aroused, were particularly struck by the Medium's exhibiting a persistent desire to commit her, somehow or other, to the disclosure of the manner of the death, to him unknown, of a certain person. Supposing that she at length resolved to test the Medium on this head, and, therefore, on a certain evening mentioned a wholly supposititious manner of death (which was not the real manner of death, nor anything at all like it) within the range of his listening ears. And supposing that a spirit presently afterwards rapped out its presence, claiming to be the spirit of that deceased person, and claiming to have departed this life in that supposititious way. Would *that* be a lying spirit? Or would it be a something else, taunting all that Medium's

statements and suppressions, even if they were not in themselves of a manifestly outrageous character?

MOLIÈRE AND THE DOCTORS.

THE pedantry and pretence which the great French comic dramatist unsparingly assailed wherever he found it, presented no object of attack more open to his merciless ridicule than that which was supplied him by the Faculty of Medicine of Paris. That Molière was really sceptical as to the value of the healing art, is an idea which no sane person can entertain: his studies, his friendships, and, still more, his habits of life, afford sufficient proof to the contrary; nor need we trouble ourselves to assert that he had no serious meaning when we read the anecdote told by Grimarest, who says that Louis the Fourteenth observed one day to Molière: "I hear you have a doctor; what does he do for you?" "Sire," replied the poet, "we have a long talk together; he prescribes medicines, I don't take them, and I find myself cured."

Molière was a pupil—in company with Chappelle, Bernier, Hénault, Cyrano de Bergerac, and the Prince de Conti—of the great Gassendi, whom Tennemann has called "the most learned among the philosophers, and the most skilful philosopher among the learned of the seventeenth century." It is possible that his master's views with respect to simplicity of diet may have inspired him with a horror of drugs; but that which Molière more directly learnt from the teaching of Gassendi, was a contempt for the erudition which usurps the place of science, a dislike for the subtleties which mystify questions instead of solving them, and a profound aversion for all pedants, for all talkers who speak without saying anything, and for all pretenders to knowledge who affect to teach what they are ignorant of themselves. This feeling is manifest even in his earliest works—of which we have only outlines—and is broadly developed in those which have mainly contributed to his fame. It was a leading principle in Molière's nature to expose hypocrisy under whatever form it shrouded itself, whether he scourged the hypocrisy of religion in the *Tartufe*, or the hypocrisy of science in the *Malade Imaginaire*. The former is, doubtless, the more edifying lesson, for it is of universal application; but the latter, though more special, is probably the more amusing;—and Heaven knows how much amusement has been furnished by the *Doctors of Molière*—as much as by the presence of Bottom, the cowardice of Parolles, or the humour of Falstaff.

But besides the real worth which he had been taught by Gassendi to reverence, Molière found it in those whom he made his friends; and, notably, amongst the rest, in his fellow-student Bernier, the famous traveller, who was a doctor of the school of Montpellier. After a residence of twelve years in the East, Bernier returned to Paris and gave himself up not only to philosophy and science, but also to the society of which one

of the chiefest ornaments was Molière. Nicolas Liénard, who subsequently became Dean of the Faculty of Medicine, was another esteemed friend; so also was Mauvillain, who, it is believed, rendered valuable assistance to Molière in those plays wherein the pedantic absurdities of his own profession were so humorously satirised. It was in favour of Mauvillain's son that the third petition was written which precedes the *Tartufe*, and which was addressed to the king on the 5th of February, 1659. It ran as follows: "Sire. A very honest doctor, whose patient I have the honour to be, promises me, and is willing to bind himself down before a notary, to prolong my life for thirty years, if I can obtain for him a favour from your majesty. I have told him that, as to his promise, I will not ask so much from him, but shall be quite satisfied if he will undertake not to kill me. The favour, sire, is a canonry in your royal chapel of Versailles, vacant by the death of May I dare to ask this favour of your majesty on the very day of the great resurrection of *Tartufe*, revived by your goodness? I am, by the first act, reconciled with the devout, and by the second I shall be so with the doctors. It is, without doubt, too much for me to ask at once, but, perhaps, it is not too much for your majesty to grant, and I await, with respectful hope, the reply to my petition." A satisfactory answer was returned; and it is not a little singular that this letter, the only one extant in which Molière appears as a solicitor for another, should be written on behalf of a doctor! But the tone of the petition helps to show that the writer stood in no such great need of that reconciliation with the doctors which he gracefully requests the opportunity of accomplishing.

Those who attach implicit faith to the dogma that "great events from little causes spring," found their belief of the cause of Molière's hostility to the doctors in an alleged petty quarrel between his own wife and the wife of a medical neighbour. The story of this quarrel is told in a species of contemporaneous comedy, called "*Elomire Hypochondriac*, or the *Doctors Revenged*," by one Le Boullanger de Chalussy: it is a cruel and violent lampoon on Molière, whose name is anagrammatised in the title, and the gist of it is, that the *Amour Médecin* was written because the doctor, who was Molière's landlord as well as his neighbour, had raised the poet's rent. It would be an insult to Molière's memory to suppose that so contemptible a motive could have influenced him. Let us look for the reason of his satire in his disgust of quackery and pedantry and his sense of the true purport of comedy. Indeed, his own simple confession of faith will suffice to set the question at rest. "As it is the duty of comedy," he says, "to correct mankind while directing them, I have thought that, in the position I occupy, I could do nothing better than attack the vices of the age by means of ridiculous pictures." There was material enough to fill his canvas.

The Faculty of Medicine of Paris—which rejoined in the Latin title of "*Facultas Saluber-*

rima Medicinæ Parisiensis"—laid claim to great antiquity, and boasted of having been in existence in the time of Charlemagne; but there is no authentic record of any independent corporation devoted to medical purposes before the middle of the thirteenth century. At that period, however, the Faculty had statutes of its own, a particular seal, a silver mace, and kept registries known as "Commentaries of the Faculty;" though the earliest register that has been preserved only bears the date of the year 1395. Its original designation was "Physicorum Facultas," whence the title of Physician, which had been preserved in England, and was for some time used in France.

The science of medicine had its birth in the cloister, and its practice was long confined to ecclesiastics; but by degrees it assumed a secular character—a result chiefly attributable to the suppression of the decree which enjoined celibacy on its professors; and, in the reign of Charles the Seventh and after the reorganisation of the University of Paris, the Faculty of Medicine was endowed, by order of Pope Nicholas the Fifth, with an establishment which, thenceforth, separated it entirely from theological association. The site of this establishment, and even a part of the building itself, may yet be seen by such as are curious enough to dive into the Rue de la Bûcherie, at the back of the Succursal Hôtel Dieu, on the south side of the Seine. There, at the angle made by that street with the Rue de l'Hôtel Colbert, stands a dirty old house, surmounted by a sort of round tower, like an abandoned dovecot, which, crumbling and dilapidated, seems very much inclined to anticipate the hand of Parisian improvement, and sweep itself bodily away. On one of the façades of this building there is a sculptured shield with the half-effaced inscription: "Urbi et orbi salus," though it does not now convey the assurance of health in its own limited locality. Once materially endowed, the Faculty flourished, and, remaining true to its traditions, became that which, in modern phrase, we call "an institution," relying upon itself for its continuance and firmly adhering to the principle of association for its own maintenance and defence. Careful to preserve its reputation for learning and morality, and distinguished by many honourable attributes, the Faculty of Medicine was marked by one vast defect. Every other consideration was made subordinate to the narrowest esprit de corps—to a spirit of exclusiveness, chicanery, obstinacy, and routine. Not absolutely the enemy of progress, the Faculty would only recognise the progress which itself originated. On this principle it proscribed the circulation of the blood, the use of antimony and quinquina (because the great discovery came from England), and the employment of those two valuable medicines from Montpellier and South America. Hence the very name of the Faculty became—in spite of certain merits—a symbol of ignorant and pedantic routine—a vice common to all close corporations, and this was of the closest. The Faculty of Medi-

cine of Paris, in the seventeenth century, seldom numbered more than a hundred, or from that to a hundred and ten members. During the space of thirty years—from 1640 to 1670—there were, on an average, only four doctors admitted every year: a scantiness of supply which made each reception a very solemn affair. The greater part of these doctors fixed themselves in Paris; indeed, the majority were Parisians born, for out of 114 received, 65 were natives of the city. Nothing, besides, was more common than the perpetuation of the profession in certain families, which assuredly did not tend to the encouragement of liberal ideas; and the repetition of the names of Piètre, Hardouin de Saint-Jacques, Liénard, De Gorvis, Cousinot, Seguin, Levignon, and others, reminds one of the family arrangements in our own Doctors' Commons. Considering what was the nature of the Faculty's practice, the people of Paris may not have regretted that the number of licensed slaughterers was so limited: the proportion being that of one doctor to some six thousand inhabitants. At the present day, there is one doctor to nine hundred and sixty inhabitants; but then the modern professors of medicine do not belong to the Faculty. In the days of Molière, those privileged beings were divided into two categories—the bench of seniors (*banc des anciens*), and the bench of juniors (*banc des jeunes*). The second class passed into the first, after ten years' reception. The statutes are filled with details of the honour and respect to be paid by the juniors to the seniors; how they were to rise at their entrance, give place to them in all ceremonies, and manifest deference towards them under all circumstances, to the very full extent of utter priggishness.

The august body was under the control of a dean, who, as a sign of his dignity, wore, suspended from his neck, the keys of the great seal of the Faculty. He had a double vote at all elections, the sole power of convoking assemblies, jurisdiction in all disputed matters, and various other powers. On his watchfulness, depended the discipline of the school and the advancement of its studies; on his amenity, the maintenance of harmony among his colleagues; on his severity, the punishment due for breaking the laws and regulations of the society. He was the keeper of the great registries, called Commentaries of the Faculty, which are yet to be seen in the library of the Paris School of Medicine, written on parchment, and bound in large folio volumes. One of the entries in this register will give an idea of the importance attached by the members to the dean's office. In 1663, the senior doctor, named Merlet, a zealous defender of the rights and privileges of the corporation, was taken grievously ill, and lay at the point of death. While in this state, the illustrious Antoine Morand, the dean, paid him a farewell visit. "I can now die content," said the old man, in a feeble voice, "since I have been permitted once more to see the Dean of Faculty!" But, as place is never without its penalties, the dean's rank imposed upon him many disagreeable

duties. As the representative of all who were attacked, he was obliged, by his oath, to prosecute every attempt made by the enemies of the Faculty to abridge its privileges or lower its dignity, and consequently he was always in hot water. Indeed, it rarely happened that the dean for the time being had not half a dozen lawsuits on his hands, so numerous and so vindictive were the foes of the institution. The first duty enjoined on the professors when they took the oath of office was as follows: "We solemnly swear and promise," they said, "to deliver our lectures in long robes with full sleeves, with the square cap on our heads, and the scarlet hood on our shoulders," and the conscientious men not only felt that they should be committing perjury if they costumed themselves differently, but that their teaching would be valueless without these insignia. This teaching was, for the most part, theoretical; clinical lectures being of the rarest occurrence, and anatomical demonstration entirely out of their line. It is true that subjects were very scarce, as only the bodies of criminals were allowed to be dissected; but when the opportunity arrived to "faire une anatomie," it was held to be beneath the dignity of a professor to descend to manual operations, which were consigned to the barber-surgeons, and—meanly enough—without a fee. In the room of clinical lectures, the young student derived his knowledge, as well as he could, from discussions, such as Molière made an example of in that scene in the *Malade Imaginaire*, where Doctor Diafoirus and his son Thomas, seated by the bedside of their patient, Argan, take each of them one of his arms, and then discourse on his pulse. "Now, Thomas," says the elder Diafoirus, "quid dicis?" "Dico," replies Thomas, "that Monsieur's pulse is the pulse of a man who is not in good health." "Good!" observes the father; and the dialogue continues in an equally edifying strain. From such interview the student was expected to learn clinical medicine. What he did learn was how to conduct himself when he also became a doctor.

That which the faculty entirely lost sight of in their discussions was the patient himself, their thoughts being only given to the abstract nature of his disease. Argument, not investigation, was their great object. All they sought was an antagonist, and their delight was a sort of intellectual tournament. On public days, when theses were argued in the presence of the whole medical world, on which occasions great personages were often present, they were in their element. To speak fluently, reply with ease, and crush an adversary by an appropriate quotation, kept carefully in reserve until the moment arrived for using it with effect, constituted their highest ambition. Those theses called "quodlibétaires," that is to say, on any chosen subject of physiology or medicine, afforded scope for a fine display of intellectual capacity. Take these for examples: Are heroes born heroes? Are they bilious? Is it good to get drunk once a month? Is a woman an imperfect work of nature? Is sneezing a natural act? Are

bastards cleverer than legitimate children? Should you reckon the age of the moon before having your hair cut?—and so forth. On subjects of this kind the discussions often lasted from six in the morning till noon, and the order of battle was as follows: The bachelors of medicine opened fire, offering arguments in turn for two hours to the candidate for admission. After these preliminary skirmishes, nine doctors, designated ad hoc, advanced, and did their utmost to bewilder and discomfort him for the space of three mortal hours. Finally, the sitting was brought to a close with a general assault, from eleven o'clock till twelve, during which time every one present had the right to shower down questions on the head of the solitary, luckless recipient. The cardinal theses were even worse than these, for they lasted an hour longer, and every bachelor was bound to put two questions to the candidate, who, to add to his misfortunes, was at the expense of supplying his tormentors with wine and refreshments, which were served in an adjoining apartment. Two years were consumed in these exercises, and then the Bachelor was allowed to go in for the examination which was to make him a Licentiate; but, however well he might have passed, he was not admitted to that dignity until he had absolutely renounced the unworthy occupation of surgery. Had he at any time sinned in this matter, or exercised "any other manual art," he was compelled, not only to take an oath of renunciation, but to sign a bond to that effect before a notary; "for," said the statutes, "it is necessary to preserve in all its purity and integrity the dignity of the medical body." The final ceremony in which the licentiates figured before the day of solemn institution, was that of proceeding in a body with the newly elected bachelors, to request the attendance at the schools of the principal officers of the parliament and courts of law, and other high civic functionaries, that they might learn from the paronym the names and titles of the doctors whom the faculty were about to present to the city and to the whole universe ("urbe atque universo orbi"). What the paronym was, must be explained. At the marriage solemnities of the Greeks it was the custom for a young man, a friend of the bridegroom, to mount with him in the same chariot at the moment when he conducted the bride to the conjugal mansion. Hence his name, *παρωνυμφος*. Now, according to the spirit of the time, the new licentiate was about to espouse the Faculty, much in the same way as the Doges of Venice espoused the Adriatic, and the paronym, whom we should call the "best man," was the dean in person. This quasi-marital functionary having performed his office on the day appointed, a series of questions in Latin, with about as much sense in them as those previously cited, was proposed and answered, and then the whole assemblage betook itself to the cathedral to thank the Virgin for the assistance she had rendered in smoothing the way to this arduous reception. Then, with his hand extended above the martyr's altar, the

Chancellor of the University of Paris muttered a short prayer, which reminded the newly elected that, henceforth, he belonged to the Church in a most especial manner, and was expected to sacrifice everything, even life, to her: "Usque ad effusionem sanguinis." With this ended the ceremony of making a licentiate.

To reach the supreme grade of doctor, no further examinations were necessary; it followed as a final consecration, adding to the right to practise already acquired, that of having a deliberative voice in the school, and the enjoyment of all the honours of the profession. No longer period than six weeks legally intervened between the Licentiate and the Doctorate, but practically the time was considerably extended, and though there were no more examinations, the candidate had still a probation to undergo—a minute inquiry by the dean into his morals and general course of life. If the vote of the Faculty were favourable, he was then admitted to the "Vespérie," a preparatory sitting, which, as its name indicates, took place in the evening—where speeches were made, chiefly eulogistic of the learned body which then received another member. Certain academical visits ensued, and on the day of reception, when the Faculty were assembled in full conclave, the grand apparitor approached the future doctor, and, after a profound salute, informed him that he was required to take three oaths. ("Domine doctorande, antequam incipias, habes tria juramenta.") The articles were these: "1. You will observe all the rights, statutes, laws, and respectable customs of the Faculty; 2. You will attend the mass for all deceased doctors on the morrow of Saint Luke; 3. You will combat with all your strength against all those who illegally practise medicine, and spare none of them, to whatever order or condition they may belong." "Vis ista jurare?" and to this the candidate replied by the "Juro" (which "I swear!") Molière has made immortal, in a kind of epilogue to his "Malade Imaginaire"; and so the ceremony ended.

The inimitable buffoonery of this piece of humour had its origin at one of those pleasant suppers which used to be given by Madame de la Sablière, when Boileau, La Fontaine, Ninon de l'Enclos, and other joyous companions were present, and was dashed off, as it were, in a moment, Molière supplying the groundwork, and everybody else throwing in a line. No doubt that amongst the company were some of the more liberal medical men, the friends of Molière, such as Liénard, Bernier, and Mauvillain; for certain technical expressions and intimate details betray an acquaintance with the proceedings of the Faculty which could hardly be picked up by outsiders. It was not without a motive that Molière made his Præses wish the candidate "a good appetite," for none of these inaugurations took place without being followed by a dinner. We have an account of one of these banquets on the occasion of Guy Patin being elected dean. "Thirty-six of my colleagues," he says, "were present, and never in my life have I witnessed so much laughter and hard drinking

among serious folk, even amongst our elders; but, to be sure, the Burgundy was the best I could procure. They dined in my own apartment, where, above the tapestry, appeared the portraits of Erasmus, the two Scaligers, father and son, Casaubon, Muret, Montaigne, Charron, Grotius, Heinsius, Saumaise, Fernel, De Thou, and our good friend Naudé. There were also three other portraits of excellent men, which had belonged to M. de Sales, Bishop of Geneva, viz. the Bishop de Belley, Justus Lipsius, and François Rabelais. What do you say to the lot? Were not my guests in good company?" It would be untrue to say they were not, and censorious, perhaps, to criticise the mirth that crowned their cups when Rabelais looked down upon them.

Before we dismiss the Faculty as a body, let us also say that, besides the good custom of dinner-giving, many of its statutes were worthy of all praise—such, for example, as these: The doctors were bound to cultivate the most friendly relations with each other. No one was to visit a sick person without being expressly sent for. The secrets of the sick were to be held inviolable. No doctor was permitted to reveal what he had seen, heard, or even what he might have suspected, in the houses of patients. All quarrelling was to be forever banished from the Faculty. The fees payable for medical grades, were to be lessened or remitted in the case of poor students of honourable lives. And these statutes were religiously observed—all except that one which prohibited quarrelling. To "love one another," is not exactly the precept for the observance of which the members of the medical profession are famous, and it is, perhaps, too much to ask them to do more than is done by artists and authors. Molière, who was in the secret, has not represented the doctors of his day as so many cooing doves—witness the angry contest in *L'Amour Médecin*.

We now come to the real personages whom Molière has made his types. In the comedy just named, he brings them forward en masse. Lucinde, the daughter of Sganarelle, suffers from an incurable malady—disappointed love. Believing that her illness is a physical ailment, and having an unbounded faith in the medical profession, her father sends, not for a single son of Esculapius, but for as many as he can muster. "Vite, qu'on m'aïlle querir des médecins, et en quantité. On n'en peut trop avoir dans une pareille aventure;" and accordingly Messrs. Tomès, Desfonandrès, Macroton, and Bahis, make their appearance. Under these names were represented the four court physicians. It is said to have been Boileau who supplied Molière with the Greek designations which implied their several characteristics. Desfonandrès (otherwise the slayer of men), was Des Fougerais, the first physician of Madame; Bahis (the barker), who stuttered, signified Esprit, the first physician of the queen-mother; Macroton, who was excessively slow of speech, was meant for Guénaut, the first physician of the queen; Tomès (the bleeder), who was notably addicted to phlebotomy, represented Valot,

the first physician of the king, and prescribed it, on all occasions, for his royal master. In the history of medicine these individuals hold no place; not one of them, indeed, was ever Dean of the Faculty; but as Molière thought proper to put them on the stage, and thus invest them with a literary interest, it may easily be believed that their peculiarities had already furnished the court with amusement at their expense, and made it familiar with scenes analogous to those which were exhibited in the comedy. Take the following instance, not exceeded in absurdity by the dispute between Tomès and Desfonandrès, on the nature of Lucinde's malady and the mode of cure; it refers to the last illness of Cardinal Mazarin, and is thus related by Guy Patin: "Yesterday, at two o'clock" (this was in 1661, and Molière's comedy appeared in 1665), "in the wood of Vincennes, four of his doctors, namely, Guénaut, Valot, Brayer, and Béda des Fougerais, had an altercation, unable to come to any agreement as to the disease of which the patient was dying. Brayer said that the spleen was affected; Guénaut declared it to be the liver; Valot vowed it was the lungs, with water on the chest; and Des Fougerais insisted on its being an abscess in the intestines. Are not these clever fellows? But to such quacks are confided the lives of princes!"

In the parallel case Tomès says that he and his learned brethren have been consulting respecting Lucinde's illness (they had been doing no such thing, their discourse being of miscellaneous matters), and that he (Tomès) is of opinion that it proceeds from too great heat of blood, for which she ought to be bled, while Desfonandrès, ascribing it to a decay of the humours, suggests an emetic, each contending that the other's remedy would kill the patient, whereupon a quarrel arises, and the other two, expressing different opinions, Sganarelle's confusion of mind remains as great as ever, but his daughter, luckily, is reserved for a better fate than Mazarin.

In 1665, Des Fougerais was an old man of seventy. His real name, that which appears on the register of the Faculty, was Elie Béda, to which he added, of his own authority, that of Des Fougerais, from a small property that belonged to him. This was a custom very prevalent in France in the seventeenth century, and we are adopting something very like it in England now. Des Fougerais had a large practice, numbering among his patients the principal nobles and chief magistrates of the time. He was very gay, mixed a good deal in society, boasted of numerous conquests, and strove by affectation of manner to conceal a very awkward limp: on which account he was easily recognised by the audience at the Palais Royal, when Béjart, who was a cripple, played the part of Desfonandrès. He was born a Protestant, but became a convert to Catholicism in 1643, with rather more éclat than seems consistent with sincerity. Guy Patin, who dipped his pen in gall when he wrote of those he hated, has left this portrait of Des Fougerais: "I think," he says, "that if this man believed there was a

greater quack in the world than himself, he would try to poison him. He carries all sorts of powders in his pockets, white, red, and yellow, with which he pretends to cure every disease, thrusting himself everywhere. He professes to know more than every one else, that others can only bleed and purge, and that he alone possesses the secrets of medicine. A venerable and detestable quack he is, if ever there was one. But he says he is a good man, for he only changed his religion to make his fortune and get his children on in the world." That Des Fougerais was a quack is undoubted, his practice having drawn down upon him the censure of the Faculty on more than one occasion. Of Esprit (who figures as Bahis) not very much is known beyond the fact of his having been one of the physicians of Richelieu, and consequently of Mazarin and all his family, and at the period of Louis the Fourteenth's severe illness, in 1658, when he was attached to the person of the Duke of Anjou, he advised that the king should take an emetic. Guy Patin spares him no more than he spares Des Fougerais. Guénaut was certainly one of the most celebrated doctors of the day, and both the court and the city swore by him. He was originally first physician to the Prince of Condé, afterwards of the queen, and in the course of his long practice was often called in to the king and the princes of the blood: in fact, no person of quality could decently be ill without having recourse to his skill. He was so completely identified with the antimonial remedy, that the current rhyme was made to ask how many people Guénaut and antimony killed in the course of a single spring. For this Guénaut cared little, as he made his fortune by the drug, and to amass money was his delight. Guy Patin says that, in personal appearance, he closely resembled a monkey, but he strove to hide the meanness of his aspect beneath fine clothes and that solemnity of speech which Molière has ridiculed in making him let fall his words after this fashion: "Mon-si-eur, dans ces ma-ti-è-res-là, il faut pro-cé-der a-vec-que cir-con-spec-ti-on, et ne ri-en fai-re, com-me on dit, a la vo-lée, d'au-tant que les fau-tes qu'on y peut fai-re sont, se-lon no-tre maî-tre Hip-po-cra-te, d'une dan-ge-reu-se con-sé-quen-ce." A style of speech which Sganarelle compares with the pace of the tortoise. It was perfectly clear to the Parisians who Macroton was intended for, and it argued no little boldness in Molière to show up one so influential as Guénaut. Valot, the fourth, was not the least of this illustrious quatuor, for the situation which he held of first physician to the king, was by no means an unimportant one.

He was classed at court among the great officers of the royal household, and only received orders from the king himself, before whom he took the oath of office, and enjoyed the same honours and privileges as the great chamberlain. His position conferred upon him the title of count, which he transmitted to his children, with all the prerogatives of nobility; and his shield of arms was surmounted by a coronet.

He had, besides, the brevet of councillor of state, received the salary, and wore the costume of the office on occasions of ceremony. When he attended the meetings of the Faculty he was met at the door by the dean, the bachelors, and the beadles, even without being himself a doctor of Paris. But the most serious privilege of his post was his judicial authority over the exercise of medicine and pharmacy throughout the kingdom. He it was who directly named, in every city, the experimental surgeons who made official reports: appointments that were much sought after, and, where the first physician was not over-scrupulous, often heavily paid for. This sale of places was a common feature of the time, and the very one that Valot held was purchased by him of Cardinal Mazarin for thirty thousand crowns—about eight thousand pounds of our money. At the period when Valot bought this post, Bouvard, the first physician to the late king, Louis the Thirteenth, was still alive. He was one of the greatest fanatics of his art that ever lived. It is related of him that, in a single year, he inflicted on his royal master no fewer than two hundred and fifteen doses—two hundred and twelve of those applications which Molière makes us laugh at—and forty-seven blood-lettings, after which it is not to be wondered at that Louis the Thirteenth was of pale complexion. In his leisure moments he cultivated the Muses, after his fashion, and there exists a medical and anatomical poem of his, intitled: *Description de la Maladie, de la Mort, et de la Vie de Madame la Duchesse de Mercœur*, in which he versifies the process of dissection, and enters into every conceivable technical detail. Louis the Fourteenth, who was fond of regularity in all things, ordered Valot to make a journal of his health, which was continued by the physician's successors. The *Journal de la Santé du Roi*, a fine folio manuscript, magnificently bound, and covered with fleur-de-lys, is preserved in the Imperial Library of Paris, and has lately been published. It is entirely in the handwriting of Valot, Daguin, and Fagon. Everything relating to the temperament or ailments of the king is there scrupulously set down, commencing with his infancy, but it suddenly stops in 1711, four years before Louis the Fourteenth's death, probably because it was no longer possible to conceal from the monarch that he also was mortal. Valot begins his journal with an account of the small-pox, from which the king suffered in 1647. He did not then hold the highest medical rank, but was called in to consult with Guénaut and others; he advised bleeding—a recommendation which was warmly opposed by the majority present, but nevertheless adopted by Vautier, the first physician, and it is, perhaps, in allusion to the dispute on this occasion that Molière makes Tomès say: "If you do not immediately bleed my daughter, she is a dead person," while Desfontandrès replies: "If you bleed her, she will not be alive in a quarter of an hour."

The king survived the treatment, and Valot,

in a truly courtier-like spirit, makes this entry: "During this dangerous sickness the king's conduct caused us justly to entertain the highest expectations from his courage, showing as he did at the age of eight years the utmost patience and firmness in the midst of all his sufferings." He also pays himself a compliment, praising Vautier for his great prudence in having called in the Sieurs Guénaut and Valot, "who gave ample proof of their capacity, and showed to all France how necessary their skill and intelligence were in a crisis so desperate and deplorable." Valot soon afterwards succeeded Vautier, and no longer writing of himself in the third person, addressed a memoir to the king on his temperament, which he inserted in the journal and signed with his own name. He there very clearly demonstrated that his majesty was born with the temperament of which heroes are made, and counselled him, among other things, to make use of his virtue to resist the excesses of youth—a piece of advice which the king forgot to follow. Valot describes his remedies as things "inspired by Heaven," for the preservation of a health so precious as that of his majesty, and gives a prominent place in the most conspicuous hand-writing to the "Potions," "Plasters," and other medicaments, the use of which he enjoins. Valot was much addicted to prognostications, and prided himself greatly on the truth of those he offered. At the beginning of every year he predicted the sickness that would be current in it. As long as he was right he continued to do so, but in 1669 he left off the practice, assigning this reason: "I have resolved to insert nothing more of the kind in this work, envious persons asserting that I make my predictions after the event."

During the greater part of the seventeenth century, a grand discovery and a valuable medicine were two great causes of strife in the medical world. The first was the circulation of the blood, the second the use of antimony. In 1673 the truth of Harvey's discovery was officially recognised in France, and Molière gave its antagonists the coup de grace, in the *Malade Imaginaire*, where he makes Diafoirus the elder praise his son in these words: "What particularly pleases me in him is, that he blindly attaches himself to the opinions of the ancients, and has never been willing to comprehend or listen to the reasons and experiences of the pretended discoverers of the present century, concerning the circulation of the blood, and other opinions of the same kidney."

Antimony gained the day somewhat sooner. In the course of the campaign of 1658, the king, who was then twenty years of age, fell grievously sick at Mardyck, and was removed to Calais. The *Journal de Santé*, then edited by Valot, gives full particulars of his illness, which was a strongly marked typhoid fever. Blood-letting and purging were actively resorted to, but the patient got worse, and the seventh day passed without bringing the expected crisis. Matters became serious; all the court physicians were summoned; and, in addition, an obscure practitioner of Abbeville, named Du Saussoy, who, ac-

cording to Voltaire, sat down on the king's bed and said: "The boy is very ill, but he won't die." To this personage, indeed, is ascribed by some the honour of curing the king, by administering an emetic; but the fact seems to be that it was the result of a long consultation, under the presidency of Cardinal Mazarin, who, singular enough, was the first to vote for giving antimony. The king swallowed an ounce of antimony—its effects were terrific, but the royal patient recovered, and the fortune of antimony was made. It was not, however, the cardinal, but Guénaut, who had the credit of the cure; Scarron celebrated his skill in a sonnet; and Nicolas Gervaise in a Latin poem, called *The Purgation*, extolled antimony to the skies. The subject, in fact, gave birth to an epic poem bearing this title: *Le Stimmimachie, ou le grand combat des médecins modernes, touchant l'usage de l'antimoine*. Poème histori-comique dédié à Messieurs les Médecins de la Faculté de Paris. Par le Sieur C. C. The author was Father Carneau, of the order of the Célestins. It was execrable trash. The dispute between the antimonians and the anti-antimonians lasted for some time, but at length it ceased: not, however, in the lifetime of Valot, who, when the war in the Low Countries broke out, could not be dissuaded, though he was past service, from following the king into Flanders. He died of fatigue on the road.

So much for the personages whom Molière made the subject of his ridicule. The way in which he treated the general clique of quack pedants and pretenders, appears throughout his comedies. It is a tempting theme for illustration, but far too wide for our limits.

THE FATAL WATCH.

At a pretty spot in the north of Ireland, some three or four miles out of Flaxopolis, the grand manufacturing heart beating with mills and wheels—a romantic river called the Lagan takes a specially graceful bend. This stream is to be found in the peirage of rivers, having been sung by respectable bards; and at this place it winds very harmoniously between its banks. One of these banks, a sort of plateau, spreads out in undulations, and forms part of a gentleman's demesne; the other, lies quite flat. To the left it is crossed by a white bridge, which forms part of the high road, while to the right it turns the corner with a gentle sweep. This high road leads up a little hill to where a few white cottages are seen dotted here and there, mixed with some clumps of trees; the place bears the name of the village of Miltown; while the plateau side of the river forms part of a gentleman's demesne, whose family house, perched high about a quarter of a mile off, has a pretty view from its drawing-room windows, of the river and its graceful eccentricities. Outside this gentleman's grounds, runs the high road which joins the other high road that crosses the white bridge, and takes the voyager on to Belfast or Lisburn. This little bird's-eye view of the locality

and their relations is necessary to understand this curious history of the Fatal Watches.

In one of the few white cottages dotted so picturesquely on the hill at Miltown, lived a respectable family of the sturdy yeoman order—one of that Saxon race wholly distinct in habits and physique, which, in the Irish north, are found side by side by the original population. Nothing is so surprising as this sharp violent contrast: reaching to speech, make, manner, bearing, thought, temper, religion. These are the men that have made Flaxopolis, and conjured up an Irish Manchester. To this race belonged the Wilgar family, the yeoman before mentioned; and one of the sons, bearing the name of Charles, was in the habit of coming down every Monday morning from the white cottages on the hill, crossing the bridge, and working the whole week at a place of business a couple of miles away. To save time and trouble, he stayed with his uncle's family during the week, and came home every Saturday night to his white cottage.

Up at Miltown, also, in another of the white cottages, dwelt a rude low-browed shock-headed fellow, and his wife, bearing the name of Ward. In every district there is the titular mauvais sujet of the place—a man over whose movements there is mystery, and who appears to acquire the decent subsistence for which honest men are struggling hard, by some easy but secret means. This Ward was, in fact, the Thomas Idle, or Idle apprentice of the district; Charles Wilgar, the steady Industrious apprentice, was, curious to say, his friend and companion, exactly as set out in Hogarth's famous series. It had been well indeed for the Irish Thomas Idle, could he have been sent away to sea like his prototype.

It is well known to profound students of our nature, what a symbol of respectability is to be found in so simple a thing as a silver watch. To the person of humble means, struggling forward from small beginnings, it is the first earnest of material prosperity, and is accepted by the public as the sure and satisfactory testimony of progress. A local watchmaker, sensible of this secret spring in humanity, determined to use it to his own profit, and set on foot the project of a watch club. Every one was to be glorified with a watch—the Thomas Idles as well as the Goodchilids—and the happy ambition of being able to know the height of the sun at any special moment, and, better still, of communicating their observations to more desitute neighbours, was implanted in every local breast. The terms were five shillings a week for twenty weeks, with a lottery every Saturday night, when a watch would be drawn for. The Industrious apprentice had very soon paid all his instalments, and was presently complete owner in fee of a silver watch; the Idle apprentice paid a few instalments fitfully and irregularly, and was lucky enough to draw a watch early. With possession, he thought no more of payments—became a defaulter—and on the earliest opportunity conveyed his prize to the pawnbroker's

of the district, whence it was redeemed by direction of the society. It happened to be rather a better article than the watch which had fallen to the lot of the Industrious apprentice, Goodchild; and Thomas Idle, who had now lost his watch and his instalments, presently discovers that it is being carried about in the pocket of his more fortunate friend. Among the lower and viler natures, it is well known what a morbid and unreasonable effect a transaction of this description produces: what a brooding sense of injury, coupled with an idea of being unlawfully deprived of what was their own property, settles on them, and grows almost into a disease.

It also fell out about this date, that the man whom we have christened Thomas Idle was more than usually unlucky in his general enterprises, and unfortunate in other transactions besides that of his watch. He had married, and yet would not work. He would not dig, neither would he spin, nor yet labour in the fields. He had taken to prowling about honest districts, where his visits were regarded with not unreasonable apprehension. Finally, it came to the summer evenings in the month of May, when the twilight was long, and the walks home after the day's work were very pleasant. Finally, too, it came to a Saturday summer's evening in this month of May.

On the Friday previous, when the uncle's family was getting ready tea and supper for the return of the men from work, the ill-looking slouching figure of the Idle apprentice presented itself in a Glengarry cap, came in, sat down, had tea, and put many questions about the industrious Wilgar, who was expected presently. By-and-by, he arrived, found his friend, and after a short time the pair went out together for an evening walk. Charles Wilgar did not return until past ten o'clock, but told his brother next morning that they had been to the Lagan bank, and, with a presentiment, added, that he had somehow a doubt of his friend. The next day was spent in labour; when evening came on, the ill-favoured, Idle apprentice was again at the uncle's cottage. This time he was on a friendly errand. It was Saturday night. Both lived up on the hill, at the white cottages on the other side of the Lagan; their way lay in the same direction; and they might walk home together. Just before starting, the uncle called his nephew privately into the back kitchen, and there entrusted him with a borrowed watch, which he was to take home and restore to another member of the family living at Miltown. This he put into his fob; but he carried the other—the fatal watch—in his waistcoat-pocket, conspicuous by a chain.

Thus the two men left the house together, the hour being about half-past six o'clock. They might have kept the high road all the way, which would have taken them, by following a sort of right angle, down to the bridge across the water, and thence straight up to Miltown. But there was a shorter cut through the fields, straight to the winding edge of the river, thence along the bank to the bridge, thence up to Miltown as before. It saved a few minutes; but it led

eventually to a long long journey for both which they never dreamed of when they left the cottage door.

It was about half-past six. It had been a beautiful day, and the evening was closing in tranquilly. There was abundance of soft twilight. The great aortas of Flaxopolis had ceased to throb. They took their way, first, along the high road for a hundred yards or so, during which short span a neighbour coming home met them, and wished them God speed. Another neighbour standing at his door saw the pair pass by, and watched them out of sight; for, at the end of this scrap of high road they took a sharp turn to the left, and struck into the green fields, making for the river. That unconcerned neighbour watching them out of sight, of all things in the world, had least in his thoughts that the low-browed slouching fellow carried at that moment in his breast-pocket a huge round stone, smooth as a cannon-ball, neatly tied up in the end of a pocket-handkerchief—a simple yet fearful instrument of destruction. The last thing, too, he could have thought of on that Saturday night, as he turned into his cottage again, was, that he would never see that good yeoman Wilgar alive again. The rest of that "dark night's work" was dovetailed together long afterwards. Many tongues joined in telling the story. Another neighbour wandering home across those green fields, met the low-browed man walking away from the southward—that is, in a direction which would lead him to a large linen town, a few miles away. This, he remembered, was at about half-past seven o'clock.

The scene changes to this linen town—Lisburn—of a Saturday night; streets full, shops open, and the thick manufacturing miscellany pouring through, busy with Saturday night's work. A smart flashy girl has driven in with her sister on the family cart, and, among other functions, has to visit a pawnbroker in Bow-lane, bearing the significant name of Gamble. In the street, lurking about dubiously, she comes upon an old acquaintance, his dull heavy features lighted up by a gas-lamp. This is Thomas Idle, who greets her in a friendly way. Possibly an ancient admirer. He pulls out a silver watch, and is very anxious that she should step up to the pawnbroker of the significant name. By the lamplight a strange short dialogue follows: the smart flashy girl wishing, with female curiosity, to reach to the whole history of the transaction. He tells her that the watch belongs to many masters, shifting the names. Finally, he breaks out with the real ownership, and tells her that it is the Industrious apprentice's own watch. The flashy girl then boldly declines any meddling with the business. "What are you afraid of?" says Thomas Idle, with a blind infatuation scarcely paralleled in homicidal annals; "of Charles Wilgar? He will never tell of it, for *he is lying in the Lagan.*" Scarcely comprehending the force of this strange confession, she went her way.

Later on, the scene is in the murky crowded tabernacle of the pawnbroker with the signifi-

cant name; the private stalls wherein this Saturday night's cathedral worship is performed, are crowded with a copious yet dingy congregation; the offerings of the faithful are abundant, yet not to be scrutinised too nicely. Hither, presently, repairs our low-browed Idle apprentice, with his fatal watch in his hand, to ensure to himself the truth of the warning that the wages of sin is death!

It is wonderful what a memory there was of the incidents of that night. Wonderful, too, how in general incidents of this sort are recovered from the common mind. The next ebb of the tide, it would be expected, should sweep away all such vestiges, as hours, minutes, and this or that man wearing this or that dress. There were women there, all busy with what seems to be the chronic Saturday night's work, of bringing and taking away household goods. Yet they had time, by some liveliness of observation fatal to our Idle apprentice, to take note of him and his fatal watch. One remembered distinctly, a strange man, in a Glengarry cap, bargaining about the price, and recollecting the sum handed over eventually to the strange man in the Glengarry cap. Another knew him personally, and took note of watch, Glengarry cap, and price. Even the flashy girl, who chanced to be in the shop, either from suspicion or on private business of her own, heard the whole transaction. Finally, the proprietor, bearing the suggestive name of Gamble, had his ledger, or pawn chronicle, wherein was set out price and number of watch, with fictitious name, which name the women had heard the strange man in the Glengarry cap giving in.

That night he was seen and spoken with in many roads and places, wandering hither and thither, like a guilty spectre. And the family up at the little white cottages dotted on the hill at Miltown wondered that their son did not come home: never dreaming that he was but a hundred yards or so from their own door, lying in the damp bed of the Lagan, with his skull frightfully battered in, and the round stone and handkerchief lying beside him. And so that day ended.

In the morning, a Sunday-school girl, tripping home, looked in at the home of the Idle apprentice, and found him at his fire, washing his feet. Later in the day she came again, and found him walking up and down, jingling money merrily in his pocket, so that his wife, who was by, actually called out with a sort of horror, "Good God! how did you come by that money?" He then sat down by the fire and got the Sunday-school girl to take a thorn out of his wrist with a needle. A fact in itself but of indifferent importance, as a point of evidence, but not without a connexion with the fact that, at the bank over the spot where the body was to be found, hereafter, and only there, was a bush of brambles with thorns of the same sort.

Suspicion now became justly excited. In-

quiries began to be made, and with no satisfactory result. Finally, marks of a struggle were discovered on the bank; these led to the river being dragged; and the body of the hapless Industrious apprentice was at last found and brought to the bank. The whole of the back of the skull was terribly shattered; suitable result, indeed, from a blow of the fearful instrument found near him—the smooth round stone tied up so neatly in the sling handkerchief. This handkerchief was shown to have been given to the wretched murderer, long before, by the flashy girl—a sort of sweetheart's present, and which she recognised by a rent in it which she herself had mended with her needle and thread.

All things, therefore, pointed to the Idle apprentice with irresistible force. He had been seen going to the water in company with the murdered man; he had been seen coming away alone; the minutes had all been balanced and accounted for. The time before and after the bloody deed, had been calculated to a nicety; the distance fitted exactly with the times. And yet there was one thing wanting—the exact moment when the deed itself was done. That, a dumb witness was found to prove. Another fatal watch, which the wicked Idle apprentice little thought would ever testify against him, was in the pocket of the deceased when he was flung down from the high bank into the Lagan waters: the watch which was given privately in the kitchen. In a few seconds the water had reached the works, and it stopped, with the hands pointing to a *quarter past seven!* The two watches played the part of avenging furies, and brought the murderer to the condemned cell.

This little history is a literal abridgment of a trial for murder recently concluded at Belfast. Daniel Ward, the person who has been spoken of as the Idle apprentice, was the wretched man who murdered his friend for a silver watch. He was well and ingeniously defended; but a masterly reply from the leading counsel for the crown sealed his destiny. He now lies waiting until what is called the extreme sentence of the law shall be carried out.

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VERY HARD CASH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

CHAPTER III.

WINNING boat-races was all very fine; but a hundred such victories could not compensate Mr. Kennet's female hearers for one such defeat as he had announced, a defeat that, to their minds, carried disgrace. Their Edward plucked! At first they were benumbed, and sat chilled, with red cheeks, bewildered between present triumph and mortification at hand. Then the colour ebbed out of their faces, and they encouraged each other feebly in whispers, "might it not be a mistake?"

But unconscious Kennet robbed them of this timid hope. He was now in his element, knew all about it, rushed into details, and sawed away all doubt from their minds.

The sum was this. Dodd's general performance was mediocre, but passable; he was plucked for his Logic. Hardie said he was very sorry for it. "What does it matter," answered Kennet; "he is a boating man."

"Well, and I am a boating man. Why you told me yourself, the other day, poor Dodd was anxious about it on account of his friends. And, by-the-by, that reminds me they say he has got two pretty sisters here."

Says Kennet, briskly, "I'll go and tell him; I know him just to speak to."

"What, doesn't he know?"

"How can he know?" said Kennet, jealously; the testamurs were only just out as I came away." And with this he started on his congenial errand.

Hardie took two or three of his long strides, and fairly collared him. "You will do nothing of the kind."

"What, not tell a man when he's ploughed? That is a good joke."

"No. There's time enough. Tell him after chapel, to-morrow, or in chapel if you must; but why poison his triumphal cup? And his sisters, too, why spoil their pleasure? Hang it all, not a word about 'ploughing' to any living soul to-day."

To his surprise, Kennet's face expressed no sympathy, nor even bare assent. At this Hardie lost patience, and burst out impetuously, "Take

care how you refuse me; take care how you thwart me in this. He is the best-natured fellow in college. It doesn't matter to you, and it does to him; and if you *do*, then take my name off the list of your acquaintance, for I'll never speak a word to you again in this world; no, not on my death-bed, by Heaven."

The threat was extravagant; but Youth's glowing cheek, and eye, and imperious lip, and simple generosity, made it almost beautiful.

Kennet whined, "Oh, if you talk like that, there is an end to fair argument."

"End it then, and promise me: upon your honour!"

"Why not? What bosh! There I promise. Now, how do you construe *κυμνοπριστης*?"

The incongruous dog ("I thank thee, Taff, for teaching me that word") put this query with the severity of an inquisitor bringing back a garrulous prisoner to the point.

Hardie replied gaily, "Any way you like, now you are a good fellow again."

"Come, that is evasive. My tutor says it cannot be rendered by any one English word; no more can *γαστριμαργος*."

"Why, what on earth can he know about English?—*γαστριμαργος* is a Cormorant; *κυμνοπριστης* is a Skinflint; and your tutor is a Duffer. Hush! Keep dark now! here he comes." And he went hastily to meet Edward Dodd: and by that means intercepted him on his way to the carriage. "Give me your hand, Dodd," he cried; "you have saved the university. You must be stroke of the eight-oar after me. Let me see more of you than I have, old fellow."

"With all my heart," replied Edward, calmly, but taking the offered hand cordially; though he rather wanted to get away to his mother and sister.

"We will pull together, and read together into the bargain," continued Hardie.

"Read together? You and I? What do you mean?"

"Well, you see I am pretty well up in the higher books; what I have got to rub up is my Divinity and my Logic; especially my Logic. Will you grind Logic with me? Say 'Yes,' for I know you will keep your word."

"It is too good an offer to refuse, Hardie; but now I look at you, you are excited; won-

derfully excited; with the race, eh? Now, just—you—wait—quietly—till next week, and then, if you are so soft as to ask me in cool blood—”

“Wait a week?” cried the impetuous youth. “No, not a minute. It is settled. There, we cram Logic together next term.”

And he shook Edward's hand again with glistening eyes and an emotion that was quite unintelligible to Edward; but not to the quick, sensitive, spirits, who sat but fifteen yards off.

“You really must excuse me just now,” said Edward, and ran to the carriage, and put out both hands to the fair occupants. They kissed him eagerly, with little tender sighs; and it cost them no slight effort not to cry publicly over “the beloved,” “the victorious,” “the ploughed.”

Young Hardie stood petrified.

“What? These ladies Dodd's sisters! Why, one of them had called the other mamma. Good Heavens, all his talk in their hearing had been of Dodd; and Kennet and he between them had let out the very thing he wanted to conceal, especially from Dodd's relations. He gazed at them, and turned hot to the very forehead.

Then, not knowing what to do or say, and being after all but a clever boy, not a cool “never unready” man of the world, he slipped away, blushing. Kennet followed, goggling.

Left to herself, Mrs. Dodd would have broken the bad news to Edward at once, and taken the line of consoling him under her own vexation: it would not have been the first time she had played that card. But young Mr. Hardie had said it would be unkind to poison Edward's day, and it is sweet woman's nature to follow suit; so she and Julia put bright faces on, and Edward passed a right jocund afternoon with them; he was not allowed to surprise one of the looks they interchanged to relieve their secret mortification.

But, after dinner, as the time drew near for him to go back to Oxford, Mrs. Dodd became silent, and a little distraite; and at last drew her chair away to a small table, and wrote a letter.

In directing it she turned it purposely, so that Julia could catch the address: “*Edward Dodd, Esq., Exeter College, Oxford.*”

Julia was naturally startled at first, and her eye roved almost comically to and fro the letter and its Destination, seated calm and unconscious of woman's beneficent wiles. But her heart soon divined the mystery; it was to reach him the first thing in the morning, and spare him the pain of writing the news to them; and, doubtless, so worded as not to leave him a day in doubt of their forgiveness and sympathy.

Julia took the missive unobserved by the Destination, and glided out of the room to get it quietly posted.

The servant-girl was waiting on the second-floor lodgers, and told her so, with a significant addition, viz: that the post was in this street, and only a few doors off.

Julia was a little surprised at her coolness, but took the hint with perfect good temper, and just put on her shawl and bonnet, and went with it herself.

The post-office was not quite so near as represented; but she was soon there, for she was eager till she had posted it; but she came back slowly and thoughtfully: here in the street, lighted only by the moon, and an occasional gaslight, there was no need for self-restraint, and soon her mortification betrayed itself in her speaking countenance. And to think that her mother, on whom she doted, should have to write to her son, there present, and post the letter! This made her eyes fill, and before she reached the door of the lodging, they were brimming over.

As she put her foot on the step, a timid voice addressed her, in a low tone of supplication. “May I venture to speak one word to you, Miss Dodd?—one single word?”

She looked up surprised; and it was young Mr. Hardie.

His tall figure was bending towards her submissively, and his face, as well as his utterance, betrayed considerable agitation.

And what led to so unusual a rencontre between a young gentleman and lady, who had never been introduced?

“The Tender Passion,” says a reader of many novels.

Why, yes; the tenderest in all our nature: Wounded vanity.

Naturally proud and sensitive, and inflated by success and flattery, Alfred Hardie had been torturing himself ever since he fled Edward's female relations. He was mortified to the core. He confounded “the fools” (his favourite synonym for his acquaintance) for going and calling Dodd's mother an elder sister, and so not giving him a chance to divine her. And then that he, who prided himself on his discrimination, should take them for ladies of rank, or, at all events, of the highest fashion; and, climax of humiliation, that so great a man as he should go and seem to court them by praising Dodd of Exeter, by enlarging upon Dodd of Exeter, by offering to grind Logic with Dodd of Exeter. Who would believe that this was a coincidence, a mere coincidence? They could not be expected to believe it; female vanity would not let them. He tingled, and was not far from hating the whole family: so bitter a thing is that which I have ventured to dub “the Tenderest Passion.”

He itched to ease his irritation by explaining to Edward. Dodd was a frank, good-hearted fellow; he would listen to facts, and convince the ladies in turn. Hardie learned where Dodd's party lodged, and waited about the door to catch

him alone; Dodd must be in college by twelve, and would leave Henley before ten. He waited till he was tired of waiting. But at last the door opened; he stepped forward, and out tripped Miss Dodd. "Confound it!" muttered Hardie, and drew back. However, he stood and admired her graceful figure and action, her lady-like speed without bustling. Had she come back at the same pace, he would never have ventured to stop her: on such a thread do things hang: but she returned very slowly, hanging her head; her look at him and his headache recurred to him, a look brimful of goodness. She would do as well as Edward, better perhaps. He yielded to impulse, and addressed her, but with all the trepidation of a youth defying the giant Etiquette for the first time in his life.

Julia was a little surprised and fluttered, but did not betray it; she had been taught self-command by example, if not by precept.

"Certainly, Mr. Hardie," said she, with a modest composure a young coquette might have envied under the circumstances.

Hardie had now only to explain himself; but instead of that, he stood looking at her with silent concern; the fair face she raised to him was wet with tears; so were her eyes, and even the glorious eyelashes were fringed with that tender spray; and it glistened in the moonlight.

This sad and pretty sight drove the vain but generous youth's calamity clean out of his head. "Why, you are crying! Miss Dodd, what is the matter? I hope nothing has happened."

Julia turned her head away a little fretfully, with a "No, no!" But soon her natural candour and simplicity prevailed; a simplicity not without dignity; she turned round to him and looked him in the face, "Why should I deny it to you, sir, who have been good enough to sympathise with us? We *are* mortified, sadly mortified, at dear Edward's disgrace; and it has cost us a struggle not to disobey you, and poison his triumphal cup with sad looks. And mamma had to write to him, and console him against to-morrow: but I hope he will not feel it so severely as she does: and I have just posted it myself, and when I thought of our dear mamma being driven to such expedients, I—Oh!" And the pure young heart, having opened itself by words, must flow a little more.

"Oh, pray don't cry," said young Hardie, tenderly; "don't take such a trifle to heart so; you crying makes me feel guilty for letting it happen. It shall never occur again. If I had only known, it should never have happened at all."

"Once is enough," sighed Julia.

"Indeed you take it too much to heart; it is only out of Oxford a plough is thought much of; especially a single one; that is so very common. You see, Miss Dodd, an university examination consists of several items: neglect but one, and Crichton himself would be ploughed; because brilliancy in your other papers is not allowed to count; that is how the most distinguished man of

our day got ploughed for Smalls; I had a narrow escape, I know, for one. But, Miss Dodd, if you knew how far your brother's performance on the river outweighs a mere slip in the schools, in all university men's eyes, the dons' and all, you would not make this bright day end sadly to Oxford by crying. Why, I could find you a thousand men who would be ploughed to-morrow with glory and delight, to win one such race as your brother has won two."

Julia sighed again. But it sounded now half like a sigh of relief; the final sigh, with which the fair consent to be consoled.

And, indeed, this improvement in the music did not escape Hardie; he felt he was on the right tack: he enumerated fluently, and by name, many good men, besides Dean Swift, who had been ploughed, yet had cultivated the field of letters in their turn; and, in short, he was so earnest and plausible, that something like a smile hovered about his hearer's lips, and she glanced askant at him with furtive gratitude from under her silky lashes. But soon it recurred to her that this was rather a long interview to accord to "a stranger," and under the moon; so she said a little stiffly, "And was this what you were good enough to wish to say to me, Mr. Hardie?"

"No, Miss Dodd, to be frank, it was not. My motive in addressing you, without the right to take such a freedom, was egotistical. I came here to clear myself; I—I was afraid you must think me a humbug, you know."

"I do not understand you, indeed."

"Well, I feared you and Mrs. Dodd might think I praised Dodd so, and did what little I did for him, knowing who you were, and wishing to curry favour with you by all that; and that is so underhand and paltry a way of going to work, I should despise myself."

"Oh, Mr. Hardie," said the young lady, smiling, "how foolish: why, of course we knew you had no idea."

"Indeed I had not; but how could you know it?"

"Why, we saw it. Do you think we have no eyes? ah, and much keener ones than gentlemen have. It is mamma and I who are to blame, if anybody; we ought to have declared ourselves: it would have been more generous, more manly. But we can not all be gentlemen, you know. It was so sweet to hear Edward praised by one who did not know us; it was like stolen fruit; and by one whom others praise: so if you can forgive us our slyness, there is an end of the matter."

"Forgive you? you have taken a thorn out of my soul."

"Then I am so glad you summoned courage to speak to me without ceremony. Mamma would have done better though; but after all, do not I know her? My mamma is all goodness and intelligence; and be assured, sir, she does you justice; and is quite sensible of your *disinterested* kindness to dear Edward." With this she was about to retire.

"Ah! But you, Miss Dodd? with whom I have taken this unwarrantable liberty?" said Hardie, imploringly.

"Me, Mr. Hardie? you do me the honour to require my opinion of your performances; including of course this self-introduction?"

Hardie hung his head; there was a touch of satire in the lady's voice, he thought.

Her soft eyes rested demurely on him a moment; she saw he was a little abashed.

"My opinion of it all is that you have been very kind to us; in being most kind to our poor Edward. I never saw, nor read of anything more generous, more manly. And then so thoughtful, so considerate, so delicate! so instead of criticising you, as you seem to expect, his sister only blesses you, and thanks you from the very bottom of her heart."

She had begun with a polite composure, borrowed from mamma; but, once launched, her ardent nature got the better: her colour rose and rose, and her voice sank and sank, and the last words came almost in a whisper, and such a lovely whisper; a gurgle from the heart: and, as she concluded, her delicate hand came sweeping out with a heaven-taught gesture of large and sovereign cordiality, that made even the honest words and the divine tones more eloquent. It was too much: the young man, ardent as herself, and not, in reality, half so timorous, caught fire; and seeing a white, eloquent hand rather near him, caught it, and pressed his warm lips on it in mute adoration and gratitude.

At this she was scared and offended. "Oh! keep that for the Queen!" cried she, turning scarlet, and tossing her fair head into the air, like a startled stag, and she drew her hand away quickly and decidedly, though not roughly. He stammered a lowly apology; in the very middle of it she said, softly, "Good-by, Mr. Hardie," and swept, with a gracious little curtsy, through the doorway, leaving him spell-bound.

And so the virginal instinct of self-defence carried her off swiftly and cleverly. But none too soon; for, on entering the house, that external composure, her two mothers, Mesdames Dodd and Nature, had taught her, fell from her like a veil, and she fluttered up the stairs to her own room, with hot cheeks, and panted there like some wild thing that has been grasped at and grazed. She felt young Hardie's lips upon the palm of her hand plainly; they seemed to linger there still; it was like light but live velvet. This, and the ardent look he had poured into her eyes, set the young creature quivering. Nobody had looked at her so before, and no young gentleman had imprinted living velvet on her hand. She was alarmed, ashamed, and uneasy. What right had he to look at her like that? What shadow of a right to go and kiss her hand? He could not pretend to think she had put it out to be kissed; ladies put forth the back of the hand for that, not the palm. The truth was he

was an impudent fellow, and she hated him now, and herself too, for being so simple as to let him talk to her; mamma would not have been so imprudent when she was a girl.

She would not go down, for she felt there must be something of this kind legibly branded on her face: "O! O! just look at this young lady! She has been letting a young gentleman kiss the palm of her hand; and the feel has not gone off yet: you may see that by her cheeks."

But, then, poor Edward! she must go down.

So she put a wet towel to her tell-tale cheeks, and dried them by artistic dabs, avoiding friction, and came down stairs like a mouse, and turned the door-handle noiselessly, and glided into the sitting-room, looking so transparent, conscious, and all on fire with beauty and animation, that even Edward was startled, and, in a whisper, bade his mother observe what a pretty girl she was; "beats all the county girls in a canter."

Mrs. Dodd did look; and, consequently, as soon as ever Edward was gone to Oxford, she said to Julia, "You are feverish, love; you have been excited with all this. You had better go to bed."

Julia complied willingly, for she felt a strange, and, to her, novel inclination; she wanted to be alone and think. She retired to her own room, and went the whole day over again; and was happy and sorry, exalted and uneasy, by turns; and ended by excusing Mr. Hardie's escapade, and throwing the blame on herself. She ought to have been more distant; gentlemen were not expected, nor indeed much wanted, to be modest. A little assurance did not misbecome them. "Really I think it sets them off," said she to herself.

Grand total: "What *must* he think of me?"

Time gallops in reverie: the town clock struck twelve, and with its iron tongue remorse entered her youthful conscience. Was this obeying mamma? Mamma had said, Go to bed: not, "Go up-stairs and meditate: upon young gentlemen." She gave an expressive shake of her fair shoulders, like a swan flapping the water off its downy wings, and so dismissed the subject from her mind.

Then she said her prayers.

Then she rose from her knees, and cajoled the imaginary cat out from its theoretical hiding-place. "Puss! puss! pretty puss!"

Thieves and ghosts she did not believe in, yet credited cats under beds, and thought them neither "harmless" nor "necessary" there.

After tenderly evoking the detested and chimerical quadruped, she proceeded none the less to careful research, especially of cupboards. The door of one resisted, and then yielded with a crack, and blew out the candle. "There now," said she.

It was her only light, except her beauty. They allotted each Hebe but one candle, in that ancient burgh.

"Well," she thought, "there is moonlight enough to *undress* by."

She went to draw back one of the curtains. But in the act she started back with a little scream. There was a tall figure over the way watching the house.

The moon shone from her side of the street full on him, and in that instant her quick eye recognised Mr. Hardie.

"Well!" said she aloud, and with an indescribable inflexion; and hid herself swiftly in impenetrable gloom.

But, after a while, Eve's daughter must have a peep. She stole with infinite caution to one side of the curtain, and made an aperture just big enough for one bright eye. Yes, there he was, motionless. "I'll tell mamma," said she to him, malignantly, as if the sound could reach him.

Unconscious of the direful threat, he did not budge.

She was unaffectedly puzzled at this phenomenon; and, not being the least vain, fell to wondering whether he played the nightly sentinel opposite every lady's window, who exchanged civilities with him. "Because, if he does, he is a fool," said she, promptly. But on reflection, she felt sure he did nothing of the kind, habitually, for he had too high an opinion of himself; she had noted that trait in him at a very early stage. She satisfied herself, by cautious examination, that he did not know her room. He was making a temple of the whole lodging. "How ridiculous of him!" Yet he appeared to be happy over it; there was an exalted look in his moonlit face; she seemed now first to see his soul there. She studied his countenance like an inscription, and deciphered each rapt expression that crossed it; and stored them in her memory.

Twice she left her ambuscade, to go to bed: and twice Curiosity, or Something, drew her back. At last having looked, peered, and peeped till her feet were cold, and her face the reverse, she informed herself that the foolish Thing had tired her out.

"Good night, Mr. Policeman," said she, pretending to bawl to him. "And, O, do rain! As hard as ever you can." With this benevolent aspiration, a little too violent to be sincere, she laid her cheek on her pillow doughtily.

But her sentinel, when out of sight, had more power to disturb her. She lay and wondered whether he was still there, and what it all meant, and what ever mamma would say; and which of the two, she or he, was the head culprit in this strange performance, to which Earth, she conceived, had seen no parallel; and, above all, what he would do next. Her pulse galloped, and her sleep was broken; and she came down in the morning a little pale. Mrs. Dodd saw it at once, with the quick maternal eye; and moralised: "It is curious; youth is so fond of pleasure; yet pleasure seldom agrees with youth; this little excitement has done your mother good, who is no longer young; but it has been too much

for you. I shall be glad to have you back to our quiet home."

Ah! Will that home be as tranquil now?

PARIS UNDER A FRENCH MICROSCOPE.

AFTER M. PELLETAN'S vigorous sketches of social and domestic Paris,* it is only natural that the same gentleman should look a little further, into their moral consequences. Something serious *must* come of a rule of etiquette—established nobody knows how—which compels a woman of distinction to change her costume four times a day, and forbids her to present the same dress twice at an evening party. Full details of the picture, and what happens afterwards, are boldly traced by the Provincial in Paris. The rebuke is administered by a native teacher, who shows his own compatriots what a life they are leading. We enter his company once again, and reproduce, in English, some more of what he tells us.

A little while ago, Parisians acknowledged the superiority of intellect; at present, all they seem to care for is, to enjoy life, and to glitter in the sunshine. A man of the world may have been to school in his childhood; because, at that age, he makes too much noise to be permitted to dwell under the paternal roof. At the university, he may have picked up a little education—a little Latin, Greek, and French; a little history and geography, hastily crammed, to pass his bachelor's examination. The baccalaureat once obtained, he would consider it unworthy of himself to continue his intellectual development. A little old man of twenty, very dry, very starched, very wrinkled in mind, very sceptical of every belief of the age, closely buttoaed against all aspiration, he holds that the son of a rich father has fulfilled his obligations to God and man when he has chosen a good tailor, rides a good horse, dines at the Café Anglais, and sups—Heaven knows where, in the Bréda quarter.

He would accept, perhaps, a diplomatic situation, because it allows him to travel at the government expense, and, after a certain time, procures him the right to carry all the colours of the rainbow at his button-hole. He even goes so far as to solicit the first vacant place of third attaché, having good reason to believe that an influential lady will support his application. But, while awaiting his nomination, he devours a portion of his patrimony. To re-establish the equilibrium, he will marry the first heiress who falls in his way; whether maid or widow, known or unknown, is of not the slightest consequence. He will continue his edifying suppers as usual; but he will accompany his wife to mass, and will gallantly carry madame's missal. To the old debt, he will annually add a new one; and will afterwards assert his profound respect for Family and Property. For, that is the motto inscribed on his banner.

* See page 7 of the present volume.

As to the woman of the world. Once married, the best proof she thinks she can give of her brilliant education, is to affect, under every circumstance, as much indifference for intellectual topics as is felt by the peasant girl who spins with a distaff while she keeps her sheep. For what, in fact, are poetry, truth, morality, good or evil, peace or war? Tiresome stupidities. As if a woman of fashion had time to spend on books or pedantic conversation! In winter, she is obliged to call and be called on, to receive and be received at evening parties. What with balls, concerts, and Bouffes theatres, it is as much as she can do to run through a realist novel. At the first note of the nightingale, she is off to Plombières or Biarritz, to display a succession of wonderful costumes at the summer carnival of watering-places.

When a woman eradicates thought from her mind, she digs a gulf, which she immediately tries to fill with rags and frippery. She then exhibits upon her person those dreams, or rather those nightmares, of fashion, which are as the morbid eruptions of an unhealthy imagination on the surface of the skin. The spirit of an epoch certainly influences the form of its costume; and the costume, in turn, exerts its reaction on thought. Some unknown philosopher will one day write a chapter on this branch of history. Fashion is by no means the matter of chance which people are apt to believe it to be. There exists a mysterious correspondence between the opinions of a people and their costume. Unfortunately, we no longer possess for the reception of our enormous feminine circumferences, the unlimited apartments and the extravagant furniture of the reign of Madame de Pompadour. Our little rooms, with their economised space, are obliged to find stowage for an assemblage of hen-coops garnished with lace and ribbons. And that is only the grotesque side of the question. When a woman's only care is to be resplendent, and announce her approach by a noise like a rattlesnake, it is because she is anxious to please. Now, from coquetry to gallantry the distances are measured by opportunity. Want of occupation, with an empty mind, naturally engenders weariness; weariness, in turn, looks out for amusement. If a woman is by herself, with no mental resources of her own to draw upon, when she has looked at her face for an hour in the glass, she can bear the infliction no longer. She is obliged to escape from herself, no matter on what conditions.

If, however, the yellow fever of luxury were confined to what are called the upper classes of society, we, humble workers, should regard with indifference the defiling of the long debauch of dress. But alas! *they* pitch the key-note; and little by little the contagion of finery infects everybody with the epidemic. There is not a single official's wife, with a salary of a hundred and fifty or two hundred a year, who does not do the "elegante" at least once a week, parodying on her own person Pascal's definition: "Crinoline is a circle whose centre is everywhere and its circumference nowhere."

But when people who live from hand to mouth try to rival with great fortunes, it happens that while the latter only spend their incomes, the former make a hole in their capital. It does not suffice to be fond of show; you must have the means of paying for show.

Look at this household, which is in easy circumstances! The husband and the wife, together, make out an income of six or eight hundred pounds a year; namely, an estate in Picardy, Annt Martha's bequest, a quarter share in a house, and some money in the Funds. But monsieur is fond of curiosities, madame is fond of dress, and both are fond of keeping up appearances. Do you know what "keeping up appearances" in Paris means? It means a set of apartments in a fashionable quarter, and a man-servant who can polish floors, who can drive you in a hired carriage to take four hours' dust in the Bois de Boulogne, and can then take the covers off the chairs for a dinner-party, and for an evening-party after the dinner. Without the dinner, the evening party could not come off. With a cup of tea, merely escorted by modest cake, you might preach everlastingly in the desert. It is the dinner which forms the nucleus, and acts as the centre of attraction.

And do not suppose that it now-o'-days suffices for a middle-class hostess to serve to her middle-class guests, as formerly, the soup, the made dish, the roast, the salad, the sweet dish, the fruit, and the cheese. She must serve her floor-polisher, disguised as a *maitre d'hôtel*; a bouquet of Cape heaths, interlarded with gardenias; half a dozen glasses of all dimensions, ranged according to their height, like the reeds in a Pan's-pipe, for all the wines (more or less apocryphal) of Christendom; the bill of fare scrupulously stuck in the napkin, that the guest may reserve his strength for his favourite dishes; finally, all the aristocratic dishes of the day.

But the best dish, the dish of honour, to serve, is a decorated guest, an eminent functionary, if not a senator, at least an inspector-general, a writer, a novelist, a painter, a sculptor, a photographer, never mind who, never mind what, a rope-dancer, so that his name is notorious. When the dinner is over, the evening-party begins; it begins even before the end of the dinner. The hosts hire musicians by the hour—singers, actors, actresses, who sing and spout alternately operatic fragments and tragic tirades. All this is wearisome, costly, and must be paid for. At first they buy on credit; but credit is only an additional luxury. The bills fall due with the punctuality of June following May and April. Then the estate in Picardy is mortgaged; what Aunt Martha left is pawned. At last, falls the avalanche of debts swollen by accumulated interest. It is the doleful hour of execution, seizures, and stamped leaves of ill-omened paper.

In this way does sybaritism ravage at once the past and the future; the past, by devouring capital already created; the future, by intercepting savings, that is to say, the reproduction

of wealth. Now, by suppressing savings, Sardanapalus [by "Sardanapalus," M. Pelletan only means extravagant luxury, and the despotism which that luxury exerts on society] destroys something more than wealth in perspective; he destroys the first of household virtues.

But how is the sponge to be passed over the slate and the household set afloat again? By work? But they don't know how to work, and are not possessed of a single talent for work. There are only two ways of coining money and improvising an income—a place under government, or a lucky hit at the Bourse—intrigue or stock-jobbing.

It is sad to say, but a portion of France regards the State as an universal "Uncle from America," kept in reserve by destiny, as the friend in need of all who have run through their patrimony. Certainly, the service of the state is honourable, when a man has gained his position by his merit. But when an individual without right or capacity demands a place as he would demand alms, and when he holds out his hand at the door of an ante-chamber as he would hold out his basin for soup at the door of a convent, the time is almost come to add a new clause to the law against mendicancy.

What makes a MAN is the spirit of work, which engenders the spirit of liberty, which in turn develops the riches of a nation. Private virtue comes to the aid of public virtue; pride in the individual becomes dignity in the citizen; both united, constitute the greatness of the country. History has noted that in the eighteenth century, wherever Protestantism lived side by side with Catholicism, it surpassed its neighbour in ability and wealth. The revocation of the Edict of Nantes, by systematically excluding Protestants from every favour and every function, forced them into self-dependence and the acquirement of an iron will.

But a petitioner is neither a will nor a person. He is a worn-out coin, a note of a broken bank, a social cipher, another man's man, a patron's man and a patron's wife's man. He carries madame's letters to the post, he takes out madame's dog for a walk. Madame is over fifty; for him she is but twenty. He accepts the fiction; he has neither an opinion nor human self-respect. A valet condemned to crawl before another valet who has a bit more lace on his livery, he receives a rebuff, and smiles; they say "No" to him, and he smiles; they turn him out of the ante-chamber, and he continues to smile. He wears a stereotyped smile. When he begins to doubt his own success, he sets on his wife to renew the charge. Still young and handsome, she endeavours to soften the brazen front of bureaucracy. The Arabs have an admirable proverb: "If the man whom you want to make use of, is riding an ass, say to him, 'What a beautiful horse you have got, my lord!'" It comprises, between the first word and the last, the complete art of getting on.

But is it always possible to reckon on a place under government, to refresh the faded splen-

dours of one's household? Out of a thousand applicants, only one succeeds; the hope of place is a mere lottery ticket. There remains, then, the desperate resource of speculation at the Bourse—or rather of speculation on your neighbour's purse. For what is the Bourse? The communism of luck. All is open to everybody. You enter with an empty wallet, you walk out with a million of francs in it. That is what is said; but wait an instant.

There are two sorts of gamblers at the Bourse, the big ones and the little ones. The big ones, the gamblers certain of winning, occupy high positions. They are versed in the mysteries of the game. They haul millions by shovelfuls, and spend them as quickly, in order to have the pleasure of getting them back again. Those gentlemen mostly buy what they call "an affair"—a mine, a factory, a contract. They pay a certain sum for it on Saturday, and on Sunday they sell it for four times its cost, to a good-natured company, of which they naturally take the direction. They then issue half the shares, keeping the other half in their pocket-book. Thanks to their credit as thorough-grained rogues, the shares issued sell for a premium, which increases and rises like the flowing tide. Then, when it seems to have reached the maximum, they throw upon the market, at one single cast, the other half of the shares which they held in reserve. They flood the market; the tumble begins. The fall, driven on by panic, descends below all reasonable limits. When it has reached its lowest point, the founders of the company, little by little, buy up the panic-stricken shares, which soon rise again to par, and the see-saw of the market recommences. By this very simple game, millions of francs are realised. We may, therefore, consider every financial company which gambles at the Bourse, as a machine organised by clever rogues for turning simpletons to profit.

What is stock-jobbing? A traffic on the chance of a profit. Everybody enjoys the liberty of estimating an imaginary profit according to his own fancy. He also enjoys the liberty of selling at a fancy price, his hypothetical profits. Hence stock-jobbing.

As man is of a prudent nature, and money still more so, it appears at first sight that an uncertain enterprise would always be quoted below its real value; for uncertainty, economically speaking, is a cause of depreciation. And this would evidently be the case if every one bought the share which gives him the right to an eventual dividend, with the intention of keeping it and making an investment of it. But, on the contrary, the share is bought, simply to give it an increased value, and to sell it again at a premium, thanks to its conventional increase of value. In order that there should be a premium, there must be a rise; and in order that there should be a rise, there must be a set of men interested in causing a rise. Wherever there is a chance of a premium, this set of men flocks to the banquet. Exactly as turning-tables turn all the better the more you are anxious to see them

turn, so do the shares of a company rise, in proportion to the anxiety to see them rise. The more they rise, the more they are bought up to profit by the difference; and the more they are bought up, the higher they mount, in accordance with the axiom of political economy that value is in direct proportion to demand. A rise, therefore, in the stock-jobbing world is the cause of further rise, and causes it artificially, irrespective of the value of the thing offered for sale. As long as the ascensional period lasts, all goes right for everybody, alternately purchaser and seller. I buy a bit of paper for ten francs, and I sell it for twenty to a third purchaser, who re-sells it for thirty to a fourth; and so on, ad infinitum. Up to that point, every one of us has realised a profit without being a halfpenny out of pocket. If the rise could continue to all eternity, man would have discovered the philosopher's stone. He would be able to produce wealth at will, without betaking himself to any sort of labour. Unfortunately, there arrives a time when the ever-ascending advance attains a figure so utterly disproportioned to real value, that nobody can expect any further advance. But, as the last holder of the share would then be obliged to discharge the whole series of premiums previously pocketed by the whole series of gamblers, he endeavours as quickly as possible to pass on to other hands this dangerous share which is laden with so heavy a mortgage.

The share, being more eagerly offered than sought for, goes down for the very same reason that it went up. For, as has been stated, in political economy value is always equivalent to demand. Stock-jobbing is like the children's game in which the last spark of a dying brand is rapidly passed on from hand to hand. "The little goodman is still alive!" And it goes, and travels on, and returns, and goes on again, without cessation, as long as the spark is visible. "The little goodman is still alive!" But the moment it is extinguished in the hand of a child, that child has to pay a forfeit to all the other children.

The downfall is terrible. The advance was certain and regular; for, to the calculation of profits, people bring a certain amount of reflection. But, when an enterprise founded on stock-jobbing begins to sink, there is no possible transition or halting-place. Every one is afraid of seeing his house fall in over his head. This is the reason why every stock-jobbing epoch has been followed by a terrible financial crisis. How should it be otherwise? Stock-jobbing, which is only gaming on a large scale, creates no new wealth, any more than any other game. It only causes wealth already created, to change its owners. One man is obliged to pay what another man gains, and frequently without being provided with the means of payment, and expecting to be paid instead of paying. He cannot help becoming bankrupt. But bankruptcy, like misfortune, never comes alone. One ruined fortune always drags down other fortunes. The financial dis-

aster, reverberated from echo to echo, at last shakes the whole framework of society.

Nor is this all. By offering to the capitalist, from day to day, a sort of improvised profit, immensely superior to the ordinary profits of money out at interest anywhere else, stock-jobbing decoys into its den the available capital of the nation, and withdraws it from useful and productive undertakings, whether industrial or agricultural. It thus diminishes reproductive labour, and thereby diminishes the national wealth to exactly the same amount. Consequently, history testifies that every stock-jobbing epidemic has always impoverished the people and sterilised labour for a long time afterwards.

Never mind; the game is begun. It is opened by great speculators, to pillage little gamblers. Although the dupes have seen the swindlers a dozen times at work, they will bet against them again, all the same. They will go to that terrible Quincampoix-street and dabble in shares there from morning till night; they will roll in the gutter if they can only catch some little bespattering of wealth. The princess who used to throw a handful of gold coin out of her palace window, in order to see the crowd grovelling for it in the mud, was the first to enjoy the spectacle of bubble companies and their consequences.

Extravagance excites to gambling, and gambling in turn excites to immorality. The Bourse, in fact, tears man away from his providential destiny, from the austere life of labour, which alone can teach him the value of every moment, and the virtue of every drop of sweat. It fires, moreover, in the heart of the gambler a furious appetite for wealth: not for wealth laboriously and honourably acquired, but for wealth suddenly snatched as with the stroke of a wand. To appease this thirst for gold at any price, the father of a family will intrepidly brave all considerations of honour and prudence; he will unhesitatingly and shamelessly throw on the gambling-table his wife's dowry, his last scrap of patrimony, his child's last morsel of bread. Does he lose? He will live as he can. He will walk the streets and turn chevalier d'industrie. His wife and daughter must do as he does. Does he win? He will sacrifice what he has won, to pleasure; for one vice always enrols another vice in its train, through the effect of natural sympathy. What matters it how much money is thus squandered in ostentation or debauchery? More is to be had whenever he wants it. According to his notions, gambling is a complaisant cashier deputed to supply his expenses indefinitely.

Our Provincial Notary (for he is a Notary) once had occasion to call on one of these sure and certain stock-jobbers who practise the art of winning millions by abridged methods. He was formerly a sort of jack-of-all-trades who lived from hand to mouth, the king of the moles knows only how. He had tried painting, then sculpture, then travelling in foreign parts at the government expense. At present, he inhabits a

new hotel in the Champs Elysées. He wanted to buy an historical mansion, with the probable intention of assuming the owner's name, and had written to our notary to treat for the purchase. When the visitor entered the court of the hotel, a bevy of red-waistcoated grooms were rubbing down some half-dozen English horses. After mounting a marble staircase lighted by a colossal gilded lantern, he found in the vestibule a valet de chambre, with white cravat and full-blown calves, who introduced him to an immense glazed gallery lined with camellias and greenhouse plants. Some secret ennui hovered in the atmosphere; at the first step, you breathed a sort of vapour of opium. You walked between a double row of perches tenanted by parrots of different nations. There were red, blue, green, grey, yellow, and white; but all were pining with nostalgia. At the extremity of the gallery there was a little table standing in front of a Renaissance chimney-piece; for at that time, the master breakfasted alone, always alone, off a roll and a cup of chocolate; his stomach already was beginning to rebel. After inflicting a quarter of an hour's suspense, he condescended to make his appearance. This six or seven times millionaire was a once-young man with a nose awry. His eyes lacked lustre and he carried Night on his countenance. He had been improvising millions at the Bourse for scarcely four years, and had already exhausted all the curiosities of pleasure. Nothing was able to stir his nerves. Champagne, to him, was mere spiritless froth. He yawned, dozed, seemed to be always dozing; he walked like one who walks in his sleep. His spleen had infected the walls of his hotel. The parrots looked like his detached thoughts, embodied and fixed on perches. With him, no sympathy with art or thought; not a book, not a picture. Once he went so far as to buy a museum of things to be kept under lock and key, or better, burnt. And this is all for which that man had devoured at the Bourse the patrimony of three or four hundred families. Think what an expense of corruption must be incurred, to stir the soul of this used-up financier!

He mistook the way to happiness, which exists only in the mind and through the mind. When a man, abandoned by the divinity within him, demands of his riches the fugitive joys of the senses instead of the inexhaustible pleasures of thought and conscience, he interrogates matter in vain; he can only draw from it the gloomy melancholy of Sardanapalus and Tiberius.

Our Provincial remarks that France has always been timorous. An occasional consequence of fear is ferocity: a constant one, stupidity. He was one day dining with a gentleman six feet high, with two thousand a year in woods and vineyards. When coffee came in, some one spoke of the expedition to Mexico, and mentioned that he had lost a friend from the yellow fever.

"Monsieur," dryly interrupted the host, "there has never been any yellow fever in Mexico." He immediately shut the door of the saloon and closed the window-shutters. He

doubtless feared that the outside air had overheard the conversation, and would denounce him as a traitor to the state.

One evening, a witty cornet-à-piston, who is fond of his joke, entered the Passage Choiseul in company with a friend. "You see all these blazing shops," he said, "and all these noodles staring in at the windows. Shall I make them all disappear in the twinkling of an eye? Stop there a moment, and take particular care not to laugh." Before his companion had time to reply, he advanced into the passage shaking both his fists, and shouting at the top of his voice, "What are you doing here? Haven't you read the ordinance which orders people to go home at ten o'clock? Leave instantly, or I will have you all arrested." There then passed over the crowd, which was lounging about with drowsy step, as it were a sort of gust of wind, which swept them before it like dry leaves in autumn. Before you could say Jack Robinson, the gallery was empty. The frightened shopkeepers put up their shutters. In another minute the gas was turned off, and the passage as silent as the grave.

The cornet-à-piston, pointing to the gallery, then all silent and dark, quietly remarked, "After this, who will presume to say that the French are not a governable people?"

To love, is the perfecting of man's moral nature. But what do we mean by loving? Is it to wander from door to door, to have and never to hold, to be incessantly tying together a bouquet which is as incessantly untied, and then to toss it carelessly into the stream? That is not love, but vagabondage. True love consists in taking a woman by the hand, to live beside the same hearth in indissoluble intimacy, mutually sworn and consecrated, with no thought of ever separating. Love, so conceived, is marriage. But what is marriage? Our Notary's experience enables him to answer the question.

A man, frequently an old man, selects a girl, and conducts her with great pomp and a veil on her head, to a spot designated for that sort of ceremony, before a functionary wearing a scarf round his waist. And there, after summary interrogation of their christian and surnames, the municipal pontiff takes a civil code out of his pocket, wipes his spectacles, and in a more or less irreproachable tone of voice, according to the patois of the neighbourhood, he reads a paragraph, nearly as follows:

"You, conjoint, promise protection to your conjointe; and you, conjointe, promise obedience to your conjoint." The man swears it, the woman swears it; after which, they both take leave of the mayor, and go and drink champagne till midnight.

A used-up bachelor hears of the existence of a marriageable young lady; he obtains information respecting her portion and her expectations. Expectations! Charming word to express the death of her father and mother! After this preliminary inquiry, *de commodo et incommodo*, the suitor sends a plenipotentiary to demand the hand [read, the purse] of the

young lady, and, on the same occasion, sends a slightly poetised inventory of his own fortune. If he, likewise, have expectations in the shape of a father and mother to bury, he adds his expectations to the account. The negotiations as to the dowry advance but slowly with either party. When the matrimonial diplomacy is concluded to their mutual satisfaction, the bridegroom obtains the signal favour of an interview with the damsel bargained for. He arrives at the rendezvous, in the official costume of a candidate—fresh frizzled hair, white cravat, marsala waistcoat, and watch-chain looped in front. May he have deserved of his country sufficiently well to have also a ribbon at his button-hole! With a smile on his lip he steps into his lady-love's drawing-room. He is clever: at least he should be so for that day, even if he fall back into his natural element on the morrow. His conversation is inspired; he discourses music, poetry, and the lovely sky of Italy. Meanwhile, the damsel, seated at a corner of the window, with the modesty of a well-bred bride, stitches, embroiders, turns red and white by turns, replies in monosyllables, and thinks about the novel she is reading in secret.

The trial-scene is repeated once or twice more, perhaps thrice; four times, to be strictly correct. At the fourth interview, the lover executes a coup d'état; he ventures to offer the fair one a five-franc bouquet. Out of gratitude for this chivalrous act, Mademoiselle goes so far as to murder Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony on the piano, for the express benefit of her authorised adorer. After this summary protocol, the bride's family urges on the signature of the marriage-contract. The next day, a "lettre de faire part," on satin paper, publishes the news that Such-a-one, Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, espouses Such-a-one, legitimate daughter of So-and-so, at the church of such a parish. The bride beams with happiness; she displays the contents of her "corbeille de noce" down to their most private details, such as the nightcap and chemisette trimmed with lace, and the morning dressing-gown. But in this rapid confrontation of the husband and wife before the nuptial benediction, have they had time to discover on each other's foreheads, by some somnambulistic process, the hidden mystery of their sympathies? "I don't know you—you don't know me. What does it signify? You will know me by-and-by. But if we are mistaken in each other; if the spirit of variety, which presided at the Creation, has moulded us out of antipathetic clay—you of scepticism, me of enthusiasm? Well! With Heaven's blessing, we have our whole lives before us to get use to the error."

Two young men were sitting in a fashionable circulating library.

"How much do you marry?" said one to the other.

"A hundred thousand francs," his friend replied.

"Confess, Messieurs," interposed the mistress of the establishment, "that if you could

marry the fortune without the lady, you would greatly prefer that arrangement."

"You are right," assented the first speaker.

And yet they both were young and in easy circumstances: at least to judge from their stylish appearance. "How much do you marry?" is the password of a certain portion of Young France. They consider marriage as a branch of the Bourse, and as a last resource for paying the tailor. But what prospects are in store for the girl who is dependent on a man who has taken her by estimate, for the making up of a budget exhausted by dissipation? The husband, once set up again, will return to the habits of his youth, with all the ardour of a lucky gamester for pleasures abstained from for economical reasons. He will go to the club, the café, the Bois de Boulogne; in the evening to the theatre, in a latticed box. He will leave home early and return late, to escape from the ennui, the burden of his house, from himself, from his wife, whose looks are a reflexion of the remorse he feels within.

Open any report of judicial statistics, and you will see a progressive increase of actions for separation, and murders for jealousy; which mean that the husband forgets his wife, and that the wife in turn forgets her husband; that the heart ought to have its share in the marriage-contract, and that if its claims be denied, it will go and seek what it wants, elsewhere. To save a country, you must save the sanctity of family ties; for a nation is nothing but an extensive family. It should never be forgotten that dissipation is the preparatory school for servitude. Venice knew it by experience when she made the carnival the first article of the constitution of despotism.

There is one special season of the year when the Parisian mandarins of high degree allow themselves unwonted licence—at the very carnival alluded to. Did you ever hear a description of a masked ball given by one of the princes of the bank or of diplomacy? You behold there, it appears, a quantity of abstract and concrete poesies realised by milliners: Nights, that is petticoats, besprinkled with stars; Auroras, that is, pink satin corsets, from which the disk of the sun is emerging; Snows and Lightnings, that is to say, tufts of eider-down and zigzag red and orange ribbons. An original lady has appeared as a Windmill. One year, the hero of a masked ball was an American of Homeric stature and herculean muscularity. He was announced as "The Devil, in his wedding dress." He wore tight satin small-clothes and waistcoat, and on his forehead a pair of diamond horns. The ladies mounted on their chairs, to admire this brilliant specimen of the Yankee race.

After supper, towards cock-crow, when the truffled pâté, the Tokay wine, the blood heated by the dance, the gas, the music, the dust, the flowers, and other electric miasms which load the atmosphere, have sufficiently stirred up the courage of the Snows, the Nails, and the Nights, by a tacit accord they shake off etiquette, and dance

by inspiration the dances of Mabilie, without having taken lessons therein.

And so the youth who goes to Paris to seek his fortune is tempted to enjoy it before he has earned it; he ravages the future before he possesses the present. One day his heart fails him. He has no longer the strength to decide on a different starting-point. Madness misleads him to the river-side. The low parapeet invites him. A dull sound in the water is heard, and the stream flows on. After a while, the Morgue exhibits one body more to the gaze of the multitude.

SHAKESPEARE MUSIC.

IN THREE ACTS.

THIRD ACT. COMEDIES—PLAYS OF SENTIMENT—SONGS.

THE comedies of Shakespeare have been less frequented by the musician than his fantastic plays, or those of passion and sentiment. Good themes for unmixed mirth, set to dramatic melody, are not easy to find. Very small is the amount of purely comic operas which deserve to last. In selecting their subjects, however, the composers have ruled their proceedings with a certain caprice. Not an eye—to instance from Shakespeare—seems to have been turned towards *Taming the Shrew*, clearly as the characters are marked, and strong as are the situations;—whereas *Love's Labour Lost* has been more than once attempted, and, at the time being, has been pressed by Parisian adapters into the service of Mozart's music, to replace in his "*Così fan tutte*" the utterly weak and monstrous story by which so much of the beauty of so beautiful a work has been damaged, if not destroyed.

Among all the comedies, the one most in favour among the musicians has been *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. The raciness of the story, the excellent opportunity afforded for acting and singing, without any great requirement of youth and beauty in the heroines, the working out of the broad mirth of the intrigue by the false supernatural scenes round Herne's oak, the love comedy of Anne and her suitors, are all so many excellent temptations.—The first who yielded to them was Salieri at Vienna, the master whose name has undeservedly lain under a cloud, as though he had been the cause, not merely of Mozart's denied prosperity, but even (slander went on to whisper) of his death. The tale of Salieri having contrived, or attempted, to poison the composer of *Don Juan* (which that facile and credulous genius is said to have believed), still lurks and simmers in by-places, on the charitable hypothesis of there never being smoke without fire, and some geographical superstition that all Italians must be born poisoners! Nothing that is known of Salieri justifies the malignant anecdote. He appears to have been an amiable, friendly man, not illiberal to other artists, trusted by Gluck, grateful to Gassmann, who took charge in part of his early education—speaking a sort of polyglot dialect, and as fond as a child of sweetmeats;—a composer of unquestioned

merit, forming one of the group of Italians to which belong Cherubini, Spontini, and Muzio Clementi, and best known by his setting of Beaumarchais's *Tarare*. His *Falstaff*, produced in Vienna, to Italian words, is only known by one air, "*La stessa stessissima*," and that air recollected for no remarkable beauty, but because Beethoven treated it as a theme for variation.

Far better has *The Merry Wives* been set for Germany since Salieri's time, though by a composer far inferior to himself, Nicolai. There is no modern German comic opera of greater, if of equal merit. Without any such originality as Weber stamped on every bar of melody that he wrote, the music is spirited and well knit, never affected, never flagging; with a comic humour, too sparingly to be enjoyed in light German music. The voices are nicely handled, the instrumentation is sprightly and solid, without being overcharged. One passage merits higher praise: the instrumental night-prelude at the foot of Herne's oak, which is about as good a picture in music as could be named. The man who wrote this opera (only his second one, the first having been a setting of *Ivanhoe*) might have done much to revive lively German stage music (at present in a deplorable plight of feebleness), had he lived to follow out his career.

Then, there is our lively countryman, Mr. Balfe—the composer among composers in being—into whose lap the largest number of capital chances have been showered; no one, in our recollection, having been so fortunate in his singers. Think of having for *Falstaff*, *Lablache*; for *Fenton*, *Rubini*; for *Mrs. Ford*, *Grisi*; for *Master Brook*, *Tamburini*. "I hope here is a play fitted." That Mr. Balfe takes his art lightly, is part and parcel of his nature. Occasionally, most happy as a melodist, always writing for the voice that which is becoming to sing, he has proved himself too easily contented with a few happy strokes and attractive touches, and to leave more of his work imperfectly thought and wrought out, than the man must do who desires that such work should live. Perhaps in none of his operas, now numbering some half a hundred, has he been more unequal than in this particular one. It is hard to forgive this inequality in one who is capable of producing a piece of comic music so capital as the trio of the *Wives* and *Anne*, where the effect of unison, so intolerably abused by the modern Italians (Signor Rossini began it in *La Gazza Ladra*), is turned to the happiest, drollest, possible account; but not a note beyond this, from Mr. Balfe's *Falstaff*, is even already left alive.

There is a setting of *The Comedy of Errors*, operatically, as *Gli Equivoci*, by some Italian composer, but the name has escaped me. The task was alike a hopeless and ridiculous one; the very want of variety in the characters which makes the embroilments of the buffoonery of the play so hopelessly comical, must lead to a corresponding monotony and confusion in the music, if the play be set with intelligence.

But in nothing have the freaks of preference been stranger than in this world through which we are wandering. Hermione and Leontes, Florizel and Perdita, have been left untouched as opera characters, though a more delicious subject for music hardly exists than *The Winter's Tale*. Had Mendelssohn lived, he was strongly inclined to make the attempt. As matters stand, the play was the other day decked with music for the German stage, from the feeble hand of M. von Flotow. Then, *As You Like It*, though spoiled for the French theatre by Madame George Sand, who hardly invented a new catastrophe, has been left alone, save by Arne and Bishop (of whom more anon), though in that delicious play are groups and contrasts wooing to the musician. On the other hand, it only the other day occurred to that perverse man of talent, M. Berlioz, to make a Shakespeare opera as well as a Shakespeare symphony; and his choice fell, with characteristic perversity, on a comedy than which hardly a more unsuitable one for his purpose could be named—*Much Ado About Nothing*.

A hundred good reasons could be given why there is no possible representation of wit in music. See how the aroma of Beaumarchais's brilliant dialogue has failed to penetrate the music of Mozart's *Figaro*, which is seriously sentimental; and *Figaro* has situations for the four principal characters for which the keen encounter of Benedick with Lady Disdain finds no place. Their ringing game with foils (those their sharp tongues) cannot be told in music. Take it away, and they are little more than a walking gentleman and lady. "Nothing," wrote an acute German critic, "lies further from music than irony." And hence, if there were no reason beyond, the work proves a piece of weak and elaborate pedantry; and the story, in the attempt to make it comic, has been patched by a character in the most faded style of Italian buffoonery—pitiful heavy substitute for the delights of Dogberry and Verges. The music is, for the most part, in the ambitious yet entangled manner of M. Berlioz, just now characterised; but it contains one duet of exceptional beauty, in a superfluous scene: a night-piece for Hero and "her gentlewoman"—added by the strangely enthusiastic student of Shakespeare. It is one of the oddest inconsistencies occurring in the story of the most inconsistent of the acts (which music, indeed, is), that one whose fancies are so weak and embroiled, and whose forms are such heaps of confusion and disproportion, should have had "a flash" (to use Sydney Smith's word) of such beauty, simplicity, and tender clearness, as are to be found in this exquisite duet. The spirit of the scene where Lorenzo and Jessica "out-night" each other in verse, whose music defies music, breathes in this charming composition. There is nothing like it from the same pen.

With the above, we arrive at the end of the list of operas suggested by Shakespeare's plays, and also of the most important illustrations to them. But these do not make up one-half of

the mass of music to which he has given occasion, in the form of settings of his songs or passages of poetry. Anything like enumeration of them is utterly out of the question. Some of the happiest only can be mentioned.

A jewel in the enormous cabinet is Haydn's canzonet "She never told her love," one of the happiest examples of accompanied recitative in being—perhaps the most expressive of his most expressive compositions—those, we mean, which owe their creation to the influence of English seriousness on the light-hearted and skilful musician. That he was deepened and enlarged as a poet by his residence in London, there is ample evidence, and he had that youngest of natures which never rests self-content, but is willing to learn, to gather, to adopt. He was set on fire by hearing the works of Handel in England, when he was an elderly man, and thence came *The Creation*. The discoveries of the youngster, Mozart, excited him, if not to alter, to enrich his style, as his latest stringed quartets (there are some eighty in all!) attest. For so cheerful, so vain a man, so easily contented, moreover, with little pleasures, so circled by friends and patrons, there was a remarkable amount of honesty in Haydn: the truest artistic spirit. Possibly Shakespeare's words were suggested to him by that showy lady, Mrs. John Hunter, whose musical parties, we have been told, so discomposed her husband, the redoubtable anatomist, but who was no bad writer of verse for music. In any case, he set them once for all.

So, again, it would not be a wise proceeding in any song-writer and new, to handle "Hark, hark, the lark," with such perfection have those words been set by Francis Schubert (an English lady has reverently added a second verse). It is among the half-dozen best Shakespearian songs in being; and in this country has entirely superseded Doctor Cooke's pretty but shallow glee. The true lyric spirit has hardly been ever more picturesquely manifested than in the young, fertile, unequal, Viennese composer. There is nothing more utterly pertinent than his treatment of Scott's "Ave Maria," save it be this matin song. It may be commemorated, that never has this been sung with such exquisite freshness, delicacy, and relish, as by one of a great dramatic family, the last of the Kembles! By its side, Schubert's "Who is Sylvia?" is tame and characterless.

Arne must be named once again, as having written one of the best English songs existing, in his "Blow, blow, thou winter's wind." There is a careless, open-air pathos in that tune; a forest tone, and yet a court grace, not to be excelled. "Arden Wood" is in it, if there be such a thing as scenery, and spirit, and colour in music. No one sings it now-a-days, however; perhaps because no one can sing it. A conformable Amiens is not an every-day person. Of all Arne's Shakespearian melodies, this is assuredly the best.

Then, Bishop's Shakespeare songs demand yet a few words, in addition to those already

spoken. He had a real genius, a spirit of melody within him, which set him on high and apart among the people who to-day make tunes without time, and who arrange the same to words on some notion (dim and distant enough God wot!) that poetry is possibly more poetical than the pence-table. He had a true, appreciating relish for Shakespeare;—and though he could be careless, common, coarse even, in many of his concessions and spoliations of foreign music—and his vulgar things aimed at the shilling gallery—Bishop was a man of genius. Among the many uses to which the plays have been put were those belonging to a time when English opera was weak and undecided in its form, yet when the stage had such charmers as a Stephens and a Tree—no great dramatic artists, it is true, and less accomplished musicians than are demanded by modern intelligence, but in beauty of voice, and gracious refinement of manner, not approached by any of their successors.—For them were many of Shakespeare's plays enlarged with introduced music by Bishop: a large portion of which is excellent, the words being drawn from the dramas and the poems. He was like other fertile musicians—Handel, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Signor Rossini—given to thieving. Memory cannot help it: and there are as few original tunes, perhaps, as there are original tales. The grand bravura from Vinci's *Artaserse*, "Vo solcando," can hardly have been "out of mind" when he threw off "Bid me discourse;" but the coincidence does not destroy the youth of that beautiful song. We have never admired Sir Joshua's "Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse" less because we have known of the picture by Domenichino in which the attitude is all but identical—to the demolition of a favourite anecdote, that it was invented by our Tragic Muse. Nor do we care much if the great Rubens's "Deposition" at Antwerp was suggested by an Italian print. The daintiness and perfect freedom of "Bid me discourse," the becoming display of a sweet voice which it encourages, are in time, and tone, and tune with the delicious words. The latest singer of it, perhaps, was also musically the best—Madame Sontag. Her delicacy, her abandonment to the poetry of the song, are never to be forgotten, nor her beautiful pearly English, without a touch in it of foreign over-precision. Like other composers (and thieves), Bishop thieved from himself—indulged largely in repetition. There are three after-draughts from the spring which had yielded "Bid me discourse." "Should he upbraid" was the best of these;—of course because that graceful song was also written to Shakespeare's words.

Bishop, too, was great in Shakespeare duets, and in these, again, he stole from, or repeated himself, without fear or apology. "As it fell upon a day," "On a day" (both introduced into plays, as has been mentioned), were again repeated or had been foreshadowed (?) in "Orpheus with his lute;" that sweetest of all the songs—that loveliest, simplest, briefest tribute to the power of sound ever thrown off by music clad in mortal words. Again and again has it fasci-

nated composers of every strength, of every time. Linley treated them well, though in too patchy and ambitious a fashion; Mr. Hatton, not long ago, skilfully, on the revival of the historical play by Mr. Charles Kean;—but the best setting of them (and a score rise up to memory) is the last one, from a woman's hand, and an amateur one, moreover—the song by Miss Gabriel. There is yet a Shakespearian duet in another form, measure, and humour, which must be named ere we take leave of Bishop. This is, "Say, though you strive to steal yourself away," than which few more charming two-part songs have ever been penned. The composer, however, has availed himself of the subtlety of the words too courageously: for the sake of his effects, escaping from his text more than his wont. The duet, however, is an excellent one. There have been few, if any, so good and so individual written in England since Bishop's time.

With his name, then, I had best stop; the catalogue, as was said on the outset, not pretending to be complete. There are overtures by the twenty, ditties by the hundred, glees by the thousand, which could be told over. In what has been said in the works I have selected, how wide and varied and universal is the range of sympathy and indication sketched out of all time—for all men in all the Arts!

AN IRON STORM AT SHOEBOURNESS.

THE reader has probably observed, that at the point where a narrow but populous thoroughfare joins some larger and still more frequented roadway, the angle of the kerbstone is sometimes quite rounded off by the continually rushing traffic, and is an angle no longer. Now, there is a certain water thoroughfare in this country, called the Thames; and those who pursue it to the particular place where it rushes into the sea, will observe that the continually alternating traffic of the fresh water downward, and of the salt water upward, has entirely rounded off the corners of that portion of Great Britain which lies at that point of junction, where our fine old river runs into the German Ocean.

At one of these turning-points or corners there is situated a town which is, perhaps, the most detestably hideous place upon the surface of the globe—I say this, knowing Woolwich and Chatham, and fully conscious how briskly they compete for the proud distinction. The name of this victorious place is Sheerness. Sheerness is the most odious place that man—making the most of the natural aids at his command—has ever succeeded in constructing. No other town can enter into competition with it. There is but one Sheerness—though it must be owned, in common justice, that Woolwich is its Prophet.

At the other and opposite corner to that occupied by this detested settlement stands Shoebourness. Shoebourness is a place to which I would recommend any gentleman who is fond of

a north-east wind to devote his exclusive attention for a month or two in early spring. If it should happen that the same individual who possesses this taste is also partial to prospects characterised by a certain bareness of look, if he be fond of stunted trees, for instance, if he would like a chance twice in every twenty-four hours of spending six hours in the contemplation of several miles of wet mud—then would he find himself in his element at Shoeburyness.

Everybody knows that Shoeburyness is the scene of several terrific combats, which have taken place at various times between the guns of Mr. Whitworth and Sir William Armstrong on the one side, and, on the other, the iron targets, which, at the expense of a couple of thousand pounds or so apiece, are erected by various illustrious mechanics for the purpose of being battered to pieces. Any one, however, who did *not* know this, would have his ignorance removed very quickly, when he found himself standing on the battle-field where these desperate engagements have taken place. The evidences of recent warfare are to be seen in every direction, and are unmistakable. Ruin and devastation everywhere, and iron ruin, and iron devastation. The objects, the shattered remnants of which you see at every turn, are not—as you might at first imagine, seeing how utterly they are broken to pieces and destroyed—mere fabrics of wood or some yet more frail material. It is iron—iron, the hardest that can be got, chosen for its strength, that one finds here crushed into unseemly shapes and beaten into atoms. Massive plates, five and six inches thick, and fastened with iron rivets of prodigious strength, to huge beams of wood, lie about here twisted, and rent, and torn to pieces. The beams are broken, the rivets are scattered in all directions, their heads lie thick upon the ground, like the berries under a September mulberry-tree. As to the great earth-works thrown up behind the targets, no doubt they get some uncomfortable knocks too, but they stand it well, and the dust comes together again when the splinter of a shell has parted it, and the evidence of the wound is pretty well effaced. But the targets themselves lie about upon the ground in such contortions as almost to suggest a thing in pain, with such ghastly wounds, such ragged indentations all over them, that you feel something nearly akin to pity as you note how nobly they have resisted, and how cruelly they have suffered.

While you are observing all these things, and are noticing with a divided attention that in the distance a swarm of men in white dresses, who look something between stokers and house-painters, are busy adjusting guns in their places by means of some enormous three legged engines which look like preposterously strong easels—you are suddenly brought to yourself by the sound of a bugle, which “warbles”—to use Mr. Tennyson’s expression—a note of warning, and the last echoes of which are succeeded by the command “Visitors retire.” The visitors take this hint with all speed, and soon find themselves in a large ungainly looking edifice,

with hugely thick walls, and a strong roof, but with an aperture at one end through which it is still possible to see what is going on outside; for one side of the building is closed with an old iron target, which, like everything else around you, shows signs of having been in the wars, and the opening in this through which you peep has been made in the course of some former experiments with shot or shell, and is irregular in shape, with ragged and torn edges. This building, like the ground outside, is strewn, as to its floor, with all sorts of scraps and fragments of iron, nuts, and rivets and screws, all broken and rusty. All is suggestive, beyond a doubt, of an iron age; the temporary inhabitants of this grim cavern are most of all suggestive in this wise. There are some officers of both services, but probably most of the company are professionally mixed up in some way or another with iron. Here are engineers, and mechanics, gun-makers, and armour-plates workers, all so redolent of iron that their very faces have something of the gravity and hardness of the metal: while one gentleman, who is himself an artificer in iron, has his head covered with short crisp wiry grey hair, which looks exactly like steel-filings. And here are gentlemen, too, to carry this idea out still further, taking notes of everything that is said and done with *metallic* pencils. Besides all these there are a few artillerymen lounging about, whose services will be required presently to keep an open space round about the target, while the effect of the shots upon its surface is being tested. Joining company with these, who are standing by that aperture through which one could see something of the world outside, I peeped through, and saw that the preparations for firing were going on briskly, and that the business of the day was about to begin.

In the middle of a great bare plain, outside, the guns with which the practice was going to be made, were ranged in a row, with their muzzles towards us; it must be remembered that the building in which we were lodged was close to, and in line with, the target. So there they stood, looking like some new kind of ferocious animal longing to be at us. The men in white dresses, who looked now more like Pierrots than stokers, were busily at work about the guns, one of which they were loading, while officers were striding about and gesticulating wildly, as is usual on all great military occasions. After a deal of this sort of thing, and when the preparations were at length complete, a word of command was given, and all the soldiers, and all the officers, commenced a hurried retreat from the neighbourhood of the guns: some retiring to stations near the target, but under shelter: and others withdrawing to a position behind that occupied by the cannons, and at a very considerable distance. So at last not a soul remained near them, and these savage monsters were seen in the middle of the plain all alone in their terrible glory. To see them standing there alone, full of mischief, and capable of creating dreadful

devastation, was very impressive, and caused one to regard them with great interest and respect. They waited with their cavernous mouths turned this way, till at last a bugle was heard to sound in the distance, and in a moment afterwards there was a flash of something, and a puff of something, and the hut received a shock, and one's ears seemed suddenly to be driven mysteriously into the interior of one's throat, and one's teeth to have become loosened, and—in a word, a gun had been fired.

We were not released from our place of retirement until this discharge had been succeeded by two others, and not then even, for a minute or two, because the air was full of all sorts of fragments which had been struck out of the target and out of the different structures near it, and which, falling on the head of one of the committee on iron, might have interfered to some extent with the clearness of his judgment. Once released, we all rushed off pell-mell to see how these blows had told. They had not told much, being only some trifles discharged from a 68-pounder of the old school, which had just dented the surface of the target a little, and flown off from its iron plates, as a peppercorn might from a cuirass.

Again we were ordered under cover, and again, after long waiting and much expectancy, our ears were driven into our throats, and our teeth loosened in their sockets. This time it was an Armstrong gun which had been tried, but it was only a 110-pounder, and the impression made upon the target was little more than in the previous experiment. So far, the iron-plated ship which the target represented was decidedly getting the best of it.

The next time we emerged from cover, it was with a considerably quickened interest. A projectile weighing nearly 300 pounds, shaped something like a very thick and blunt sugar-loaf, and standing about eighteen inches from the ground before it was placed in the gun, had been blown, with a charge of 45 lb. of powder, out of Sir William Armstrong's 300-pounder. When we reached the target, we found this trifling object lying about a dozen yards from the place where it had struck: its own force having caused it to rebound so far. It was also very much shortened by the violence of the collision, and spread out proportionably. And well it might be. It had struck full upon the seven-and-a-half inch plate—the reader is requested to remember what seven and a half inches of iron are—it had pierced this mass through, had broken one of the ship's ribs, and had given the whole structure a shake which had seriously loosened the rivets and screws that held it together. Yet this was nothing to what was coming; for the next experiment was to be made—not with a shot at all, but with a shell—a live shell weighing 286 lb., with a charge of 11 lb. of powder inside it.

If we were careful before, to get out of harm's way, we were certainly still more careful now. In that great cavern in which we were all stowed away, it has been mentioned that a great ragged breach existed, through which what was going

on outside could be seen well enough. We were all ordered away even from that aperture now, and were crowded to one side of our place of refuge. There is all the difference in the world between shot and shell; the shot could be depended on to go straight from the mouth of the gun to the target: the only cause for apprehension being that the splinters of target or pieces of the missile itself might fly off after the concussion, and so do mischief. With the shell it was different. It might burst as it left the gun, and one of its fragments might fly straight in at that breach of which mention has been made: or, as had happened on the occasion of the last experiments, the gun itself might burst, and one of its scathed atoms find its way to where we were. So we all kept to the side of the building where there was no danger, crowding together;—some of us, perhaps, glancing up now and then at an ugly long scar on that part of the brickwork which was opposite the breach, and which looked uncommonly like a mark left by some such flying messenger as we were hiding away from. As we stood thus in silent expectation, the whole aspect of the scene must have given one a good idea of what takes place in actual warfare, when some mighty fortress is being besieged by the enemy.

What a crash that was when the explosion did take place at last, and seemed to shake the very ground on which we stood! And what a rush took place as soon as prudence allowed us to go and see how the iron-clad ship had borne the blow! The woodwork at the back of it was on fire; that was the first thing that we saw, for the smoke was rising from the top of the target. The projectile had not rebounded this time. It had gone straight through the armour-plate, and had burst in the massive structure on which the plates were laid, and which represented the wooden portion of the ship's side. And there the greater portion of the shell remained firmly embedded in the wood, which had caught fire at the moment of the explosion. As one looked about and saw how the fragments of the shell, which had burst outward, had embedded themselves in the timbers of the adjacent buildings, one could form some idea of what frightful results would follow if such a missile actually penetrated to the between-decks of a ship intact, only bursting to pieces when it got among the crew.

This, however, was not accomplished either by this shell of Sir William Armstrong's or by that of Mr. Whitworth, which was next fired; no, nor by any other missile employed in that day's experiments.

The shell discharged from the Whitworth gun, which is not circular in the bore, but hexagonal, penetrated to the same depth as the Armstrong shell had done: bursting also when well through the armour-plates, and remaining, like the last, embedded in the ship's timbers. There was, however, this great difference between the two experiments. The Armstrong shell weighed nearly twice as much as the Whitworth shell,

and required nearly twice the amount of powder to drive it from the cannon, yet it went no deeper than Mr. Whitworth's missile. It is true that the hole made by the Armstrong shell was larger, though not deeper, than that made by Mr. Whitworth's; but it is a question whether this advantage is not more than compensated, for naval purposes, by the superior lightness of Mr. Whitworth's piece. If Mr. Whitworth did what he did with a 150 lb. shell and 25 lb. of powder, the inference is that he could do a great deal more with a shell weighing—as Sir William Armstrong's weighed—290 lb., and discharged—as Sir William's was discharged—by no less than 45 lb. of powder. Nor must we fail to take into consideration another very important point in favour of Mr. Whitworth's gun—the greater ease, namely, with which it may be loaded. In naval warfare, “peppering away” is the great strength of a side, and the gun which can “pepper” the enemy the greatest number of times in the course of a couple of minutes, has, in that alone, an advantage over other guns, of no trifling amount. Now, Mr. Whitworth's cannon, which drove its shell into the target to the same depth as Sir William Armstrong's, is much more easily and quickly loaded than Sir William's, and is some three or four tons lighter. It was very unfortunate, that in consequence of the existence of a flaw in the centre steel tube of Mr. Whitworth's gun, it was only deemed expedient to fire it once, and no further experiments could be made with it.

There is always something impressive in size. When a great number of objects, all of the same class, solicit one's attention, the largest of them is likely to have the greatest attraction for the greatest number of people. A gun nearly eighteen feet long, and about four feet in diameter at the breech, is a most terrible-looking engine; and I have no doubt that, on the occasion of which I am treating, the discharge of this piece of artillery was looked for by many as the great event of the day. When the bugle sounded the note of preparation, and the men, who had been busy preparing this enormous cannon to do its work of destruction, began to run away from it in all directions, seeking safety in flight and concealment, and so the great monster was left alone and dominant over the other guns which stood about it, there was something almost awful in its aspect. It was not entirely deserted, though, even yet, for one solitary individual was perched upon its breech, adjusting, it is to be supposed, the machinery connected with its firing, and making the final preparations. And small, indeed, the man looked, crawling about upon that perilous eminence; and dangerous enough his position seemed, when one reflected what was inside the monster on which he was perched, and how fraught with destruction it was. But soon even this solitary personage dismounted from his position, and when he had found for himself some secure asylum, there was but a short pause before the signal was given, and in the midst of a roaring, rushing sound, a perfect

hail of solid fragments filled the air, descending with a terrific clatter on the earth, and making us feel how wise was the precaution which had sent us all under cover of a roof. At that same moment of its discharge, the cannon, with a furious recoil, threw up its muzzle to the sky. “*Dixi*, I have spoken,” it seemed to say; and then it flung its mouth up to the heavens for air.

It had spoken, however, this time to little purpose. That shower of solid objects which had seemed to darken the mouth of our retreat was raised by the contact of the shot with the earthwork near the target, after disturbing which the huge missile went on its way with unimpaired speed, and, having missed the target, and finding nothing further in its way, it tore away high over the shingle on the shore and out to sea, and there dropped, very much too near the bows of a certain brig which was passing at the time, and which very narrowly missed having its career brought to a glorious termination.

This gun spoke to better purpose later in the day, when, having taken, for the strengthening of its constitution, a powder weighing no less than 50 lb., and a steel pill of 330 lb. weight, it managed to make a hole, ten inches deep, in the side of the ship: striking it, indeed, with such force that the enormous projectile rebounded after the contact to a distance of thirty yards, where it lay, crushed out of shape, like a pugilist's fist, which suffers by the blows which he himself has inflicted; and still, after every discharge, the gun recoiled as it had done at first, and threw its muzzle upward in a sort of triumph.

There was nothing more remarkable in connexion with the whole of this remarkable scene, than the great precautions taken to prevent any one from approaching the guns about the time when they were to be fired. This struck one rather forcibly, remembering the very close quarters at which the artilleryman or the gunner must find himself with the cannon when actually engaged in hard service either on land or at sea. In either case, it is impossible not to see that the operations would be considerably retarded if it were necessary for every one who had anything to do with the working of the gun, and especially for the individual firing it, to put something like the eighth of a mile between himself and the piece before it went off. We have seen how these same precautions were observed among the lookers-on at these experiments; let us now turn for a moment in another direction.

The commandant's hut is a strongly-built shed immediately behind a powerful earthwork made in the form of a battery. In front of the hut is a flagstaff. As soon as all things are in readiness, and all the men removed out of harm's way, and stowed away into all sorts of strange nooks and corners where some shelter is afforded, the flag is run up to intimate to all whom it may concern that the firing is going to begin. This done, the commandant, who has

a bugler in attendance on him, ascends a rude ladder which leads to the top of the battery, and takes a careful survey of the scene, in order to be sure that the word of command to fire may be given with safety; at this time he also receives the report of the man who is looking out seaward, and whose business it is to be sure that there is no vessel in a line with the target and within the range. All being pronounced safe, the commandant gives the word to the bugler to "Sound attention," upon which a peculiar little sharp flourish is got out of the instrument, and a very impressive pause ensues. During that pause the officer gives one more look around, and then rapidly descending the ladder, gets under cover of the hut, and gives the word again to the bugler "Sound fire." At that moment, a figure, which has been standing by the side of a small hut perched upon the embankment of the estuary, disappears within the building, and then the usual earthquake takes place which proclaims that the piece has gone off. For a short time, which seems a long time, nobody stirs, as quantities of small fragments of iron and wood are struck out of the target, and fill the air, so that it would be dangerous to come out from under the shelter of a roof, and a pretty strong roof too. But when sufficient time has been allowed for the last of these to descend, we all emerge from cover, and rush off to inspect the target, and see what amount of damage the shot has inflicted. Unless, indeed, it should happen, which is always possible, that any member of the company feeling curious about that hut on the embankment which was just now mentioned, should walk off in that direction first, with the view of ascertaining what might be the purpose to which this small edifice is devoted. Any one fired with this noble curiosity, would observe without doubt, first, that there was a row of telegraph-poles between this same hut and the spot where the cannons were placed; secondly, as he drew nearer, that the wires which the poles supported were carried down into the interior of the building—into which, however, when the curious one sought to follow them, he would find himself repulsed by the individual in charge, who would politely but unequivocally inform him that the words "No admittance," inscribed on a board beside the hut, must be understood literally. Inside that low hovel is the machinery of the galvanic battery, by means of which the guns nearly a quarter of a mile off are instantaneously discharged when the command "Fire" is given by the commandant's bugler.

It is quite certain that whatever complaint may be made of the extravagance of the War-office, or Admiralty, no one would find any signs of lavish expenditure in the various official edifices which adorn the practising-ground at Shoeburyness. The hut devoted to the important purpose just mentioned, is one built upon the principle of that stage hovel in which Edgar is discovered in the storm-scene in *King Lear*; the shelters provided for the committee on iron, and the commandant, are rather

suggestive of cow-sheds; while a couple of rusty iron plates, leaning one against another, and looking hardly worth the consideration of a dealer in marine stores, are labelled with the imposing inscription, "For the Lords of the Admiralty." The fact is, that when that shower of fragments which follows the discharge of one of these mighty guns takes place, people are glad to put their heads into any shelter they can get.

As to what these experiments prove, and how far they are valuable in showing what we might expect were a naval engagement between iron-sided ships and rifled cannon to take place, it is not easy to speak. It is probable that the impression left upon the mind of a casual observer by the trials of strength which come off at Shoeburyness, would be, that on the whole the target has the best of it. No shell can penetrate it completely, so as to remain intact and burst when inside the ship. The worst a shell can do is to penetrate to the woodwork behind the iron plates, and there remain embedded. No doubt two or three apertures, even of this sort, if made exactly in the right places, would be very awkward things to stop; but surely it would be difficult to make such "very palpable hits" at sea. The target is quite still; is placed at the best angle for receiving the full force of the blow to be inflicted, and is exactly opposite, and on a plane parallel to that occupied by the gun. These are circumstances very much in favour of the gun and against the target. These are elaborately chosen circumstances. No doubt if a ship like the *Warrior* were to steam into Portsmouth harbour, and take up a position exactly opposite to a battery of Whitworth and Armstrong guns, the water being smooth, and the opportunities for taking a fair aim being afforded—no doubt under those circumstances she would promptly come to grief. In an engagement out at sea, with rough weather, the object to be aimed at perpetually in motion, and the position occupied by the guns equally lively, the result might be different. These are thoughts which would suggest themselves to a casual observer of these experiments; moreover, he would probably remark, as he stood behind the target when all was done, that no entire missile had passed through it, that all remained lodged in the woodwork, or rebounded from the iron plates outside; and as he examined the props, and other portions of the structure which supports the target, and which represent, in fact, the "between-decks" of a ship, he would observe how very little damage had been done—a few scratches on the wood, made by the splinters flying about, being all. On the other hand, it must be remembered, that these armour-plates experimented on at Shoeburyness are much more massive than those with which our iron ships are at present fortified; secondly, that even these were in every case perforated; lastly, that though—supposing the ship's side to be represented by this target—few lives might be lost inside the ship, and few wounds inflicted, yet the vessel herself would be so mutilated as to be put hors de combat entirely.

It is surely very desirable that some experiments should now be tried, as far as possible, surrounded by the circumstances which would attend an actual naval engagement, so that we might see the result of some shots fired from a ship well out at sea, and in motion, at another similarly situated. We might then be able to form some idea how many blows, or how few, it would take to break in a ship's cuirass, and might get, perhaps, a little nearer to settling this vexed question at rest. As the case stands, the conviction does force itself on one's mind that, being satisfied with a low rate of speed, a vessel might be constructed, so thickly plated as to be secure against any force of artillery we *at present* possess. It might be sluggish, difficult to manage; but it would be impregnable. It would seem to have been with an eye to some such vessel—to a floating battery, in fact—that these experiments with plates of the extraordinary thickness of six and a half and seven and a half inches have been made. We have been testing the vulnerability of ships now non-existent. No ship could carry such plates as these and be fit for active service, while, as to the armour with which our vessels are at present provided, it has been already set at naught. The plates of the *Warrior* were perforated long ago by a Whitworth shell driven from a Whitworth gun: the shell remaining intact in its passage through the ship's side, and bursting only when well through and in the inside of, the vessel.

PERSIAN POLITICS.

"How is it," said a despairing British diplomatist to a Persian courtier, determined to have it fairly out with him—"how is it that for some years past, my country and yours have not been good friends? England is anxious to stand well with you. She desires to see you strong and prosperous. She would be willing to aid you, if possible, against a foreign enemy, or give you every advice and assistance in her power to improve the state of your country at home. In return, she simply and loyally asks only for your friendship and good will. Why do you persist in misunderstanding us?"

"Why," replied the Persian, with equal frankness, "we acknowledge two motives for our actions. We may be forced to do a thing, or we may be bribed to do it. Force you dare not use, for your parliament will not allow it. This we know, therefore we are not afraid of you. We have nothing to hope from you; for, although you are very rich, nothing will ever induce you to part with any of your money. We Persians are naturally insolent towards those from whom we have nothing to hope and nothing to fear. The eternal cackle of your blue-books and newspapers has long ago taught us that we are a political necessity to you, as long as you maintain your empire in the East. We know perfectly well that whatever we do you will not harm us, and we do not choose to serve your purposes for

nothing. One hundredth part of the sum you wasted in making such a silly rumpus down at Bushire a few years ago, if well distributed among the right people, would have made us your humble servants for the next hundred years. As it was, we derived a singular pleasure in provoking you, knowing perfectly well that we were quite safe in so doing. We enjoyed, also, much amusement from the Indian rebellion, and, had it continued, we should have sent active aid to the insurgents, to spite you. It would have been better to give us a few toman's."

"Doubtless it would have been better," returned the Englishman, good humouredly, "if—honour apart—Persia were the only nation in the world whose friendship could be bought. But if we bought you, we must buy the chief of Herat, and every rapacious soldier whose sword wins power for him in Cabool and Candahar. We must purchase the Affghans, and the Oosbeks, and the Turcomans, and the free countries of India. We are, as you say, a rich people, but we are not rich enough for this. Besides, it is not our way. We prefer merely to keep an eye upon your proceedings when you reject our friendship; though we wish for peace, you have learned how we can go to war."

"Pooh!" said the Persian; "you kill a few men, you waste a great deal of powder in knocking about some mud walls on the coast; but we know very well that you will never furnish so inconvenient a precedent to Russia as to take one inch of our territory. We don't care about your blustering."

"We might not," rejoined the Englishman, "indeed, occupy any portion of your country permanently; but supposing we were to march upon your capital and change the dynasty? We might easily find among our pensioners and dependents, some manageable prince to place upon the most brilliant throne in Asia."

"And what should we care if you did find him?" replied the khan. "We have none of that loyalty towards a man, or a family, which is the boast of the royalists of Europe. We respect, because we fear, the power of the king, but we have no love for his person. Plenty of discontented and powerful khans would always hail a new reign with delight. It would be an amusement and an excitement for us at any time, to have a new king. It would open a fresh field for the intrigues in which we delight."

"Very probably," said the Englishman; "but how would such a prospect appear to the king himself?"

"He would never believe in it," answered the Persian. "If he were persuaded that there was any real danger, he would make peace with you in time to avert it; after having enjoyed the pleasure of irritating you as long as it was safe to do so. But in truth there is no such danger. Russia would never allow you to place a creature of your own upon the throne of Persia, and we should at once appeal to her for protection, which we think we might always obtain, at

least for the price of a province; and with her aid we might afterwards seize upon Herat, or some other convenient district, to indemnify ourselves. Then, we know that France has always been jealous of your empire in the East, and might at any time be induced to step in as a mediator. This would gall you to the quick. You would not like to see the imperial eagles planted on the shore of the Persian Gulf."

"It is my opinion," returned the Englishman, "that you would find your hopes entirely unfounded. Russia has quite enough upon her hands for the next half century, in settling her affairs at home. The Caucasus is not yet quiet, and I feel convinced that her policy is not one of conquest. What could you offer her, but a salt desert, and a beggared population? As for France, she has recently acted in cordial co-operation with England in her foreign wars. What inducement could you propose to her, to make her withdraw the hand of brotherhood she has so frankly stretched out to us? What use would an establishment in Persia be to her, even if she were hostile to England? We guard all the high-ways of the East. How could France support a petty colony in a Persian province? What would it be to her but a fruitless source of trouble and expense?"

"Words!" answered the Persian. "Your own parliament would not allow you to carry on a protracted war with us, whatever a minister might wish. Do you think we did not read the speeches of your opposition, the last time you quarrelled with us?"

"Parliament is, indeed," said the Englishman, "unwilling to sanction war, and politicians hostile to a ministry have always a great deal to say against whatever they do; but you must remember that the opposition never expresses the true sense of the country, or it would cease to be the opposition. Often the very man who blames the conduct of a statesman in power, knows that were he himself in office, he would have been obliged to take the very course which he condemns. It is the sense of the British people, who are the parliament makers, that you should consider in your calculations: not the factious words of individual and irresponsible members who have purposes of their own to serve. Depend upon it, however reluctant we may be to begin a fight with you, we shall have the best of it before we end."

"You speak," said the Persian, smiling with delightful affability, "as if we were a patriotic and united nation; whereas we are merely a number of individuals, with separate views and interests, living upon the same soil. There is always a revolt somewhere among us, and we rejoice at it, for there is so much the better chance of plundering the vanquished. What do I, for instance, Boosey Khan, care whether you had the best of it or not? The war would give me a chance of fortune either way, if I played my cards well. You would not hurt me. I should take care to keep personally out of the

scrape, and as I have no chance of being king, I do not care one straw who is. All my tomons and jewels might be buried, so that you could never find them, in half an hour. Your war would not disturb me at all. You would kill a few soldiers, and are very welcome to the pleasure of doing so, if it amuses you. But every man of sense would make his own terms with you, and be glad of an opportunity to get something out of the scramble. So you see, Sahib Smith, if you want my services in any way, you must buy them. I am merely a representative of my class, and only speak the sentiments of every influential man in Persia. If you give us nothing, you cannot reasonably expect anything from us; for we don't love you, and it would be childish to fear you." Then, with a kindling eye, he glanced round his palace. "Look at those mirrors! They came from France. Behold that magnificent and beautiful service of plate; it came from Russia. If we were to offend the French, they have no parliament to prevent their punishing us. If we were to offend the Russians, they are within a few days' march of Tabreez. But as to you, you dare not strike us, and you cannot, or will not, give us anything. We know that if there is a quarrel between you and us, we can always mend it if we choose, in time to save ourselves; and we can, and we shall, torment your ministers at our court, and insult your flag as often as we have an opportunity of doing so, till you change your ways with us."

"But Malcolm and Jones gave you money enough and presents enough, in all conscience. Yet you insulted Malcolm's secretary, and laughed at Jones's."

"The memory of benefits," said the Persian, sentimentously, "does not last for ever. We tormented Pasley and his companion, a little in the provinces, in the hopes of getting more from him; but Malcolm had no cause to complain of his reception. We treated him as we have never treated any of your representatives since his time, and he might have done, and he did, whatever he pleased with us. His mission—though I am aware that you complain of it—was costly, and paid its expenses twenty times over, in tangible advantages to you. It is true we should have sold him to Napoleon, if Napoleon had bribed us higher, but no one could out-bribe you rich English if you pleased to contest the palm, and we shall always belong individually and collectively to any one who will pay the highest price for us. As for Sir Harford Jones, we worried him to please Malcolm, and because you had sent him to interfere with Sir John, whom we liked very much. Besides, Sir Harford Jones bought the wrong people. He wasted thousands on a fellow who called himself his "jockey," and who had no influence at all. Malcolm understood us much better, and never wasted a sixpence on anybody who could not serve him. Besides, at that time, we thought John Company, whom we supposed to be an old woman of fabulous power, a much more important personage than the King of

England, of whom we knew nothing; and therefore we considered Malcolm a greater man than Jones, and we were glad to help him in the family fight which you appear to have got up at that time for our entertainment. In a word, Sahib Smith, it is no use wasting any more talk; whenever you really want us, you must buy us, and there is an end of it."

This is, fairly and truly, the Persian view of the case between England and Persia.

POLAND.

ENGLISH readers, who on the telegrams from Poland in the morning papers with an interest which is somewhat dashed by the perpetual intrusion of names unpronounceable by Western lips, are apt to regard that distant land watered by the Vistula from a point of view partly compassionate, partly romantic and sentimental. They think of Thaddeus of Warsaw, as delineated by Miss Jane Porter; they recal some of the operas and ballets of former days; they have visions of the polka, the varsoviana, and the cracovicenne—of exiled counts, great in ladies' drawing-rooms, of wild-eyed, long-haired instrumentalists and vocalists (musical and melancholy), of much life-long misery heroically borne, and of some few impostors. They sigh, they moralise, and they pass on; but it never occurs to them that this "Niobe of nations" was at one time a great power, strong enough to be a terror to the nations which now oppress it, and to stand as a bulwark between the rest of Europe and the vast wave of Ottoman conquest.

The Poles have sometimes been described as the Irish of the Continent; and there is a good deal of truth in the characterisation. They have the same impulsive lyrical temperament; the same impressionable nature; the same love of military adventure; the same devotion to the Roman Catholic faith, resisting all the assaults of Protestantism; and, it is to be feared, the same incapacity for the prosaic work of practical self-government. Yet they must have possessed a greater inherent vitality than our Milesian fellow-subjects; for Poland remained a distinct kingdom till near the close of last century, while the separate nationality of Ireland has ceased to exist for seven hundred years. The maintenance of her independence by Poland is the more remarkable when we consider that, with powerful neighbours, she had but weak frontiers, excepting where the Carpathian mountains divided her from Hungary. The country is for the most part a vast plain—not the best sort of ground to defend against an enemy, though greatly assisted in this respect by the prevalence of large forests and marshes. The word "Pole" in the native tongue signifies a plain; but we are not to suppose that the whole land is an unbroken champaign. Still, flatness is the general characteristic; and the rivers are sluggish, and disposed to overflow their bounds. With these disadvantages—with a climate not very inviting, and a soil not very fertile—it may

appear surprising that Poland should ever have made a figure in the world. But it received the rudiments of civilisation at an earlier period than some of its neighbours, and the military virtues of its people maintained its independence until a comparatively recent epoch.

In the ancient world, Poland was unknown as a separate nation. It formed part of that vast tract stretching from Europe far into the Northern Asiatic plains, and known as Sarmatia, the races inhabiting which were reckoned barbarians by the Greeks and Romans (no doubt very justly), and were held in bad moral repute by their more cultivated neighbours; though what right the latter had to upbraid them on that ground it would be hard to say. The then desolate region, however, had its revenge on the Romans in the days of their decline; for from the various districts of Sarmatia issued forth several of those fierce and warlike tribes which repeatedly sacked the city of the Cæsars, and, rough, savage, and unlettered as they were themselves, formed the connecting link between ancient and modern civilisation. Poland seems to have arisen as a distinct state about the middle of the sixth century; but it was then only a dukedom, and was peopled with wild pagans, who have left few records of themselves in history. The Poles were not converted to Christianity until a rather late period, though earlier than some of the surrounding populations. In the savage recesses of their forests and bogs, they maintained the idolatrous worship of older times until the year 965—only a century before the Norman conquest of England. The founder of the first dynasty was a peasant named Piast, of whom we have no exact account. The dukedom became a kingdom in the year 1000, by favour of the German Emperor, Otho the Third, who recognised its independence of the Empire; and from that time Poland became a power in Europe, and a country to be feared as well as respected.

The most prominent characters in the early history of the land are the five monarchs bearing the name of Boleslaus, or Boleslav. It was in the reign of the first of these (extending over the first quarter of the eleventh century) that the dukedom was raised to the higher rank of a kingdom; and the ruler thus dignified sought every opportunity of asserting his power in the most tangible way. He reduced the whole of Bohemia and Moravia, and, seizing the reigning duke, put out his eyes, following up that atrocity by condemning his son to perpetual imprisonment. Then he carried his victorious arms into Russia, where he restored a certain prince who had been compelled to fly the country. This prince had the ingratitude afterwards to conspire against Boleslaus, who was pursued by the very brother with whom the restored ruler had been engaged in civil war; but the Pole worsted him, after a sanguinary encounter, and, leaving the Muscovite territory, of which he certainly had no reason to think kindly, poured his legions into Pomerania, Prussia, and Saxony, which he subjugated even

to the banks of the Elbe. A long term of peace ensued, during which the king employed his leisure in framing a code of laws, and promoting the prosperity of his extensive dominions. War, however, at length burst out afresh in Russia. Boleslaus, quitting the ease of his court, hastened to the scene of action; achieved a brilliant victory on the banks of the Boristhenes, or Dnieper; imposed a tribute on the conquered people, and reduced them to un murmuring submission. This potent monarch—who might be called the Slavonic Charlemagne or Charles the Twelfth—is the king to whom Tennyson alludes in a noblesonnet written “On hearing of the outbreak of the Polish insurrection” (1830):

O for those days of Piast, ere the Czar
Grew to this strength among his deserts cold;
When even to Moscow's cupolas were roll'd
The growing murmurs of the Polish war!
Now must your noble anger blaze out more
Than when from Sobieski, clan by clan,
The Moslem myriads fell, and fled before;
Than when Zamoyski smote the Tartar Khan;
Than, earlier, when on the Baltic shore
Boleslaus drove the Pomeranian.

The history of the second Boleslaus, surnamed the Bold, is distinguished by many romantic incidents, and has much of an Oriental colour in the violence of its transitions from good to evil fortune. This monarch seems to have constituted himself the general protector and reinstator of deposed sovereigns. With this object, he successfully conducted expeditions into Bohemia, Hungary, and Russia, and in the last-mentioned country subdued by famine the city of Kiev. Kiev was at that time the richest, the most splendid, and the most luxurious, town in Muscovy. To this day, it is a place of great interest and beauty, picturesquely situated, and abounding in records of the past. Seated on two rocky eminences, separated by a deep ravine, it presents a wild vision of old churches, richly adorned; of massive earthen walls enclosing the more sacred precincts of the city; of cathedral pinnacles and palace towers, rising from the clustering boughs of aged trees; of sculptured gates, towering belfries and obelisks, and gilt cupolas connected by golden chains. The catacombs of the ancient monastery of St. Anthony, founded two centuries before the time of Boleslaus the Second, are even now visited by fifty thousand pilgrims every year, from all parts of Russia, who troop there to adore the hundred bodies of Russian saints, which the dryness of the air keeps in admirable preservation. Kiev is the Holy City of the Muscovites—their object of superstitious regard and aspiration, as Mecca is to the Moslem. In the middle of the eleventh century, when subjected by the Polish conqueror, it was a sacred city too; but it was also a centre of enervating enjoyments, though it is said by modern travellers to be now detestable as a residence. Boleslaus treated the vanquished citizens with great generosity, and took up his abode among them for many years,

almost forgetting his native country in the attractions of his new capital. But the voluptuous delights to which he resigned himself had the worst influence on his character. He became sensual, haughty, and despotic, and was only roused from his blissful trance by the outbreak of a rebellion in Poland. The wives of his military followers, offended by the long absence of their husbands, took to their serfs. Intelligence of this arriving at Kiev, the warriors, without asking permission of their leader, hurried back with the determination of taking revenge; but they found this no such easy task as they had supposed. Stimulated by the exhortations of their mistresses, and by the necessity of defending their lives to the utmost, the serfs armed themselves, seized on the fortresses, and resisted with great valour and obstinacy; the women fighting by their sides, and singling out their husbands wherever they could distinguish them from the mass. The struggle was prolonged for a considerable time; in the midst of it Boleslaus arrived from Kiev, with a vast army made up of Russians and Poles; swept down upon both of the contending parties, and quenched the feud in blood. An evil time for the king ensued upon the restoration of peace. He got into a quarrel with the Bishop of Cracow, somewhat like that which our Henry the Second had with Thomas à Becket; and it led to a similar termination, for the bishop was murdered while officiating in his cathedral. In consequence of this crime, Boleslaus was excommunicated by the Pope, and deprived of his sovereignty; his kingdom was laid under an interdict; he was abandoned by his subjects, and forced to fly into Hungary. Some of the monkish writers say that he died a violent death about the year 1080; but it is more generally supposed that he took refuge in a monastery in Carinthia, and expired there in the humble capacity of cook, after having tasted all the power and glory of empire, and all the pleasures of alluring Kiev.

The third and fourth Polish monarchs, bearing the name of Boleslaus, conducted successful expeditions against the German Empire and Prussia, though some of their undertakings were not so fortunate. The third sustained a defeat at the hands of the Russians; and the fourth, after subduing Prussia, and converting its inhabitants, at the point of the sword, into very doubtful Christians, fell into an ambuscade which the treacherous converts had laid for him, and barely escaped with his life. This Boleslaus reigned about the middle of the twelfth century; and early in the following century there was a fifth of the same name—a weak and superstitious monarch, who suffered his kingdom to be ravaged by the Tartars.

Vladislav and Sigismund are two other names frequently borne by Polish kings, and associated with many warlike achievements and memorable events. We find, also, the name of Zamoyski rendered illustrious at different periods by three eminent nobles. The most remarkable of the triad was the first, who died in 1605, after

having, for nearly thirty years, maintained himself at the head of affairs as Grand Chancellor of Poland, despite the intrigues of faction; though a civilian by education, he took the command of the army when almost a middle-aged man, and achieved great successes against the Russians, Swedes, and Tartars. It was he who, in the diet held a little before his death, told the king, Sigismund the Third, that, having misgoverned the country, with a view to his own interests, he might be deposed; and added, seeing the monarch lay his hand on his sword, "Withdraw your hand from your sword, prince. Do not oblige history to record that we were Brutuses, and you a Cæsar."

For several centuries, the acquisitions of territory to the Polish crown were considerable, and exhibit a striking contrast to the present debased and mangled condition of the country. Galicia (now Austrian Poland) was wrested from Russia in the fourteenth century, during the reign of Casimir the Great, who conferred still greater services on his people, by curbing the tyranny of the nobles over the peasants. Lithuania was united with Poland towards the close of the same century, in consequence of the reigning queen, Hedvige, marrying the grand-duke of the smaller state—a pagan prince, who thereupon became christianised. In the middle of the fifteenth century, Poland was augmented by some of the eastern provinces of Prussia. In 1510, the reigning prince of Moldavia and Wallachia was compelled to acknowledge himself a vassal of the powerful sovereigns who ruled at Cracow; and less than fifty years later, Livonia voluntarily placed itself under Polish rule, to avert the danger of subjection by Russia, to which empire the province now belongs, after having for a brief period been incorporated with Sweden. The history of the greater part of the seventeenth century is a record of perpetual contests with Russia, during which the Poles twice penetrated to Moscow, and which, early in the century, led to a cession of Muscovite territory to Poland. One disastrous incident of the period however, must not be forgotten—the temporary conquest of Poland by Charles Gustavus of Sweden. It was not long before the Swedes were expelled; but the reputation of the country suffered, until restored shortly afterwards by the famous John Sobieski.

That truly noble man was the sunset of Polish glory. He was born in Galicia in 1629, and was partially educated in France, where he served as one of the Musketeers of Louis the Fourteenth. An alarming insurrection of Cossacks, joined by Polish serfs, called him in haste from Constantinople, and, joining the national army, he fought with great distinction. Poland was at that time assailed by the Cossacks, the Tartars, the Swedes, and the Russians. The king, John Casimir, was weak and incompetent, and Sobieski soon became the hope of the nation. He rose to the head of the army; defeated the Cossacks and Tartars; and drove out the Turks, who, led by the Sultan, Mahomet the Fourth, in person, had invaded the

country. The throne becoming vacant, Sobieski was elected by acclamation as its next occupant. A fresh Turkish invasion speedily called him into the field. He routed one army, and was soon afterwards compelled to encounter another, led by the Pasha of Damascus, who was called by his followers "the Devil," being deemed by them invincible. The Polish warrior, at the head of only ten thousand men—a mere handful in comparison with the legions of the enemy—entrenched himself between two villages on the banks of the Dniester, and for twenty days withstood a furious cannonade by the Moslems. On the 14th of October, 1676, he suddenly sallied forth, and, drawing up in order of battle, struck a panic terror into the Turks, who conceived that Sobieski could be nothing short of a wizard to defy such odds, and whose commander accordingly offered him honourable terms of peace, which were accepted. During the few years of tranquillity which followed this exploit, Sobieski endeavoured to introduce reforms into the Polish constitution; but he was always defeated by the selfish prejudices of the nobles. It was not long, however, before the European encroachments of the Turks again summoned the king to the active pursuits of war, and gave him the opportunity for the greatest of his military achievements. This time it was not Poland, but the Austrian capital, that was threatened by the Moslem. Vienna was closely beleaguered by the Grand Vizier, Kara Mustapha; and all Europe awaited the issue of the siege with breathless anxiety. Hungary had been already overrun, though the country of the Magyars was generally regarded as the eastern bulwark of Christianity against the tide of Mussulman power. Had Vienna fallen, it is impossible to say where that tide would have stopped; and the crisis was looked upon with the utmost gravity and alarm. At the head of sixteen thousand Poles, Sobieski advanced to the relief of Vienna; being joined by several German contingents, he found himself on the 11th of September, 1683, in command of an army of seventy thousand men. From the mountain ridge of Kalemberg, which dominates Vienna, he saw the plain below covered with the Ottoman hosts. On the following day, the Turks were driven into their entrenchments; but here Sobieski paused, conceiving the position to be too strong for attack. A trifling incident, however, had the effect of suddenly provoking him into a change of purpose which had the happiest results. In the early evening, he caught sight of the Grand Vizier seated at the entrance to his tent, sipping coffee. The cool indifference of this proceeding irritated the Polish king to such a degree that he gave orders for an immediate assault; the Christians dashed like a thunderbolt into the Moslem ranks; and the Turks, after a brief resistance, fled, leaving their enemies in possession of the ground, the whole camp, the artillery, and the baggage.

The latter end of the seventeenth and commencement of the eighteenth centuries, mark a period of history memorable for the produc-

tion of military genius ; but, even when placed side by side with the illustrious names of Turenne, Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, Peter the Great of Russia, Marlborough, Prince Eugène, and Villars, the fame of Sobieski stands out brilliantly. It would have been well for his country if he had been equally successful in domestic legislation. But he was perpetually thwarted in his projects of reform ; and he saw the consequences of his failure with the prevision of a prophet. At the close of the diet of 1688, he thus addressed the assembly : "What will be one day the surprise of posterity to see that, after being elevated to such a height of glory, we have suffered our country to fall into the gulf of ruin ; to fall, alas ! for ever. For myself, I may from time to time have gained her battles ; but I am powerless to save her. I can do no more than leave the future of my beloved land, not to destiny—for I am a Christian—but to God, the High and Mighty."

Eight years after the delivery of these memorable words, Sobieski died ; and the first steps of that ruin which he predicted were not long in making themselves visible. The crown became subservient to the Russian court.

The first partition of Poland took place in 1772, at the instigation of Frederick the Great of Prussia. A territory of upwards of eighty-three thousand square miles was thus lost to Poland, and gained by Russia, Prussia, and Austria. The nobles at last set to work to introduce some of those improvements which had been advocated, a century before, by Sobieski ; but even then the most important were refused. A new code was proposed to the diet, with a view to partially emancipating the peasants. With scarcely credible fatuity, the diet rejected it. A new constitution, however, was proclaimed on the 2nd of May, 1792 ; and by this act the throne was made hereditary after the death of Stanislaus Augustus Poniatowski, the reigning king. Russia and Prussia opposed the new constitution, with the treacherous connivance of Poniatowski ; and in 1793 there was a second partition of Polish soil between the two invading powers. The Russians occupied Warsaw ; but in the following year occurred the celebrated insurrection of which Kosciuszko was the leader. It succeeded for a little while, but was eventually crushed out in 1795, when the remainder of the distracted country was divided between the three powers who had shared the first spoliation. The invasion of Prussia and Russia by Napoleon in 1806, reanimated the hopes of the Poles ; but the peace of Tilsit disappointed their more sanguine expectations. The greater part of the Prussian-Polish territory, however, received a quasi-independence, under the title of the Duchy of Warsaw. This state of things lasted until the general peace of 1815, when Russia, Prussia, and Austria, resumed possession of the whole of the ancient kingdom, with the exception of the city and small territory of Cracow, which were erected into a republic. It must be within the memory of most of our readers that this last fragment of independent Poland was seized

by Austria in 1846, on the ground that it had long been a centre of intrigues for the restoration of the fallen nationality. Cracow was the ancient capital of Poland ; in its fine old Gothic cathedral may be seen memorials of her great men, from the heroes of the mediæval ages, down to Kosciuszko.

High Tory though he was, Lord Castlereagh, who represented England at the Congress of Vienna in 1815, did the most he could to procure for the Poles, not only humane treatment, but something like freedom. The Emperor Alexander of Russia showed himself especially desirous of acceding those favours, though not to the full extent demanded by Castlereagh ; and, the Duchy of Warsaw having been erected into a Kingdom of Poland attached to the Russian crown, a constitution was granted, which guaranteed to the people a separate executive, a parliament, a national army, and the use of the national language. Had the engagement been faithfully observed, that part of Poland which fell to the Czar would probably have remained content. But it is in the nature of such compacts to suffer shipwreck on the first trial. The subjects take more advantage of their guaranteed liberties than the foreign conqueror is pleased to see ; repression follows ; isolated outbreaks among the governed, express the old longings for nationality and complete freedom ; and a pretext is soon found by the despot for falsifying his promises. It was so in Russian Poland ; and at length, in November, 1830, an insurrection burst forth, more formidable than any that had been seen since the days of Kosciuszko. To the indignation of Europe, Prussia gave the same aid to Russia that she is now rendering ; and, after a brief career of success, the patriots were defeated in several engagements, and the autumn of 1831 saw the entire ruin of their plans. From that time to this, Russia has spared no cruelty or oppression to destroy the nationality of the Poles, and to make them a mere undistinguished element in the Muscovite population. A little before the close of the insurrection of 1831, the government of Louis Philippe sought the co-operation of England in demanding of the Czar Nicholas the execution of the stipulations of Vienna. Our present Prime Minister then held the seals of the Foreign Office ; and he declined to interfere, on the ground that England was not prepared to support the demand by "more direct and effectual interference" with her "good and faithful ally" of Russia. Temnyson, writing at the time, said that our neglecting to "aid the right" was

A matter to be wept with tears of blood.

And it *was* so wept, a quarter of a century later, in the Crimea ; for there can be little doubt that the impunity with which the Emperor Nicholas violated the engagements he had inherited, encouraged him to make that subsequent attempt on the life of "the sick man" which, though it terminated in his own humiliation, cost the Western Powers dear.

It will have been seen, from the foregoing historical sketch, that Poland has at all times been fruitful in the production of great men—especially of men possessing signal military genius. There has never been any want of intellect, or of manhood in its most vigorous form, in the Polish people. Yet the nation has lain for three-quarters of a century under the feet of empires which in earlier ages felt the might of its sword, and one of which, less than two hundred years ago, was saved from destruction by its valour and ability. The causes of this change were indicated beforehand by Sobieski. The constitution of Poland was radically false. It was contrived for the benefit of a single class, and that class used its privileges with cruel selfishness. On the death of Casimir the Great, in 1370, the ancient dynasty of Piast, which had held the sceptre from the pre-Christian ages, became extinct; that of Jagellon succeeded; and subsequently the monarchy was made elective. The state was thenceforth called a Republic; and a Republic it really was, only of the very worst kind. It was an aristocratical Commonwealth, headed by a king who was chosen by the nobles exclusively, and who was little better than their puppet. The mutual jealousies of the great lords, which the monarch was powerless to check, often paralysed the whole forces of the country when they were most needed. This, says an old account of Poland, published in 1701, “was the reason why the King of Sweden, with an army of forty thousand, reduced to the last extremity a country whose least armies generally exceeded two hundred thousand fighting men. For their misunderstanding [that of the nobles] is such, and the authority of their prince so little, that, before the diet is assembled, and the gentry come to a resolution, the enemy have time to do what they please, there being no place of strength to put a stop to them until they come to Warsaw.” The privileges and immunities of the nobles were of the most extravagant kind. They had the power of life and death over their vassals, who were no better than slaves. The laws were so ordered as to lead to a constant accumulation of property in the hands of the great landowners. The house of a nobleman was a secure asylum for persons who had committed any crime; for no one had the right to take them thence without the consent of the master. The judges dared not cause a nobleman’s serf to be arrested, or his effects to be seized. Noblemen and their vassals paid no toll or duty on the cattle, corn, &c., which they exported. All civil posts and ecclesiastical dignities were usurped by the territorial lords, to the exclusion of every other class; none but noblemen were qualified to possess estates, with the exception of the burghers of Cracow and four other cities; and such was the disrepute of commerce, that the fact of

engaging in trade caused a nobleman to forfeit the privileges of his birth. The condition of the lower orders was, of course, proportionately wretched. Our old friend Peter Heylyn, writing in 1629, says that the gentlemen were “free,” but that the peasants lived “in miserable subjection to their lords.” And the account from which we have already quoted, and which describes the state of things existing more than seventy years later than the days of Heylyn, speaks of the agricultural population as “the poorest wretches in the world, having not the least thing which they call their own, and being subject to their lords, that treat them worse than galley-slaves. If a neighbour kills a boor, it is but paying the price he is rated at, and the business is made up. And whereas in other countries a nobleman is said to be worth so much a year, here he is said to be master of so many slaves, who work hard, live on little, and dwell in pitiful cabins, daubed with mud, and covered with straw. Their children play, sleep, and eat with the pigs, whilst the father makes use of the hog-trough and cow-rack for table and bed.”

Such was the lot of the Polish peasantry up to the time of the partition; it goes far to explain the fall of a country once great and powerful. The nobility wrangled over their dishonest privileges while the enemy was at the gates; and, when the struggle came, the masses had no heart to strike manfully for the preservation of an independence from foreign rule, which meant only “miserable subjection” to native oppressors. Of all forms of despotism, the aristocratical is the most debasing and cruel—the most devoid of reason and of conscience. It was that which opened the door of Poland to Russia, Prussia, and Austria; and, if the vanquished nationality could be restored to-morrow, it would be ruined a second time, unless the Polish nobility (as we have reason to hope) have at length learnt wisdom from the humiliation and sorrow which their tyrants have forced them to endure.

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VERY HARD CASH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

CHAPTER IV.

THE long vacation commenced about a month afterwards, and Hardie came to his father's house, to read for honours, unimpeded by university races and college lectures; and the ploughed and penitent one packed up his Aldrich and his Whateley, the then authorities in Logic, and brought them home, together with a firm resolution to master that joyous science before the next examination for Smalls in October. But lo! ere he had been an hour at home, he found his things put neatly away in his drawers on the feminine or vertical system—deep strata of waistcoats, strata of trousers, strata of coats, strata of papers—and his Logic gone.

In the course of the evening he taxed his sister good humouredly, and asked "what earthly use that book was to her, not wearing curls."

"I intend to read it, and study it, and teach you it," replied Julia, rather languidly—considering the weight of the resolve.

"Oh, if you have boned it to read, I say no more; the crime will punish itself."

"Be serious, Edward, and think of mamma! I cannot sit with my hands before me, and let you be reploughed."

"I don't want. But—reploughed!—haw, haw! but you can't help me at Logic as you used at Syntax. Why, all the world knows a girl can't learn logic."

"A girl can learn anything she chooses to learn. What she can't learn is things other people set her down to." Before Edward could fully digest this revelation, she gave the argument a new turn, by adding fretfully, "And don't be so unkind, thwarting and teasing me!" and all in a moment she was crying.

"Halloa!" ejaculated Edward, taken quite by surprise. "What is the matter, dears?" inquired maternal vigilance from the other end of the room.

"I don't know, mamma," said Edward.

"What on earth is it, Julia?"

"N—othing. Don't torment me!"

Mrs. Dodd came quietly to them. "You did not speak brusquely to her, Edward?"

"No, no," said Julia, eagerly. "It is I that

am turned so cross, and so peevish. I am quite a changed girl. Mamma, what is the matter with me?" And she laid her brow on her mother's bosom.

Mrs. Dodd caressed the lovely head soothingly with one hand, and made a sign over it to Edward to leave them alone. She waited quietly till Julia was composed: and then said, softly, "Come, tell me what it is; nothing that Edward said to you; for I heard almost every word, and I was just going to smile, or nearly, when you—And, my love, it is not the first time, you know; I would not tell Edward, but I have more than once seen your eyes with tears in them."

"Have you, mamma?" said Julia, scarcely above a whisper.

"Why, you know I have. But I said to myself it was no use forcing confidence. I thought I would be very patient, and wait till you came to me with it; so now, what is it, my darling? Why do you speak of one thing, and think of another? and cry without any reason that your mother can see?"

"I don't know, mamma," said Julia, hiding her head. "I think it is because I sleep so badly. I rise in the morning hot and quivering, and more tired than I lay down."

"I am sorry to hear it," said Mrs. Dodd. "How long is this?"

Julia did not answer this question; she went on, with her face still hidden, "Mamma, I do feel so depressed and hysterical, or else in violent spirits; but not nice and cheerful as you are, and I used to be; and I go from one thing to another, and can settle to nothing; even in church I attend by fits and starts: I forgot to water my very flowers last night; and I heard Mrs. Maxley out of my window tell Sarah I am losing my colour. Am I? But what does it matter? I am losing my sense; for I catch myself for ever looking in the glass, and that is a sure sign of a fool; and I cannot pass the shops; I stand and look in, and long for the very dearest silks, and for diamonds in my hair." A deep sigh followed the confession of these multiform imperfections; but the criminal looked a little relieved by it; and half raised her head to watch the effect.

As for Mrs. Dodd, she opened her eyes wide with surprise; but at the end of the heterogeneous catalogue she smiled, and said, "I cannot believe that. If ever there was a young

lady free from personal vanity it is my Julia. Why, your thoughts run by nature away from yourself; you were born for others."

Her daughter kissed her gratefully, and smiled: but, after a pause, said, sorrowfully, "Ah, that was the old Julia, as seen with your dear eyes. I have almost forgotten *her*. The new one is what I tell you, dear mamma, and that" (with sudden fervour) "is a dreamy, wandering, vain, egotistical, hysterical, abominable girl."

"Let me kiss this monster that I have brought into the world," said Mrs. Dodd. "And now let me think." She rested her eyes calm and penetrating upon her daughter; and at this mere look, but a very searching one, the colour mounted and mounted in Julia's cheek strangely.

"After all," said Mrs. Dodd, thoughtfully, "yours is a critical age; perhaps my child is turning to a woman; my rosebud to a rose." And she sighed. Mothers will sigh at things none other ever sighed at.

"To a weed, I fear," replied Julia. "What will you say when I own I felt no real joy at Edward's return this time? And yesterday I cried, 'Do get away, and don't pester me!'"

"To your brother? Oh!"

"Oh no, mamma, that was to poor Spot. He jumped on me in a reverie, all affection, poor thing."

"Well, for your comfort, dogs do not appreciate the niceties of our language."

"I am afraid they do; when we kick them."

Mrs. Dodd smiled at the admission implied here, and the deep penitence it was uttered with. But Julia remonstrated, "Oh no! no! don't laugh at me, but help me with your advice: you are so wise and so experienced: you must have been a girl before you were an angel. You *must* know what is the matter with me. O, do pray cure me; or else kill me, for I cannot go on like this, all my affections deadened, and my peace disturbed."

And now the mother looked serious and thoughtful enough; and the daughter watched her furtively; "Julia," said Mrs. Dodd, very gravely, "if it was not my child, reared under my eye, and never separated from me a single day, I should say, this young lady is either afflicted with some complaint, and it affects her nerves, and spirits; or else she has—she is—what inexperienced young people call 'in love.' You need not look so frightened, child; nobody in their senses suspects *you* of imprudence or delicacy; and therefore I feel quite sure that your constitution is at a crisis, or your health has suffered some shock; pray Heaven it may not be a serious one. You will have the best advice, and without delay, I promise you."

During the pronunciation of this judgment Julia's countenance was really a sight. Always transparent, it was now nearly prismatic, so swiftly did various emotions chase one another over those vivid features, emotions that seemed strangely disproportioned to the occasion; for among them were hope, and fear, and shame.

But when Mrs. Dodd arrived at her prosaic conclusion, a kaleidoscope seemed suddenly to

shut, so abruptly did the young face lose its mobility and life; and its owner said, sadly and almost doggedly, "My only hope was in you and your wisdom, not in nasty doctors."

This expression, so flattering, at first sight, to a great profession, was but a feminine ellipse; she meant "doctors whose prescriptions are nasty." However, the learned reader has already seen she was not behind her sex in feats of grammar.

That very evening, Mrs. Dodd sent a servant into the town with a note like a cocked-hat, and next morning Mr. Coleman the apothecary called. Mrs. Dodd introduced the patient, and as soon as he had examined her pulse and tongue, gave her a signal to retire, and detailed her symptoms: loss of sleep, unevenness of spirits, listlessness, hysteria. Mr. Coleman listened reverentially; then gave his opinion: that there was no sign of consumption, nor indeed of any organic disorder; but considerable functional derangement, which it would be prudent to arrest. He bowed out profoundly, and in one hour a buttoned boy called and delivered a smart salute; a box of twenty-eight pills; and a bottle containing six draughts: the quantity of each was determined by horizontal glass lines raised on the phial at equal distances: the pills contained aloe, colocynth, soap, and another ingredient I have unfortunately forgotten: the draught, steel, columba root, camphor, and cardamoms. Two pills for every night, a draught three times a day.

"I do not quite understand this, Julia," said Mrs. Dodd; "here are pills for a fortnight, but the bottle will last only two days."

The mystery was cleared by the pretty page arriving every other day with a fresh phial, and a military flourish of hand to cap.

After the third bottle (as toppers say), Mrs. Dodd felt uneasy. All this saluting, and firing of phials, at measured intervals, smacked of routine and nonchalance too much to satisfy her tender anxiety; and some instinct whispered that an airy creature, threatened with a mysterious malady, would not lower herself to be cured by machinery.

So she sent for Mr. Osmond, a consulting surgeon, who bore a high reputation in Barkington. He came; and proved too plump for that complete elegance she would have desired in a medical attendant; but had a soft hand, a gentle touch, and a subdued manner. He spoke to the patient with a kindness which won the mother directly; had every hope of setting her right without any violent or disagreeable remedies; but, when she had retired, altered his tone, and told Mrs. Dodd seriously she had done well to send for him in time; it was a case of "Hyperæsthesia" (Mrs. Dodd clasped her hands in alarm), "or, as unprofessional persons would say, 'excessive sensibility.'"

Mrs. Dodd was somewhat relieved. Translation blunts thunderbolts. She told him she had always feared for her child on that score. But was sensibility curable? Could a nature be changed?

He replied, that the Idiosyncrasy could not; but its morbid excess could, especially when taken in time. Advice was generally called in too late. However, here the only serious symptom was the Insomnia. "We must treat her for that," said he, writing a prescription; "but for the rest, active employment, long walks, or rides, and a change of scene and associations, will be all that will be required. In these cases," resumed Mr. Osmond, "connected as they are with Hyperæmia, medical men consider moderate venesection to be indicated."

"Venesection? Why, that is bleeding," ejaculated Mrs. Dodd, and looked aghast.

Mr. Osmond saw her repugnance, and flowed aside: "But here, where Cephalalgia and other symptoms are wanting, it is not called for in the least; indeed, would be inadvisable." He then put on his gloves, saying carelessly, "The diet, of course, must be Antiphlogistic."

Mrs. Dodd thanked him warmly for the interest he had shown, and, after ringing the bell, accompanied him herself to the head of the stairs, and then asked him would he add to his kindness by telling her where she could buy *that*?

Mr. Osmond looked surprised at the question, and told her any chemist would make it up for her. It was only a morphine pill, to be taken every night.

"Oh, I do not mean the prescription," explained Mrs. Dodd, "but the new food the dear child is to take? An—flo—Gistic, was it? I had better write it down, sir;" and she held her wee ivory tablets ready.

Mr. Osmond stared, then smiled superior: "Antiphlogistic is not an esculent, it is a medical term."

"There, see my ignorance!" said Mrs. Dodd, sweetly.

He replied courteously, "I am afraid it is, 'See my rudeness, talking Greek to a lady.' But it is impossible to express medical ideas by popular terms. 'Antiphlogistic' is equivalent to non-inflammatory. You must know that nearly all disorders arise from, or are connected with, 'phlegmon,' that is, morbid heat; inflammation. Then a curative system antagonistic to heat, in short, an Antiphlogistic treatment, restores the healthy equilibrium by the cooling effect of venesection or cupping in violent cases, followed by drastic agents, and by vesication and even salivation if necessary—don't be alarmed! Nothing in so mild a case as this indicates the exhibition of active remedies—and, in all cases, serious or the reverse, the basis of the treatment is a light abstemious diet; a diet at once lowering and cooling: in one word, Antiphlogistic. Let us say then, for breakfast, dry toast with very little butter—no coffee—cocoa (from the nibs), or weak tea: for luncheon, beef-tea or mutton-broth: for dinner, a slice of roast chicken, and tapioca, or semolina, pudding. I would give her one glass of sherry, but no more, and barley-water; it would be as well to avoid brown meats, at all events for the present. With these precautions, my dear madam, I think your anxiety will soon be happily removed."

Upon the good surgeon's departure, Mrs. Dodd went in search of Julia, and told her she was charmed with him. "So kind and considerate. He enters into my solicitude, and seems to partake it; and, he speaks under his breath, and selects his expressions. You are to take a narcotic, and long walks, and an antiphlogistic diet."

Julia took her long walks and light diet; and became a little pale at times, and had fewer bursts of high spirits in the intervals of depression. Her mother went with her care to a female friend. The lady said she would not trust to surgeons and apothecaries; she would have a downright physician. "Why not go to the top of the tree at once, and call in Dr. Short? You have heard of him?"

"Oh yes; I have even met him in society; a most refined person; I will certainly follow your advice and consult him. Oh, thank you, Mrs. Bosanquet! A propos, do you consider him skilful?"

"Oh, immensely; he is a particular friend of my husband's."

This was so convincing, that off went another three-cocked note, and next day a dark green carriage and pair dashed up to Mrs. Dodd's door, and Dr. Short bent himself in an arc, got out, and slowly mounted the stairs. He was six feet two, wonderfully thin, livid, and gentleman-like. Fine long head, keen eye, lantern jaws. At sight of him Mrs. Dodd rose and smiled, Julia started and sat trembling. He stepped across the room inaudibly, and, after the usual civilities, glanced at the patient's tongue, and touched her wrist delicately. "Pulse is rapid," said he.

Mrs. Dodd detailed the symptoms. Dr. Short listened with the patient politeness of a gentleman, to whom all this was superfluous. He asked for a sheet of note-paper, and divided it so gently, he seemed to be persuading one thing to be two; he wrote a pair of prescriptions, and whilst thus employed looked up every now and then and conversed with the ladies.

"You have a slight subclavicular affection, Miss Dodd: I mean, a little pain under the shoulder-blade."

"No, sir," said Julia, quietly.

Dr. Short looked a little surprised; his female patients rarely contradicted him. Was it for them to disown things he was so good as to assign them?

"Ah!" said he, "you are not conscious of it: all the better; it must be slight; a mere uneasiness: no more." He then numbered the prescriptions 1, 2, and advised Mrs. Dodd to drop No. 1 after the eighth day, and substitute No. 2, to be continued until convalescence. He put on his gloves, to leave. Mrs. Dodd, then, with some hesitation, asked him humbly whether she might ask him what the disorder was. "Certainly, madam," said he, graciously; "your daughter is labouring under a slight torpidity of the liver. The first prescription is active, and is to clear the gland itself, and the biliary ducts, of the excretory accumulation; and the second

is exhibited to promote a healthy normal habit in that important part of the vascular system."

"A liver complaint, Dr. Short! What, then, it is not Hyperæsthesia?"

"Hyperæsthesia? There is no such disorder in the books."

"You surprise me," said Mrs. Dodd. "Dr. Osmond certainly thought it was Hyperæsthesia." And she consulted her wee tablets to establish the word.

Meantime, Dr. Short's mind, to judge by his countenance, was away roaming distant space in search of Osmond. "Osmond? Osmond? I do not know that name in medicine."

"O, O, O!" cried Julia, "and they both live in the same street!" Mrs. Dodd held up her finger to this outspoken patient.

But a light seemed to break in on Dr. Short. "Ah! you mean Mr. Osmond: a surgeon. A very respectable man, a most respectable man. I do not know a more estimable person—in his grade of the profession—than my good friend Mr. Osmond. And so he gives opinions in medical cases, does he?" Dr. Short paused, apparently to realise this phenomenon in the world of Mind. He resumed in a different tone: "You may have misunderstood him. Hyperæsthesia exists, of course; since he says so. But Hyperæsthesia is not a Complaint; it is a Symptom. Of biliary derangement. My worthy friend looks at disorders from a mental point; very natural: his interest lies that way, perhaps you are aware: but profounder experience proves that mental sanity is merely one of the results of bodily health: and I am happy to assure you that, the biliary canal once cleared, and the secretions restored to the healthy habit, by these prescriptions, the Hyperæsthesia, and other concomitants of hepatic derangement, will disperse, and leave our interesting patient in the enjoyment of her natural intelligence, her friends' affectionate admiration, and above all, of a sound constitution. Ladies, I have the honour—" and the Doctor eked out this sentence by rising.

"Oh, thank you, Dr. Short," said Mrs. Dodd, rising with him; "you inspire me with confidence, and gratitude." As if under the influence of these feelings only she took Dr. Short's palm, and pressed it. Of the two hands, which met for a moment then, one was soft and melting, the other a bunch of bones; but both were very white, and so equally adroit, that a double fee passed without the possibility of a bystander suspecting it.

For the benefit of all young virgins afflicted like Julia Dodd, here are the Doctor's prescriptions:

FOR MISS DODD.

℞ Pil: Hydrarg: Chlor: Co:
singul: nocte sumend:
Decoc: Aloes Co: ʒj
omni mane.
viii. Sept. J. S.

FOR MISS DODD.

℞ Conf: Sennæ.

Potass: Bitartrat.

Extr: Tarax: ā ā ʒss

Misft: Elect: Cujus sum: ʒj omni mane.
xviii. Sept. J. S.

Id.; Anglicè reddit: per me Carol: Arundin:

The same done into English by me C. R.

FOR MISS DODD.

1. O Jupiter aid us!! Plummer's pill to be taken every night. 1 oz. compound decoction of Aloes every morning. 8th Sept. J. S.

FOR MISS DODD.

2. O Jupiter aid us!! with Confection of Senna, Bitartrate of Potash, extract of Dandelion, of each half an ounce, let an electuary be mixed; of which let her take 1 drachm every morning. 18th Sept. J. S.

"Quite the courtier," said Mrs. Dodd, delighted. Julia assented: she even added, with a listless yawn, "I had no idea that a skeleton was such a gentlemanlike thing; I never saw one before."

Mrs. Dodd admitted he was very thin.

"Oh no, mamma; thin implies a little flesh. When he felt my pulse, a chill struck to my heart; Death in a black suit seemed to steal up to me, and lay a finger on my wrist: and mark me for his own."

Mrs. Dodd forbade her to give way to such gloomy ideas; and expostulated firmly with her for judging learned men by their bodies. "However," said she, "if the good, kind doctor's remedies do not answer his expectations and mine, I shall take you to London directly. I do hope papa will soon be at home."

Poor Mrs. Dodd was herself slipping into a morbid state. A mother collecting Doctors! It is a most fascinating kind of connoisseurship; grows on one like Drink; like Polemics; like Melodrama; like the Millennium; like any Thing.

Sure enough the very next week she and Julia sat patiently at the morning levee of an eminent and titled London surgeon. Full forty patients were before them: so they had to wait and wait. At last they were ushered into the presence-chamber, and Mrs. Dodd entered on the beaten ground of her daughter's symptoms. The noble surgeon stopped her civilly but promptly. "Auscultation will give us the clue," said he, and drew his stethoscope. Julia shrank, and cast an appealing look at her mother; but Mrs. Dodd persuaded her to it by taking part in the examination, and making it as delicate as possible. The young lady sat panting, with cheeks flushing shame, and eyes flashing indignation. The impassive chevalier reported on each organ in turn without moving his ear from the key-hole. "Lungs pretty sound," said he, a little plaintively: "so is the liver. Now for the—Hum? There is no kardiak insufficiency, I think, neither mitral nor tricuspid. If we find no tendency to hypertrophy we shall do very well. Ah, I have succeeded in diagnosing a slight diastolic

murmur; very slight." He deposited the instrument, and said, not without a certain shade of satisfaction that his research had not been fruitless, "The Heart is the peccant organ."

"Oh, sir! is it serious?" said poor Mrs. Dodd.

"By no means. Try this" (he scratched a prescription which would not have misbecome the tomb of Cheops); "and come again in a month." Ting! He struck a bell. That "ting" said, "Go, live Guinea! and another come!"

"Heart disease now!" said Mrs. Dodd, sinking back in her hired carriage, and the tears were in her patient eyes.

"My own, own mamma," said Julia, earnestly, "do not distress yourself! I have no disease in the world, but my old, old, old one, of being a naughty, wayward girl. As for you, mamma, you have resigned your own judgment to your inferiors, and that is both our misfortunes. Dear, dear mamma, do take me to a doctress next time, if you have not had enough."

"To a what, love?"

"A she-doctor, then."

"A female physician, child? There is no such thing. No; assurance is becoming a characteristic of our sex: but we have not yet intruded ourselves into the learned professions; thank Heaven."

"Excuse me, mamma, there are one or two; for the newspapers say so."

"Well, dear, there are none in this country; happily."

"What, not in London?"

"No."

"Then what is the use of such a great overgrown place, all smoke, if there is nothing in it you cannot find in the country? Let us go back to Barkington this very day, this minute, this instant; oh, pray, pray."

"And so you shall—to-morrow. But you must pity your poor mother's anxiety, and see Dr. Chalmers first."

"Oh, mamma, not another surgeon! He frightened me; he hurt me; I never heard of such a thing; he ought to be ashamed of himself; oh, please not another surgeon."

"It is not a surgeon, dear; it is the Court Physician."

The Court Physician detected "a somewhat morbid condition of the great nervous centres." To an inquiry whether there was heart-disease, he replied, "Pooh!" On being told Sir William had announced heart-disease, he said, "Ah! that alters the case entirely." He maintained, however, that it must be trifling, and would go no further, the nervous system once restored to its healthy tone. "O, Jupiter, aid us! Blue pill and black draught."

Dr. Kenyon found the mucous membrane was irritated and required soothing. "O, Jupiter, &c. Blue pill and Seidlitz powder."

Mrs. Dodd returned home consoled and confused; Julia listless and apathetic. Tea was ordered, with two or three kinds of bread, thinnest slices of meat, and a little blanc mange, &c.,

their favourite repast after a journey; and, whilst the tea was drawing, Mrs. Dodd looked over the card-tray and enumerated the visitors that had called during their absence: "Dr. Short—Mr. Osmond—Mrs. Hetherington—Mr. Alfred Hardie—Lady Dewry—Mrs. and Miss Bosanquet. What a pity Edward was not at home, dear; Mr. Alfred Hardie's visit must have been to him."

"Oh, of course, mamma."

"A very manly young gentleman."

"Oh yes. No. He is so rude."

"Is he? Ah, he was ill just then, and pain irritates gentlemen: they are not accustomed to it, poor Things."

"That is like you, dear mamma; making excuses for one." Julia added, faintly, "but he is so impetuous."

"I have a daughter who reconciles me to impetuosity. And he *must* have a good heart, he was so kind to my boy."

Julia looked down smiling; but presently seemed to be seized with a spirit of contradiction; she began to pick poor Alfred to pieces; he was this, that, and the other; and then so bold, she might say impudent.

Mrs. Dodd replied calmly that he was very kind to her boy.

"Oh, mamma, you cannot approve all the words he spoke."

"It is not worth while to remember all the words young gentlemen speak, now-a-days; he was very kind to my boy, I remember that."

The tea was now ready, and Mrs. Dodd sat down, and patted a chair, with a smile of invitation for Julia to come and sit beside her. But Julia said, "In one minute, dear," and left the room.

When she came back, she fluttered up to her mother and kissed her vehemently, then sat down radiant. "Ah!" said Mrs. Dodd, "why, you are looking yourself once more. How do you feel now? Better?"

"How do I feel? Let me see: the world seems one e-nor-mous flower-garden, and Me the butterfly it all belongs to." She spake, and to confirm her words the airy thing went waltzing, sailing, and fluttering round the room, and sipping mamma every now and then on the wing.

In this buoyancy she remained some twenty-four hours; and then came clouds and chills, which, in their turn, gave way to exultation, duly followed by depression. Her spirits were so uncertain, that things too minute to justify narration turned the scale either way: a word from Mrs. Dodd—a new face at St. Anne's Church looking devoutly her way—a piece of town gossip distilled in her ear by Mrs. Maxley—and she was sprightly or languid, and both more than reason.

Mrs. Dodd had not the clue; and each extreme caused her anxiety; for her own constitution, and her experience of life, led her to connect health, and happiness too, with gentle, even spirits.

One drizzly afternoon they were sitting silent and soddish in the drawing-room, Mrs. Dodd

correcting the mechanical errors in a drawing of Julia's, and admiring the rare dash and vigour, and Julia doggedly studying Dr. Whateley's Logic, with now and then a sigh, when suddenly a trumpet seemed to articulate in the little hall: "Mestress Doedd at home?"

The lady rose from her seat, and said with a smile of pleasure, "I hear a voice."

The door opened, and in darted a hard featured, grey headed man, laughing and shouting like a schoolboy broke loose. He cried out, "Aha! I've found y' out at last." Mrs. Dodd glided to meet him, and put out both her hands, the palms downwards, with the prettiest air of ladylike cordiality; he shook them heartily. "The vagabins said y' had left the town; but y' had only flitted from the quay to the subbubs; 'twas a pashint put me on the scint of ye. And how are y' all these years? an' how's the Sawmill?" "Sawmill! What is that?"

"It's just your husband. Isn't his name Sawmill?"

"Dear, no! Have you forgotten?—David."

"Ou, ay. I knew it was some Scripcher Petrarch or another, Daavid, or Naathan, or Sawmill. He is a fine lad any way—and how is he, and where is he?"

Mrs. Dodd replied that he was on the seas, but expect—

"Then I wish him well off 'em, confound 'em onenall! Halloo! why, this will be the little girl grown up int' a wumman while ye look round."

"Yes, my good friend; and her mother's darling."

"And she's a bonny lass, I can tell ye. But no freend to the Dockers, I see."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Dodd, sadly, "looks are deceitful; she is under medical advice at this very—"

"Well, that won't hurt her, unless she takes it." And he burst into a ringing laugh: but, in the middle of it, stopped dead short, and his face elongated. "Lordsake, mad'm," said he, impressively, "mind what y' are at, though; Barkton's just a trap for fanciful femuls: there's a n'oily ass called Osmond, and a canting cut-throat called Stephenson, and a genteel, cada-veris old assassin called Short, as long as a maypole; they'd soon take the rose out of Miss Floree's cheek here. Why, they'd starve Cupid, an' venesack Venus, an' blister Pomonee, the vagabins."

Mrs. Dodd looked a little confused, and exchanged speaking glances with Julia. However, she said, calmly, "I have consulted Mr. Osmond, and Dr. Short; but have not relied on them alone. I have taken her to Sir William Best. And to Dr. Chalmers. And to Dr. Kenyon." And she felt invulnerable behind her phalax of learning and reputation.

"Good Hivens!" roared the visitor, "what a gauntlet o' gabies for one girl to run; and come out alive! And the picter of health. My faith, Miss Floree, y' are tougher than ye look."

"My daughter's name is Julia," observed Mrs. Dodd, a little haughtily; but instantly recover-

ing herself, she said, "This is Dr. Sampson, love, an old friend of your mother's."

"And th' Author an' Invintor of th' great Chronothairmal Therey o' Midicine, th' Unity Perriodicity an' Remittency f' all disease," put in the visitor, with such prodigious swiftness of elocution, that the words went tumbling over one another like railway carriages out on pleasure, and the sentence was a pile of loud, indistinct syllables.

Julia's lovely eyes dilated at this dishmaclaver, and she bowed coldly. Dr. Sampson was repulsive to her: he had revealed in this short interview nearly all the characteristics of voice, speecl, and manner, she had been taught from infancy to shun: boisterous, gesticulatory, idiomatic; and had taken the discourse out of her mamma's mouth, twice; now Albion Villa was a Red Indian hut in one respect: here, nobody interrupted.

Mrs. Dodd had little personal egotism, but she had a mother's, and could not spare this opportunity of adding another Doctor to her collection: so she said, hurriedly, "Will you permit me to show you what your learned confères have prescribed her?" Julia sighed aloud, and deprecated the subject with earnest furtive signs; Mrs. Dodd would not see them. Now, Dr. Sampson was himself afflicted with what I shall venture to call a mental ailment; to wit, a furious intolerance of other men's opinions; he had not even patience to hear them.

"Mai—dear—mad'm," said he, hastily, "when you've told me their names, that's enough. Short treats her for liver, Sir William goes in for lung disease or heart, Chalmers sis it's the nairves, and Kinyon the mukis membrin; and I say they are fools and lyres all four."

"Julia!" ejaculated Mrs. Dodd, "this is very extraordinary."

"No, it is not extraordinary," cried Dr. Sampson, defiantly: "nothing is extraordinary. And d'ye think I've known these shallow men thirty years, and not plumbed 'um?"

"Shallow, my good friend? Excuse me! they are the ablest men in your own branch of your own learned profession."

"Th' ablest?! Oh, you mean the money-makingest: now listen me! our lairned Profession is a rascally one. It is like a barrel of beer. What rises to the top?" Here he paused for a moment, then answered himself furiously, "THE SCUM!"

This blast blown, he moderated a little. "Look see!" said he, "up to three or four thousand a year, a Docker is often an honest man, and sometimes knows something of medicine; not much, because it is not taught anywhere; but if he is making over five thousand, he must be a rogue, or else a fool: either he has boeed an' boeed, and cript an' crawled, int' wholesale collusion with th' apothecary an' th' accoucheur—the two jockeys that drive John Bull's famely coach—and they are sucking the pashint together, like a leash o' leeches; or else he has turned spicialist; has tacked his name to some poplar disorder, real or imaginary; it needn't exist to

be poplar. Now, those four you have been to are specialists, and that means monomaniacs—why on airth didn't ye come to me among the rest?—their buddies exspatiate in West-ind squares, but their souls dwell in a n'alley ivery man Jack of 'em: Aberford's in Stomieli Alley, Chalmers's in Nairve Court, Short's niver stirs out o' Liver Lane, Paul's is stuck fast in Kidney Close, Kinyon's in Mukis Membrin Mews, and Hibbards's in Lung Passage. Look see! nixt time y' are out of sorts, stid o' consulting three bats an a n'owl at a guinea the piece, send direct to me, and I'll give y' all their opinions, and all their prescriptions, *gratis*. And deevilich dear ye'll find 'em at the price, if ye swallow 'm."

Mrs. Dodd thanked him coldly for the offer, but said she would be more grateful if he would show his superiority to persons of known ability, by just curing her daughter on the spot.

"Well, I will," said he, carelessly; and all his fire died out of him. "Put out your tongue!—Now your pulse!"

THE POLISH STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

THE western corner of the map of Russia is a small projecting spot, inscribed "Kingdom of Poland" (because it has no king); and is all which is apparent, in name, of the goodly territory known as Poland previous to 1772. This Russian province resembles the summit of a hill overtopping the waters of a mighty inundation. It is the Ararat of the Polish world. All the rest of the titular country has been submerged and swamped by the encroaching waves of a threefold deluge. Posen, Volhynia, Galicia, and the rest, are no longer Polish, but respectively Prussian, Russian, and Austrian. Poland is a victim whose members have been swallowed by three separate political boa-constrictors. Are reunion and resuscitation possible? or, Is she digested and dead? are the leading questions of the day.

Poland is cut off from Western Europe not only by geographical distance, but also by the peculiarities of her language, which is so complex and difficult that Poles are apt to say that no foreigner can ever learn it thoroughly. They vaunt its richness, variety, and power; and it is still a living language, and a bond of union amongst those who speak it. It is the most perfect of the Slavonic dialects, far superior to Russian. It has great aptitude for inversion, like Latin and Greek. It is particularly clear and precise. Its nouns have seven cases, and, like the Greek, three numbers instead of two. The adjectives (and even some substantives, as proper names) are declined by gender and number. The necessity of employing the article in some cases, and the power of dispensing with it in others, are a great advantage. And in the Polish conjugations, there is no need to employ the personal pronoun incessantly, because the terminations of the verb fulfil their office. Those terminations go so far as to indicate the gender of the persons speaking or spoken of. Add to

all this an abundance of augmentatives and diminutives, like the Italian, and you have a language which in itself constitutes a national Freemasonry. On the other hand, the Poles are admirable linguists with regard to languages not their own.

Old national customs are cherished. The dances and fêtes are completely national; nothing is borrowed, all is original. The Swiecone, or Blessing, is one of their most interesting customs. It is a repast served after mass on Easter Sunday, of which the whole family partakes standing. Most of the dishes, prepared beforehand, are served cold. It is not permitted to taste of the feast before the benediction by the priest; whence the name. The tables are sometimes laid and garnished several days beforehand, in rooms carefully locked to keep out intruders. On Easter Day, after the blessing, everybody wishes everybody a happy year. Before the beginning of the meal, the host offers blessed eggs to his guests, who are obliged to accept them.

In old times, the Blessing was a weighty matter. The Palatin Sapieba served to a number of Lithuanian and Polish lords a lamb prepared with pistaehio nuts. The lamb represented the Agnus Dei, and was surmounted by a little flag. On another side were four wild boars (figuring the four seasons) stuffed with ham and sausages. Further on, were twelve stags (typical of the months of the year) roasted whole, with their horns gilt, and filled with rabbits, hares, and pheasants. Fifty-two tarts, of enormous circumference, answered to the number of weeks. Three hundred and sixty-five cakes called to mind the days of the year. Wine was supplied in silver vessels of corresponding multitude.

The custom of the Blessing still exists. In Warsaw, and other large towns, the Easter rejoicings last a fortnight. In the country, the gentry invite their friends to sojourn with them the same space of time. The peasants, even, keep the feast as well as they can, with eggs, sausages, roast lamb, ham, and cakes made with saffron and plums. These national observances are not swept away by the absorption into Russian territory. The people cling to them more closely than ever.

The partition of Poland is a historical event with which our readers are familiar; and for nearly one hundred years the Muscovite government has been striving to obliterate the landmarks which divide it from its share of the spoil. All methods have been tried, except impartial and liberal treatment. Polish patriots now hold that any compromise with Russia would be the worst step that Poland could take; and they give their reasons. They are obliged to arrive at the conviction that the object of their oppression is not to conquer the insurrection, but to crush the country utterly. One general has been publicly accused of offering five roubles (about sixteen shillings) for every insurgent's head brought to him by the peasants. For him, of course, one head is as good as another, provided it only be Polish. Superior officers in the Russian service,

who still have hearts, prefer suicide to the execution of orders which degrade both the Russian army and its leaders.

When the emperor's brother arrived in Warsaw, patriots feared that the population, worn out by long suffering and seduced by brilliant promises, might be persuaded to give up the silent protest which they had hitherto so firmly persevered in. If they were to believe the flattering rumours wafted from St. Petersburg, a new era was about to commence for the wretched people, and the prince was come to inaugurate a new and national policy. But the Russian court, although alarmed at the attitude of all parties in ancient Poland, and the sympathy which it excited in Western Europe, merely wanted to deceive France and England by apparent concession, and to cheat the Poles of their independence while holding out magnificent promises. The Grand-Duke Constantine and the Marquis Wielopolski did their best to effect what, in private life, would be called a swindling transaction.

The grand-duke issued patriotic proclamations; he addressed gracious words to the shoemaker Hiszpanski; he warmly appealed to Count André Zamoyski to make friendly advances to the Marquis Wielopolski; he gave the name of Waclaw to his new-born son, and confided him to a Polish nurse: all which were pilot-balloons and baits, to entice consistent patriots and eminent citizens into the meshes of the great Muscovite net. The Poles were to abandon their future chances of independence; in return, no offer was made either of the constitution of 1815, or of a national army, or of the Polish flag, or individual liberty, or of the freedom of the press, or of the reunion of the ancient provinces to the kingdom of Poland. All these were claimed by the Poles; nothing was given.

One instance will illustrate the animus of Russia towards Poland. The mother of an insurgent who had been taken prisoner, lately implored the grand-duke's clemency. The prince, perhaps touched with pity, perhaps conscious that tyranny must have its limits, referred the case to General Rozimoff, and inquired whether he might be allowed to do anything for the prisoner. The general replied that the man belonged to the very worst class of offenders, and that he had killed three Russians in a skirmish. The mother rejoined that it was false; for the *Dziennik Powwszeckny* (the official journal) had stated that *no* Russian had perished in that encounter.

The mask has fallen, and Russia once more shows herself the same as she was under Catherine, Suvarrow, and Nicholas. Count André Zamoyski, torn from his dying wife, was transported to St. Petersburg and sent into exile. Count Roniker, marshal of the nobility of Podolia, and all the marshals of the districts of that province, were arrested and imprisoned. But the ukase concerning discretionary recruiting in Poland (the discretion being exercised by the Russian authorities) is what has made the yoke unbearable, as a very little explanation will show.

By an imperial order of the year 1834, the

inhabitants of Poland were assimilated to those of the Russian empire, as far as regards military service. Consequently, since that date, the kingdom of Poland has been included in the general military system, and has been obliged to conform to the measures generally taken throughout the empire in furnishing its contingent number of men. So far, there appears no great oppression or injustice towards a conquered, or rather a violently annexed, population.

In the empire, the eastern and the western regions have alternately supplied, every other year, the required number of recruits; but the kingdom of Poland, which, in virtue of an ukase of 1834, ought to furnish an annual contingent, had still only to furnish half the proportional number of men required every two years from each half of the empire. This regulation lasted until 1855, the year in which the last recruitment took place. On the 26th of August, 1856, shortly after the end of the Crimean war, the general recruitment was suspended for three years, and then again for three years more.

At present, with the intention of preventing, as far as possible, any increase of the contingent, by the formation of a strong reserve (and also to fill up the vacancies in the army and navy), his majesty ordained, by his ukase of the 1st of September last, a general levy, for the year 1863, in both the eastern and the western regions, and consequently, as a matter of course, in the kingdom of Poland also. So far, the emperor's treatment of his subjects is impartial and equal. But the tyrant's unfair and oppressive blow is now about to fall heavily.

By a letter of the 17th of September last, the Russian Minister of War informed his imperial highness, the grand-duke lieutenant, that, "as far as concerns the recruiting to take place in the kingdom of Poland, his majesty, considering the introduction of the *robot* (free labour instead of compulsory labour) at this moment;—and considering besides that in the exceptional condition which the country is placed, the mode of recruiting by drawing lots (the legal mode) MIGHT BE INCONVENIENT:

"His majesty has deigned to ordain, in conformity with the proposal of his imperial highness, that the first general recruitment for the kingdom of Poland shall be adjourned, and a partial recruitment only shall be made at present. Drawing lots shall, this time, be replaced by the designation of individuals fit for the service, as had hitherto been practised. This designation shall be made by special authorities, to be appointed by the council of administration.

"From this first recruitment are exempted large landed proprietors, peasants, and all individuals exclusively employed in agricultural business. The other inhabitants of villages, small landowners, farmers, as well as the population of all towns in the kingdom, without distinction of religion, will have to supply a contingent whose number shall be fixed at a later date. The council of administration is authorised to modify, transitorily, with a view to

the execution of this regulation, sundry exceptions which are allowed by the law of 1859."

For the future, then, instead of being, as heretofore, general, the recruitment is to press upon one portion only of the nation. The owners of large domains, the peasants entitled to the privileges of the new law of serfdom, and farm servants, are exempt from military service. The contingent is to be torn from the dwellers in towns, from small yeomen cultivating their own little patch of land, and from field labourers. By means of these invidious exceptions, it is hoped to attach the favoured classes to Russia, and to sow discord amongst her Polish subjects. Further, by making the towns bear the weight of the conscription, it is intended to expatriate the most enlightened and active portion of the population.

The substitution of the arbitrary selection of each individual recruit, for the impartial plan of drawing by lot, requires a word of comment. The Emperor Nicholas, who was no apprentice at despotism, and who wished to dispose of the destiny of every inhabitant of Poland according to his own will, could hit upon no better invention than to suppress the practice of drawing by lot, replacing it by the special designation of each recruit. The tiger could thus lay his talons on whatever victim pleased him best. Alexander the Second, yielding to a benevolent impulse, for which even his enemies must give him credit, spontaneously avowed the tyranny of that system, and substituted for it drawing by lot, as more in conformity with humanity and justice. But, since the promulgation of that change, no recruitment has taken place in Poland; and it is at the moment when the population were about to profit by the only serious amelioration of the new reign, that the Grand-Duke Constantine and the Marquis Wielopolski dare to decree arbitrary selection. There exists, therefore, a double legislation; one on paper, intended to lure the population by chimerical hopes, and another in practice, devised to torture them. The liberalism of the Marquis Wielopolski, and the benevolent intentions of the Grand-Duke Constantine, have been illustrated by a bitter reduction to practice.

Commissioners chosen by the council of administration are entrusted with the task of marking the men who are to be recruits. To weed out obnoxious individuals, and to hold in hand the most flexible instrument that government ever wielded, is the double object kept in view under the pretext of a recruitment. No easier means can be conceived of getting rid of persons suspected of independence and patriotism. And, to shake off any shackles which might impede the commissioners' movements, Article 3 of the Rescript authorises the council of administration to suspend the action of the legal exemptions stipulated in the decree of 1859. Consequently, only sons, the eldest sons of widows, and the guardians of orphans, are no longer safe from the conscription. In this way, the whole population, from twenty to thirty years of age, with the invidious exception of the great

landowners and their peasants, is delivered up in a mass to the discretionary power of the government. No check or limit is laid down, either as to the number of the recruits, the responsibility of the commissioners, or the duration of their arbitrary proceedings.

But the reader ought to be made aware what military life in Russia is. He will be greatly in error if he fancies that there is any resemblance between the Russian military service and the career of arms which France opens to the soldier's ambition. In France, it is continually boasted that every soldier may carry a marshal's bâton in his knapsack. In Russia, all commissions are conferred on the nobility exclusively. In France, the soldier is respected by his superiors; corporal punishment is unknown. In Russia, he is made to suffer the most barbarous and degrading treatment. In France, the soldier is affectionately cared for; nourished with wholesome and abundant food, excellently taught, conveniently clad, and salubriously lodged. In Russia, the soldier's lot is miserable; for he is made a source of profit by his chiefs, who enrich themselves at his expense. In France, the duration of military service is seven years, at its full extent; the practical average is considerably shorter. In Russia, it is fifteen years.

Such is the condition of the Russian soldier. If it be lamentable for him, how much more lamentable must it be for the Pole, torn from his native soil and from all his family affections, to be incorporated in the ranks of a foreign army—the implacable enemies of his country! Scattered in the midst of Russian soldiers (instead of forming distinct regiments, like the Hungarians) he has for comrades men who speak a different language, who profess a different religion, and who are influenced by different aspirations. He is sent far away to the confines of Asia, and particularly to the range of the Caucasus. He receives no news of his friends at home; it is only by a miracle that here and there one individual survives fifteen years of physical and moral torture, to revisit his native village; and perhaps the bitterest of his trials is, at a moment's warning to have to fire on his own fellow-countrymen. There is no difficulty in conceiving that the Polish women weep for their sons, their brothers, and their lovers, when once enrolled in the Russian army, as they would weep for the dead.

Polish women have always been gifted with a certain dash of military spirit; and they are manifesting it now. There are many women in the insurgent camp taking part in the war. Many families, who had sought refuge in Galicia at the outbreak of the troubles, have returned to Poland and joined the insurgents. One whole family is cited; the father, mother, son, and two daughters, have all enlisted.

Catherine the Second boasted that she had abolished the punishment of death, and she buried her victims alive in the mines of Siberia. The Poles would prefer sacrificing their heads on the scaffold, to the death by inches inflicted

on them while spending the best portion of their lives in the Russian service. For them to serve in the Russian army, under the conditions there inevitable, is more than equivalent to the punishment of death. Russia is not so short-sighted as to excite the indignation of Europe by shedding torrents of human blood. She prefers to kill quietly in the shade, and to torture her victims leisurely. The Gazette of Silesia, last November, announced that forty-two Polish officers were broken, declared infamous, and condemned to be first whipped and then transported to Siberia, for having taken part in the late revolutionary attempts. It can only have been for such purposes that the discretionary recruitment was invented.

The fact, indeed, was openly stated by the Journal of St. Petersburg in February last: "We by no means deny that the measures, which have caused the recruitment to weigh heavily on the populace of towns by exempting the country population, are abnormal measures. The government was perfectly aware that the recruitment would be the signal for an explosion, always imminent and only delayed. But the head being out of our reach, we had to cripple the arms, seize the weapons, and render the instruments inoffensive: which is what the Russian government has done."

The Warsaw correspondence of the Patrie gives credible details of the manner in which the recruitment was executed in the night of the 14th-15th of January last. It is already known that steps had been taken to have an adequate force at hand, in case of resistance. At eleven o'clock at night the squares and the principal streets were occupied by military. The regiments of the Guards, recently arrived at Warsaw, were distributed about the different quarters of the town, under the direction of the police. At the same time strong patrols of cavalry were on the move from street to street. About midnight the kidnapping of the recruits began.

Police-agents, followed by five or six soldiers with fixed bayonets, entered the houses, holding the previously prepared lists of names, and arrested all the parties so designated. The majority were found at home, and suffered themselves to be led away without resistance. The unhappy men so arrested were at first conducted to the Hôtel de Ville. There they were divided into columns of from twenty to five-and-twenty, and were thence transferred, with their hands bound, under good escort to the citadel. The conscripts—in Poland, proscripts is the usual word—seemed in general resigned to their lot. A few of them chanted patriotic songs on their way. But the mothers from whom their sons had been torn, the old men who had lost their only support, the women from whom their husbands had been taken, filled the air with wailing and lamentation. A great number followed the recruits up to the gates of the citadel. Never was a more pitiable spectacle exhibited.

Finally, the operation was concluded without any serious conflict or outbreak of resistance.

But a government reduced to employ such methods in order to enforce its laws and recruit its army, proclaims by the very act that it has no hold on the country where it assumes to maintain its authority, and that it reigns by force alone. The Poles were to be congratulated on having displayed submission and resignation, rather than compromise the cause of their country by unavailing and desperate efforts. Public opinion attributed to them a moral victory for which it was impossible not to give them credit. They had set a heroic example; for the recruitment was not to be attempted in the provinces until it had been concluded in the capital.

Such self-denial, however, did not fall in with Russian views, which wanted to provoke a bloody conflict at any price. The grand-duke and the marquis, well aware of the natural indignation felt throughout all Poland, threw in the last drop which made the vessel overflow, by inserting in the official journal of Warsaw a long article, of which the following is the principal passage: "Never, for the last thirty years, has the recruitment been effected with so much ease and expedition! The conscripts brought to the citadel were full of joy. They manifested their delight at entering the School of Order called the army, and at resuming there an active and serious existence, after so many years spent in the disorder of pernicious dreams."

As M. de Montalembert eloquently says, the Polish insurrection is not a rash outbreak (like that at Athens six months ago, or that at Paris fifteen years ago), in which the bewildered conquerors are more embarrassed than elated with their easy victory. Nor is it a plot hatched in the dark, and speculating on the gains of the bloody game of war, like that which produced the Lombard war and the Italian revolution. It is a sudden and spontaneous explosion provoked by the conscription—a conscription imposed not with the equitable and unvarying forms annually practised in France, but with the same savage treachery with which negroes are kidnapped on the Guinea coast;—intended, not to arm the nation, but to decimate it; and having for its result the deportation for life of twenty-five thousand young Poles, previously marked by the Russian police! Its consequence is that, for the present, the cruel boast can no longer be made that "Order reigns at Warsaw."

As the Russians have begun so are they continuing. Not long ago they committed a frightful murder in the village of Wisniew, between Ostrowic and Wichkow, on the line of railway between Warsaw and St. Petersburg. The Cossacks, after cutting the throat of M. Seewald, a conservator of forests, in whose house two insurgents had taken refuge, carried his head about at the end of a lance, and then tossed it to his own dog. M. Seewald's wife was severely wounded. His sister (both whose hands were shot through) and his child contrived to escape.

On the 26th of February a small body of three hundred Poles, leaving the town of Opa-

loweh under the command of Okinsky, entered the forest, where they were attacked by three thousand Russians. The Cossacks begun by plundering the waggons, of which the insurgents took advantage to put a certain distance between themselves and their adversaries. Pursued by the Russians for more than four miles, they lost six men, one of whom, Thaddeus Pikulski, was only nineteen years of age. This unhappy lad was tied to the foot of a Cossack's horse, and so dragged for another couple of miles. His skull was soon fractured by stones and the roots of trees. A monk of the order of the Bernadins was also wounded in this encounter. The insurgents wanted to carry him off with them, but the brave ecclesiastic said, "Leave me here, my children, to die in peace, looking the enemy full in the face." The Russians put him to death, and cut off his head.

Four "mowers," who had taken refuge in a hut, were burnt alive by the Cossacks. They several times tried to force their way out, but at every attempt were thrust back into the flames again.

A young man named Krasusky, the son of a landowner of the village of Plesnia-Wola, and one of his friends named Breconowski, were arrested by the Russians near Radzyn. They each received two hundred blows of the stick, to make them confess their intention of joining the insurgents. The confession once obtained, they were shot. At the time of writing this, accounts are coming in of the Russian treatment of prisoners, too dreadful to detail in these columns.

Horrors of persecution call forth horrors of self-sacrifice. A young man attached to the Court of Appeal at Posen, had both his legs carried away by a cannon-ball, in a recent encounter between the insurgents and the Russians at Powiedz. His brother persisted in remaining with him and in making every effort to save him. The wounded man then blew his own brains out, in order to leave his brother at liberty to escape.

Now and then adventures occur, in which dramatic justice prevails. Two young Poles, on their way to Posen to join the insurgents, and pursued by a couple of mounted Prussian gendarmes, hid themselves in a wayside cottage. The gendarmes, certain that they had tracked their prey, coolly fastened their horses to the garden-hedge, and, sabre in hand, forced their way into the cottage. The Poles, to escape, climbed on to the roof. Thence, lightly dropping into the garden, they unfastened the gendarmes' horses, mounted them, and so reached the frontier and the insurgents' camp, which was close at hand. Twenty-four hours afterwards, a couple of letters, addressed to their parents, informed them of the lucky escape, and also enclosed forty thalers, which they found in the gendarmes' pistol-holsters, and which they felt it a duty to return. Whether Russians, under similar circumstances, would have been equally polite to their complaisant Prussian allies, may be allowed to remain a matter of doubt. We

know, however, that the Polish insurgents sent back, with apologies, the Grand-Duchess Constantine's letters; whilst the Russian generals returned the compliment with massacre, fire, and extermination.

Langiewicz, the recent dictator of Poland, is a man of the middle height, or rather short, but with broad shoulders and a full face, light brown hair, long yellow moustaches, very restless and piercing eyes. His head is thrown back with a martial and decided air; his motions are abrupt. He looks about thirty years of age.

His aides-de-camp are almost all very young. One in particular appears extremely juvenile and singularly graceful, and is, in fact, no other than a Russian young lady, Polonised, Mademoiselle Poustowojto, who has hitherto taken part in all the insurrectionary demonstrations. She was originally an orthodox Greek, but is now a Catholic, which conversion procured her eleven months' lodgings in a dungeon in the citadel of Krzemieniec. Being removed to Zamors on the 24th of January, she was released on the way by a band of insurgents, who brought her to General Langiewicz. He appointed her adjutant at Malogoszew, of which office she is perfectly capable; being as brave as beautiful. All the aides-de-camp wear a carbine slung across their shoulders and a revolver at their girdle. Their distinctive mark is a scarf of red wool. It should be added that their post is extremely dangerous, and that not a few of them get killed.

They have need, indeed, of stout hearts, both the aides-de-camp and their general. But if ever foreign rule was unbearable, it is surely the Russian government of Poland; and if ever insurrection was justifiable, it is that which resists the kidnapping of a nation's sons and fathers. The Italian potentates, now dethroned, did nothing, on an extensive or general scale, to compare in blackness with the deeds permitted by Alexander the Second, and of which William of Prussia is so ready an accomplice. The giving up to Russia of prisoners who sought an asylum in Prussia, *unmasked*, is an instance of officious and atrocious treachery which has sent a shudder throughout every fibre of European civilisation.

SPRING.

I know a wood to which the darling Spring
Comes early with the blessing of her smile,
And sets the pale wood-flowers blossoming—
Ah me, ah me! how many a weary mile
I leave that little wood behind—yet still
As Spring advances once more I behold
The rustic bridge that spans the singing rill
Of hill-born water, crystal-clear and cold.

I cross the bridge, pass thro' the swinging wicket,
The path, still damp, its quiet course pursues
'Mid mottled beech-boles, sunny brake and thicket,
And deep-struck roots, where, nourish'd by the dews,
Nestling the little violets whose blue eyes
Just peep at me askant through heart-shaped leaves,
Fragile wood-sorrel, with its pearly dyes
All iridescent as the skies the eves
Lengthening, rejoice us with. Wind-flowers white

Bursting from purple buds, lift bended heads
 And gaze around with open-eyed delight,
 And the wood's lady, lovely primrose, sheds
 The blessing of her odour, soft and bland
 Among the vernal grass and velvet moss.
 I stoop to pluck her—yet arrest my hand—
 It seems so cruel to inflict the loss
 Of her sweet presence on the little nook
 She lighted like a star.

About my feet
 A lavish wealth of beauty greets each look,
 And in the perfumed air a chorus sweet
 Of vernal rapture echoes; full and soft
 The cuckoo's muffled cry searches the wood,
 And from the tallest elm rings forth aloft
 Upon the listening ear a circling flood
 Of song from Philomel's delicious throat;
 And, 'mid her pauses, further off I hear
 The constant thrush's scarce inferior note,
 With all its changes, vigorous and clear.

And now the wood is cross'd, and I behold
 A burst of glory! for the cowslips spread
 A veritable Field of Cloth of Gold
 Laid out for me, and me alone, to tread!

I will not tread it. Musingly I lean
 Upon the stile, and lovingly recal
 The story of the sleeping Imogen.
 (I never see a cowslip but I fall
 To murmuring dreamily, "On her left breast
 A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
 P' the bottom of a cowslip.") There I rest,
 And gaze, and dream, while all the tall tree-tops,
 Pregnant with sappy buds, sigh answering
 To the wind's wooing, so forgivingly
 Of all his winter buffets.

Darling Spring,
 For this most happy dream my thanks to thee!

A JACKDAW UPON A WEDDING.

ABOUT the middle of the last century there was written, by one of the masters of Westminster School, a delightful little poem concerning a jackdaw. The master's patronymic was Bourne; and he could not have been very much hated by the Westminster boys of the time as a pedagogue, or as a man, since they and all his contemporaries agreed to change his christian name of Vincent into the affectionate diminutive of "Vinny." The "Jackdaw," was composed originally in the Latin tongue; but it was translated—and, very exquisitely translated too—into our vernacular by William Cowper. It is, I conscientiously believe, the very sweetest little canzonet that ever was penned. When you have once read it, you must needs read it again; and then perforce you must learn it by heart, and after that it remains indelibly fixed upon your memory. No one ever forgot the "Jackdaw" who could once repeat it without book. The gravest, loftiest minds have loved so to dwell upon its simple verse and kind philosophy. There was a potent, learned divine once who lay a dying, and in his aboured breathing was observed trying to repeat something. They put their ears to his lips, expecting to hear the expression of some last solemn wish. No; he was only murmuring a stanza—the stanza—from Vinny Bourne's

"Jackdaw." When that true American gentleman, Mr. Richard Rush, was minister from the then United States to this country, he dined frequently with George Canning; and he tells us that on one occasion—the times were dark and troublous—the Minister of State, who had been throughout dinner and desert silent and preoccupied, began playing with his nutcrackers, and softly muttering:

There is a bird who by his note,
 And by the blackness of his coat,
 You might suppose a crow;
 A strict frequenter of the church,
 Where, bishop-like, he finds a perch,
 And dormitory too.

They were the opening lines of the "Jackdaw." I would transcribe the entire poem, but that you can buy Vinny Bourne's whole works for ninepence on any bookstall, and am sanguine enough to hope that by the time you and I become better acquainted, you will be able to recite the "Jackdaw" more trippingly than the reminiscent. For the nonce it is but needful for you to listen to the penultimate stanza. The philosophic, bishop-looking, black-coated bird is sitting, "secure and at his ease," at the top of the church-steeple, whence he surveys "the bustle and the rare-show that occupy mankind below" him:

He sees that this great round-about,
 The world, and all its motley rout,
 Church, army, physic, law—
 Its customs and its bus'nesses
 Is no concern at all of his,
 And says:—what says he?—"Caw!"

Then, I come to the point at once. It is my signal privilege, at ten o'clock in the morning of TUESDAY, THE TENTH OF MARCH, 1863, to occupy the secure and easy position of Vinny Bourne's bird. If I am not on the summit of the steeple it is because there is no steeple, but many pinnacles, to SAINT GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR, and standing ground on any one of them would merely afford me a view of the castle-yard, and the Great Park, and Eton's antique spires, and old Upton church far beyond: things all very charming in their way, but of which I do not, on this instant March morning, desire to take cognisance. I have a better point of espial than "the plate which turns and turns to indicate from what side blows the weather." I am perched high up in the organ-loft of the chapel of Saint George, whence in perfect security and ease I can behold the "bustle and the rare show," occupying the court of England below. Yes; there they all are in one great motley round-about—"church, army, physic, law," and I have nothing whatever to do with them. Their customs and their business are no concern at all of mine, save in so far that with a voice more or less harsh and croaking, I am expected to say "caw:" and that that simple criticism will be uttered with a beak dipped in ink, and held in close proximity to sundry slips of paper; and that, this coming night, sundry industrious persons called compositors will

transfer my discordant note to mellifluous expression in movable types, and will bind it up in "chases," and spread it upon the back of "turtles," and lay it upon a machine, and whirl it round on steam cylinders, and emboss it upon paper, and sell it, so printed and embossed, for pieces of money, to the Egyptians—that is to say, to the British public, who, to the extent of as many thousands or millions who choose to run may read my "cawing" to their hearts' content in to-morrow morning's papers.

I am bidden to the marriage of Albert Edward Prince of Wales with the Princess Alexandra of Denmark, to whom, both, long life and happiness is the jackdaw's wish. The Lord Chamberlain asked me; and yet, he *didn't* bid me to the marriage. His card says nothing at all about a wedding. He had not "the honour to request my presence." His lordship was not "favoured with the Queen's commands"—at least, he made no intimation to me of the fact—to do so: I was merely asked as a jackdaw. "Come," said, or seemed to say, Lord Sydney, and survey the rare show, "from ten in the morning till half-past one. If you were a member of the Upper Ten Thousand, you should have a striped ticket, nearly as big as an Algerian burnous for the Nave of Saint George's Chapel. If you were one of the Upper Five Hundred you should have a special invite to the Choir. Under those circumstances I should expect you to come in your Robes, or your Collar, or your Stars, or your Garters. You should be conducted to your stall, or your seat on the haut pas, by vice-chamberlains and gentlemen-ushers. Nay, in special instances your arrival should be announced by a flourish of trumpets, and the gentlemen-at-arms should present partisans as you passed. Court carriages should convey you to and from the chapel, and after the ceremony you should find a gold-handled knife and fork laid for you at the state collation in the Waterloo Gallery. But, as you are only a jackdaw, just wing your airy flight with this blue ticket to the part of the chapel you know is set apart for you and your brood, and, confound you, keep a still tongue in your head, till it is time to say 'caw.'"

It was delightful for a thoughtful but indolent sight-seer to be permitted to witness such a ceremonial at so slight an expenditure of trouble. There was no intriguing for tickets. There were no carking fears lest you should be put behind a pillar, or a voluminous dowager with a back as broad and as opaque as the organ itself. There was no nervousness as to how you were to acquit yourself in the part you had to play in a court pageant. Very recently I heard of a poor little captain in a marching regiment who had as yet never been presented at court, but who was going to the Prince's levee. He had been through the Crimean and the Indian campaigns, yet he was frightened out of his wits at the thought of the dreadful ordeal he was fated to undergo at St. James's. His mamma wrote in an agony of perturbation to a fashionable dancing mistress; and the captain had half a dozen lessons, at a guinea each, in

the art of kneeling, kissing hands, bowing, and backing out of the Presence. His sister went through days of preparation, quite as solemn and elaborate, with the view to the Princess Royal's drawing-room, and goodness only knows how many times she practised, for the edification of her lady's-maid, the art and mystery of throwing her train over her arm. I think that, were it my terrible doom to be presented at court, I should die. I should probably trip myself up with my sword, if I didn't fall upon its point, bodily, like an ancient Roman. The nervousness which leads me to crumb my bread at dinner—when there are any grand folks present—would certainly compel me to pull my frill and my ruffles into rags. And, good gracious! what should I do in shorts and silken shanks?

From my jackdaw perch in the loft I caught sight of Mr. William Powell Frith, Royal Academician, painter of the best scenes of English social life we have seen since the days of William Hogarth, ensconced, with his sketch-book, in a snug corner to the north of the altar, whence he was to make a draught of the bridal ceremony for his forthcoming grand picture, commissioned by the Queen. Mr. Frith was in shorts and silken shanks, in snuff-colour and steel buttons, in a bag, and a brocaded waist-coat, in a frill and ruffles. I am sure he didn't like it. I hope he didn't catch cold. I turned, after surveying him, with a sensation—not entirely devoid of selfishness—of infinite relief, to my brother jackdaws, one of whom was clad in a suit of tweed, well shrunk, cut sporting fashion; another, wearing a rough great-coat; a third, an Inverness cape, and so forth, to the extent of about a dozen jackdaws congregated in the loft to the left of the organ. The particular daw who has the honour to be cawing at the present moment was slightly more courtly in his apparel. He—that is, I—had been at a solemn dinner in London the night before, and had just time to catch the last train—the midnight one—on the Great Western, for Windsor. I was afraid, you see, of over-sleeping myself in the morning, so had determined to catch time by the forelock, and to be the early bird that picked up the worm. I went down in full evening dress and a white cravat, and I punctually left the black bag which contained my change of apparel in the Hansom which conveyed me to Paddington. There was no help for it, at ten o'clock the next morning, but to present myself at the southern porch of Saint George's Chapel in the same costume—under which sumptuary condition I must have looked, I fancy, like an undertaker out for a holiday. There was a compact crowd of ladies and gentlemen, provided with tickets for the nave, who were waiting, in a very operatic manner, for the doors to open, at this same southern entrance. I was enabled to gaze upon some of the most resplendent bonnets, some of the most startling waist-coats, to be found in Christendom. I believe Mr. Poole, the tailor, was himself present in the nave, and, if such be the case, he must have reviewed, with pardonable pride, the triumphs

effected among the dandies present through the agency of his shears and French chalk. Many middle-class milliners might have been driven mad with envy to see the modes displayed in that brilliant crowd. I am not learned in haberdashery myself. I scarcely know a *ruche* from a *houllonne*, a *gore* from a *gusset*, and I am certain that I can't discern the difference between a silk *glacé* and a silk *chiné*. My acquaintance with bonnets is limited to an impression that they cost from forty-five to fifty-five shillings apiece, and that they last, on an average, and with great care and caution, ten days. Ignorant, however, as I may be of such fripperies, I was compelled to render homage to the dazzling and *parterre*-like prettiness of the *toilettes* I saw around me. There were pretty faces, too, in abundance, and many of the younger ladies had dressed their hair *Alexandra* fashion—which was most delectable to view: only the sharp, clear, spring morning light, in combination with the immutable laws of refraction, made the violet powder, applied with so liberal a hand to the cheek of beauty, rather too apparent. Modern ladies, like the works of the old masters, need a particular, subdued, and chastened light. I was pleased also to remark that a good number of the gentlemen had adopted the Danish colours in their cravats—which had a genial lobster salad-like appearance. Beshrew that Hansom cabman who drove away so deftly with my black bag! I too had provided a waistcoat, a scarf of many colours, gloves of the lightest lavender, and here I was in a tail-coat and continuations of rusty black. I was glad when the southern door began to creak on its portals, and at last groaned on one side, and I could quit the buttery throng and join my brother jackdaws.

The policeman to whom I showed my blue ticket bestowed on me a confidential wink, and pointed his left hand *Berlin-wool-gloved* thumb over his corresponding shoulder. I knew my goal well enough. I had been down to Windsor on the preceding Thursday, and tramped about the chapel, and peered into the knights' stalls, and clambered up into the rookery which I knew had been provided for us. So I left the gilded butterflies settling down on their red benches in the nave, and crossed its pavement into the shadow of a chapel, and so found a narrow door open, guarded by another policeman, and climbed up the steep old stairs into the loft to the left of the organ. On an exact level with this gallery, at the opposite extremity of the chapel, was the antique pew or closet which was to be occupied, during the wedding, by the Queen. In the loft answering to ours on the other side of the organ were some choristers, male and female, amongst whom we jackdaws were not long in recognising *Jenny Lind* and *Louisa Pyne*.

Has it ever struck you, at a great criminal trial, that the person who has the very best, and most comfortable view of the entire proceedings, is the prisoner in the dock? The judge is crowded and jostled by high sheriffs and county

magnates, who claim a right to sit on the bench. The barristers' table overflows with briefless ones. The floor of the court is packed. The gallery is inconveniently thronged with ladies, with their double-barrelled *lognettes*, anxious to scrutinise the fashionable murderer; but the gentleman behind the spikes, and with the *rué* before him, has ample scope and *verge* enough. He and the turnkey and the governor of the jail have a comfortable boarded area all to themselves. No overcrowding *them*. Analogically, we poor despised jackdaws had the most commodious reserved seats in the whole chapel. We were out of the pale and yet we sat in the high places. None were so poor as to do us reverence, yet we could look down at our leisure upon the seething, fluttering mass of robes and trains, plumes and diamonds, lace and embroidery. We paced tranquilly up and down our *eyrie*. One of my brethren, who knows the *Peerage* by heart, regaled me with choice anecdotes of the private lives of the aristocracy. Another, who is learned in *ecclesiology*, descended upon the alabaster sculptures of the *reredos*, and explained the differences between the decorations worn by the *Prelate*, the *Chancellor*, and the *Registrar of the Garter*. A third, who had been ailing lately, came and talked to me about his complaint, and we compared symptoms, and defended various modes of regimen, and criticised our respective doctors. One jackdaw, the wisest one in the group, had brought a sandwich-box and a flask of sherry with him, and proceeded to invite himself to an early lunch. Another began to read *No Name*. Another went to sleep till the grand doings should begin; but, being troubled in his slumbers, speedily woke up with a yelp which somewhat frightened the decorous echoes of the old chapel from their propriety.

High perched as we were, however, our sanctum was once or twice menaced with invasion. There came straying towards us, from the choristers' loft, and across the isthmus occupied by the organ itself, the longest and most disconsolate clergyman and the shortest and cheerfullest lady I have seen for a long time. They had been unceremoniously ejected from among the singing men and women, as having no right there. Then they turned up among her Majesty's private band, and her Majesty's private band would have nothing to do with them. After that they had been pounced upon by an elderly gentleman, who I conjecture to have been in some way attached to the *Royal Household*. "You cannot possibly remain here," cried the elderly gentleman. "My orders are imperative to suffer none unprovided with tickets to remain in this compartment." We heard the long clergyman disconsolately pleading, and the short lady cheerfully expostulating, against expulsion. But in vain. The elderly gentleman grew so angry, and the sense of the imperative nature of his orders assumed such alarming dimensions, that I feared he would swiftly cut all further discussion short by hurling the intruders over the gallery into the nave. At last

they came stumbling across the organ isthmus, the lady's lace shawl catching at all the stop-handles, and wofully discomposing Dr. Elvey in his scarlet panoply of a Mus. Doc., Oxon. Of course they couldn't remain *there*: the Mus. Doc. would have told them the reason why in the twinkling of a pedal: so over they came to us, painfully but resolutely clambering, as though they were members of the Alpine Club. I regret to say that from the jackdaws they received but little hospitality. It appears they had had tickets for a stone gallery running behind the carved pinnacles of the Knights of the Garter's stalls, whence they could see nothing but the backs of the said pinnacles, a few emblazoned banners and sham coronets, and a limited space of the groined and vaulted roof. Thence they had half strayed, half climbed into the regions of the organ-loft. I was very sorry for the long clergyman, who was so gaily attired and wore so miserable a mien that he looked as though he were about to be married himself. "Sit down," I whispered, "and keep as quiet as ever you can, and when the processions begin everybody will be too busy to trouble themselves about you." "But the lady," he pathetically interposed. "Say she is a jackdaw," I responded; "say she belongs to the Lady's Newspaper." I regarded this as a master-stroke of stratagem; but, alas! it proved unavailing to secure immunity for a very inoffensive lady and gentleman. One of my brethren—a stout jackdaw, a severe jackdaw—became aware of them. He flapped his wings and croaked ominously. Then, with a grim purpose in his beak, he hopped down stairs, and returning brought with him an amazing court official, a haleyon creature, with radiant plumage, an ethereal being who had seemingly been running after Fortune's chariot, and had been splashed with the gold from her wheels. His face was fair and placid, but terrible to gaze upon, in its serene inflexibility. When he bracketed his eye-glass upon you he became, not a court official, but a basilisk. The offenders were pointed out to him. "You cannot possibly remain here;" thus he repeated the formula, but with a silvery lisp that was far awfuller than the angry tones of the elderly gentleman opposite. Slowly and gently, but irresistibly, he beckoned the interlopers away. Slowly but sadly they withdrew from the cruel jackdaws' nest—and what became of them afterwards, whether they subsided into Sir Reginald Bray's chapel, or into one of the vaults, I know not. They disappeared, and I saw them no more.

I am bound to admit that the court official was the most condescending and obliging of his species. The stern dictates of duty being satisfied, and justice done on the guilty, he over-brimmed with tender kindness. "Was there anything more he could do for us?" "Yes; there was," the stout and severe jackdaw remarked. "Would he send us a policeman to keep watch and ward at the entrance of our den, to protect us from the possibility of further intrusion?" Certainly. We should have lots of policemen. Was there anything else? Well, we wanted some more

programmes, plans of the dais, and Orders of the Solemnisation of Matrimony, bound in white watered silk, and decorated with the Royal arms—less, I apprehend, for purposes of devotional study than for presentation, as mementoes of the auspicious day, to certain lady daws at home. Certainly. He would send us up lots of programmes. Anything else? He was so very obliging, that I was on the point of drawing his attention to the fact that we had all breakfasted very early, that we hadn't all been so provident as to bring sandwich-boxes and pocket-flasks with us, and that a neat tray, garnished with a cold chicken or two, and flanked with a decanter or so of wine, would be a most agreeable addition to our comfort; but just as I was nerving myself to proffer this, perhaps, bold request, the optic muscle of the court official refused to retain its grip on the rim of his eye-glass any longer. Down fell the lorgnon, and hung pendant; and down came the official from the ethereal spheres. Without his eye-glass he was mortal, without it he was by no means kind or condescending; nay, after an abortive effort or two to re-fix the refractory lens, he turned on his heel in an abrupt, not to say savage manner, and left us all in the lurch and the loft. He only sent us up two programmes, for which we had to battle, eke with beak and bill; and instead of "lots" of policemen there only came to us one constable, a most obtuse and chuckle-headed functionary, who seemed first to be pervaded by an impression that it was his duty to take us all into custody, asking, with vacuous asperity, "Wot we were all a doin' of there?" When it was with difficulty explained to him that he was to be for the time our servitor and henchman, he sank into mere inert sulkiness, and carving out for himself with his elbows a front place at the railing overlooking the choir, concentrated his energies during the remainder of the forenoon in getting as good a view of the show as ever he could without troubling himself about us.

Now was it—that is to say about eleven of the clock—that there came into the loft one with an air of authority, and who evidently cared not a fig for all the court officials in creation. The policeman's back was towards him as he entered, else he, too, might have been summoned to tell "wot he wos a doin' ob." We jackdaws cared not to question him; for he came not, evidently, as a sight-seer. He peeped not into the nave. He glanced not into the choir. His stay was but a span of the briefest. He bobbed his powdered head and disappeared from our ken. Whither? That you shall hear presently. Let it be borne in mind that he was an old old gentleman who looked eighty, and was, probably, not far off from a hundred. His head was of the John Anderson my Jo pattern—a "frosty pow" like a bride-cake. Snowy and spreading were the bows of his neckcloth. Raven black was his attire; small-clothes wore he and trim hose of black silk—you know, the semi-transparent silk that allows the legs beneath to show through in a pale kidney colour. I believe he had shoe-buckles. He wore a prodigious bridal

favour. Who is this old old gentleman? I asked myself, wondering. Is he the oldest inhabitant of Windsor, privileged to witness the wedding by virtue of his seniority! Is he the Lord Chamberlain's great-grandfather? Is he the ghost of George the Third? (He was not unlike George the Third.) Thus was I musing when the "frosty pow" bobbed, and its owner vanished. We rubbed our eyes at the astounding disappearance, for he was a dozen paces from the door, and had clearly not descended the staircase. Neither had he crossed the isthmus in front to the choristers' loft. Still I wondered and pondered, till, by the side of the organ, I became aware that there railed off from us a certain pit, or grave. I looked over the rail and saw that the bottom of this pit was boarded, and that a little ladder led down to it, and that it was down this ladder, after bobbing under the rail, that the old old gentleman had trotted. But what was he doing there? He sat on a little stool, like Patience in a coal-hole, smiling at nothing at all, except cobwebs. The level of the trench was a good four feet above his head, and, beyond a ray of light that glinted on his powdered scone, darkness encompassed him. So sat he in this tenebrous abyss, a mystery and a marvel to me. I likened him to Truth at the bottom of a well, to the gravedigger in Hamlet, to a toad in a hole. I fancied that he was a man-hater, or had been permitted to expiate some dreadful crime by self-interment. The fact is, that I could make nothing at all of him, till Dr. Elvey began to play a triumphal march on the great organ. Then I heard a rumbling and a grumbling and a sighing in the regions below the railing. I looked over, and saw far down in the pit the old old gentleman hard at work—at hard labour rather, to which the crank in county jail must be a joke. Eureka! I had discovered it all. *The old old gentleman was the man who blew the bellows.*

He must have been a philosopher. He could see nothing of the brave pageant. Rustling robes and swaling plume and spangled sheen of heraldry were nought to him. It was his business to blow the bellows. Mourning or rejoicing—burial or bridal—wedding chorale or the Dead March in Saul, what difference made they to his flexors and extensors? He was called upon neither to weep nor to laugh, but simply to go on blowing the bellows. *Te Deum* and *De Profundis*, *Nunc Dimittis* and *Dies Iræ*, anthem and psalm and voluntary, he had been blowing away for Heaven knows how many years. Father Schmidt, who built the organ, and Purell, and Handel, and Haydn, who may have fingered its keys, were all very great men, and so is, doubtless, the Maestro Elvey, Mus. Doc., Oxon; but none of them could have discoursed sweet or solemn music in the chapel of Saint George without the assistance of him who blew the bellows. Did he blow when George the Third died, I wonder? I fancy that I had met with him once before, and that it was he who blew when I came into this self-same chapel fifteen months ago to see a sad, sad, princely burial.

But matters more pregnant speedily called me away from old Timotheus—if the venerable flower will pardon my thus personifying him as a reminiscence from John Dryden's great ode. The chapel had begun to fill. The great business of the day had commenced. The jackdaws began to hop; for they had a couple of weather-cocks to perch upon between their hops. Sure, never was there a stranger contrast of chiaro-oscuro than that double vista afforded. It was like the fabled Russian bath—not the real one, by any means—the bath of violent transition, where you rush out of the red-hot vapour to roll yourself in the snow. Take the nave, first. I peered down at it, and saw all, bright, shining, sparkling, spick and span new. You know how the clustered columns have been scrubbed, and spruced, and furbished up recently; how a new pavement has been laid: how new stained glass has been put into old mullions; how the antique roof has been picked out with new colours and gilding. The nave of Saint George's looks in truth as jaunty and dandified as does that fairy fane of imperishable beauty—that monument of Youth eternal—the *Duomo* at Milan. To add to the nave's newness to-day, there was its centre decorated with a blush-new carpet woven with the cognizance and cypher of the young couple. Its grand western portal was hung with a rich heavy drapery of velvet; and beyond that you—I, rather, was aware, from the foregone conclusion of ocular inspection—there stretched a suit of improvised reception-saloons, moist and garish from the upholsterer's and decorator's hands. Nothing, in this part of the home of the Tudors and Plantagenets, had an older date than the middle of last week. Even in that south-west corner, where, concealed by a towering range of red baize seats, I knew the mortuary chapel of the poor Princess Charlotte ought to be, the genius of modern, not mediæval, art was triumphant. There, the best materials and the worst taste were lavished. There, badly stained glass cast a theatrical coloured glow over a clumsily grouped mass of sculpture. Then my orbs travelled back, and I surveyed the people gathered together on the baize forms. With their ironwork arm-rests, those forms had an odd resemblance to the amphitheatre stalls at that newest-looking of new theatres, the Royal Italian Opera. The audience had a lyrico-dramatico-inclined look. They reminded you of orchestral block B. at the Crystal Palace. They seemed to be waiting for a festival of the *Tonie Sol-fa* Association. They had a Horticultural Show or Great Exhibition aspect. Their attires were of the concert-room, not the cathedral. They were as new as the bonnets and waistcoats they wore. The newest Spring fashions had been brought to bear on their attire. Some of them may have been made new to all time—"beautiful for ever"—by the Hebrew maiden who, according to her own showing, has become the lessee of the *Fontaine de Jouvence*. The very colours that glowed in their garments were of new discovery—novel chemical extracts from organic nastinesses as old as the hills—mauves, magentas,

and maizes, and cerises. I saw beneath me the Modern Perishable Time—the shimmering lacquered veneer upon Eternity's pine-plank. I looked down upon a generation that travelled by first-class express, that rode in miniature broughams; that lived in semi-detached villas, that worshipped at proprietary chapels, that dined à la Russe and had left off supping altogether, that sent its girls to be educated at ladies' colleges, and its boys at gymnasia; that wondered at its servant-maids when they consulted "cunning men," or crossed the hands of gipsy crones with silver, yet went itself to spirit-rapping séances, and sat at the feet of lying mediums; a generation that was learned in the Origin of Species, and the Theory of Development, and the Common Objects of the Sea-Shore, but didn't know how to make pies or puddings, and had forgotten the art of darning stockings—a generation complacently willing to hold with Professor Boofs or Dr. MacDiluvius that Father Adam was a hundred and twenty-six feet high and thirty thousand years old, and far too well educated to believe in Noah's Ark or the Burning Bush. O smiling, flirting, gossiping, sceptical, well-dressed, well-educated generation, go your ways, for I can make nothing at all of you! So I turn upon my claw, and strain my eyes to see what I can see in the choir of Saint George's Chapel.

It was like rising, with a yawn, from the pert verbiage and flippant repetitions of the Court Circular to plunge into the pages of Froissart. He, and Monstrelet, and Brantôme, and old Baker—ay, and Camden, and Holinshed, and Stow—seemed to have kept guard at the gates of the inner chapel to bar ingress to the impertinent moderns. Error and exaggeration! you may cry out: nothing is safe from the invasion of the Vandals. These Danish and Russian officers in fat bullion epaulettes and wasp-waisted tunics, these officials in Windsor uniforms, these great court ladies in spreading trains, do they not also belong to the generation you have quitted, and, in quitting, disparaged—the generation that delights in gold lace, Brussels lace, varnished boots, and mauve and magenta hues? I answer that all is subdued, refined, ripened, sobered, mellowed, antiquated, harmonised here, by the great pervading shadow of the Order of the Garter. That famous companionship of ancient chivalry is omnipresent in the choir. What though I know those carved pinnacled canopies over the knights' stalls are not all of mediæval oak, but have been patched and cobbled up during the Georgian era? what though I confess that many of the banners hanging from the roof are of the emblazonment of modern herald painters? what though I remember that yon sculptured screen of alabaster, and yon great painted window, are things of yesterday, and that among the worn and half illegible brasses nailed behind the knights' seats, and telling in quaint old Norman-French of Boluuns, De Montforts, and De Coureys, whose blood has been quite dried up for centuries past, there are new, primly shining

brass plates, as bright and natty as any house decorator or seal engraver, aping the mediæval, might screw on to his door—plates that give the names and addresses of German kings and princes, of an Emperor of the French, of a King of Sardinia, and of a Sultan of the Turks, yet does the antique Garter shadow swallow up, and make all chime in with the chivalric departed. The temporary seats of red baize, that looked coarse and Cremorne-like in the choir, are here toned down to a dull ruby tint: the group of bishops, and deans, and canons behind the communion-rails don't look like the mere surpliced parsons of Lutheran rites. Over some of their vestments are thrown robes of blood-coloured silk, with the Garter's badge 'broidered on the shoulder. I am glad that I am short-sighted, and that I cannot discern whether his Grace of Canterbury wears a wig. I hope he doesn't. The flock of clergymen "compose"—to use a painter's term—so well, and are in such excellent "keeping;" that I fancy I see glimmering there to the north a throng of priests in stoles, and rochets, and copes, stiff with gold and embroidery—that I can see the golden crosiers glisten, the jewelled mitres sparkle, the episcopal rings scintillate. How brave the pattens and chalcies gleam on the table! There are candlesticks. How about the tapers? Are there to be any wax-lights? But hush! avaunt ye mummeries of papistry. Behind me I hear a harsh irate croaking. A Low Church, Calvinist, Caledonian jackdaw is inveighing against the sinful conduct of the corporation of London on the Seventh of March, in permitting Mr. Rimmel, the perfumer, to erect his tripodal incense-burners on London-bridge. "A sad and gloomy day will it be, indeed, for England," says the Calvinist jackdaw, "if incense is to become one of the institutions of this Protestant land." A sad and gloomy day, indeed! The Inquisition, thumbscrews, the chop on Tower-hill and the stake in Smithfield, would all follow as a matter of course, and in the twinkling of a censor. The Calvinistic jackdaw is implacable. There has been too much of this sort of thing lately, he says. A stop must be put to it. The public pulse must be felt. The public voice must be heard. He is only appeased when I point out to him that her Grace the Duchess of Inverness, with a tartan mantle thrown over her, has just been conducted to her seat. "Scotia" is satisfied, and the incense grievance is temporarily dismissed.

When, one after another, the grandees had swept into the choir and settled down in their stalls or on their benches, when the chapel proper was full, and the Royal Family procession had been followed by that of the bridegroom, and that royal young gentleman stood, apart, on the dais waiting for his bride, I would, did etiquette, to say nothing of natural history, permit a jackdaw to have hands, have clapped them for sheer joy and exultation. As it was, I flapped my wings, to the discomposure of my neighbours, and was nearly crying "caw" before my time. In a low whisper I asked the police-

man who should have been our sentinel, but had so comfortably installed himself in a front seat, what he thought of the whole thing. He said it was "stunning." I am of that policeman's forcible, albeit ungrammatical, opinion. It was about the most "stunning" sight I ever looked upon in my life, or that I am ever likely to look upon again. I remember, as a very little boy, being taken to see the coronation procession of Queen Victoria. I thought that exceedingly grand. I was transported with melodramatic admiration when, a couple of years later, I had, as a French schoolboy, a holiday and an opportunity of witnessing the funeral train of the Great Napoleon dragging its slow length towards the Invalides. The college I belonged to had, in the days of the first Empire, been called the Lycée Bonaparte, and we were, in that college, eight hundred staunch Imperialists. Of other rare shows I have seen dozens, scores, if not hundreds, in my jackdaw time, and "cawed" about them ad nauseam; but the bravest rare show of all, the grandest, the handsomest, and the noblest, was and ever will be to me, the marriage of Albert Edward Prince of Wales.

Why? Common sense comes up with a Custom-house officer's probe and begins to puncture me as to any contraband sentimentality I may have about me. Why brave, why grand, why handsome, why noble? Why should I yearn to clap my hands and cry "caw!" intemperately? Have I never been to the Grand Opera? Have I never seen a ballet at the Scala? Have the splendours of the coronation seen in the Prophète been wasted upon me? Is there anything in the way of splendour, here, that a sagacious theatrical manager, with the assistance of an experienced super-master and an unlimited balance at his banker's, could not accomplish? Nay, there are incongruities and anomalies apparent here, which would be banished from a spectacle at Covent Garden or Drury Lane.

Take the heralds, for example. Here are Garter King of Arms, and all his mystic brethren, kings, heralds, and pursuivants: Norroy and Clarenceux, Rouge Croix, Rouge Dragon, Portcullis, and Blue Mantle, "with hues as lively and appellations as quaint as the attendants on a fairy court." "For gorgeousness of attire, mysteriousness of origin, and, in fact, for similarity of origin," says the author I have just quoted, the late Mr. Leigh Hunt, "a knave at cards is not unlike a herald." A story is told of an Irish King of Arms who, waiting on the Bishop of Killaloe to summon him to parliament, and being dressed, as the ceremony required, in his heraldic attire, so mystified the bishop's servant with his appearance, that, not knowing what to make of it, and carrying off but a confused notion of his title, he announced him thus: "My lord, here is the King of Trumps." I know that Garter King of Arms is not a king at all, that his crown and his sceptre are the merest gewgaws, and that he is an estimable old gentleman who got his berth from the Duke of Norfolk, and derives a comfortable income from fees paid into his office on Benet's-hill, Doctors'-

commons. I know that if I choose to have my "arms found," I can get a painted sheet of parchment from the Heralds' College for fifty pounds; that if I choose to "find" them for myself, I can do so at no more expense than paying a few shillings a year to the tax-gatherer, if he discovers that I am in the habit of using armorial bearings, which in nine cases out of ten he does not. I know that probably three out of the five hundred ladies in the nave "found" their arms in this easy and uncostly manner; and I know that if I elect to assume the heraldic cognizance worn five hundred years ago by my forefathers at five hundred miles' distance from the jurisdiction of the Heralds' College, or—which is perhaps the more sensible plan—to adopt no coat of arms, crest, or motto at all—there is no man, true or false herald, who shall legally interfere with me. And, finally, I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that the "King of Trumps" panoply—the firework tabard, or san benito, all scrawled over with coats of arms, is an absurd and egregious one, and is, when taken in conjunction with the pantaloons and patent leathers of ordinary life, utterly ridiculous and preposterous. I know that the last time the heralds were seen in the open air and at Charing-cross, mounted on dobbins from Astley's, and pretending to blow trumpets they couldn't extract so much as a whistle from, the little boys hooted them, and the Times newspaper laughed them to scorn. Why am I impressed, now, by Garter and Norroy, Clarenceux and Rouge Dragon, Portcullis and Blue Mantle?

Take the Knights of the Garter, to pursue the course of disillusion. It is patent to me that Signor Mario as John of Leyden, and the late Signor Lablache as Marino Faliero, looked much grander in their tinselled trappings than any K.G. I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that one of the K.G.s beneath me has a red head, that another wears spectacles, and that two or three more are visibly paralytic. I can't help remembering that some of these dignitaries have been joisted into their stalls by the merest "flukes," and on the purest "any-other-man" principles. Common sense dins inexorably in my ears that there have been K.G.s who have pawned their plate and rooked their creditors. After all, the robes of the Garter, splendid as they are, can be bought for shillings and pence at the corner of Chancery-lane. After all, I have been to Madame Tussaud's, and have seen all threadbare, blackened and tarnished, the coronation robes of George the Fourth. After all, there are theatrical costumiers in Bow-street and Vinegar-yard. A Knight of the Garter, in full fig, looks very much like a Blue-coat Boy in excelsis. Does he? Common sense may tell me so, but I don't believe it. Why don't I?

And the yeomen of the guard, who, but the other day, were sergeant-majors in marching regiments! And the gentlemen-at-arms, with golden Loysel's percolators on their heads, and bearing gilt maypoles surmounted by hatchets never meant to cut anything! And the trumpeters in jockey caps and brocaded coats! And

the ladies with tails to their gowns six feet long! And the cocked-hats, the aiguillettes, the ostrich feathers, the lappets, the epaulettes, the stars and the crosses, glittering and glistening on every side. There are a dozen historical anachronisms in every square yard of this pageantry. Why does it all send me half crazy with excitement, and half stupefied with admiration?

A jackdaw may shrug his shoulders without derogating from his ornithological conditions. Let me shrug mine. What have I to say to common sense in this matter? Well, not much. "Caw!" All these jarring customs and businesses are no concern at all of mine. As they float upwards to me they become homogeneous, and I can caw forth my approbation in spirit and in truth. If I have anything more to say to common sense, it is this: That the show, after all, was a wedding between two charming and handsome young people, and, consequently, an affair with which common sense can have possibly nothing to do; and, finally, that the most inveterate grumbler, that the most determined cynic, that the most splenetic railer at the follies and fripperies of this world, must have been disarmed, tongue-tied, and demolished, had he been situated as I—a humble jackdaw was—on that auspicious morning. For, directly over against our gallery, at the south-eastern extremity of the chapel, there was that same pew, or closet, I spoke of before, high up in the wall over the altar—a dusky, musty nook, first built, I have heard, in Henry the Seventh's time, but swept and garnished and hung with tapestry for this grand joining of hands pageant, and therein sat the forlorn lady, dark and dreary in her persistent weeds, Victoria the Queen. And that was why, perhaps, I cawed, and caw now, with bated breath, and bade common sense get behind me.

And the wedding itself? Well, you must know all its details by this time quite as well as, if not much better, than I do myself. It was very much like other weddings that you and I and all the world have witnessed; only the major part of humanity do not attend the hymeneal altar in robes of blue velvet, or with their trains held up by eight young ladies, daughters of earls. The pretty bride trembled a good deal, but, so far as my jackdaw eyes could perceive, she did not cry. The bridegroom went through his part in a business-like manner—as, indeed, why should he not have so comported himself, seeing that it was his business to stand up and be married? The Archbishop of Canterbury read the service in a clear, sonorous voice, which appears to have created extreme surprise in the breasts of certain wise jackdaws, who perhaps expected that he must needs stammer and trip himself up in it. The remaining bishops and clergy "assisted" his grace in the performance of the ceremony by standing behind him, and staring as hard as they could at the chief actors in the pleasant scene. The organ boomed, and the choristers chanted in their proper places; only I would entreat you not to believe the dicta of certain very imaginative jackdaws, to the effect that the princess uttered the responses in a

"low but silvery and perfectly audible voice." Of course both bride and bridegroom said what was set down for them, but not a syllable they said could be heard at our end of the edifice.

When the two were finally made one, there was a visible flutter of satisfaction all over the chapel. Stay! There was one exception. There was one personage who never moved, who never turned his eyes to the right nor to the left, from the moment when he stalked to his seat to the moment when, all being over, he stalked from it. The mass of kinob and jewels supposed to represent the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh made no sign. He bore it all like a wax-work image.

While the concluding Wedding March was thundering forth from the organ, the buried blower surpassing himself in efforts to raise the wind, we jackdaws dived down our staircase, pushed past a policeman who, half by force and half by persuasion, endeavoured to induce us to remain where we were till the grantees had taken their departure, and deliberately fought our way out of the chapel. Not for us collations or gossiping comparison of notes. Our time for cawing in right business-like earnest had commenced. The gentlemen-at-arms crossed partisans to prevent our traversing the nave, so we dived between their gold-laced legs. The yeomen of the guard halloaed to us to stop; but we knew them to be ancient men, feeble in body and short of wind, and defied them. By a dexterous flank movement the police cut off our egress from the southern porch, whereupon we as dexterously doubled, skirted the northern aisle, and, rushing through the corps diplomatique, reached a gate at the east, behind the altar, and fled into the open.

It was a fearful moment. The A division were in full cry after us. The Life Guards brandished their sabres fiercely, as we bolted beneath Henry the Eighth's gate. Here there was a chain and barriers, and the Berks constabulary seemed disposed to show fight: taking us, perhaps, for members of the swell mob who had rifled the British Peerage of their diamonds, and were flying from justice. Fortunately, a shrewd metropolitan inspector recognised us as jackdaws. "Make way, there!" he cried. Away we fled, so fast that we might have been carrier pigeons. Away, away, down Thames-street, past the Castle and the White Hart; away, away, through hot masses of angry bumpkins; away, away, up a dusty turning to a terminus; away, away, wild and breathless, into a train which, with a screech and a yell, forthwith darted away as fast as it could pelt towards London.

With the assistance of a two-wheeled cab, whose driver for double speed was pleased to be contented with triple fare, I reached about three that afternoon the jackdaws' haunt. And there, tying a wet towel round my head, and a wet pocket-handkerchief round each wrist, and taking off my coat, and kicking off my boots, I dipped my beak in ink and cried "caw" about the wedding till one in the morning. Then, I went to bed.

I didn't feel quite so much like a jackdaw

as I feel now, writing this paper. I felt like a preternaturally fagged-out and exhausted man. I looked with envy upon Vinny Bourne's bird, who could in secret survey the "bustle and the rarec-show," secure and at his ease; and as I turned to my welcome rest I might have muttered, had I not been too weary to do anything but gasp, the concluding stanza of the poem:

Thrice happy bird! I too have seen
 Much of the Vanities of men,
 And, sick of having seen 'em,
 Would cheerfully these limbs resign
 For such a pair of wings as thine,
 And such a head between 'em.

TEMPERATE TEMPERANCE.

WE want to know, and we always have wanted to know, why the English workman is to be patronised? Why are his dwelling-place, his house-keeping arrangements, the organisation of his cellar, and his larder—nay, the occupation of his leisure hours even—why are all these things regarded as the business of everybody except himself? Why is his beer to be a question agitating the minds of society, more than our sherry? Why is his visit to the gallery of the theatre, a more suspicious proceeding than our visit to the stalls? Why is his perusal of his penny newspaper so aggravating to the philanthropical world, that it longs to snatch it out of his hand and substitute a number of the Band of Hope Review?

It is not the endeavour really and honestly to improve the condition of the lower classes which we would discourage, but the way in which that endeavour is made. Heaven knows, the working classes, and especially the lowest working classes, want a helping hand sorely enough. No one who is at all familiar with a poor neighbourhood can doubt that. But you must help them judiciously. You must look at things with their eyes, a little; you must not always expect them to see with your eyes. The weak point in almost every attempt which has been made to deal with the lower classes is invariably the same—too much is expected of them. You ask them to do, simply the most difficult thing in the world—you ask them to change their habits. Your standard is too high. The transition from the White-chapel cellar to the comfortable rooms in the model-house, is too violent; the habits which the cellar involved would have to be abandoned; a great effort would have to be made; and to abandon habits and make great efforts is hard work even for clever, good, and educated people.

The position of the lowest poor in London and elsewhere, is so terrible, they are so unmanageable, so deprived of energy through vice and low living and bad lodging, and so little ready to second any efforts that are made for their benefit, that those who have dealings with them are continually tempted to abandon their philanthropic endeavours as desperate, and to turn their attention towards another class: those, namely, who are one degree higher in the social scale, and one degree less hopeless.

It is proposed just now, as everybody knows, to establish, in different poor neighbourhoods, certain great dining-halls and kitchens for the use of poor people, on the plan of those establishments which have been highly successful in Glasgow and Manchester. The plan is a good one, and we wish it every success—on certain conditions. The poor man who attends one of these eating-houses must be treated as the rich man is treated who goes to a tavern. The thing must not be made a favour of. The custom of the diner-out is to be solicited as a thing on which the prosperity of the establishment depends. The officials, cooks, and all persons who are paid to be the servants of the man who dines, are to behave respectfully to him, as hired servants should; he is not to be patronised, or ordered about, or read to, or made speeches at, or in any respect used less respectfully than he would be in a beef and pudding shop, or other house of entertainment. Above all, he is to be jolly, he is to enjoy himself, he is to have his beer to drink; while, if he show any sign of being drunk or disorderly, he is to be turned out, just as I should be ejected from a club, or turned out of the Wellington or the Albion Tavern this very day, if I got drunk there.

There must be none of that Sunday-school mawkishness, which too much pervades our dealings with the lower classes; and we must get it into our heads—which seems harder to do than many people would imagine—that the working man is neither a felon, nor necessarily a drunkard, nor a very little child. Our wholesome plan is to get him to co-operate with us. Encourage him to take an interest in the success of the undertaking, and, above all things, be very sure that it pays, and pays well, so that the scheme is worth going into without any philanthropic flourishes at all. He is already flourished to death, and he hates to be flourished to, or flourished about.

There is a tendency in the officials who are engaged in institutions organised for the benefit of the poor, to fall into one of two errors; to be rough and brutal, which is the Poor-law Board style; or cheerfully condescending, which is the Charitable Committee style. Both these tones are offensive to the poor, and well they may be. The proper tone is that of the tradesman at whose shop the workman deals, who is glad to serve him, and who makes a profit out of his custom. Who has not been outraged by observing that cheerfully patronising mode of dealing with poor people which is in vogue at our soup-kitchens and other depôts of alms? There is a particular manner of looking at the soup through a gold double eye-glass, or of tasting it, and saying, "Monstrous good—monstrous good indeed; why, I should like to dine off it myself!" which is more than flesh and blood can bear.

We must get rid of all idea of enforcing what is miscalled temperance—which is in itself anything but a temperate idea. A man must be allowed to have his beer with his dinner, though he must not be allowed to make a beast of himself. Some account was given not long since, in these

pages, of a certain soldiers' institute at Chatham; it was then urged that by all means the soldiers ought to be supplied with beer on the premises, in order that the institution might compete on fair terms with the public-house. It was decided, however, by those in authority, or by some of them, that this beer was not to be. The consequence is, as was predicted, that the undertaking, which had every other element of success, is very far from being in a flourishing condition. And similarly, this excellent idea of dining-rooms for the working classes will also be in danger of failing, if that important ingredient in a poor man's dinner—a mug of beer—is not to be a part of it.

The cause of temperance is not promoted by any intemperate measures. It is intemperate conduct to assert that fermented liquors ought not to be drunk at all, because, when taken in excess, they do harm. Wine, and beer, and spirits, have their place in the world. We should try to convince the working man that he is acting foolishly if he give more importance to drink than it ought to have. But we have no right to inveigh against drink, though we have a distinct right to inveigh against drunkenness. There is no intrinsic harm in beer; far from it; and so, by raving against it, we take up a line of argument from which we may be beaten quite easily by any person who has the simplest power of reasoning. The real temperance cause is injured by intemperate advocacy; and an argument which we cannot honestly sustain is injurious to the cause it is enlisted to support. Suppose you forbid the introduction of beer into one of these institutions, and you are asked your reason for doing so, what is your answer? That you are afraid of drunkenness. There is some danger in the introduction of gas into a building. You don't exclude it; but you place it under certain restrictions, and use certain precautions to prevent explosions. Why don't you do so with beer?

FRENCH DEAD (AND GONE) SHOTS.

A RECENT fatal encounter between a French nobleman and a luckless Irish gentleman furnishes a fresh text for showing on what footing duelling stands in that country. France has always been notorious for such combats; French memoirs overflow with duels; and French novels are sprinkled with details of spirited quarrels sure to be arranged by this useful machinery. Yet, up to a recent date, the Customs of Quarrels, the Rules and Precedents, remained wholly undigested.

The Irish constitutions of Clonmel, explained in a previous article,* were before them by many decades of years. A French code was at last "redacted," and something like order and system introduced. The new pandects were signed by eleven peers, twenty-five general officers, and fifty superior officers. Nearly all the *maires* and *préfets* gave in their adhesion, and even

the minister of war, being restrained by a pardonable delicacy, and the awkwardness of official position, from attaching his signature, took the trouble of writing a formal letter, to be published hereafter, signifying his approval of the entire arrangements. Many of the regulations are transparently borrowed from the Irish constitution. The important axiom of a blow admitting of no verbal apology whatever, and the almost casuistical theories as to what constitutes "the insulted party," are common to both. The French code, however, is curious, as illustrating the different shapes of duello which it recognises.

There are three instruments which the code of duelling recognises: the small-sword, the sabre, and the pistol. In France, the first is looked upon as the national and accepted shape; the others are more or less barbaric and exceptional. Most Frenchmen are fencers, and learn that useful science as an accomplishment. A French father does not, indeed, from his dying bed press upon his child the duty of being "always ready with the pistol," which was the affectionate testamentary farewell of an Irish gentleman of some repute in these encounters, but he will take care to leave his son well grounded in the management of the rapier. Up to a recent period a Frenchman, when challenged, invariably selected pistols.

The constitutions, however, distinctly recognise the pistol, and the peculiar variations which that special shape of wager of battle is allowed to take. First, the rude Anglo-Irish and semi-barbaric system may be adopted in all its rugged simplicity: a measured distance, the two combatants facing each other, and a signal. So might Rousseau's Indians, out of their State of Nature, and furnished by a pardonable anachronism with the explosive weapons of civilisation, decide their quarrel about the charms of a squaw. The simplicity was hideous. See how it can be refined into an elegant and more exciting pastime. First, for a *duel à volonté*, according to the technical name. Two lines, distant from thirty-five to forty paces, are marked off; within which are drawn two other lines, from fifteen to twenty paces apart, which is the nearest approach tolerated. According to the canon of the *duel à volonté*, the combatants advance cautiously, starting from the outside line, and holding their pistols downwards. They can halt when they please, and can take aim when they halt, but not fire, which is only allowed when the line is reached. Thus, if one desires to have the first shot, he may walk on quickly till he reach the line, and then fire; but he has the disadvantages of a hasty aim, and a long range. The moment he has fired, he must remain steadily in his place, a prey to the most uncomfortable feelings, until his adversary shall have adjusted his aim, and covered him. On this account, in Ireland, there has always been a reasonable prejudice in favour of receiving the adversary's fire; the apparent risk being more than counterbalanced by the enormous advantage of a quiet aim, without the disturb-

* See Dead (and Gone) Shots, vol. vii., p. 212.

ing influence of a hostile barrel, which must naturally confuse and agitate.

The duel à *marche interrompue* appears at first sight to differ little from the one last described; but there are grave and important points of distinction. Out of these various shapes of encounter the skilful amateur will find his advantage according to his experience, and the peculiar manner he will have acquired during that experience. There are the same lines, and the same distances marked off. But the parties advance in a zig-zag direction—halting and advancing like Indian skirmishers—with power to fire the moment either halts. This is the grand distinction—not one of form, it will be observed, but of principle, and much to be recommended to novices, who might naturally be agitated by their début. They will thus secure an early shot with a freedom from disturbing influences. There is, of course, always the drawback of having to accept the adversary's fire without sign or protest. It should be mentioned, that as soon as one has fired, the other is not allowed to advance further, but must discharge his pistol from the point at which he is standing.

Next follows the duel *au signal*, which is an approach to the old Hiberno-Britannic fashion, and was doubtless meant to conciliate national prejudice. The signal was to be given by three claps of the hand, with an interval of three seconds between each. At the first, the parties were to move slowly towards each other; at the second, to level, still walking; at the third, to halt and fire. The French code states that if one fires before or after the signal, by so much as half a second, he shall be considered a dishonourable man; and if by the disgraceful manoeuvre he shall have killed his adversary, he shall be looked on as an assassin. To minds less nice there would appear but little distinction between the cases. But if the adversary who has been fired at thus dishonourably have been lucky enough to escape, he is allowed a terrible retribution—to take a slow deliberate aim, and a shot à loisir. Where one disgracefully reserves his fire after the signal, the disagreeable duty is allotted to the seconds of rushing in at all risk and peril—even in front of the weapon, if no other course will answer—and disarming him.

Then follows the *Barrière*, which is, strictly speaking, a generic term, and applicable to any shape of combat where a line of separation between the parties is enforced. Sometimes the term is applied to an arrangement by which the parties are set back to back, and at a given signal must march away ten, or any special number of paces, then turn round smartly and fire. This is, perhaps, the most *humane* sort of duel, as there are many chances that the parties will miss each other. Whereas the Englishman who has graduated on the bogs and moors will have a fatal advantage in this flurried style of shooting. Allowance, however, should be made for a profitable experience of our neighbours among the robins and sparrows—a good range of practice among those tiny warblers of the grove and

bushes contributing to steady the eye and hand very considerably.

There is also the duel à *marche non interrompue et à ligne parallèle*—a rather cumbersome title for a very simple mode of arrangement. The inevitable parallel lines are traced at about fifteen paces' distance (though it seems a little mysterious how those marks can be "traced" along the green sward of the Bois de Boulogne), and the parties are started from points exactly opposite each other. They can walk either fast or slow, and can fire when they please, but are not allowed to stop or to reserve their fire a second after reaching the end of the march. This system, however, is not open to the objection of being too favourable to the person who receives the first fire and reserves his own, for he is compelled to be en route while taking his aim, and is limited by time and the short distance he has to walk.

Next in the gory annals of French duelling comes the fashion of turning the two adversaries into a dark room, armed each with a pair of pistols; then, that Mexican practice of an encounter on horseback, armed with weapons of every kind. The first is worthy of gladiatorial days and the most savage of the emperors, and there is something horrible in the notion of the two caged men creeping round by the wall, with finger on the trigger, scarcely daring to breathe for fear of giving their enemy a hint of their position. There was room, too, for all manner of artful devices to make the enemy deliver his fire first, the light from which would illuminate his figure, and render him a favourable object. But these shapes of action the French code looks on as exceptional and highly irregular, refusing to take any notice of them, or apply its ordinances to their case. It throws out only one contemptuous hint in reference to them—namely, that all stipulations and arrangements must be put in writing.

The terrible duel à *Poutrance*, where so desperate was the character of the offence it was agreed that one of the parties should die on the ground, was contrived by loading one pistol only. The other was primed merely, and the second holding them behind his back, the parties chose, by saying "To the right," or "To the left." Then the end of a pocket-handkerchief was placed in each of their hands, and the fatal signal given. If the holder of the pistol pulled the trigger before the signal, he was justly dealt with as an assassin, in the case of his having the loaded weapon. In case of its proving the empty one, the opponent had the privilege of putting the muzzle to his head and shooting him on the spot. But these extravaganees—outpourings of an indecent and ungentlemanly animosity—received but little toleration, and the genteel code, as was mentioned, takes no cognisance of its incidents. Of the dramatic elements involved in a "situation" of this sort, that skilful dramatist, M. Dumas the elder, was not slow to avail himself; he has worked this strata up according to true "Saint Martin's-gate" traditions, in his melodrama of Pauline.

The chronicles of the Bois de Boulogne (taking that arena in its widest sense as symbolical of such battle-grounds all over France) show many encounters between Frenchmen and foreigners. But the Bois de Boulogne has been invaded by the beautifiers of the Empire, and its pleasant privacy for such meetings disturbed. It used to enjoy the distinction of being the traditional locus in quo of all tournaments, just as Chalk Farm was the trysting-place for London, and The Fifteen Acres, "be they more or less"—as the attorney writing his challenge observed with professional accuracy—for Dublin.

Going down to Marseilles about the month of March, seventeen hundred and sixty-five, we discover Lord Kilmaurs, the eldest son of the Scotch Earl of Glencarne, sitting in the theatre of that wonderful Mediterranean city. He happened to be very deaf, and, with the perversity of those afflicted in that way, talked with an earnest loudness. A French officer in the next box, with devout attention to the performance, which we have not yet reached to, and that intemperate manner of reproving interruption, in which we are yet happily far behind them, stood up and called out roughly, "Paix! paix!" This admonition was unintelligible to the deaf lord, who maintained his conversation at the same level of pitch. The injunction was repeated several times with the same result. Thereupon the polite Frenchman rose, and, stooping over, said, with great violence, "Taisez-vous!" To him the viscount, at last restored to hearing, gave some short answer, and talked a good deal louder to show his disregard. It chanced then that the officer changed his box, and later on the English lord, who was wandering round the house, happened to come into this very box, of all boxes in the world, and, in utter unconsciousness, stood at the door, his eyes roaming over the features of the officer. The latter, then boiling with rage at this apparent determination to insult him, started up and flew at the Englishman, asking him what he meant by staring at him. The other, no doubt bethinking him of the well-known proverb, said he had a right to look at any one even of royal rank. On which the officer flew at him, dragged him down into the street, and struck him on the shoulder with his naked sword. Upon which the deaf lord drew his sword gallantly; but, before he could make more than a pass or two, was run through the body, the officer's sword coming out at his shoulder-blade. Those familiar with this gay and Eastern port can fancy that scene in the open Place hard by to the Canebière, with the lighted cafés—not yet were the days of the gorguous and fantastic Café Turc—and the coloured awnings from the windows fluttering in the air, and the great Mediterranean rolling up to the shore a few yards away. Shrieks for the watch, a crowd, pouring fresh from the parterre, gathering round, and the Marquis de Pecquigny, at the head of his guard, hurrying up to the spot where the poor Englishman was lying. He was gasping for breath, choking for want of air, while the crowd, with the stupidity of all crowds,

pressed in still closer on him. But the French guard made a ring round him, and saved his life for once. He was still, however, gasping and struggling there, when a surgeon, who had been at the play, came up, slit open the collar of his shirt, had him lifted up, and some water given to him. He was all but dead, and could not speak; but, wonderful to relate, in three days was perfectly well. Some little international difficulty was apprehended at first, but the English ambassador at Paris soon set all straight.

Two years before the great French Revolution, a French officer unguardedly delivered himself of the aphorism that "the English army had more phlegm than spirit"—a sentiment which really had a substratum of truth, but was awkwardly worded. He should have said that phlegm was one shape of the spirit of the British army. The name of this incautious Frenchman was artfully veiled under that of the Chevalier la B., and that of the English officer, who promptly challenged him, was thinly disguised under that of Captain S., of the Eleventh Regiment. The offence would appear to have been so deadly that the parties were placed at the alarmingly short distance of only five paces! Captain S. fired first, and his ball "took place," to use the words of the authorised report of the transaction, on the chevalier's breast, but, by a marvel of good luck, was stopped by a metal button. The chevalier, touched by so happy a deliverance, magnanimously fires in the air, and acknowledges that the English *have* both spirit and phlegm. In illustration of this fortunate escape, it may be mentioned that, some forty years ago, a person connected with the family of the writer of these notes, was riding out one morning in Ireland, accompanied by sympathising friends, to arrange a little "difficulty" of the same description. When at the gate his eye fell upon a horse-shoe. With obstreperous cries of rejoicing he was called on to dismount and pick it up. All felicitated him on so lucky an omen. He put it into his pocket, and his adversary's ball actually struck it over the region of the heart and glanced off at an angle.

Shortly after the battle of Waterloo, an unlucky pamphlet found its way into Frescati—the conversation-rooms at the watering-place of Bagnères. This pamphlet took pretty much the same odd view of the battle of Toulouse as M. Thiers has recently done of Waterloo. An Englishman chanced to take it up, and wrote on the margin that "everything in it was false; that Lord Wellington had gained a complete victory, and the French army were indebted to his generosity for not having been put to the sword." A hot young Frenchman of the place, named Pinac, at once called out the indiscreet Englishman. Everything was done to accommodate matters; and we are told that even the authorities delicately and considerably interfered, so far as *moral* suasion might be effectual. But all these good offices proved ineffectual, and the representatives of the two nations met on the ground. Poor Pinac gave one more illustration of the insufficiency of this mode of adjusting a quar-

rel, for at the first fire he received the Englishman's ball in the stomach, and died shortly after.

The season after the first abdication of Napoleon, and more particularly after the battle of Waterloo, was, it is well known, very fruitful in quarrels between French and English officers. That pleasant gossip, Captain Gronow, has furnished many incidents illustrative of this spirit. It is a fact, that the French spent days and nights practising fencing; and even resorted to the device of dressing up fencing-masters in officers' clothes, and setting them to pick quarrels with the English. It became impossible for these latter to avoid a conflict with men burning with rage and mortification, and determined to insult their conquerors. At Bordeaux, the Frenchmen used to come across the Garonne for the express purpose of picking a quarrel; and as the challenge usually came from the English, the French had the choice of weapons, and invariably selected their favourite small-sword. Strange to say, the result was usually in favour of our countrymen, who, being utterly helpless at carte, and tierce, and all the niceties of the exercise, unconsciously reproduced the scene in Molière's *Bourgeois*, rushed on, in defiance of guards and passes, and cut down their enemy at once. In vain the Frenchmen protested that this was "brutal" and "unchivalrous," that it was a crying outrage against "les règles d'escrime." Stalwart Englishmen stood by their friend, and, producing loaded pistols, threatened to shoot any who attempted to interfere. This system gradually produced a more wholesome state of feeling.

One night a party of English and Irish officers were at the little Théâtre de la Gaîté, where some French officers tried the usual devices to engage them in a quarrel. The Frenchmen had their swords, which they drew at once, with the alacrity of their country; unfortunately, the Anglo-Hibernian party had none. They, however, rapidly broke up all the chairs and tables at hand, and converting the fragments into useful weapons of offence, shivered every sword opposed to them, utterly routing their opponents. In the delicate situation in which the occupying army was placed, there was an inclination to make every allowance for wounded sensibilities; but it was found impossible to brook the offensive behaviour of the natives, and their studious insults. And the English authorities knew the temper of the situation so well, that none of the surviving offenders were visited with severe punishment.

One of the most painful cases occurred at Cambrai, shortly after Waterloo, where a party of the English Guards were in garrison. A young officer, Lieutenant G—, was followed one day by a French officer in plain clothes, swear-

ing and uttering the grossest insults. The young officer, finding it impossible to misunderstand or overlook this intrusive mode of address, turned round and asked him to whom he was applying such language. "To you, and all English cowards!" was the answer; which, as a matter of course, bore fruit in a challenge. The whole thing was so absurd, that the police authorities interfered, and promised that the offender should be sent away forthwith. However, the meeting took place outside the ramparts, in presence of a large number of the townspeople. Though pistols had been agreed on as the weapons, the Frenchman made his appearance with swords, and after some discussion agreed to use one of his adversary's weapons. The young Guardsman fell at the first shot, and it was remarked at the time that the French officer gave a sort of start or stagger, whence it was suspected afterwards that he had been protected by a coat of mail. While the poor youth was gasping and struggling in the arms of his friends, the Frenchman looked on calmly from a distance, and made this remark in a commiserating tone: "Poor young man! Had he fought with swords, he had been spared all this agony!" A party of soldiers arriving to carry off the slain officer, the Frenchman grew apprehensive, and said that it would be unfair to seize him; that he had come there on the understanding, &c.; but was allowed, says the chronicle, to depart "in the most honourable manner." That very evening he was seen at a café, exhibiting a handkerchief with a mark of a bullet in it, and boasted loudly that he had killed a Prussian, a Spaniard, an Austrian, and a Portuguese, and had, "at last, been lucky enough to kill an Englishman!"

In Mr. Lever's rollicking narrative of Harry Lorrequer are introduced some true stories of these Anglo-French encounters during the "occupation."

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VERY HARD CASH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

CHAPTER V.

MRS. DODD knew her man (ladies are very apt to fathom their male acquaintance—too apt, I think); and, to pin him to the only medical theme which interested her, seized the opportunity while he was in actual contact with Julia's wrist, and rapidly enumerated her symptoms, and also told him what Mr. Osmond had said about Hyperæsthesia.

"GOOSE GREECE!" barked Sampson, loud, clear, and sharp as an irritated watch-dog; but this one bow-wow vented, he was silent as abruptly.

Mrs. Dodd smiled, and proceeded to Hypercemia, and thence to the Antiphlogistic Regimen.

At that unhappy adjective, Sampson jumped up, cast away his patient's hand, forgot her existence—she was but a charming individual—and galloped into his native region, Generalities.

"Antiphlogistic! Mai—dear—mad'm, that one long fragmint of ass's jaw has slain a million. Adapted to the weakness of human nature, which receives with rivrine ideas, however childish, that come draped in long tailed, and exotic words, that aasinine polysyllable has riconciled the modern mind to the chimeras of th' ancients, and outbutchered the guillotine, the musket, and the sword: ay, and but for me

Had barred the door
For cinturies more,

on the great coming sceince, the sceince of healing diseases instead of defining, and dividing 'em, and lengthening their names and their durashin, and shortening nothing but the pashint. Th' antiphlogistic Therey is this: That Disease is fiery, and that any artificial exhaustion of vital force must cool the system, and reduce the morbid fire, called, in their donkey Latin, 'flamma,' and in their compound donkey Latin, 'inflammation,' and, in their Goose Greece, 'phlogosis,' 'phlegmon,' &c. And accordingly th' antiphlogistic Practice is, to cool the sick man by bleeding him, and, when blid, either to rebleed him with a change of instrument, bites and stabs instid of gashes, or else to rake the blid, and then blister the blid and raked, and then push mercury till the teeth of the blid, raked, and blistered shake in their sockets, and to starve

the blid, purged, salivated, blistered wretch from first to last. This is the Antiphlogistic system. It is seldom carried out entire, because the pashint at the first or second link in their rimedial chain, expires; or else gives such plain signs of sinking, that even these ass-ass-ins take fright, and try t' undo their own work, not disease's, by tonics an' turtle, and stimulants; which things given at the right time instid of the wrong, given when the pashint was merely weakened by his disorder, and not enfeebled by their didly rimedies, would have cut th' ailment down in a few hours."

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Dodd; "and now, my good friend, with respect to my daughter——"

"N' list me!" clashed Sampson; "ye're goen to fathom th' antiphlogistics, since they still survive an' slay in holes and corners like Barkton an' d'Itly; I've driven the vamperes out o' the cintres o' civilisation. Begin with their coolers! Exhaustion is not a cooler, it is a feverer, and they know it; the way parrots know sentences. Why are we all more or less feverish at night? because we are weaker. Starvation is no cooler, it is an inflamer, and they know it, as parrots know truths, but can't apply them: for they know that burning fever rages in ivery town, street, camp, where Famine is. As for bloodletting, their prime cooler, it is inflammatory; and they know it (parrot-wise), for the thumping heart, and bounding pulse, of pashints blid by butchers in black, and bullocks blid by butchers in blue, prove it; and they have recorded this in all their books: yet stabbed, and bit, and starved, and mercuried, and murdered, on. But mind ye, all their sham coolers are real weakeners (I wonder they didn't inventory Satin and his brimstin lake among their refrijators), and this is the point whence t' appreciate their imbecility, and the sairvice I have rendered mankind in been the first t' attack their banded school, at a time it seemed imprignable."

"Ah, this promises to be very interesting," sighed Mrs. Dodd; "and before you enter on so large a field, perhaps it would be as well to dispose of a little matter which lies at my heart. Here is my poor daughter——"

"NLISSMEE! A human Bean is in a constant state of flux and reflux; his component particles move, change, disappear, and are renewed; his life is a round of exhaustion and repair. Of this

repair, the brain is the sovereign ajint by night and day; and the blood the great living material; and digestible food th' indispensable supply. And this balance of exhaustion and repair is too nice to tamper with; disn't a single sleepless night, or dinnerless day, write some pallor on the face, and tell against the buddy? So does a single excesssive perspiration, a trifling diary, or a cut finger, though it takes but half an ounce of blood out of the system. And what is the cause of that rare ivint—it occurs only to pashints that can't afford docking—Dith from old age? Think ye the man really succumms under years, or is mowed down by Time? Nay, yon's just Potry an Bosh. Nashins have been thinned by the lancet, but niver by the scythe; and years are not forces, but misures of evints. No, Centenarius decays and dies, bekasc his bodil' expiditure goes on; and his bodil' income lessens by failure of the reparative and reproductive forces. And now suppose bodil' exhaustion and repair were a mere matter of pecuniary, instid of vital, economy; what would you say to the steward, or housekeeper, who, to balance your accounts and keep you solvint, should open every known channel of expinse with one hand, and with the other—stop the supplies? Yet this is how the Doekers for thirty cinturies have burned th' human candle at both ends, yet wondered the light of life expired under their hands."

"It seems irrational. Then in my daughter's case you would——"

"Looksee! A pashint falls sick. What haps directly? Why the balance is troubled, and exhaustion exceeds repair. For proof, obsairve the buddy when Disease is fresh!

And you will always find a loss of flesh.

To put it ekonomikly, and then you must understand it, been a housekeeper—

Whativer the Disease, its form, or essence, Expiditure goes on, and income lessens.

To this sick and therefore weak man, enter a Docker purblind with cinturies of Cant, Pricidint, Blood, and Goose Greece; imagincs him a fiery pervalid, though the common sense of mankind, through its interpreter common language, pronounces him, what he is and looks, an 'invalid,' gashes him with a lancet, spills out the great liquid material of all repair by the gallon, and fells this weak man, wounded now, and pale, and fainting, with Dith stamped on his face, to th' earth, like a bayoneted soldier or a slaughtered ox. If the weak man, wounded thus and weakened, survives, then the chartered Thugs who have drained him by the bunghole, turn to and drain him by the spigot; they rake him, and then blister him, and then calomel him: and lest Nature should have the ghost of a chance to counter-balance these frightful outgoings, they keep strong meat and drink out of his system emptied by their stabs, bites, purges, mercury, and blisters; damdijits! And that, Asia excepted, was professional Medicine from Hippocrates to Sampsin; Antiphlogistic is but a modern name

for an ass-ass-inating routine which has niver varied a hair since scholastic medicine, the silliest and diddjest of all the hundred forms of Quackery, first rose—unlike Scince, Art, Religion, and all true Suns—in the West; to wound the sick; to weaken the weak; and mutilate the hurt; and—**THIN MANKIND!**"

The voluble impugner of his own profession delivered these two last words in thunder so sudden and effective as to strike Julia's work out of her hands. But here, as in Nature, a moment's pause followed the thunderclap; so Mrs. Dodd, who had long been patiently watching her opportunity, smothered a shriek, and edged in a word: "This is irresistible; you have confuted everybody; to their hearts' content: and now the question is, what course shall we substitute?" She meant, "in the great case, which occupies me." But Sampson attached a nobler, wider, sense to her query.

"What course? Why the great Chronothairmal practice, based on the remittent and febrile character of all disease; above all, on

The law of Perriodicity, a law
Whence Medicine yet has wells of light to draw.

By Remittency, I mean th' ebb of Disease, by Perriodicity, th' ebb and also the flow, the paroxysm and the remission. These remit and recur, and keep time like the tides, not in ague and remittent fever only, as the Profession imagines to this day, but in all diseases from a Scirrhus in the Pylorus t' a toothache. And I discovered this, and the new paths to cure of all diseases it opens. Alone I did it: and what my reward? hooted, insulted, belied, and called a quack, by the banded school of professional assassins, who, in their day hooted Harvey and Jinner, authors too of great discoveries, but discoveries narrow in their consequences compared with mine. T' appreciate Chronothairmalism, ye must begin at the beginning; so just answer me—What is Man?"

At this huge inquiry whirring up all in a moment, like a cock pheasant in a wood, Mrs. Dodd sank back in her chair despondent. Seeing her hors de combat, Sampson turned to Julia and demanded, twice as loud, "WHAT IS MAN?" Julia opened two violet eyes at him, and then looked at her mother for a hint how to proceed.

"How can that child answer such a question?" sighed Mrs. Dodd. "Let us return to the point."

"I have never strayed an inch from it. It's about Young Physic."

"No, excuse me, it is about a young lady. Universal Medicine! what have I to do with that?"

"Now this is the way with them all," cried Sampson, furious; "there lowed John Bull. The men and women of this benighted nashin have an ear for anything; provided it matters nothing: Talk Jology, Conchology, Entomology, Theology, Meteorology, Astronomy, Deuteronomy, Botheronomy, or Boshology, and one is listened to with riverence, because these are all far-off things in fogs; but at a word about the great, near, useful

art of Healing, y' all stop your ears; for why; your life and dailianourly happiness depend on it. But 'no,' sis John Bull, the knowledge of our own buddies, and how to save our own Bakin, Beef I mean, day by day from disease and chartered ass-ass-ins, all that may interest the thinkers in Saturn, but what the decvil is it t' us? talk t' us of the hiv'nly buddies, not of our own. Babble o' comets an' meteors an' Ethereal nibulæ (never mind the nibulæ in our own skulls). Dis-course t' us of Predistinashin, Spitzbaigen seaweed, the last novel, the seventh vile; of Chrischinishin the Patagonians on condition they are not to come here, and Chrischinishin the White-chapeliaus; of the letter to the Times from the tinker wrecked at Timbuctoo; and the dear Professor's lecture on the probabeelity of snail-shells in the back-yard of the moon! but don't ask us to know ourselves!—Tjjits!!"

The eloquent speaker, depressed by the perversity of Englishmen in giving their minds to every part of creation but their bodies, suffered a momentary loss of energy; then Mrs. Dodd, who had long been watching lynx-like, glided in. "Let us compound. You are for curing all the world, beginning with Nobody. My ambition is to cure my girl, and leave mankind in peace. Now if you will begin with my child, I will submit to rectify the universe in its proper turn. Any time will do to set the human race right; you own it is in no hurry; but my child's case presses; so do pray cure her for me."

"Mai—dear—mad'm; cure her! How on airth am I to do that?"

"At least tell me what her Indisposition is."

"Oh! What, didn't I tell you? Well, there's nothing the matter with her."

At receiving this cavalier reply for the reward of all her patience, Mrs. Dodd was so hurt, and so nearly angry, that she rose with dignity from her seat, with her cheek actually pink, and the water in her eyes. Sampson saw she was ruffled, and appealed to Julia of all people. "There now, Miss Julee," said he, rucfully; "she is in a rage because I won't humbug her. Poplus voolt decpee. I tell you, ma'am, it is not a midical case; givc me disease and I'll cure 't. Stop, I'll tell ye what do; let her take and swallow the Barkton Docks' prescriptions, and Butcher Best's, and canting Kinyon's, and after those four tinkers there'll be plenty holes to mend; then send for me!"

Here was irony. Mrs. Dodd retorted by finesse; she turned on him with a sugared smile, and said: "never mind doctors and patients; it is so long since we met; I do hope you will waive ceremony, and dine with me en ami."

He accepted with pleasure; but must return to his inn first and get rid of his dirty boots, and pashints. And with this he whipped out his watch, and saw that, dealing with universal medicine, he had disappointed more than one sick individual; so shot out as hard as he had shot in, and left the ladies looking at one another after the phenomenon

"Well!" said Julia, with a world of meaning. "Yes, dear," replied Mrs. Dodd, "he is a little eccentric. I think I will request them to make some addition to the dinner."

"No, mamma, if you please, not to put me off so transparently; tell me first the reason you did not ring the bell, and bid the servant conduct that man to the door, very, very early in the conference? If I had interrupted, and shouted, and behaved so, you would have packed me off to bed, or somewhere, directly."

"Don't say 'packed,' love. Dismissed me to bed."

"Ah!" cried Julia, "you are yourself again: that privileged person is gone, and we must all mind our P's and Q's once more. This is more than natural. You would not lay down your character for a single person, to take it up again the moment he was gone—without a reason. Here is some mystery." Then she clasped her hands, and raised them to Heaven, just like the best statues; "my own mother has a secret; a secret from her Julia. Well, I deserve it." This acknowledgment slipped out through speaking too fast, and was no sooner uttered than this statuesque Hebe hung her head most prosaically, and looked as if she could bite her tongue off.

Mrs. Dodd, with an air of nonchalance, replied to the effect that Dr. Sampson was not her offspring; and so she was not bound to correct his eccentricities. "And I suppose," said she, lazily, "we must accept these extraordinary people as we find them; and it is time to dress for dinner."

That day her hospitable board was spread over a trap. Blessed with an oracle irrelevantly fluent, and dumb to the point, she had asked him to dinner with maternal address. He could not be on his guard eternally; sooner or later, through inadvertence, or in a moment of convivial recklessness, or in a parenthesis of some grand Generality, he would cure her child; or, perhaps, at his rate of talking, would wear out all his idle themes, down to the very "well-being of mankind;" and then Julia's mysterious indisposition would come on the blank tapis. With these secret hopes she presided at the feast, all grace and gentle amity. Julia, too, sat down with a little design, but a very different one, viz. of being very chilly company, for she disliked this new acquaintance cordially, and hated the science of medicine.

The unconscious Object chatted away with both, and cut their replies very short, and did strange things; sent away Julia's chicken, regardless of her scorn, and prescribed mutton: called for champagne and made her drink it, and pout; and thus excited Mrs. Dodd's hopes that he was attending to the case by degrees.

But, after dinner, Julia, to escape medicine universal, and particular, turned to her mother, and dilated on the treachery of her literary guide, the Criticaster. "It said 'Odds and Ends' was a good novel to read by the sea-side. So I thought 'then oh, how different it must be from most books, if you can sit by the glorious sea and even look at it.' So I sent for it directly, and,

would you believe, it was an ignoble thing; all flirtation and curates. The sea, indeed! A pond would be fitter to read it by; and one with a good many geese on."

"Was ever such simplicity?" said Mrs. Dodd. "Why, my dear, that phrase about the sea does not mean anything. I shall have you believing that Mr. So-and-So, a novelist, can '*with a fashionable folly*,' and that '*a painful incident*' to one shopkeeper has '*thrown a gloom*' over a whole market-town, and so on. Now-a-days every third phrase is of this character; a stalling's note. Once, it appears, there was an age of gold, and then came one of iron, and then of brass. All these are gone, and the age of 'jargon' has succeeded."

She sighed, and Sampson took a "tremendous header" off the sea-side novel into the sea of fiction. He rechristened that joyous art Feckshin, and lashed its living professors. "You devour their three volumes greedily," said he, "but after your meal you feel as empty as a drum; there is no leading idea in 'um; now, there always is in Molière: and *he* comprehended the medicine of his age. But what fundamental truth d'our novelists iver convey? All they can do is pile incidents. Their customers dictate th' article; unideaed melodrams for unideaed girls. The writers and their feckshins belong to one species, and that's 'the non-vertebrated animals;' and their medicine is Bosh; why they bleed still for falls and fevers; and niver mention vital chronometry. Then they don't look straight at Nature, but see with their ears, and repeat one another twelve deep. Now, listen me! there are the cracters for an 'ideaed feckshin' in Barkington, and I'd write it, too, only I haven't time."

At this, Julia, forgetting her resolution, broke out, "Romantic characters in Barkington? Who? who?"

"Who *should* they be, but my pashints? Ay, ye may lauch, Miss Julee, but wait till ye see them." He was then seized with a fit of candour, and admitted that some, even of his pashints, were colourless; indeed, not to mince the matter, six or seven of that sacred band were nullity in person. "I can compare the beggars to nothing," said he, "but the globules of the Do-Nothings; dee—d insipid, and nothing in 'em. But the others make up. Man alive, I've got 'a rosy cheeked miser,' and an 'ill-used attorney,' and an 'honest Screw,' he is a gardener, with a hid like a cart-horse."

"Mamma! mamma! that is Mr. Maxley," cried Julia, clapping her hands, and thawing in her own despite.

"Then there's my virgin martyr, and my puppy; they are brother and sister; and there's their father, but he is an impenetrable dog—won't unbosom. However, he sairves to draw chicks for the other two, and so keep em goen. By-the-by, you know my puppy."

"We have not that honour. Do we know Dr. Sampson's puppy, love?" inquired Mrs. Dodd, rather languidly.

"Mamma!—I—I—know no one of that name."

"Don't tell me! Why it was he sent me here: told me where you lived, and I was to make haste, for Miss Dodd was very ill: it is young Hardie, the banker's son, ye know."

Mrs. Dodd said, good humouredly, but with a very slight touch of irony, that really they were very much flattered by the interest Mr. Alfred Hardie had shown; especially as her daughter had never exchanged ten words with him. Julia coloured at this statement, the accuracy of which she had good reason to doubt; and the poor girl felt as if an icicle passed swiftly along her back. And then, for the first time in her life, she thought her mother hardly gracious; and she wanted to say *she* was obliged to Mr. Alfred Hardie, but dared not, and despised herself for not daring. Her composure was further attacked by Mrs. Dodd looking full at her, and saying, interrogatively, "I wonder how that young gentleman could know about your being ill?"

At this Julia eyed her plate very attentively, and murmured, "I believe it is all over the town: and seriously too, so Mrs. Maxley says: for she tells me that, in Barkington, if more than one doctor is sent for, that bodes ill for the patient."

"Deevelich ill," cried Sampson, heartily:

"For two physicians, like a pair of oars, Conduck him faster to the Styjjin shores."*

Julia looked him in the face, and coldly ignored this perversion of Mrs. Maxley's meaning; and Mrs. Dodd returned pertinaciously to the previous topic. "Mr. Alfred Hardie interests me: he was good to Edward. I am curious to know why you call him a puppy?"

"Only because he is one, ma'am. And that is no reason at all with 'the Six.' He is a juvenel pidant, and a puppy, and contradicts ivery new truth, becase it isn't in Aristotle and th' Eton Grammar; and he's such a chatterbox, ye can't get in a word idgeways; and he and his sister—that's my virgin martyr—are a farce. *He* keeps sneerin' at her relijinn, and that puts *her* in such a rage, she thrittens 't' intercede for him at the Throne."

"Jargon," sighed Mrs. Dodd, and just shrugged her lovely shoulders. "We breathe it—we float in an atmosphere of it. My love?" And she floated out of the room, and Julia floated after.

"You look flushed, love," was Mrs. Dodd's first word in the drawing-room. "Lie on the sofa a minute, and compose yourself."

Sampson made grog and sipped it, meditating on the gullibility of man in matters medical. This favourite speculation detained him late, and almost his first word on entering the drawing-room was, "Good night, little girl."

Julia coloured at this broad hint, drew herself up, and lighted a bed-candle. She went to Mrs. Dodd, kissed her, and whispered in her ear, "I hate him!" and, as she retired, her whole elegant person launched ladylike defiance; under which brave exterior no little uncasiness was hidden.

* Garth.

"O, what will become of me!" thought she, "if he has gone and told him about Henley."

"Let's see the prescriptions, ma'am," said Dr. Sampson.

Delighted at this concession, Mrs. Dodd took them out of her desk and spread them earnestly. He ran his eye over them, and pointed out that the mucous membrane man and the nerve man had prescribed the same medicine, on irreconcilable grounds; and a medicine, moreover, whose effect on the nerves was nil, and on the mucous membrane was not to soothe it, but plough it and harrow it; "and did not that open her eyes?" He then reminded her that all these doctors in consultation would have contrived to agree. "But you," said he, "have baffled the collusive swindle by which Dox arrived at a sham uniformity—honest uniformity can never exist till scientific principles obtain." Then, with a sudden start, he compared her to Daniel. He was very fond of comparisons. "Danle," said he, "questioned those two elderly blaggrds apart, and thin they couldn't agree in a lie, ye know, all for want of a 'consultashin.' So says you, 'Well done, Danle, my lad.'"

"My dear friend, I am not so familiar—with giants—as you do me the honour to imagine."

"Whist! Whist! and you said, 'I'll do a bit o' Danle.'"

"Oh, quelle horreur!" cried Mrs. Dodd, in unfeigned disgust.

Listme! All four, been Danled, told y' a different lie; and disn't that open your eyes? Sceince, indeed! Put an easy question t' any real sceince; will it sing ye four songs as wide apart as the four winds of Hiven? Take a pashint and his case to four lawyers, the most abused of all Sceince's sons; will they fling him four impudent guesses a thousand miles wide of each other; and ten thousand from the truth?"

Mrs. Dodd seemed dazzled by this observation, and bowed her head in reluctant assent.

"Ye begin to see through 'em? Now then, post nubila Phœbus: that is not donkey Latin, ma'am, but the real article, and means, 'After four muddlehids see one Sampsin work.' To begin, is the pashint in love?"

The doctor put this query in just the same tone in which they inquire, "any expectation?" But Mrs. Dodd, in reply, was less dry and business-like. She started and looked aghast. This possibility had once, for a moment, occurred to her, but only to be rejected, the evidence being all against it.

"In love?" said she. "That child, and I not know it!"

He said he had never supposed that. "But I thought I'd just ask ye; because she has no bodily ailment, and the passions are all counterfeited diseases; they are connected, like all diseases, with cerebral instability, have their heats and chills, like all diseases, and their paroxysms and remissions, like all diseases. Nlistme! You have detected the sighs of a slight cerebral instability; I have ascertained th' absence of all phy-

sical cause: then why make this healthy pashint's buddy a test-tube for poisons? Sovereign drugs (I deal with no other, I leave the nullities to the noodles) are either counterpoisons, or poisons, and here there is nothing to counterpoison at present. So I'm for caushin, and working on the safe side th' hidge, and that's the mintal; till we are less in the dark. Mind ye, young women at her age are kittle cattle; they have gusts o' this, and gusts o' that, th' unreasonableness imps. D'ye see these two pieces pastebord? They are tickets for a ball,

In Barkton town-hall."

"Yes, of course I see them," said Mrs. Dodd, dolefully.

"Well, I prescribe 'em. And when they have been taken,

And the pashint well shaken,

perhaps we shall see whether we are on the right system: and if so, we'll dose her with youthful society in a more irrational form; conversaziones, cookeyshines, et cetera. And if we find ourselves on the wrong tack, why then we'll hark back.

Stick blindly to 'a course,' the dockers cry.

But it does me harm: *Then 'twill do good by-an-by.*

Where lairned ye that, Echoes of Echoes, say!

The killer ploughs 'a course,' the healer 'FEELS HIS WAY.'

So mysterious are the operations of the human mind, that, when we have exploded in verse meritorious as the above, we lapse into triumph instead of penitence. Not that doggregl meets with reverence here below—the statues to it are few, and not in marble, but in the material itself—but then an *Impromptu!* A moment ago, our *Posy* was not: and now is. With the speed, if not the brilliancy, of lightning, we have added a handful to the intellectual dust-heap of an oppressed nation. From this bad eminence Sampson then looked down complacently, and saw Mrs. Dodd's face as long as his arm. She was one that held current opinions; and the world does not believe Poetry can sing the Practical; verse and useful knowledge pass for incompatibles; and though Doggregl is not Poetry yet it has a lumbering proclivity that way, and so forfeits the confidence of grave, sensible, people. This versification, and this impalpable and unprecedented prescription she had waited for so long, seemed all of a piece to poor mamma; wild, unpractical, and—oh, horror!—eccentric.

Sampson read her sorrowful face after his fashion. "Oh, I see, ma'am," cried he. "Cure is not welcome unless it comes in the form consecrated by centuries of slaughter. Well, then, give me a sheet!" He took the paper and rent it asunder, and wrote this on the larger fragment:

R Die Mercur. circa x. hor: vespert:
eat in musca ad Prætorium.
Saltet cum xiii canicul:
præsertim meo. Dom: reddita,
6 hora matutin: dormiat ad prand:
Repetat stultit: pro re nata.

He handed this with a sort of spiteful twinkle to

Mrs. Dodd, and her countenance lightened again. Her sex will generally compound with whoever can give as well as take. Now she had extracted a real, grave, prescription, she acquiesced in the ball, though not a county one; "to satisfy your whim, my good kind friend, to whom I owe so much."

Sampson called on his way back to town, and, in course of conversation, praised Nature for her beautiful instincts, one of which, he said, had inspired Miss Julee, at a credulous age, not to swallow "the didly drastics of the tinkerin dox."

Mrs. Dodd smiled, and requested permission to contradict him; her daughter had taken the several prescriptions.

Sampson inquired brusquely if she took him for a fool.

She replied calmly: "No; for a very clever, but rather opinionated personage."

"Opinated? So is ivery man who has grounds for his opinin. D'yc think, because Doekers Short, an' Bist, an' Kinyon, an' Cuckoo, an' Jackdaw, an' Starling, an' Co., don't know the dire effects of calomel an' drastics on the buddy, I don't know't? Her eye, her tongue, her skin, her voice, her elastic walk, all tell *me* she has not been robbed of her vital resources. Why, if she had taken that genteel old thief Short's rimidies alone, the girl's gums would be sore,

And herself at Dith's door."

Mrs. Dodd was amused. "Julia, this is so like the gentlemen; they are in love with Argument. They go on till they reason themselves out of their Reason. Why beat about the bush; when there she sits?"

"What, go t' a wumman for the truth, when I can go t' infallible Inference?"

"You may always go to my David's daughter for the truth," said Mrs. Dodd, with dignity. She then looked the inquiry; and Julia replied to her look as follows: first, she coloured very high; then, she hid her face in both her hands; then, rose and turning her neck swiftly, darted a glance of fiery indignation and bitter reproach on Dr. Meddlesome, and left the apartment mighty stag-like.

"Maircy on us!" cried Sampson. "Did ye see that, ma'am? Yon's just a bonny basilisk. Another such thunderbolt as she dispensed, and ye'll be ringing for the maid to sweep up the good physician's ashes."

Julia did not return till the good physician was gone back to London. Then she came in with a rush, and, demonstrative toad, embraced Mrs. Dodd's knees, and owned she had cultivated her geraniums with all those medicines, liquid and solid; and only one geranium had died of them.

There is a fascinating age, when an intelligent virgin is said to fluctuate between childhood and womanhood. Let me add that these seeming fluctuations depend much on the company she is in; the budding virgin is princess of chamcleons: and, to confine ourselves to her two most piquant contrasts, by her mother's side she is

always more or less childlike; but, let an nice young fellow engage her apart, and, hey presto! she shall be every inch a woman; perhaps at no period of her life are the purely mental characteristics of her sex so supreme in her: so her type, the rose-bud, excels in essence of rosehood the rose itself.

My reader has seen Julia Dodd play both parts; but it is her child's face she has now been turning for several pages; so it may be prudent to remind him she has shone on Alfred Hardie in but one light; a young, but Juno-like, woman. Had she shown "my puppy" her childish qualities, he would have despised her; he had left that department himself so recently. But Nature guarded the budding fair from such a disaster.

We left Alfred Hardie standing in the moonlight gazing at her lodging. Sudden! But, let slow coaches deny it as loudly as they like, fast coaches exist; and Love is a passion, which like Hate, Envy, Avarice, &c., has risen to a great height in a single day. Not that Alfred's was "Love at first sight," for he had seen her beauty in the full blaze of day with no deeper feeling than admiration; but in the moonlight he came under more sovcreign spells than a fair face: amongst these were her virtues and her voice. The narrative of their meeting has indicated the first, and, as to the latter, Julia was not one of those whose beauty goes out with a candle. Her voice was that rich, mellow, moving organ, which belongs to no rank nor station; is born, not made, and, flow it from the lips of dairymaid or countess, touches every heart, gentle or simple, that is truly male. And this divine contralto, full, yet penetrating, Dame Nature had inspired her to lower when she was moved or excited, instead of raising it: and then she was enchanting. All unconsciously she cast this crowning spell on Alfred, and he adored her. In a word, he caught a child-woman away from its mother; his fluttering captive turned, put on composure, and bewitched him.

She left him, and the moonlight night seemed to blacken. But within his young breast all was light, new light. He leaned opposite her window in an Elysian reverie, and let the hours go by. He seemed to have vegetated till then, and lo! true life had dawned. He thought he should love to die for her. And, when he was calmer, he felt he was to live for her, and welcomed his destiny with rapture. He passed the rest of the Oxford term in a soft ecstasy; called often on Edward, and took a sudden and prodigious interest in him; and counted the days glide by and the happy time draw near, when he should be four months in the same town with his enchantress. This one did not trouble the doctors; he glowed with a steady fire; no heats and chills, and sad misgivings; for one thing he was not a woman, a being tied to that stake, Suspense, and compelled to wait, and wait, for others' actions. As the inveterate Sampson would say:

He had the luck to be a male,
So, like a rat without a tail,
Could do, could do, could do.

Meantime, life's path seem paved with roses, and himself to march it in eternal sunshine, buoyed by perfumed wings.

He came to Barkington to try for the lovely prize. Then first he had to come down from love's sky, and realise how hard it is here below to court a young lady—who is guarded by a mother—without an introduction in the usual form. The obvious course was to call on Edward. Having parted from him so lately he forced himself to wait a few days, and then set out for Albion Villa.

As he went along, he arranged the coming dialogue for all the parties; Edward was to introduce him, Mrs. Dodd to recognise his friendship for her son, he was to say he was the gainer by it; Julia, silent at first, was to hazard a timid observation, and he to answer gracefully, and draw her out, and find how he stood in her opinion. The sprightly affair should end by his inviting Edward to dinner. That should lead to their inviting him in turn, and then he should get a word with Julia, and find out what houses she visited, and get introduced to their proprietors; arrived at this point, his mind went over hedge and ditch faster than my poor pen can follow. As the crow flies, so flew he, and had reached the church-porch under a rain of nose-gays with Julia—in imagination—by then he arrived at Albion Villa in the body. Yet he knocked timidly; his heart beat almost as hard as his hand.

Sarah, the black-eyed housemaid, "answered the door."

CAIRO DONKEY-BOYS.

AN Egyptian donkey is, indeed, "the horse's godson," as the fellaheen proverb asserts. In England the donkey is well known as a small, long-eared animal, with a black cross on its back, not disposed to prolonged speed, intensely stubborn, and, except at sea-side places, not much patronised by the richer classes, who, indeed, rather despise its demure and stiff-necked patience. In Egypt, it is bestrode by all classes, being no longer slow, no longer obstinate. Its pace, if not tremendous, is untiring; and as for appearances, what the Prophet loved to ride the wealthiest spice merchant of the bazaars dare not despise. The basha's favourite wives ride donkeys when they pay their morning calls or go shopping for perfumed silks. Fancy meeting in Regent-street the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Brougham ambling along on donkeys; yet we have seen the chief derwish of Cairo and a leading dignitary of that city riding in such wise through the Cairo bazaars. The first thought of the son of a pilgrim returning from Mecca, who hears that the caravan has been sighted, is to run and saddle an ass, that his tired father may dismount from his wearisome camel, and at least enter the "victorious city" in peace and comfort. Troops of these long-suffering animals stand in the Usbee-

kieh, or chief square of Cairo. The Caireen saddle has a raised round pommel, mounting into a smooth lump, and covered neatly with red leather. The bridle ties up with a slip-knot to a ring in this pommel, and to some part of the under part is generally fastened (perhaps as a talisman against the evil eye and the bad genii) some ring or other ornament of blue porcelain. The stirrups are often brass and of strange shape, and the joggling of the rider's feet is the chief excitement used to the animal; sometimes, at special moments, as at the final race home, aided by a long-drawn shout of "Ah—h!" and a screw of the vertebrae of the tail not altogether unknown among Britons. There is generally a saddle-cloth; it is often a very gay red and blue carpet, sometimes a mere little rug of brown wool, rudely simple, but sufficient. Too often the Egyptian, who is not merciful to animals (he has only just escaped from the animal kingdom of slavery himself), allows the girth to fret the poor beast into raw patches and streaks that distress the European rider perhaps even more than they do the animal itself.

The periodical donkey market held at Cairo is a pretty and curious sight. It is held near Boulak, about a quarter of a mile out of the town. There you may see the genus donkey to perfection: of all ages, of all sizes, from the sleek fawn-coloured foal to the mature old donkey who has seen the world. Anxious men in blue gowns, mouthing wrangling and guttural Arabic, wander through this world of donkeys, examining eyes, teeth, flanks, and heels with as much severity of criticism as if their own eyes were not ophthalmic and their own teeth half out. Brown children stand in a cluster round a barber who is shaving a donkey, or cutting the hair of his legs into striped and zig-zagged patterns; while opposite—under a mud wall topped with a chevaux-de-frise of dead palm-branches, against which lean rows of jointed sugar-canes for sale—sits one of the donkey owners, having his Moslem head shaven by the dry razor of a skilful barber. What perfect sympathy between the man and the sometimes inferior animal! A good donkey is worth, I believe, about 5*l.*; and, as he lives on chopped straw, he must return a good per-centage on the money invested.

The driving-boys are seldom the owners; generally several asses belong to one man, who pays the boys a mere pittance, for which they sometimes run about twenty miles a day in a burning sun, jostled by camels, horses, carriages heavily laden, and foot-passengers irritable with the heat, noise, dust, and confusion of Cairo. The native pays them one-and-sixpence, the everywhere-plundered Englishman two shillings a day, half of which goes to the owner. Yet even these boys have an ideal, as the drummer-boy has his Wellington. There was once a donkey-boy who became a rich coach proprietor. To go up the Nile with an English gentleman is also supposed to be the pathway to a certain fortune—why, I cannot say. There is also a vague tradition, of very doubtful origin, that a Frank traveller once bought a donkey and presented

it as a parting gift to his faithful donkey-boy. Achmed, a member of the fraternity, assured me that "Merrian Howaga" (gentleman, literally merchant) "promise buy me wife: but I say, No—no want wife, than'ee, sare." Upon being pressed, Achmed assured me that the piastres were offered in a bonâ fide manner, and poured out from the one hand of the Howaga to another.

To see these boys to advantage, go to the rude stone platform outside the door of Shepherd's Hotel, at Cairo, the morning after the English steamer has arrived.

It is about half-past eight o'clock, and the first breakfast-gong has sounded. The early risers are already seated on chairs outside the door, intent on witnessing an Arab juggler, not, perhaps, such an one as hardened Pharaoh's heart, but no fool either. See! he whips out of a goat-skin bag three snakes—yellow wretches, with whitish bellies—they twine round his feet, and, rearing up their heads, puff out their hoods, and dart their quivering tongues towards his legs, with jerking darts. The wily Arab pretends to be alarmed: he takes up all three snakes by the tails, and waves them like a Medusa scourge in the face of the greenest griffin present, who is struggling with a large cigar that makes him silent and thoughtful, and he draws back, under pretext of asking the waiter for a light, for "these confounded cigars are always going out, you know."

A dragoman, vexed at seeing me amused at this, slides up, and tells me that all this is nothing. "Poor thing! what you think?" and that if I choose to pay three or four dollars, he will bring Darweesh, who will eat snakes, chew live coals, stab himself, and eat a glass lamp—"What you think?"—which generous offer I decline, as well as I do his proposal to bring me a man who will put a child in a wicker-basket, cut it in pieces, and then bring it to life.

An order from the griffin to "get another chair, old fellow, for my feet!" rescues me from this parasite just as a roar of laughter breaks from the platform, as a little pet donkey of the juggler, being asked who is the cleverest man present, nuzzles his nose into his employer's ear, as if whispering a name, which the juggler asserts is his (the juggler's) own. A performing goat next appears, and balances his four legs on a small balustrade of wood, which the juggler keeps heightening by the addition of fresh stands.

Half an hour later, imagine the same place, breakfast over; a crowd of serene and contented Englishmen, with the best possible opinion of the world, pours forth all eager to ride to the citadel, the great mosques, the baths, the Nilometer, or the great Pyramids themselves. Thirty donkeys trot to the front, thirty boys roar out the names of their donkeys—their pedigrees, their ages, their prices, their capabilities, and their drivers' titles. It is "Here's Captain Snook Howaga!" "Try Billy Thompson, master!"

Him very good donkey! Achmed's donkey!"

"Here's your donkey, sare!" "I'm Mohammed, sare!" "Here's Selim!" This jangle is put an end to by the avatar of Ginowlee the Nubian, in a crimson tarboosh, flowing white robe, and bare feet, who, liberally administering a course of his hippopotamus-hide whip, which, like himself, comes from the second cataract, soon quells the riot. Ginowlee is the terror of the donkey-boys, and is retained by the hotel expressly to keep down their sudden insurrections. Encouraged by the lull, the hardier English mount the foremost donkeys, the stirrups being held for them; others, particularly the more elderly gentlemen, are fought for, bumped off one donkey and lifted on another, as if they were plunder, and the boys were the forty thieves fighting for it. Eventually the crowd thins, the leading donkeys canter off at a matchless pace, and the rest, with various degrees of speed, dash onward past the Coptic quarter towards the bazaars.

Alas! into that sleepy city of the Arabian Nights those donkeys will carry tumult, misery, and confusion. They will charge into the bazaar-row of out-door shops. They will knock down aged charcoal-drivers, and bump green-turbaned shereefs, or descendants of the Prophet. They will rout marriage processions, and respect not even the solemnity of the funeral. Before them will be mirth and rejoicing, behind them mourning and desolation.

Let the seller of the henna-powder, and he who vends the black kohl for ladies' eyelids, beware. Let the barber, putting up trees of lamps and strings of green and red flags in the street of the wedding, be vigilant, or he will soon catch the ugliest of falls, for the Franks, the dreadful Franks, mounted on their war-donkeys, come riding like Eblis. Let the seller of goats'-flesh at the corner of the bazaar remove his clumsy block of sycamore and his brass rings and crimsoned axe, for they who ride, ride like lubricated lightning. Ye too, makers of palm-stick baskets, resembling those cages in which the pigeon, the holy bird that whispered into the Prophet's ear, are brought to market—ye who, holding the long rod between your toes, deftly split and shred the palm-sticks, look out, for the day of your vexation approacheth! The Franks in tubular turbans come riding till their faces are blackened with extreme speed. Keep, too, a vigilant outlook, O ye people who inhabit the street of the slipper-makers, for the noisypounding of your brass pestles, as ye flatten the red and yellow leather, is wont to crush all other noises in your ears; and ye, barbers of the barber-street, be not too intent to steep in lather the shorn heads of the faithful in the brazen basins, lest ye, too, share the common ruin. The Franks—the Franks, with tubular turbans—are coming on swift asses, and with the speed of lightning!

Happy blind men, in the lofty balconies of the minarets above the flesh market, proclaiming the hour of prayer, saying, "Come to prayer—come to prayer! prayer is the food of the righteous!" for they alone are safe from the hoofs of the maddened asses of Eblis, and from the curses of these black-robed Ghins of the West.

O poor tanner in the distant suburb, kneeling on the hardened rubbish-mound, nailing out the wet skin of the slain buffalo, thou also beware! for neither age nor poverty protect men from these cursed revilers of the Prophet. O thou woman, casting mud upon thy face at thyson's funeral, and O thou woman, vibrating the shriek of joy at the wedding procession, beware lest ye perish beneath the hoofs of the wild asses, for the Franks come like the lion in fury, and like the hyænas in hunger; fly from them, therefore, and clear the road. O sons of Mahomed, above all shun the Kafer! O ye who bring from Batoum, on rafts, the large and brittle water-jars of Upper Egypt, beware lest these riders of swift asses dash into useless pieces those vessels used for ablution; and ye, lantern-sellers, take in your frail stores, lest those whom ye might have lighted home be left to depend on the moon alone, and on that star which is the uncle of the moon! Such might be the song of a street-poet in Cairo, for such is a faint picture of the terror the presence of the donkey-riding of Englishmen produces in the "victorious city."

The donkey-boys of Cairo, like all the recognised trades of that wonderful specimen of a city in a state of decay, are governed by a sheikh, or head of the guild, who witnesses their binding (literally with a scarf), and who is obliged to produce them when the *cadi* or the pasha requires. This sheikh, whom the boys hold in no remarkable reverence, is paid an annual salary by the government. The *cadi* probably possesses a list of the names of all the boys; but, for their character, address, and whereabouts, if known, the civil magistrate refers to the sheikh of the Beni Homar (or sons of the ass). He too, I believe, collects, or is answerable for, the annual tax, amounting to ten shillings, that every boy pays the pasha. The government, so ready to tax, might, I think, be a little more ready to ensure the boys a reasonable tariff, and their customers the power of punishing them for rudeness or overcharging.

I must admit that our griffins who strew the road from England to India with a trail of paternal sovereignties are enough to spoil any set of servants. Now they are rough and arrogant: now recklessly lavish. The retribution of these faults falls on the unfortunate traveller who follows them. I have known donkey-boys very faithful, civil, and useful. I have known them also lazy, insolent, and unbearable. My friend Crosscut, the superannuated military chaplain from Aden, took a donkey-boy last Ramadan to ride to Joseph's Well, beyond the citadel. He stopped often in the streets, as he rode through them, now to cheapen a chibouk, now to ask the price of aloe-wood and gum benzoin at a perfumer's. The boy wanted him to go a quicker way, and not to wander through lonely by-streets where there was no crowd or bustle. Being told to follow and not talk, he swore "by the head of Hoosan," the Prophet's grandson, who is buried at Cairo, that he would never again go with a Frank Howaga (merchant) who knew Arabic. Sullenly he followed towards

the Well, and there fell asleep in a tomb while he was kept waiting by Crosscut. Crosscut, rather a sour and grizzly man, finding him there on his return, left him asleep in order to punish him. The boy returned about four hours afterwards, pale and frightened. He declared he had been searching for Crosscut ever since, thinking he had not returned. He had at last left his donkey and gone in search of him, and had there been fired at by the Nubian sentinel for venturing too near a powder-magazine on the hill. Crosscut, to tease the ill-conditioned lad, paid him only half his due, upon which the boy threw down the money, spat on it, and consigned Crosscut to the lowest pit of Gehenna, in a long and appropriate oath. Crosscut, after chewing the cud of this revenge for the space of five-and-twenty minutes, paid him the full sum, dismissed him with Christian opprobrium, and lit his two-and-twentieth *narghilleh* bowl.

In a country where every carriage, whether hack or private, is preceded by a Nubian seis with a tight red scarf round his waist, who runs before to clear a road for you, with shouts and warning, it is no wonder that the Cairo donkey-boys clamorously appeal to the public as they run before your swift and dreaded animal. They shout with mechanical earnestness a long string of exhortations and warnings to the foot passengers, such as: "Hei, sheikh!—Hei, boy!—Ho, virgin!—Ho, old lady!—Take care of your foot—take care of your face—look out for your arm—look out for your back!—Hei, young man!—Ho, O Pilgrim!—To the right, O Howaga!—To the left, O Sidi!—Shumalak—Rumenek—Doghrea!"

These boys have latterly grown so knowing and so intelligent, and have picked up such a fair amount of English, that they have become serious rivals to the dragomans. The dragoman charges you five shillings a day and wants a donkey to ride. The donkey-boy wants no donkey himself, runs all day, takes you anywhere you like, and knows quite as much about every place as the dragoman, and is more likely, indeed, to take you out of the beaten track. The result is, that a fierce feud wages between the two classes.

"Berry bad people Cairo donkey-boys—all outside people—village people," says Abool Hoosayn to me.

"What to do?" says Achmed, the donkey-boy. "Gentleman ask donkey-boy name of mosque—Dragoman say, Tell him don't know. What to do?"

The war has now reached such a pitch that it is said the dragomans intend legally proceeding against the donkey-boys at the *cadi's* court, where he who gives the highest bribe is successful.

People may say what they like of the Caireen donkey-boys, as impudent, greedy, lying, thievish, and so on. I found no such faults in them. They worked for me for days under burning suns, living only on iron chunks of rye-bread and soaked lupinus. They took me where I liked—they fed me with Arabic nouns—the Caireens speak the best Arabic—and never once complained of their extra work, or repined at fatigue.

The Copts become artful and wily clerks; the Berbers, grooms and running footmen; the Thebaid people, weavers, potters, and ploughmen; but the smart boy of Cairo, if only a fellah's son, turns donkey-boy. He cannot fall: he may rise. Over his handful of dates, his bunch of onions, or his savoury soup of orange-coloured lentils, he is happy; for he may one day, he dreams, become a donkey-owner himself. Then he will have a veiled wife, a pipe-bearer, a house with a court-yard, a fountain, and an orange-grove, and—

"Achmed, you must go to the Pyramids with that English gentleman at Shepherd's Hotel."

The dream is broken, and off races Achmed.

REGIMENTAL BANDS.

It would seem as if war could be no more carried on than worship, or love-making, or banqueting, or the sad ceremonies of death, without music, fine or coarse.—The forms of this have been, and are many. To name only three—the violins of Louis the Fourteenth of France—neither the grand band, nor the small band of fiddlers, presided over by Lulli—which went into action with the regiments of the Grand Monarch—the bagpipes of the bare-legged petticoated northmen, whose pibrochs and plumes have been so formidable on many a foreign battle-field;—the whoop of the Red Indians, in coarse but real concord with the vermilion which daubs their faces, when a scalping expedition is in prospect.—A "band," in short, is as much an inevitable circumstance as a firelock, or a bow and arrows, when "conquest calls" (as the song says). Noise has a surprising influence on the white feather, and inspirits bravery to be thrice brave.

It is beginning to be owned, that in its bands, as in other of its arrangements and accoutrements, our army of England is not altogether on a par with those of other countries. We can show nothing to compare with the harmony and janizary music of Germany, north and south—of Prussia, Austria, and Bohemia.—A stronger sensation cannot be recalled than that produced by the serenade given by the late King of Prussia to our sovereign, on her entrance into Germany for the first time after her marriage. This was held at the Palace of Brühl, half way betwixt Cologne and Bonn. Herr Wiprecht, the Costa among Prussian bandmasters, had brought together a force, including one hundred drums—the rich pompous sound of which seemed absolutely (without metaphor) to rend the sky, and which spread abroad to the horizon on every side. The players, it is true, were picked ones; nevertheless, such a squadron of seven hundred could not, by any magic, have been assembled in this island,—boundlessly supplied as it is now with choristers. It was some comfort that when the Prussians played Rule Britannia they were not successful; but a certain quick step, with a long foreseen and gradually prepared explosion of sound at its close, was, without exception, the most inspirit-

ing piece of open-air music which the ears of the writer have ever heard.—The same ears bear grateful remembrance of the band of the Baden regiment that in Mozart's town of Salzburg, on a certain August evening, played Mozart's airs from his Magic Flute, with a taste, and a tone, and a ripe musical sense, such as our Coldstream, or First Life Guards, or Royal Marines, cannot boast—not altogether owing its superiority to the association of the locality. So, again, in Venice, when the music was heard after the coarse singing in the Fenice Theatre, and the cracked minstrelsy of the ballad-mongers (shame and sorrow to Italy) before the Caffè Florian, not the most bitter patriotic impatience of the Austrian hoof, triumphing in St. Mark's Place, could resist the charm of the rich voluptuous waltz music of Strauss and Labitsky, streaming forth from the well-assorted flutes, horns, clarionets, oboes, and trumpets, or other pipes, the players of which combined so excellently that the band became as one artist, delivering a sweet and exciting melody, without a flawed, or faltering, or feeble note in his voice.

The French speciality in military music—at least in days more recent than those of the fighting fiddlers of Montspan's purchaser, and Maintenon's tamed husband—was that of drumming. Rhythmical noise is our neighbours' delight. They cannot cheer (who can?) as Britons do; but they are wonderful in tramping;—and the r-r-roll of their trim little soldiers going the round, with its smart cheery briskness, has made many a lonely traveller feel less lonely in one of those drowsy, crumbling, fortified country towns, the quaint individuality of which has, till lately, been too much overlooked—while in Paris it has frightened over her dinner many a timid old woman of both sexes, strange to the capital, but having brought there a fixed idea of Charlotte Corday, the guillotine, and never-ending-still-beginning barricades, as constant features of French life, rule, and governance, and disorder. The French military bands have, however, essentially improved during the last dozen years. They are now wondrously sweet, precise, and spirited, though they will never, it may be fancied, equal those of Germany, and of England even, in splendour of tone (an essential in open-air music), for two reasons.—First, the French seem organically indifferent to the charms of full sweet sound, as distinct from strong noise. They tolerate and enjoy, as singers, artists whom we hardly recognise as possessing voices, for the sake of their intelligence, accent, and finish.—Secondly, certain official measures, carried with the paternal view of throwing a monopoly of instrument-making into one or two hands (howsoever skillful these hands be), must have for result a mechanical, if not a meagre, monotony. Contrast in qualities of sound is a large ingredient in picturesque effect.—A band is not like a battalion, for the use of which coats, shakos, and knapsacks are only good, inasmuch as they display uniformity in material and facture. Let there be as much drilling and manœuvring as is possible in preparing its evolutions—a band,

with all its instruments furnished out by one and the same maker, be he even so consummate a trumpet-factor as M. Sax, stands a chance of sounding something automatic. To the English there will seem a tiresome family likeness in the sound of his brazen horns, tubas, and trumpets, detracting from the spirit and interest of the united body. The seven Flamboroughs, if gathered at one table, would not be the most inspiring party one could desire to meet. Nor could any right-minded person wish his cook to be represented by one taste or savour in soup, fish, roast, boiled, and the rest of the dishes which make up that sublime and mysterious work of art—a modern dinner.

It is to these military bands of France, however, in their renovated plight, that our red-coats, and those who cherish their well-being and well-doing, are invited to turn, for a reason selfish yet not hostile. There may be something for us to learn from the story of their past inferiority, and the measures by which, in a large degree, the reproach thereof has been wiped away, not very long ago.—In a hundred years or so, counted by the Horse Guards' clock, the considerations and comparisons here put forward, may absolutely produce some fruits. It may come to be seen that if bands there are to be in our army, the same should be good bands;—if military players, that they should be treated like military men and brethren.

Since the courtly days of Louis the Fourteenth's fiddlers, who marched with the army, military music—as a pamphlet by M. Albert Perrin, translated by Mr. A. Matthison, reminds us—had fallen into discredit in France. This was all the worse, because every other description of instrumental music had, during the interval, risen in the scale of excellence.—The simple, old-fashioned flourish of trumpets, and whistle of fifes, and roll of drums, proved totally insufficient to represent the musical requirements of the times, though perhaps they might have furnished noise enough to mount a breach withal. The composition of an infantry military band, to have any completeness, now demands—says a list in M. Perrin's pamphlet, by no means extravagantly made out—a bandmaster and his assistant, five first class musicians—say the leading flute, clarinet, oboe, horn, trombone—eight second class musicians—ten third—fifteen fourth—in all, a force of forty. A riding, or cavalry, band must have its twenty-seven players. To train a competent bandmaster, a special as well as an elaborate musical education is required; a thorough knowledge of constructive science, as thorough an acquaintance with the peculiarities of every instrument taking part in the corps.—The first-class subordinates, again, who range under such a commander, require an education little less laborious than that which turns out a Joachim or a Sainton;—though, as contributors to a force, not directing it, nor exhibiting alone, and further, as playing on instruments the interest of which is limited, they are paid by shillings where their more fortunate contemporaries indicated pick up pounds, and should they be singers,

not show-players, hundreds.—This is one of the inequalities, injustices, even, in the musical lot, for which no remedy can be contrived; and hence it has arisen that the best bandmasters and players in military bands have, all Europe over, habitually added to their scanty gains and fatiguing labours by taking service in theatrical orchestras; since without some such resource subsistence would be barely possible to them.

Again, there is little or no prospect of advancement or of fame for the persons undertaking this ungracious musical occupation. Till the measures of improvement and consideration for which M. Perrin agitated were carried out, as narrated in his pamphlet, the best-instructed bandmaster in France only rated with a sergeant-major, and, after the service of a quarter of a century, could merely claim the pension of a private soldier. There was no possibility of any higher promotion,—no chance of any addition to the pittance. Hence it was a common thing among those who undertook the French musical service full of zeal and talent, after a few years of wearisome and ill-requited duty, with no chances of honour beckoning them forward, to throw by their instruments and to commence military life anew, by entering the ranks as common soldiers, since such entrance might lead to an advancement and distinction denied them in their former occupation.

Another sore subject in France was the shabbiness of the bandsman's uniform as compared with the dress of his unmusical comrades. Whereas the latter was striped with gold or silver, the artist, as M. Perrin indignantly memorialised, was striped with red worsted! "What," he asked pathetically, "would become of a band without its finery?"—Betwixt smallness of pay, scantiness of prospect, and shabbiness of attire, the military bands of France had fallen into utter disrespectability and discredit.—A special commission, at the instance of those aggrieved, was appointed, in 1845, to consider what could be done to amend matters—a commission composed of military men and musicians. Soult, however, was then the war minister, and, though the hero of Toulouse had a fine eye for a Murillo, especially (if Mr. Ford, of Handbook memory, is to be trusted) when the picture came to him in the cheap and ready channel of plunder, he cared nothing about music.—So that by way of remedial measure, in answer to the memorial, he presented the bandsmen with knapsacks, with "some wooden cases for their instruments, with a metronome, and a universal pitch of B flat." It is true, that so early as 1835 there had been the show of a government military music-school in Paris. This many may recollect by the hideous brayings and howlings that assailed the ears of those who ascended the steep Rue Blanche, and who passed a certain sentried gateway, with the tri-coloured flag aloft. But, owing to bad organisation (people actually have been as capable of jobbing in immaculate France as in perfidious England), the results were so ridiculously bad, that the Gymnase, after some twelve years and more of existence, was suppressed. "Where," said M. Meyerbeer, on the

news reaching him, "are the French trumpeters now to learn how to play out of tune?"

It was when matters were darkest that M. Ferrin, and those whom he represented, began to agitate for stricter examination of those professing to take charge of military music—for better pay—for some consideration and chance, such as should encourage restless and aspiring youths to keep constant to their branch of the service.—Accordingly, in 1856, a series of regulations was recommended, adopted, and ordained, by which at once greater strictness in selection of the players was ensured, by which some ameliorations in point of pay and promotion were settled: and some recognition, in short, was made by the military authorities, that if bands there were to be, they should be good of their kind—goodness being unattainable under circumstances of parsimonious cheapness, of perpetual discouragement, desertion, and change. The result many travellers already know. The improvement in the military music of France has been rapid and striking. A parade at Metz or Toulouse is no longer an infliction to be escaped from by those who have ears; and (the author of Eöthen will please to forgive our partialities in favour of our born enemies) testimony is agreed, that the heartening use and comfort of music was not the least of the superiorities in organisation which our allies possessed, over ourselves, throughout the stormy time of the Crimean struggle. If from one, from twenty English witnesses, we have heard of the cheeriness of the French bands as a feature of the leaguer of Sebastopol. Ours were all but, if not altogether, broken up and disbanded; and our men had to swallow their green coffee, as well as they could, in disheartened (not, therefore, cowardly) silence.

It has occurred of late days to many intelligent Englishmen, military as well as musical, private as well as professional, that something analogous to what has been effected in France might be done at home. The stride made by England generally in music, is a fact past denial. We have in London the best orchestra in Europe. We have the best chorus-singers, and by thousands, where France and even Germany number them by hundreds. We have as much real artistic instinct (developed under its own conditions) among our people as exists in any other country under the sun. What is more—what is *most* (and this may be said without any cresting of paltry insular pride)—the general tone, temper, and intelligence among our rising musicians are higher than those existing among any contemporary people. The "roughs" who used to make up the bulk of our bands, theatrical and military—ay, and who sang in our cathedrals, whitened over with saintly surplises—know their places no more. Music of any kind cannot thrive here without those who practise it make a show, at least, of respecting themselves. Consequently, then, the English musician who has harder duties to perform, and a more severe competition to abide than formerly, has a right to expect, in turn, to be better respected as a musician.—There is enough machinery, as it is, in the life of such as those we are considering, to

be worked without its being made needlessly hard, thankless, and profitless, by its being tied up in the fetters of red tape, or jerked about at the caprice of thoughtless amateurship.

Our military bands are maintained, be it remembered, on the voluntary system, or rather as an obligation of honour and show among the officers of the regiments, who subscribe for their support, and control their services accordingly. Government furnishes nothing but drums, fifes, bugles, and field trumpets. This system, obviously, prevents anything like possible or steady uniformity, opens the way to favouritism, to indulgence, or else to unfair exactions.—A bandmaster may get his place by influence, not competence; and supposing him to have got it, to be anxious to do his duty, and to train up his squadron efficiently, with some pride in his art,—he may be interfered with every day of the week, supposing those in authority above him are good natured, and belong to a gay world. Weary is the tale of enforced contributions to fancy fairs, archery meetings, open-air balls, which many a jaded flute, fife, and bassoon could count up in excuse, should any one complain of a slack or coarse performance in the barrack-yard, or within palace precincts.

The pay, again, is insufficient to represent the requirements of our time. In our Guards' bands, the *solo* players—men eligible to do the finest work which can be claimed from their instruments, and whose education must have been an affair of years—receive at the utmost two shillings a day beyond their thirteen-pence as soldiers. In our line regiments, excellent performers (we are assured by those familiar with the subject) may from time to time be found receiving no better pay than the thirteen-pence aforesaid, until, for good conduct, they are decorated with a stripe, which implies an extra penny—a second, a third, and a fourth—in all, seventeen-pence a day, suppose the service shall last one-and-twenty years. This rarely happens. Desertions are frequent from the bands. The players (and no wonder!) better themselves whenever they can; and in consequence, an inferior class of musicians, for ever liable to change of place and duty, is perpetuated and multiplied. We have bandmasters who, however respectable as men, could not, to save their right hands, read a score, nor, to keep their heads on their shoulders, write one,—musicians so-called who know in only the most empirical and accidental way the qualities, duties, and uses of the instruments they have to marshal—and yet who are expected to train players. We have an average of subordinates than whom no one can well stand lower in the scale of musical intelligence—adults and boys, with some original propensity for music, who, after a time, become weary of themselves and their work, and exchange their part in helping to make a sound which signifies nothing for the easier labours of privates in the ranks.

It is true that some few years since our military magnates made the experiment at establishing a training college for bandsmen in the immediate vicinity of London. The establishment

exists even to this day. It has been honestly believed, by some among its promoters (as sympathetic with our art as Soult), that players competent to their tasks might be hatched by some rapid artificial process of incubation, analogous to that of the *ECCALEOBION* (is the spelling right?) which some years ago figured among the sights of Leicester-square, and which (during its little shining hour) was more productive of curiosity, of newspaper paragraphs, than of real practical poultry! The certificates which have streamed forth from the gates of Kneller Hall—assuring unmusical colonels and deaf generals (perhaps able to hear the drum only) that A, B, C, D, and so on to the end of the alphabet, were competent to every duty which musical England might expect every military musical man to do—after a few months' ripening in the harmonious oven—are, we are informed, astounding in their number. Somehow, nevertheless, our bands have of late grown worse, not better;—the truth being (a hard morsel for unmusical field-officers to swallow) that there is no such thing possible as the education of an instrumental musician—cheap to the edge of pauperism as regards pay of the professors, and sudden in the full-fledged results expected from it. Hard fingers knotted by toil, lazy ones enervated by poor living, cannot be quickened up within the compass of a few months. A lip for the flute, a mouth for the horn, a breath for the trombone, cannot be commanded by regulation or contract, even as have been commanded, in our high places, coats that have fitted nobody, shoes that have pinched every occupant's corns, and stocks that have half-strangled more throats than they have supported. One distinction is worth, once again, insisting on. A chorus-singer, with a voice, can soon learn to read music, and then his field is fairly won; whereas no magic, no *Eccaleobion*, can turn out, at a few months' or weeks' warning, any competent squadron, any supportable squadron of fifers, or "*warbling buglers*" (as our Laureate hath it), or court cavalry trumpeters who sit caparisoned in their gold-laced coats on their "*prancing music-stools*"—to quote from *Vanity Fair*—those royal cream-coloured chargers of theirs—still less, complete and ripe players on less whistling and blatant instruments; without whose permanent establishment, constant rehearsal, and thorough musical intelligence, no military band is worth its pay, or even its beer.

Thus, it has seemed wise and becoming to some critics in scarlet, and others out of scarlet—to some who are as violent as Field-Marshal Boanerges (who is nothing when not thundering)—to others who are as meek as the great glowing professional advocates of peace, and denouncers of any army, and of any navy,—who nevertheless wink at and hound on a holy war whenever the same shall suit their purpose of philanthropic agitation—that if Britain's army, which "never will be slaves," is to have music, such music should be good music, not to be shamed by comparison with the music of our national allies, or natural enemies;—that the same

should not be left to the care merely of amateur colonels and acquiescing adjutants;—that the artists who preside over it should be competent, and, as such, adequately rewarded, rationally promoted with some position (as regards army and art also);—that the players who are to "play up" to the life, energy, and courage of the British soldier, and to regale the British officer in his hours of leisure, should enjoy some decent recompense for labours so hard as theirs, beyond the power of caprice to disturb; and some such consideration in a world necessarily arranged and kept alive by the mechanism of ranks and distinctions, as falls (or should fall) to the lot of every functionary who therein does his duty.

THE ROLL OF MUSIC.

"LEAVING us, Captain Yates, and so soon? How very much we shall miss you. And I, who had counted on you as one of my knights during the winter! You must own that you are a sad truant!" said the old princess, with a kind smile. Though why she should wonder that a Queen's messenger like myself should get the route from St. Petersburg, it would have been hard to guess. The wonder was, rather, that I should have been kept dangling so long about the embassy, under orders to report myself every morning, but my own master as to the disposal of my superfluous time. It was summer, and the Russian capital was as empty as a capital ever is, but I had met with a good deal of hospitable attention. And now, under orders to start for Vienna with important despatches, I was paying a hasty round of farewell visits.

Although I had been often in St. Petersburg before, I had only of late been introduced to the Princess Anna Sobieski, widow of a Polish noble, who had represented a junior branch of that great historic race which has given kings and martyrs to Poland. The old lady—whose large landed possessions, bequeathed by her husband, had procured her the dubious compliment of an imperial command to reside in the metropolis—had treated me with much kindness, and my first call, when the order to depart arrived, was to the Sobieski palace.

I forget what I said, but the conversation rolled on in the usual common-place strain of French compliment, until the princess inquired if I should make any stay at Warsaw? If so, perhaps I would do a kind turn to an old woman who had few opportunities of communicating with her native country. It was nothing—a mere toy—a bagatelle not worth the attention of a State messenger like *ce cher capitaine*, who carried papers the contents of which might convulse Europe—but, but would I take charge of a roll of manuscript music, produced by a gifted German composer in the capital, and which her dear niece, enthusiastic about music as all Poles were, was dying to receive? Still it was a precious charge, being a loan, since the composer declined to publish it, and on that account it could not be entrusted to

the care of the Russian railway officials. The princess added, that her brother, Count Szomyzy, lived but eleven versts from Warsaw, that his castle was just then full of guests and gaieties, and that I should be a welcome visitor there on the mention of her name.

It was to the count's only daughter, Rosalie, that this invaluable roll of manuscript music was to be conveyed, and her aunt jestingly advised me to take good care of my heart, since her young relative was acknowledged to be the reigning beauty in the government of Warsaw. I laughed at such a warning. The habit of a roving life had shown me the ease with which impressions are effaced by absence; but I was glad to be of use in a way that involved no dereliction of duty. More than once, I had felt myself bound to refuse Polish friends some favour which would have been discordant to the allegiance I owed to Downing-street, and I was rejoiced that the kind old lady had asked of me nothing that bore, however remotely, on politics.

The roll of music, in a locked morocco-case, with the little silver key dangling from it by a string, was delivered at my hotel by one of the princess's chasseurs, and I placed it in my portmanteau, with a mental resolve to diverge from Warsaw to the country-seat of Count Szomyzy, if only for an hour or two.

I had packed my effects, and was ready to start, when a man suddenly burst into the room, and fell on his knees before me.

It being always necessary to speak decidedly to a Russian, I ordered him to leave the room. He was not a beggar—he was too well dressed; not wearing the caftan and boots, but a decent suit of European clothing. Tears were streaming down his face, and he seemed sober, though he moaned piteously as he embraced my knees after the abject fashion of his countrymen.

“Noble excellency! magnanimous Englishman! have some pity on a wretch whose whole life hangs on your honourable decision. I swear to your grandeur that you can make a whole family happy or miserable by a word, one little word, illustrious one!”

With some trouble, I drew from the man, whose language, in spite of his agitation, was too pure for a mujik, the substance of his petition. His seemed to be really a hard case. He was a courier, having travelled Europe for years with different masters, and he had a wife and children living at Naples, where he was in hopes of an engagement in the service of a former employer, one of the wealthy Demidoff family. However, he had been recalled to Russia to give evidence in a lawsuit, and, on preparing to leave St. Petersburg, the police, in some fit of caprice, had refused him his passport, on the ground that a Russian, unless noble, could not by law quit the empire *alone*. If he had a master, well and good. If not, he might stay where he was.

“But I don't want a servant: should not know what to do with one,” said I, hardly knowing how to get rid of the singular suppliant. But a flood of words overwhelmed me. My protection was alone asked for. Ignatius—that

was the man's name—was only to be nominally my retainer, and was not to cost me a copeck. He had money for his expenses, and only wanted the ægis of my name. In return for this, I should have his undying gratitude, and his devoted services upon the journey to Vienna. He pulled out his passport for my inspection—or rather the “provisional permit” that represented it—and I satisfied myself that Ignatius Kraskoff, native of Moscow, was really in the strait he represented himself, for across the document was written, “Papers refused, conformably to ukase,” with the signature of a high functionary.

I could not deny the poor man the trifling favour he asked, so I wrote a line to the police prefect, requesting permission to take him as my servant, and committed the note to Ignatius, who received it with transports of joy, kissing my hand, and, I believe, my boots, with the exaggerated humility which the Russians owe to their Oriental traditions. Two hours later, on reaching the railway terminus, sure enough, there was Ignatius, in his smart garb of green cloth trimmed with Astracan fur, the livery of the Demidoffs, bustling to and fro with the utmost activity. He had already secured a compartment for my especial behoof, had placed the lately published editions of the *Invalide Russe* and the *Northern Bee* ready for my perusal, and on my arrival pounced on my cloaks, canes, and luggage with a zeal and energy which I had never seen equalled by the best paid of his professional brotherhood.

It need not be imagined that the only preliminaries to starting, as with us in Western Europe, were the taking of tickets and registering of baggage. On the contrary, the great question under discussion was, not what could be done for the traveller's comfort or safety, but whether the candidate for a place in the train were a fit and proper person to be suffered to go at all. Those were the old harsh days of the Emperor Nicholas, when Russia was an enormous camp, under martinet discipline, and railways were looked on with no great liking by the official Tehinn.

In the times of which I speak, two hours, at the lowest computation, had to be spent at the station whence a voyager meant to depart, and two hours more full of vexatious ceremonies, tedious delays, and the petty insolence of Jack-in-office, can scarcely be conceived. The station was full of scowling policemen, in uniforms of every shade—blue, green, grey, more or less medalled and military of aspect, but all troublesome, venal, and suspicious. Passports were handed from bureau to bureau, stamped, countersigned, inspected, cavilled at; luggage was examined, pockets tapped, travellers cross-questioned on every conceivable point, and an incessant clinking of silver and pocketing of bribes went on as an under-current to this chorus of query and answer.

As a cabinet messenger, I was exempt from the annoyances that fell to the lot of my fellow-travellers, especially of such as were too poor or too stingy to see the official vampires, and

my papers were civilly returned to me, after a long delay, while my luggage was not disturbed by any prying on the part of the imperial agents. At length the ordeal was passed; the last rouble that could be extorted from Polish Jew or Russian trader was secured; the engine pulled out hoarse notes of impatience, and the people took their places, the mob of beards and caftans crowding the waggons of the third class, and a few well-dressed persons entering the first and second-class carriages.

"A pleasant trip to you, Yates, and I wish I were going too. Even Vienna and its Volksgarten is better fun than St. Petersburg in the dog days. But is that your courier?" observed young Dillon from the embassy, a junior attaché with whom I was on very friendly terms, and who had strolled down to see me off. At that instant, Ignatius, who had just brought me some flowers and a basket of Ingrian cherries, had scoured off on some new self-imposed task, and was dimly visible in the distance. The bell had rung, and the guards were marshalling the bewildered peasants, new as they were to steam and iron roads, into their respective cars. I hastily told my friend how it was that I had become the nominal master of so splendidly-accoutred a retainer. Indeed, such an explanation seemed necessary, for Ignatius, with his bullion-tasselled cap, morocco money-bag, and green livery trimmed with costly dark fur, looked more fitted to serve a royal highness than a mere subaltern of the F. O.

"Ignatius Kraskoff — Kraskoff — are you quite sure that is the name?" asked Dillon, thoughtfully. I was quite sure.

"Strange, how that name runs in my head! Yet I have not the least idea where I heard it, and I'm certain I never set my eyes on the fellow's swarthy face before. A stunning servant he seems; but, somehow, I must have heard of him before."

I laughed, and remarked that all Russian names were pretty much alike, ending as they did in the invariable "off," "vitch," or "sky." Young Dillon was a fine generous lad; but he was not thought over bright, and his bad memory was a theme for joking at the embassy. I paid, therefore, very little attention to his imperfect reminiscences, while he, on the other hand, as some men will do, grew absorbed and silent, and was evidently racking his brain to identify the name that haunted him.

Ignatius bowed and smiled me into my carriage, the guard closed the door, the bell rang again, I shook hands with Dillon out of the window, and settled myself for the start. Off the train glided, amid many ejaculations on the part of the mujiks, who blessed themselves and invoked their saints as the snorting iron horse wheeled them away. The pace increased, and we were almost clear of the station. Heaven and earth! what is the matter?

It was the young attaché, without his hat, running breathless along the platform, and for a moment coming abreast of my carriage.

"I say, Yates," he called out, with a gasp, "I remember now. Kraskoff is——"

A scream from the engine drowned the words, and in a moment more we darted through an archway full of steam and smoke, and I neither saw nor heard any more of my young countryman. This incident made little impression on me, beyond giving me a laugh at Dillon's sudden revival of memory, and his effort to impart to me some real or fancied facts—wholly immaterial, no doubt—with respect to my superb servitor.

I had fully expected that the exuberant gratitude of the courier would die out as soon as we were well away from St. Petersburg, and, in fact, I was rather in hopes that he would cease the volunteer good offices, that teased as much as they amused. But I had reckoned wrongly. Ignatius continued to attend me with the same zeal and pertinacity with which Man Friday fulfilled the behests of Robinson Crusoe. He was not to be shaken off, and during that summer journey of brief halts and almost continuous wayfaring, he showed such thoughtfulness, such good temper, was so eager to please, that to repulse him with anything like harshness or petulance was impossible. He was, in truth, an admirable servant.

Warsaw at last. But we were not permitted to enter the station until the train had been brought to a halt, and a severe examination of passports and faces had taken place. The imperial gendarmes who acquitted themselves of this duty were unusually curt of speech and peremptory of bearing, and seemed ill at ease. Drums were heard beating, and bugles sounding, in the town, and it was plain that the whole garrison must be astir.

"What has occurred?"

"A conspiracy detected. Numerous arrests. A state of siege proclaimed."

Yet, as I drove from the station to the Palestine Hotel, I saw no particular signs of popular commotion. There were whisperings, and cautious interchange of words among the groups at the corners of streets, and I noticed the square Polish cap and jaunty Polish jacket, the wearing of which was accounted as half treasonable by the Czar Nicholas, more prominent than usual. But of noise there was none, except the heavy tramp of horse and foot, as the Russian troops swept through the streets, squadrons and battalions following the battalions and squadrons that had gone before, as though to prove to the conquered race the hopelessness of resistance.

Although fairly inured to fatigue, I was now somewhat weary, and was not sorry to reach the inn, where I counted on a night's sound sleep. I had, in truth, somewhat condensed the first portion of my journey, that I might have time to execute the princess's commission, and I was thus sleeping at Warsaw at a time when his excellency the ambassador, if he thought on the matter at all, imagined me to be at Wilna. Ignatius, on the other hand, was very fresh, and as brisk and attentive as ever. He whisked up and down the dirty but splendid marble staircase of the great hotel, busy at once with preparations for my supper, and with purveying for

me such scraps of news as fell in his way. From him I learned that a wide-spread plot had been detected, that the police were scouring the city, and that the citadel was full of captives, some of whom belonged to the noblest families of Poland.

"What will be done with them?" I asked.

The man shrugged his shoulders. "Generous Englishman, who knows? They will be tried by court-martial, and perhaps some may suffer death. Those who are lucky will get off with five years in a fortress, in irons, or with service against Schamyl in the Caucasus. Most of them will be knouted or sent to Siberia. Poor wretches! they are goaded to revolt, and then crushed."

"Hush, friend," said I, hastily, for I thought I heard a step and the clink of spurs in the corridor, and I knew what linguists the Russian officers were. "Hush! Politics are best left undiscussed, at any rate on this side of Cracow."

The caution I had just administered was entirely prompted by the fear that Ignatius would get himself into trouble, were eavesdroppers to overhear his rash remarks. Indeed, it was not the first time in our hurried journey that Ignatius had uttered something which, however slight, showed advanced ideas for a Russian of the days before the Crimean war.

I fell asleep as soon as my head touched the pillow, but my dreams were troubled and painfully vivid. The old Princess Sobieski, transformed into a malignant fairy, hovered incessantly around my couch, waving her ivory-handled crutch-stick (she was lame, and carried such a prop) by way of a wand, and mopping and mowing at me in the wickedest exultation. Ignatius, in a black cloak, with a stiletto in his right hand, glided around me like a snake, and was always on the point of stabbing—whom or what I know not. And Dillon, the young attaché, was frequently present, always gasping, breathless, eager to communicate some all-important secret, but entirely unable to do more than make the most absurd grimaces. I think this last phase of the dream must have awakened me, for I awoke, laughing, the amusement predominating over the more disagreeable impressions to which my visions were calculated to give rise. I laughed again, as I rubbed my eyes. Poor Dillon! what a queer figure he cut, hatless, and gurgling for breath, at the end of the platform! I wonder what mighty intelligence the poor lad sought to communicate. Some mare's nest, no doubt.

The soft morning light was pouring in, and the early bugles were sounding at the Russian barracks far away. I rose, ordered breakfast, and writing a short note to Count Szomyzy, sent it by a mounted messenger. Ponies and boys, equally unkempt, wild, and active, are always plenty in Poland, and the promise of an extra rouble for speed sent off the emissary like a cannon-shot. In a bricfer time than I had expected, the boy returned, bearing a courteous answer from the noble Polish landholder, begging that I would take up my quarters at the castle, where a friend of his sister would always be more than welcome, and naming five o'clock

as the dinner-hour, if not inconvenient to myself. I determined to accept this frank invitation, the rather as I was anxious to see something of Polish customs and character. Suddenly it occurred to me that the note was open when delivered, and I sharply questioned the boy who had brought it.

"Gracious sir, the Russian guard!"

It really appeared, on further inquiry, that the guard stationed at the gate of the city had stopped the messenger both on his exit and return, and that my note, like that of the count, had been unscrupulously opened and read by the subaltern in command. This was not a usual precaution, even during a state of siege; but I was informed that private intelligence which had reached the authorities had induced extreme vigilance. It was rumoured that some manifesto, or other document, of the utmost importance, and to which were appended the signatures of many men of high rank and influence, hostile to Muscovite rule, was passing from hand to hand. And every "plotnik" in Poland was anxious to earn promotion and reward by intercepting papers of so compromising a character.

"A carriage of some sort, Ignatius, to take me to the château. Then, if you will have the bill ready, and the luggage taken down, we can start by the express for the south, after I get back again. The rest of the day will be at your own disposal, of course. I dare say you have friends here who will be glad to see you."

The eleven versts of sandy road were soon performed by the fleet, loose-jointed Lithuanian horses, which were driven in a sort of wicker-work cart, covered with a pink and white tilt, by a wild lad in a sheepskin pelisse. I chatted with the driver, and we understood each other pretty well, considering that I only knew some scraps of Polish and Russian. He was, he told me, a noble, the son of a man who had had his property confiscated by the Moskov tyrants for joining Kosciusko. His father was a glazier, his two uncles worked in a forge, and he had four or five brothers and sisters. They lived very poorly, on cabbage soup and rye bread; they could not read or write; the one thing they knew and cared for was that they were Poles—Poles and nobles.

"Are there many like you?"

"Gracious sir, who knows! Thousands, very likely. Perhaps more. I could mention a good number. We are ill off now, but we shall get our own again when we have chased away the Russians. Yes, yes, the good times will come back. Hoop! horses! hoop! away!"

Presently we saw the castle, with its straggling line of brick and timber buildings, large but irregular, and one grey tower rising over the rest of the pile, dented and crumbling, but of immense solidity.

Dashing through some slovenly plantations, where the wild-plum and wild-pear, the favourite trees of the Polish nation, overnumbered the elms and birch-trees, we reached the gate, and were received by a large retinue of servants and barking dogs. There was not one of the former

who had a clean face or a whole coat, but I never saw men more courteous to a stranger than those long-haired, shabbily-clad Poles, and they appeared to receive their master's guest as if he were a benefactor of their own.

I was shown into a large saloon, the decorations of which must once have been splendid enough. But the mirrors were dimmed and cracked, the marbles chipped, the gilding dull, and cobwebs clung to the cornices, which had been handsomely carved in the old French style. The furniture was ludicrously scanty, according to the ordinary European standard, but everything told of decay, and it was evident that the castle had been a magnificent residence some eighty or ninety years ago.

There was no lack of guests. The great room was filled with company, and I remarked that almost every one present had handsome features, and a bearing at once gentle and spirited, that contrasted forcibly with the usual inmates of a St. Petersburg drawing-room, its flat-faced men and sallow dames. Most of those I saw wore the picturesque Polish dress, richly embroidered, and the amaranth velvet of the pelisses matched well with the dark hair and pale keen features of the wearers.

The count, who was much the junior of his sister, Princess Anna, received me with much cordiality, and presented me to his three sons and his daughter, Rosalie Szomyzy. I had just time to see that the latter was a most beautiful dark-eyed girl, well meriting her aunt's eulogies, when I was put under the care of my host's valet, and hurried off to dress for dinner, which was nearly ready.

"Where on earth are you taking me? This is some one else's room!" I ventured to remonstrate, as I was ushered into a long low room, uncarpeted, but provided with five or six beds, and where sabres and pelisses, cloaks, saddle-bags, and riding gear, lay strewed in heaps.

"Pardon, excellent sir," said the grinning valet, as he bowed in deprecation of my remark—"a thousand excuses! This is the apartment of the bachelor lords."

And, to my surprise, I found that the arrangements of a Polish household are in some respects copied from those of the neighbouring Turks, and that the "selamluk," or men's apartment, is a time-honoured Sarmatian institution. However, I had little time to meditate, but, making a hasty toilet, reached the saloon just before the horn sounded for dinner.

During the long and plentiful, if ill-served meal, there was conversation enough, but it was mostly in Polish, or in the colloquial Latin which the natives of Poland and Hungary—or the higher classes of them—speak with as much rapid fluency as their own tongues. To judge by the tones of the speakers, the talk was rather sad than gay, and by the constant recurrence of the words "Warsaw" and "Moskov," I gleaned that the state of siege was frequently mentioned. I saw visible signs of emotion, quivering nostrils, eyes bright with anger or scorn, and heard more than one gentle voice tremble,

though not with fear, in uttering the hateful name of the Russian oppressor.

Whenever I spoke, either in French or German, I received a courteous reply, and the old count and one of his sons frequently and politely addressed me; but I felt somehow that there was a freemasonry among the company from which I was excluded. They were kind and affable, but I was not one of themselves, and they were too deeply interested in one subject to have ears and tongues for casual conversation.

"A political gathering!" said I to myself, and felt somewhat uncomfortable. My favour at head-quarters depended, I well knew, on my keeping up a strict neutrality, and I congratulated myself that my stay under Count Szomyzy's roof would be but brief. And yet, with all my prudence, I could not but sympathise with the gallant high-spirited men and graceful women around me, and I sighed as I remembered the melancholy failure that had for many years attended every effort of a race so gifted and so unfortunate.

After the heady Hungarian wine had been succeeded by coffee, we all rose from table, and returned to the saloon into which I had first entered, and where a band of motley musicians had already begun to tune their instruments. Often as I had heard of the passionate Polish taste for music and dancing, I had never till then realised the eager delight with which those present took their places, whirling round in the quick movements of the dance as if bewitched by the tune. Polkas and mazurkas, the national dances, and the wild, swift Magyar waltz, kept us all well employed. The woes of Poland were forgotten for a time, I believe, in the physical toil and excitement of the scene, and the flashing eyes and flushed cheeks of those around me told how dear the amusement was to their nervous and energetic natures.

The ball had gone on above an hour, and I, as a stranger, had twice had the honour of giving my hand to Rosalie Szomyzy. It was during a pause in the exciting Magyar waltz, as we stood together under a huge battered picture in a frame of dimmed gold, and whose subject was Watteau's version of Arcadia, with hooped and highly-ringed shepherdesses, that the count passed, and whispered something to his daughter. I saw the beautiful girl's flushed cheek grow suddenly pale, and then redden again, as she asked me, with some embarrassment, "Whether her aunt Sobieski had not—had not requested me to deliver some trifle—a present—on her part to Rosalie Szomyzy?"

The question was a very natural one; the only puzzle to me was the evident and apparently causeless emotion of the fair speaker. Nieces might be very fond of their aunts, but why they should be thus agitated at receiving a token of their affection, was incomprehensible.

"Certainly," said I, with a smile; "not that I am the bearer of any remarkable treasure. A roll of music, on which the princess seemed to set great store—"

I broke off abruptly, for at that moment a faint, far-distant sound, hardly audible to the

most attentive ear, reached me. The clank of cavalry advancing at a rapid pace! It was impossible for an old soldier to mistake the peculiar jingle of sword and stirrup, and the deep beat of many hoofs striking the ground in unison. But at the same instant the music poured forth its maddening strains with fresh spirit, and the sounds I had heard were drowned by the melody.

"This—this roll of music, captain; I am so longing to see it. My dear, good aunt! Have you it here?"

Mademoiselle Rosalie's sweet voice trembled as she pronounced these common-place words; she tried to smile, but her lips quivered, her eyes were full of tears; I saw her father, under the shadow of a pillar, watching her keenly and anxiously from a distance.

"Mademoiselle—you are ill—the heat of the weather, and——"

"No, no, I am quite well. It was only a silly fancy. I was impatient to see my aunt's gift, that was all," said my pretty partner, hurriedly. Now, it so happened that the gift in question was in the room; I never liked to let the despatches out of my sight, and I had hidden in a corner of the dancing-room the official bag which contained them, side by side with the morocco-case that held the princess's precious music. We were within a few yards of the nook where these objects lay, and I at once stepped forward to pick up the morocco-case, and placed it in the hands of its fair owner, saying lightly as I did so, "I am sure Princess Anna would be gratified could she see——"

When a man, gliding like a serpent along the wall, darted forward, and rudely snatched the packet! A scream broke from my partner's lips, and I grasped the intruder by the arm, but recoiled, less from the pistol which was presented at my head, than in sheer surprise.

"Ignatius!"

"Ay, captain," said the courier, whose shrewd face wore a look of irrepressible triumph. "Ay, captain, Ignatius, your worship's poor servant. But the tables are turned now."

At the same moment there was a great clash of weapons and a wild outcry of voices, and a servant of the count's, bleeding from a sabre-cut, rushed groaning in, and fell at his master's feet. The music came to an abrupt stop, and the dancers crowded together like a bevy of frightened wild-fowl. Then followed the tramp of booted feet, and the saloon was suddenly filled by Russian soldiers, their swords flashing in the light of the lustres and lamps. The officer in command gave some brief orders, and in a moment every one of the male guests was secured. So quickly was the work done, that resistance was impossible, even had there been a fair chance of repelling force by force. As it was, the dragoons had an easy task, and while some of them held their cocked pistols to our foreheads, their comrades were binding our wrists tightly together with thongs or cords. Only one person, so far as I know, was hurt during the onslaught, and this was the servant

I have spoken of, and who had been sabred in a futile attempt at giving the alarm.

"I am a British officer, sir, and you will have to answer for this outrage," said I to the Russian major, as he passed me, stolid and smiling, as if the sobs and cries of the terrified women, and the indignant remonstrances of the captives, had been soothing to his ear.

The major made no reply, but taking the roll of music, in its morocco-case, which Ignatius obsequiously proffered, burst the box open with the point of his cavalry sword, and deliberately opened and spread out—not a roll of music, but a closely-written document, to which were appended a great number of signatures. The Russian's yellow moustaches actually appeared to bristle, like those of a cat springing on its prey, as his cold blue eyes fell on this paper.

"At last, Polish dogs, I have you in my clutch!" he shouted, as he slapped the manuscript with his heavy hand; "the council of war will make short work with your rebellious lives, for here is the proof of your conspiracy."

"Which this noble English seigneur has brought from St. Petersburg, like an ass that knows not what he carries on the pack-saddle," said Ignatius, my precious courier, who now stood revealed in his true colours as a hypocrite of the first water.

An appalling scene followed. As the prisoners were dragged away, their wives, sisters, daughters, clung to them with tears and shrieks, believing they were to be led off to immediate butchery, and the poor ladies were driven back, often with unfeeling violence, by the Russian soldiers.

But no pillage of the castle took place, the troops being of a regularly disciplined corps, and the officer too great a martinet to disobey orders.

Tied two and two, we were placed in country carts and driven off under escort to the citadel of Warsaw; and it was only by using the name of the Queen of England, and repeatedly urging my position of a State messenger, that I could persuade the Muscovites to let the Foreign-office despatches accompany me. In the citadel of Warsaw I spent four-and-twenty miserable hours, my mind torn by regrets for the kindly and gentle people who had so lately broken bread with me, and whose fate was now so disastrous, and distracted by gloomy forebodings as to my own future. True, I was safe from bullet or scourge, from Siberia or death. But a long detention, coupled with the non-delivery of the despatches, would be ruin to my prospects in life.

After a time I was admitted to a private interview with the viceroy, and to my great joy and surprise was informed that I was free to depart.

"My courier had explained," the prince said, with a polite smile of dismissal, "the little ruse of which I had been the victim. There was no reason longer to impede my journey."

It cost me twenty-six pounds sterling, out of my own pocket, to hire an extra train; but I did not grumble, as it enabled me to reach Vienna in time to escape a reprimand. The exact fate of the other captives I never knew, but I believe that they were not very severely

punished, since, by a lucky accident, they had not had time to affix their signatures to those already attached to the manifesto which Princess Anna had boodwinked me into carrying to her brother's house, and which was a document pledging its subscribers to a general revolt.

Years afterwards, at Lisbon, where Dillon was first attaché, the latter told me that the words he had vainly attempted to bawl in my ears as the train swept me past the platform, merely comprised this friendly warning:

"Ignatius Kraskoff is a notorious spy of the police!"

In which capacity, and in consequence of my intimacy at the Sobieski palace, that pink and paragon of good travelling servants had been instructed to attach himself to me.

THE IRISH BLUNDER-BORE.

THE lives of great men have usually something that reminds us especially of their fame. Watt has his steam-engine, Arkwright his spinning-jennies, Cæsar his Commentaries. So the Irish Blunderer of all time, Sir Boyle Roche, is linked for ever to a bird with the mysterious property of being "in two places at once." Some of the great memories just enumerated may pass away. Their works may be eclipsed by a yet greater stretch in human progress. But posterity will not willingly let Sir Boyle Roche and his ubiquitous bird die. They are always at hand to stop up a leaky sentence handsomely. Hundreds of the grand circle of humanity are every day itching to make the same remark; toppling over into this loud blunder. For, virtually, we feel that a bird *is* very often *almost* in two places at once—the progress of a fowl of the air is the most convenient expression for swift transit. But we fear the danger of saying so, and shabbily fall back upon the baronet and his ornithological companion. Sheltered in this cowardly fashion, we reap all the profits of a commodious expression in the most perfect security, and with a conversational heartlessness turn the jest upon the man who was courageous enough to speak out boldly. We smile at his comic celebrity, yet we must admire this manliness, which did not scruple to furnish the great human race with a happy form of expression, at the cost of a burlesque immortality.

All the world, then, knows of this famous bird. It is accepted universally. The allusion is understood at once. There is no need of commentary or scholia. Sir Boyle Roche and his bird, which was in two places at once, are bound up with the language. Yet never was there an historical character of such notoriety so little known.

Sir Boyle Roche was a member of parliament. The bird in question is said to have been introduced to public notice in the sacred legislature; for it will be recollected that it was to "Mr. Speaker," personally, that Boyle put the curious hypothesis. In that assembly, however,

he spoke very often, and curious to say, even as we read the meagre reports of the Irish Hansard, we are conscious of the presence of the famous fowl fluttering close by, and every instant on the verge of flying direct into the middle of a speech. Passages, however, have survived, which are significant of the quality of what have been lost. Who was the noble lord whom he described as "the first *law* character in the kingdom, whose honour, whose principles, and whose patriotism would, he was convinced, be as jealous of the rights of his country, as *any other gentleman* in the land"? For this "law character," a companion was soon found in that other gentleman "whose known integrity, *learned knowledge*, constitutional principles, were superior to every imputation inimical to such principles." If he did not treat this question with "learned knowledge," he is described by the reporter as entering on it with truly national zeal, loyal enthusiasm, and soldierly decision.

It was in speaking of the excesses of the French Revolution, and the danger to which his country was exposed in consequence of too liberal legislation, that Sir Boyle Roche introduced what might be considered as a pendant for the famous fowl; a no less remarkable tree on which it might settle. The tree has been unfairly passed over. "This," said the honourable baronet, speaking of some of the Irish revolutionary societies, "is not the only convention we have. We have two or three, all branches of the same stock—all *sprouts* of the *barren Tree of Liberty*, which bears nothing itself, and blasts everything under its shade, or in its neighbourhood." This curious bit of oratory is gravely reported, not as a piece of eloquence, but as part of the regular debate in official form. But that remarkable tree which bears nothing and yet has sprouts, and casts a shade that blasts, is surely now entitled to *some* decent notoriety. Warmed by the success of his tree, another image suggests itself, which he deals with no less happily. "Many," he says, mournfully, "many are the Jack the Painters who, under the influence of these societies, *run through* the people." A new and startling mode of propagating sedition, and a new specie of emissary alluded to as "Jack the Painter," who was no dagger nor rapier, but merely an incendiary. "Have you not thus," he goes on, "encouraged the scum to boil uppermost—have you not? I know you have! Any clumsy magician may raise the devil; but he must be an expert one who can lay him."

He then gives a disastrous picture of the French excesses. "While the French nobles went on reforming themselves, there was a bloody Jacobin party observing their motions, who took the first opportunity of *jumping on their necks*, cutting their throats, and burying them, the monarchy and monarch, in the same grave. It seems," he adds, "as if the same *spirit of felo-de-se* had seized on us also."

Praise of the army: "that loyal army whom it was the fashion to *decoy*; but the day would come when the loyalty, the property, and the

gentlemanhood would owe the protection of everything they held to that loyal army whose cause he had so often *avouched*."

Jacobin principles "had become a hotbed of sedition, *manured* by the speeches," &c. Jacobins themselves are "the scum of the earth, suffered to boil over until it overflowed the law and the constitution."

Sir Boyle's description of necessity is blunt yet forcible: "a law justified by arguments stronger than all the speeching and *bothering used* about abstruse doctrine."

A particular bill against election bribery he held to be "a scout sent out by General Reform to reconnoitre, but I hope it will be treated as a spy deserves to be"—an ingenious figure which he was partial to, and repeated on other occasions. Finally, making a sort of heraldic profession of faith, he proclaims loftily, "I am descended from a noble family, and I *their remainder* now," &c.

On a motion for receiving a certain petition from the Catholics, which he proposed should be dealt with in a fashion for which probably there was no precedent in the journals, "Now the question is," said the famous baronet, "whether we will receive this insidious petition of a turbulent disorderly set of people whom no king can govern or no *God please*; or whether we shall treat it with *its* merited contempt. For my part, I call upon you to dispose of it as it deserves, by *tossing it over the bar* and kicking it into the lobby; and I am determined to divide the House upon it, even if I should stand alone in the lobby."

Thus far the public life of Sir Boyle Roche. There is now another view of him to be considered—the pleasant little obitres dieta which have been put down to his score, and which there is no reason to doubt he really gave utterance to. After all, it is natural to suppose that the constraint of public speaking must have fettered the bovine fancy, and checked the more frequent introduction of these conversational bulls, in the rearing of which he is supposed to have had great skill.

Many of these are happily preserved. "Sir, I would give up half—nay, the whole of the constitution, to preserve the remainder." This, however, was parliamentary. Hearing that Admiral Howe was in quest of the French, he remarked somewhat pleasantly that the admiral would "sweep the French fleet off the face of the earth."

By-and-by came dangerous times of disaffection, and honest men's lives were insecure. Sir Boyle writes from the country to a friend in the capital this discouraging view of his position: "You may judge," he says, "of our state, when I tell you that I write this with a sword in one hand and a pistol in the other."

On another occasion, when the famous letters to the Public Advertiser were attracting universal attention, Sir Boyle was heard to complain bitterly of the attacks "of a certain anonymous writer, called Junius." He it was who recounted that marvellous performance

in gymnastics, when, in a tumult of loyalty, he "stood prostrate at the feet of his sovereign." He it was who denounced in withering language the apostate politician, who "turned his back upon himself." He it was who introduced to public notice the ingenious yet partially confused metaphor of the rat: "Sir," he said, addressing the Speaker of the Irish House, "I smell a rat. I see him floating in the air—but mark me, I shall yet nip him in the bud."

It was Sir Boyle who spoke in feeling terms of the gentleman with whose family he was connected by marriage: "He gave me his eldest daughter, sir," he said to one of the professional wits of the Irish bar; "his eldest daughter, sir." To him the wit: "If he had had an *older* one he would have given her to you."

Mr. Curran used humorously to insist that these strange bits of confusion were all the result of careful preparation; perhaps scarcely crediting that there could be found a mind with such an inveterate constituted twist in it. In the Irish House these sayings were welcomed with uproarious hilarity. There was the famous speech which confounded generations. "I don't see, Mr. Speaker, why we should put ourselves out of the way to serve posterity. What has ever posterity done for us?" He was a little disconcerted by the burst of laughter that followed, and proceeded to explain his meaning. "By posterity, sir, I do not mean our ancestors, but those who are to come immediately after them."

His invitation to the gentleman on his travels was hospitable and well meant—but equivocal. "I hope, my lord, if ever you come within a mile of my house, *you'll stay there all night*." He it was who stood for the proper dimensions of the wine-bottle, and proposed to parliament that it should be made compulsory that "every quart bottle should contain a quart." Very pleasant, and yet perfectly intelligible, was his meaning—though it unhappily took the fatal bovine shape—was his rebuke to the shoemaker when getting shoes for his gouty limbs: "I told you to make one *longer* than the other, and instead of that, you have made one *smaller* than the other; the very opposite."

Still he could hit hard, and for once avoided his natural blundering turn. Mr. Curran stated he was quite capable of being the guardian of his own honour. Sir Boyle retorted, "I wish the hon. gentleman *joy of his sinecure*."

The truth is, he rises out of these little pleasantries with yet more credit than a mere vulgar observer would suppose. Under these oratorical perversions and colloquial humours lurks a graver thought. Out of these merry conceits, which may, for aught we know, have been born of a deep philanthropy, and a yet deeper purpose, the world may furnish itself with one of those exemplars, infinitely precious, more useful than hours of sermonising. He is eminently the consistent man. When he blunders, if blunder it must be, he is steadily uniform. His oratory squares with his conversation. He is not unjustly correct in the one and partially faulty in

the other. His most venial fault may be tracked through the even tenor of his life. He is nobly of a piece. There is no varnish or veneering, no whitened sepulchre work. Wherever we take up the thread of his life, we find the same bold outspoken shape of speech—the same quaint grotesque combination of idea to which the un-intelligent have given the name of bulls. Let us give him this credit, at least, and this gracious allowance. In his department, whatever doubts may be raised about its importance, he was useful.

There is a starling inseparably associated with the name of Mr. Sterne; the famous bird of Sir Boyle Roche should be engraven on his tombstone.

CLOCK FAST, FIVE HUNDRED YEARS.

I DIDN'T like the man at all. He bothered me. What did I care for his high-flying schemes? If there is anything I hate it is a projector. Had I but known what a failure this creature, who promised so well at first, would turn out to be, when taken up with—Why, he was as great a failure as any of his own preposterous notions could turn out to be, if there were lunatics in the world far enough gone to take up with them!—I would rather have strangled him than asked him to dine with me at my lodgings in Essex-street, Strand. The wildness of his perpetual suggestions gave me indigestion. How could a human system assimilate soup in presence of a fire of practical hints of the waste things of the world—tallow-graves for example—whereof a delicious soup could be made by a perfected chemistry? The last thing to be done with a fish, this fellow thought, was to eat it. Until it had been employed in commerce for a century or two, and had served fifty other uses, it should not, he said, be eaten. But then, indeed, it might restore its constituents to the perfected cook, and by him, chemically refreshed, be served up deliciously to table, shaped in a mould like jelly, into the restored semblance of fish. Bah! He even longed for the day to come when an entremet of old boots should be relished at the tables of the great, and when a poor man who had worn his clothes out should know how to cook them into palatable food. I promise him a pair of boiled trousers if he ever dines with me again, and I will eat my hat if he does.

He talked to me after dinner till my head span round, and I lay back in my arm-chair while he gabbled on. Then, suddenly, with a pull at his peaked beard, and a twirl at his long spits of moustaches, up he got and dug a long forefinger into the middle of the clock upon my mantelpiece. A clock I am proud of. A clock that never goes wrong. The cleverest clock in town, with hands of all sorts to tell you the day of the month, the day of the week, how old you are, what's o'clock at Otaheite, and when you are likely to be married. He stuck his long nail-barbed forefinger into the axle of the minute and hour hands, whereupon round they went. Hours, days, months, flew by with a rush

and a whizz, and in five minutes this fellow, this Chevalier Narrenpossenindiezukunft, pulled his finger out again, and said,

"It's five hundred years, old fellow, since we dined. Shall we have tea?"

I rang the bell testily, and the bell-pull crumbled down in my hand. As I went to the door to call on the stairs, I stumbled over a long grey beard that hung from my chin. And when I reached the place of the door, where was the door?

"By Jove," I said, "we are bricked in."

"Not at all. Look," said the chevalier.

The door was in the ceiling.

"Listen," said the chevalier.

Somebody was tapping at it. Open it I couldn't. So I said, "Come in."

The door opened, and I am afraid to say what I saw at first was what seemed to be the belly fin of a tremendous turbot. The turbot flew aside a little, and a young lady, who rode on his back, dismounted and floated down to us in a balloon skirt. The chevalier shook hands with her, introduced her to me as his sister, a lady who, having been, five hundred years ago, sole mistress of her time, agreed to wait till now—then—when?—before she called me to be hers. "It is now," she said, "the first of April, in the year two thousand three hundred and sixty-three. So come along with me. This fish will carry three." She gave us the train of her skirt to stand upon, and so we went up to the door with her, and sat with her on the back of her turbot, which was very comfortably furnished with air cushions. The lady took the reins, and off we started.

"Well, Bokins," said the chevalier to me, laughing, "what do you say now? I see the precise situation. This is nothing more than I expected."

"Narrenpossen—what's-your-name?" I answered. "If you see the precise situation, I don't. My lodgings were in Essex-street, Strand. Where's Essex-street? Where's the Strand? Where's—come, now, where's the Thames? I see nothing but gardens, groves, and grassy lanes, and shining terraces, and a great sweep of greensward, on which men are running foot-races, and there is a strange peopling of the air, and there are strange humming throbs from under ground."

"Of course there are," said the chevalier. "That is the busy hum of London traffic, going on night and day, with the speed of lightning. Thames! Why you don't suppose in all these years we have stood still at your old strips and shreds of bridge. It is all bridge now, my boy. Thames is an underground river, at least as far as Gravesend. It runs under that sweep of green playground. And there is plenty of traffic, be sure, of which in these good days that are come, we no more see the circulation on the face of the town, than we see the circulation of the blood—otherwise than as a bloom of health upon my sister's face there. All you see on the surface of this lovely London, is the bloom."

"Bloom, indeed! Why, if those blossoming groves are the streets, how do you come by so

many flowers out of doors? This is a warm spring day, as I feel—a trifle too warm, possibly—but there are bleak days also, at this season. How do the flowers stand them, and how do they stand the London smoke!”

“Smoke, my dear Bokins! Smoke! Now! Look at those tall maypoles, with gorgeous tropical creepers twining to the top of them. Don’t you see that the Londoners have by this time adopted my grand scheme for the solidification of caloric. Turn your turbot’s nose to the pole, sister. There, don’t you feel the balmy tropical air fragrant and warm about you as we swim towards the pole? My scheme was, you know—really I told it you at dinner—that an immense mass of caloric being solidified into the firmness of stone, a piece of this solid caloric, about as big as a seven-pounder cannon-ball, set up in the midst of London, would disengage natural warmth enough for the whole town, melt the snow, turn the rain back into thin vapour, and give us the summer climate of Madeira in the sharpest of December weather. I see that they prefer smaller fragments of the caloric stone set upon several poles to avoid an excess of tropical heat in any part of town. Doubtless, however, there is an extra lump for the district of the market gardens. But my sister turns to you.”

“Jolly fast turbot this, Miss Bokins, eh?” said the young lady.

“Miss! I am *Mister* Bokins, if you please.”

“Bosh!” said Clarissa. “Women came to their rights ages ago, you little fool. By the treaty of Pardiggle, A.D. two-two-two-two, women became *Misters*, and men *Missises* and *Misses*. You’ll take my name when I marry you, and become Mrs. *Narrenpossendiezukunft*.”

“But if I won’t have you?”

“You must. The first act of the first woman’s parliament forbids the refusal of such offers. What a stick you are! I don’t think I will have you. Brother, there’s a division to-night, and I ought to be in the house, for it’s important. I’ll put you down here, and perhaps you’ll take a turn in the town with Miss Bokins. If I want to see any more of her, I’ll look her up. If not, good-by, and good riddance.”

Coming near the ground, she tilted us both over the tail of her turbot. We fell among long grass, and when we got up she was far away, her turbot working his fins with a will as soon as he had got us off his back.

“A fish is but a slippery sort of horse to ride,” I said to the chevalier.

“Behind a slippery girl, so it is,” he said. “Yet wasn’t I right? Didn’t you observe the smoothness of the motion, or rather wasn’t it so smooth that you did not observe anything at all about it? Nothing could be simpler. People had only to train the fishes, give them windy food, diet them into a buoyancy that would enable them to swim as easily in the ocean of air as in the ocean of water, saddle them and bridle them, and there you are! What can be more commodious than those whales—with a complete village of drawing-rooms, and parlours, and even a

library or two on each whale’s back—working what used to be the old omnibus routes. Hi! hi!”

At the chevalier’s cry, the conductor on the whale’s tail unrolled a little flight of stairs to us as the monster, blown out to fourfold size by the lightening of his texture, hovered over the tree-tops. We went up, and found passengers chatting in the drawing-rooms, drinking tea in the parlours, reading and writing in luxurious and well filled libraries.

“A great improvement upon the old lumbering omnibuses, is it not?” said the chevalier.

“Certainly,” I answered. “But it appears odd to me that when there were already birds in the air, men should have added all these fishes.”

“They are more commodious, you see. We couldn’t get all this public accommodation laid on the back of a London sparrow. But the birds have all been utilised. Every peer in the House of Ladies keeps her stud of condors in the country. Eagles are good riding among the hills. But, on the whole, these riding birds are used only for crossing to the continent, or short runs over water, where even a well-trained fish might be tempted to take an awkward plunge in his old native element. As for the small birds, they all work for their living. The tom-tits, for example, have been all turned into printers’ devils, and the jackdaws into beadles. But here is Cheapside.”

As we had taken one of the halfpenny whales, we paid only a halfpenny apiece when we got out at the Cheapside landing-stage: a terrace of gay flowers that had once been rare, but that had been acclimated to London since the introduction of solidified caloric. We descended to the greensward of Cheapside itself. The middle of the road was laid out in lawn and parterre. Fragrant rows of blossoming orange-trees made shady walks on either side, and beyond these the lines of houses shone with all the colours of the rainbow, like colossal prisms. Under the orange-trees, ladies were singing, now and then by aid of their balloon skirts rising like birds to the tree branches, here and there like swallows chasing each other through the air, as they flew always close to the ground. There was a faint trembling of the earth and rumble under ground.

“Now,” said my guide, “tread boldly. That is not earthquake. It’s the traffic. And those girls are not lifted by the agency of spirits. When hydrogen gas superseded the old hoops as a means of petticoat distension, it was not long before it occurred to the new scientific race of milliners that a small generator, set in action by a touch, and a dainty gold escape valve that might be worn as a waist-buckle, would enable ladies to enjoy, in a moderate degree, ballooning as a new domestic pleasure.”

“But,” I asked, “is not a gas petticoat horribly dangerous wear near fire?”

“Fire, my good Bokens. Have you already forgotten the solidified caloric? One difficulty there was. The old barbarous way of taking

tobacco-smoke by a weed, with one end in the mouth, the other end on fire, continued for some time after the introduction of this light padding for ladies' dress. The consequence was, that if a gentleman smoked in a lady's presence, a flying ash might cause an explosion by which the lady was blown up, and the gentleman often had his cigar shot down his throat. The women liked the risk, and the men didn't. For the last hundred years, therefore, tobacco has been generated in great tobaccometers, and its smoke laid on (as gas used to be) to every house, which has its tobacco fittings, with elastic pipes and mouthpieces. Out-of-door pipes from the mains crop up among the grass and flowers as the old gas-lamps used to do, and when nobody is smoking at them, they are often used by ladies for the fumigation of these rosaries that shroud the ways down into business London."

"But," said I, "my dear sir, with your diffused warmth and no fire, how do we—for you seem miraculously to know all about everything—how do we in this advanced age cook a mutton-chop?"

"Wait a bit. The evening grows dusk. Ha, see! Didn't I tell you so?"

There was a man on a flying-fish, who lighted five little artificial suns, one over the middle of the town, one at each corner, and the daylight seemed to return suddenly.

"Think of the comfort of that," said Narrenpossenindiezukunft. "No candles, no artificial light required in any of the houses."

And now the ladies flocked about the rosaries, and soon there streamed out of the midst of the rosaries, snuffing eagerly the odour of the flowers, cohorts of fathers, husbands, brothers, and sons come up from business, who capered with the ladies, and ran trundling the hoops they had left among the bushes, or playing leapfrog over each other towards the houses. "And this," I said, shaking my head for nine minutes, "is Cheapside. Where is the Mansion House?"

"Mansion House!" echoed my friend. "Why, the Lord Mayor was happily abolished three hundred and ninety years ago—very soon after that obsolete obstruction had conceitedly blocked up the City, and caused the deaths of several unfortunate persons in a crowd, which he and his dismal old—what was it called—Corporation—wouldn't be helped to arrange. These people are going in to dinner. Come and see how they live."

What shall I say? Here I am, thrown back again on an incredulous past that cannot be got to think of or believe such changes. I mixed with these people, entered their radiant houses, built of massive translucent blocks of solid glass, jointed by transparent cement, through which a cool diffused light everywhere penetrated.

"Rather better, this, than the old living in mud pies?" said my friend.

"Mud pies!"

"Raised crusts, if you will, of baked clay; or the old stone heaps in Pall-mall."

Within these brilliant houses there were no joists, beams, nor floorings. Groups of buoyant

furniture were set on floating carpets here and there, like little islands in air. The use of these had long been preferred for ease and noiselessness to walking upon solid wooden floors, reached by the laborious climbing of hard stairs. From island to island all the people of the house passed smoothly on the backs of silent fish. Or the whole room could be made to rise or fall gently and softly through the air.

"Again, sir," I said, "let me ask how such a people cooks its chops?"

"Stand aside," said my friend, "or you will have the soup in your face. Dinner for this house is coming up through the pneumatic tube, and you are standing with your head in front of it."

I turned aside. There was a gurgle, a rush, and a pop, and out flew a ball of hot soup—slug soup my friend declared it to be—that was lodged with amazing accuracy in a tureen upon the dinner-table, around which the family sat on one of the gay floating islands.

"Well," said I, "that is a new way of firing slugs. Whitworth never shot with more precision."

"It is not the firing," said my friend. "It is the placing of the tureen. Abstruse study of mathematics is now so common and necessary that every respectable house keeps a mathematician in buttons among its domestic servants. Buttons knowing the diameter of the pipe, the propelling force, and the weight and shape of any object or number of objects ordered from below, calculates to a hair the direction all the things will take, and where to place the dishes to receive them. The soup eaten, a trained sparrow was sent down to pull a bell, and up flew a hot jelly-fish, followed by a gush of earwig sauce, and a volley of boiled yams. The fish flopped and smoked upon the dish laid ready for it. Every drop of the sauce fell inside the sauce-boat. But one of the yams was smashed on the bald head of an old gentleman who stood up unexpectedly. He did not seem to be aware of it, although when he sat down several attendant sparrows came and perched upon his head to peek away the crumbs. "It is very seldom," said my friend, "that such an accident can possibly occur. Men-servants, and maid-servants, who wait at table, are always instructed beforehand in the lines of fire, and at once warn any one who puts his head in danger. But here, except the Buttons who removes and arranges the dishes, and must give his whole attention to them, the waiting is all done, as you observe, by birds and fishes. Ah, in your time, five hundred years ago, they had tamed nothing, the barbarians, but the dog and the cat and the—the—the—what was that other creature called?"

"The horse?"

"The horse, ah yes. Soon after your time, when there was no other use for him, they ate him up. He has been extinct three hundred years. Here's the roast terrier and rat sauce coming. Mind your head."

"What, are they eating up the dogs too! But, my good Narren-what's-your-name, where is the cooking done?"

"Where all the other business of London is done, down below. Dinners also are laid on and supplied through pipes. A good house like this has its own special supply-pipe; average people are content to draw their dinners from the main. There is a fixed hour for turning on the supply, and the details of the main dinner for every day, with the exact minute when each article will be laid on, are shouted by steam through all the pipes at eight o'clock every morning."

"You surprise me. I should like to see the London kitchen. Meanwhile, may I again ask, if a man now wanted a hot mutton chop, how would he get it?"

"There, Bokins, dinner's over, and the night-workers are off below. Now you shall see something like work!"

"Night-workers?"

"Yes. Nobody's trade stops. They have organised day and night watches, and work in gangs, so that nobody's trade ever stops. Above ground you see all these advanced notions of luxury and enjoyment——"

"Roast terrier and rat soup, yes. Earwig sauce, yes——"

"My dear Bokins, you ought to be ashamed to exhibit those degraded antediluvian prejudices. Don't you know that in England, before your time, there were Britons who would have loathed roast goose and apple-sauce, or hare and currant-jelly. Because five hundred years ago the gourmand, dead to all the delicacies of the insect world, was yet ignorant of the piquancy of the earwig, or the flavour of the round fat body of the spider sopped in ant juice——"

"Narrenpossenindiezukunft, don't! You make me very ill."

"Well, come below. Here, through the rosary, and down with all these people."

As we descended, the earth seemed to rock about us. There was not more noise than in the whiz and rumble of a single smooth machine, but crowded galleries were black with men like ants, in the workings of an ant-heap, and in the ways between them vehicles—smokeless, seamless, and with no visible motive-power—sped swift as lightning, stopping instantly, obedient to a touch. Every wall was honeycombed into shops and warehouses, where bales swung swiftly in and out, up and down. The men on foot flew to and fro, as if on magic skates, by help of what my friend called the "new motive bootsole," and disappeared or appeared incessantly, like harlequins, by leaps through small holes in the wall.

"Why do they make harlequins of themselves?" I asked. "Why don't they walk like reasonable men?"

"Reasonable men, Bokins? Why, now that London, Manchester, Liverpool, and Birmingham, have run together, and are just so many districts of the town, how is a man to get about in the old way. Look here, my friend. For a little while it would answer well enough to pave

these great underground streets with india-rubber pavement at the side, and put five hundred mile an hour vehicles to run in the road. But a man can't afford to take an hour for every five hundred miles he goes; so we have long since set up the system of short cuts through these pairs of electro-pneumatic tubing. You see the walls are riddled with them, and they are all labelled. Here, for example, 'To the Manchester Exchange, one minute.' Under it, 'From the Manchester Exchange, one minute.' You want to go to that part of town. Jump in here, and in a minute you are sucked electrically to the other end. Your business done, you return by the other tube. No accident is possible. You, and those before and those behind you, all slide at one pace. Even if you got into the wrong tube, being against the current, you would be spat out again immediately."

"What an enormous press of business is done under the turf of London streets," I said. "Hollo! Here is a railed-off well. What's this?"

"Can't you read, my dear Bokins. 'Direct Central Fire Route to Victoria, in half an hour.' You travel the whole way in iced carriages. Three minutes are allowed for chops cooked at the Central Fire Refreshment station."

"Are they so?" said I. "Then that is my train."

I took that train, but when I got out at the central fire station, I felt a choking and a burning, and deliriously thought I was a chop on a gridiron, with my chest being burnt and smoked, as it lay on the iron bar just over a lively burst of gas from a rebellious coal. The pain of this flame at the pit of my stomach caused me to leap to my feet.

"Hollo," said Narrenpossenindiezukunft, who was filling the air with dense smoke of tobacco. "Soon awake! You snored so defiantly after I had explained one or two of the schemes I am going to carry out, that nobody dared move, or possibly I might have rung for candles. As it is, you see, we are in the dark."

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VERY HARD CASH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

CHAPTER VI.

"MR. EDWARD DODD?"

"Not at home, sir. Left last week."

"For long?"

"I don't rightly know, sir. But he won't be back this week, I don't think."

"Perhaps," stammered Alfred, "the ladies—Mrs. Dodd—might be able to tell me."

"Oh yes, sir. But my mistress she's in London just now."

Alfred's eyes flashed. "Could I learn from Miss Dodd?"

"La, sir, she is in London along with her ma; why, 'tis for her they are gone; to insult the great doctors."

He started. "She is not ill? Nothing serious?"

"Well, sir, we do hope not; she is pining a bit, as young ladies will."

Alfred was anything but consoled by this off-hand account; he became alarmed, and looked wretched. Seeing him so perturbed, Sarah, who was blunt but good natured, added, "But cook she says hard work would cure our Miss of all *she* ails."

"Cook is an unfeeling wretch," replied Alfred.

"Bless your heart, it belongs to her place, or how could she skin them rabbits? ha! ha! Who shall I say was asking for her? for my work is a bit behindhand."

Alfred took the hint reluctantly, and drew out his card-case, saying, "For Mr. Edward Dodd." She gave her clean but wettish hand a hasty wipe with her apron, and took the card; he retired, she stood on the step and watched him out of sight, said "Oho!", and took his card to the kitchen for preliminary inspection and discussion.

Alfred Hardie was resolute, but sensitive. He had come on the wings of Love and Hope; he went away heavily: a housemaid's tongue had shod his elastic feet with lead in a moment; of all misfortunes sickness was what he had not anticipated, for she looked immortal. Perhaps it was that fair and treacherous disease, consumption. Well, if it was; he would love her all the more, would wed her as soon as he was of age, and carry her to some soft Southern clime,

and keep each noxious air at bay, and prolong her life, perhaps save it.

And now he began to chafe at the social cobwebs that kept him from her. But, just as his impatience was about to launch him into imprudence, he was saved by a genuine descendant of Adam. James Maxley kept Mr. Hardie's little pleasance trim as trim could be, by yearly contract. This entailed short but frequent visits; and Alfred often talked with him: for the man was really a bit of a character; had a shrewd rustic wit, and a ready tongue, was rather too fond of law, and much too fond of money; but scrupulously honest: head as long as Cudworth's, but broader; and could not read a line. One day he told Alfred that he must knock off now, and take a look in at Albion Villee; the captain was due; and on no account would he, Maxley, allow that there ragged box round the captain's quarter-deck; "that is how he do name their little mossel of a lawn: and there he walks for a wager, athirt and across, across and athirt, five steps and then about; and I'd a'most bet ye a halfpenny he thinks hisself on the salt sea ocean, bless his silly old heart."

All this time Alfred, after the first start of joyful surprise, was secretly thanking his stars for sending him an instrument. To learn whether she had returned, he asked Maxley whether the ladies had sent for him.

"Not they," said Maxley, rather contemptuously; "what do women-folk care about a border, without 'tis a lace one to their nightcaps; for none but the devil to see. Not as I have ought to say again the pair; they keep their turf tidyish—and pay ready money—and a few flowers in their pots; but the rest may shift for itself. Ye see, Master Alfred," explained Maxley, wagging his head wisely, "nobody's pride can be everywhere; now theirs is in-a-doors; their with-drawing-room it's like the Queen's palace, my missus tells me; she is wrapped up in 'em, ye know. But the captain for my money?"

The sage shouldered his tools and departed. But he left a good hint behind him. Alfred hovered about the back door next day till he caught Mrs. Maxley; she supplied the house with eggs and vegetables. "Could she tell him whether his friend Edward Dodd was likely to come home soon?" She thought not; he was gone away to study. "He hasn't much head-piece, ye know, not like what Miss Julia have.

Mrs. and Miss are to be home to-day; they wrote to cook this morning. I shall be there to-morrow, sartin, and I'll ask in the kitchen when Master Edward is a coming back."

Alfred saw he had fallen into the right hands; here was a good soul who only wanted starting to give many answers to few questions. He reflected a moment, then asked her could she bring him two fresh eggs every morning?

"Who better?" said she. "Why, we do lay our own: only they come a little dearer than the shop eggs; but la! a halfpenny's not much to the likes of you."

"Good things are never cheap," said the sly boy; "so if you will be upon honour that they are yours, and fresh, I'll stand sixpence for two every morning."

"Sixpence for a couple of eggs!" cried Mrs. Maxley, flushing all over with desire of gain. "I durstn't do it; Jem he'd kill me."

"Nonsense! It is not for the eggs only, but your trouble in bringing them: why, it is half a mile."

"So 'tis. La! to think of a young gentleman like you vallying a poor woman's time; and you got nothing to do with yourn, but fling it away on cricketing and larning, which they don't make nobody rich, they don't."

Love and Avarice soon struck a bargain, and for once the nobler passion became as early a bird as the other, and picked up many a good crumb of intelligence. The ladies of Albion Villa were good kind ladies; the very maid-servants loved them; Miss was more for religion than her mother, and went to St. Anne's church Thursday evenings, and Sundays morning and evening; and visited some poor women in the parish with food and clothes; Mrs. Dodd could not sleep a wink when the wind blew hard at night; but never complained, only came down pale to breakfast. Miss Julia's ailment was nothing to speak of, but they were in care along of being so wrapt up in her, and no wonder, for if ever there was a duck—

Acting on this intelligence, Alfred went early the next Sunday to St. Anne's church, and sat down in the side gallery at its east end. While the congregation flowed quietly in, the organist played the *Agnus Dei* of Mozart. Those pious tender tones stole over this hot young heart, and whispered, "Peace! be still!" He sighed wearily, and it passed through his mind that it might have been better for him, and especially for his studies, if he had never seen her. Such instincts are often prophetic. Suddenly the aisle seemed to lighten up; she was gliding along it, beautiful as May, and modesty itself in dress and carriage. She went into a pew and kneeled a minute, then seated herself and looked out the lessons for the day. Alfred gazed at her face; devoured it. But her eyes never roved. She seemed to have put off feminine curiosity, and the world, at the church door. Indeed, he wished she was not quite so heavenly discreet; her lashes were delicious, but he longed to see her

eyes once more; to catch a glance from them, and, by it, decipher his fate.

But, no; she was there to worship, and did not discern her earthly lover, whose longing looks were glued to her, and his body rose and sank with the true worshippers, but with no more spirituality than a piston, or a Jack-in-the-box.

In the last hymn before the sermon, a well-meaning worshipper in the gallery delivered a leading note, a high one, with great zeal, but small precision, being about a semitone flat; at this outrage on her too sensitive ear Julia Dodd turned her head swiftly to discover the offender; and failed; but her two sapphire eyes met Alfred's point-blank.

She was crimson in a moment, and lowered them on her book again, as if to look that way was to sin. It was but a flash: but sometimes a flash fires a mine.

The lovely blush deepened and spread before it melted away, and Alfred's late cooling heart warmed itself at that sweet glowing cheek. She never looked his way again, not once: which was a sad disappointment; but she blushed again and again before the service ended, only not so deeply: now, there was nothing in the sermon to make her blush. I might add, there was nothing to redden her cheek with religious excitement: There was a little candid sourness—oil and vinegar—against sects and low churchmen; but thin generality predominated. Total: "Acetate of morphia," for dry souls to sip.

So Alfred took all the credit of causing those sweet irrelevant blushes; and gloated: the young wretch could not help glorying in his power to tint that fair statue of devotion with earthly thoughts.

But stay! that dear blush, was it pleasure or pain? What if the sight of him was intolerable?

He would know how he stood with her, and on the spot. He was one of the first to leave the church; he made for the churchyard gate, and walked slowly backwards and forwards by it, with throbbing heart till she came out.

She was prepared for him now, and bowed slightly to him with the most perfect composure, and no legible sentiment, except a certain marked politeness many of our young ladies think wasted upon young gentlemen; and are mistaken.

Alfred took off his hat in a tremor, and his eyes implored and inquired, but met with no further response; and she walked swiftly home, though without apparent effort. He looked longingly after her; but discretion forbade.

He now crawled by Albion Villa twice every day, wet or dry, and had the good fortune to see her twice at the drawing-room window. He was constant at St. Anne's church, and one Thursday crept into the aisle to be nearer to her, and he saw her steal one swift look at the gallery, and look grave; but soon she detected him, and though she looked no more towards him, she seemed demurely complacent. Alfred had learned to note these subtleties now, for Love is a microscope. What he did not know was, that his timid

ardour was pursuing a masterly course; that to find herself furtively followed everywhere, and hovered about for a look, is apt to soothe womanly pride, and stir womanly pity, and to keep the female heart in a flutter of curiosity and emotion, two porters that open the heart's great gate to love.

Dr. Sampson dined with the Hardies, and happened to mention the "Dodds" among his old patients: for he had lived at Barkington.

"The Dodds of Albion Villa?" inquired Miss Hardie, to her brother's no little surprise.

"Albyn fiddlestick!" said the polished doctor. "Nø! they live by the water-side; used to; but now they have left the town, I hear. He is a sea-captain and a fine lad, and Mrs. Dodd is just the best-bred woman I ever prescribed for, except Mrs. Sampson."

"It is the Dodds of Albion Villa," said Miss Hardie. "They have two children; a son; his name is Edward; and a daughter, Julia; she is rather good-looking; a Gentlemen's Beauty."

Alfred stared at his sister. Was she blind? with her "rather good-looking."

Sampson was quite pleased at the information. "N' listen me! I saved that girl's life when she was a year old."

"Then she is ill now, doctor," said Alfred, hastily. "Do go and see her! Hum! The fact is, her brother is a great favourite of mine." He then told him how to find Albion Villa. "Jenny, dear," said he, when Sampson was gone, "you never told me you knew her."

"Knew who, dear?"

"Whom? Why, Dodd's sister."

"Oh, she is a new acquaintance, and not one to interest you. We only meet in the Lord; I do not visit Albion Villa; her mother is an amiable worldling."

"Unpardonable combination!" said Alfred, with a slight sneer. "So you and Miss Dodd meet only at church?"

"At church? hardly. She goes to St. Anne's: sits under a preacher, who starves his flock with moral discourses, and holds out the sacraments of the Church as the means of grace."

Alfred shook his head good humouredly. "Now, Jenny, that is a challenge; and you know we both got into a fury the last time we were betrayed into that miserable waste of time and temper, Theological discussion. No, no:

Let sects delight to bark and bite,

For 'tis their nature to:

Let gown and surplice growl and fight,

For Satan makes them so.

But let you and I cut High Church and Low Church, and be brother and sister. Do tell me in English where you meet Julia Dodd; that's a dear; for young ladies 'meeting in the Lord' conveys no positive idea to my mind."

Jane Hardie sighed at this confession. "We meet in the cottages of the poor and the sick, whom He loved and pitied when on earth; and we, His unworthy servants, try to soothe their distress, and lead them to Him, who can heal the

soul as well as the body, and wipe away all the tears of all His people."

"Then it does you infinite credit, Jane," said Alfred, warmly. "Now, that is the voice of true religion; and not the whine of this sect, nor the snarl of that. And so she joins you in this good work? I am not surprised."

"We meet in it now and then, dear; but she can hardly be said to have joined me: I have a district, you know; but poor Mrs. Dodd will not allow Julia to enlist in the service. She visits independently, and by fits and starts; and I am afraid she thinks more of comforting their perishable bodies than of feeding their souls. It was but the other day she confessed to me her backwardness to speak in the way of instruction to women as old as her mother. She finds it so much easier to let them run on about their earthly troubles: and of course it is much easier. Ah, the world holds her still in some of its subtle meshes."

The speaker uttered this sadly; but presently, brightening up, said, with considerable bonhomie, and almost a sprightly air: "But she is a dear girl, and the Lord will yet light her candle."

Alfred pulled a face, as of one that drinketh verjuice unawares: but let it pass: hypercriticism was not his cue just then. "Well, Jenny," said he, "I have a favour to ask you. Introduce me to your friend Miss Dodd! Will you?"

Miss Hardie coloured faintly. "I would rather not, dear Alfred."

"Nonsense; why not?"

"Because the introduction could not be for her eternal good. Julia's soul is in a very ticklish state; she wavers as yet between this world and the other world; and it won't do; it won't do; there is no middle path. You would very likely turn the scale, and then I should have fought against her everlasting welfare—my friend's."

"What, am I an infidel?" inquired Alfred, angrily.

Jane looked distressed. "Oh no, Alfred. But you are a worldling."

Alfred, smothering a strong sense of irritation, besought her to hear reason; these big words were out of place here. "It is Dodd's sister; and he will introduce me at a world, worldling as I am."

"Then why urge me to do it, against my conscience?" asked the young lady, as sharply as if she had been a woman of the world. "You cannot be in love with her, as you do not know her."

Alfred did not reply to this unlucky thrust, but made a last effort to soften her. "Can you call yourself my sister, and refuse me this trifling service, which her brother, who loves her and esteems her ten times more sincerely than you do, would not think of refusing me if he was at home?"

"Why should he? He is in the flesh, himself; let the carnal introduce one another. I really must decline; but I am very, very sorry that you feel hurt about it."

"And I am very sorry I have not 'an amiable worldling' for my sister, instead of an unamiable and devilish conceited Christian."

And, with these bitter words, Alfred snatched a candle and bounced to bed in a fury. So apt is one passion to rouse up others.

Jane Hardie let fall a gentle tear: but consoled herself with the conviction that she had done her duty, and that Alfred's anger was quite unreasonable, and so he would see as soon as he should cool.

The next day the lover, smarting under this check, and spurred to fresh efforts, invaded Sampson. That worthy was just going to dine at Albion Villa, so Alfred postponed pumping him till next day. Well, he called at the inn next day, and if the doctor was not just gone back to London!

"I have no luck!" thought Alfred; and wandered disconsolate homewards.

In the middle of Buchanan-street, an agitated treble called after him, "Mr. Halfred! hoh, Mr. Halfred!" He looked back and saw Dick Absalom, a promising young cricketer, brandishing a document and imploring aid. "O, Master Halfred, dooce please come here. I durstn't leave the shop."

There is a tie between cricketers far too strong for social distinctions to divide, and, though Alfred muttered peevishly "whose cat is dead now?" he obeyed the strange summons.

The distress was a singular one. Master Absalom, I must premise, was the youngest of two lads in the employ of Mr. Jenner, a benevolent old chemist, a disciple of Malthus. Jenner taught the virtues of drugs and minerals to tender youths, at the expense of the public. Scarcely ten minutes had elapsed since a pretty servant girl came into the shop, and laid a paper on the counter, saying, "Please to make that up, young man." Now at fifteen we are gratified by inaccuracies of this kind from ripe female lips: so Master Absalom took the prescription with a complacent grin; his eye glanced over it; it fell to shaking in his hand; chill dismay penetrated his heart; and, to speak with oriental strictness, his liver turned instantly to water. However, he made a feeble clutch at Mercantile Mendacity, and stammered out, "Here's a many ingredients, and the governor's out walking, and he's been and locked the drawer where we keeps our Prætorium. You couldn't come again in half an hour, Miss, could ye?" She acquiesced readily, for she was not habitually called Miss, and she had a follower, a languid one, living hard by, and belonged to a class which thinks it consistent to come after its followers.

Dicky saw her safe off, and groaned at his ease. Here was a prescription full of new chemicals, sovereign, no doubt; i.e. deadly when applied Jennerically; and the very directions for use were in Latin words he had encountered in no prescription before. A year ago Dicky would have counted the prescribed ingredients on his fingers, and then taken down an equal number of little

articles, solid or liquid, mixed them, delivered them, and so to cricket, serene: but now, his mind, to apply the universal cant, was "in a transition state." A year's practice had chilled the youthful valour, which used to scatter Epsom salts, or oxalic acid; magnesia, or something white. An experiment or two by himself and his compeers, with comments by the coroner, had enlightened him as to the final result on the human body of potent chemicals fearlessly administered, leaving him dark as to their distinctive qualities applied remedially. What should he do? run with the prescription to old Taylor in the next street, a chemist of forty years? Alas! at his tender age, he had not omitted to chaff that reverend rival persistently and publicly. Humble his establishment before the King-street one? Sooner perish drugs, and come eternal cricket! And, after all, why not? Drummer-boys, and powder-monkeys, and other imps of his age that dealt destruction, were paid; Mankind acknowledged their services in cash: but old Jenner, taught by Philosophy, through its organ the newspapers, that "knowledge is riches," was above diluting with a few shillings a week the wealth a boy acquired behind his counter: so his apprentices got no salary. Then why not shut up the old rogue's shutters, and excite a little sympathy for him, to be followed by a powerful reaction on his return from walking; and go and offer his own services on the cricket ground to field for the gentlemen by the hour, or bowl at a shilling on their balls? "Bowling is the lay for me," said he; "you get money for that, and you only bruise the gents a bit and break their thumbs: you can't put their vital sparks out as you can at this work."

By a striking coincidence, the most influential member of the cricket club passed while Dick was in this quandary.

"Oh, Mr. Halfred, you was always very good to me on the ground; you couldn't have me hired by the club, could ye? for I am sick of this trade; I wants to bowl."

"You little duffer!" said Alfred, "cricket is a recreation, not a business. Besides, it only lasts five months. Unless you adjourn to the antipodes. Stick to the shop like a man, and make your fortune."

"Oh, Mr. Halfred," said Dick, sorrowfully, "how can I find fortune here? Jenner don't pay. And the crowner declares he will not have it; and the Barton Chronicle says us young gents ought all to be given a holiday to go and see one of us hanged by lot; but this is what have broke this camel's back at last; here's a dalled thing to come smiling and smirking in with, and put it across a counter in a poor boy's hand. Oh! oh! oh!"

"Dick," said Alfred, "if you blubber, I'll give you a hiding. You have stumbled on a passage you can't construe. Well, who has not? but we don't shed the briny about it. Here, let me have a go at it."

"Ah, I've heard you are a scholar," said

Dick, "but you won't make out this; there's some new preparation of Mercury, and there's musk, and there's horehound, and there's a neutral salt; and dal his old head that wrote it!"

"Hold your jaw, and listen, while I construe it to you. '*Die Mercurii*, on Wednesday—*decimā horā vespertinā*, at ten o'clock at night—*eat in Musca*.' what does that mean? '*Ad Prætorium*, to the Prætorium. *Eat in Muscā*?' I see; this is modern Latin with a vengeance. 'Let him go in a fly to the Prætorium. *Sallet*, let him jump—*cum tredecim caniculis*, with thirteen little dogs—*præsertim meo*, especially with my little dog.' Dicky, this prescription emanates from Bedlam direct. '*Domum reditta*'—hallo! it is a woman, then. 'Let her go in a fly to the—Town-hall, eh? 'Let her jump,' no, 'dance, with thirteen whelps, especially mine.' Ha! ha! ha! And who is the woman that is to do all this, I wonder?"

"Woman, indeed!" said a treble at the door; "no more than I am; it's for a young lady. O, jiminy!"

This polite ejaculation was drawn out by the speaker's sudden recognition of Alfred, who had raised his head at her remonstrance, and now started in his turn: for it was the black-eyed servant of Albion Villa. They looked at one another in expressive silence.

"Yes, sir, it is for my young lady. Is it ready, young man?"

"No, it ain't; and never will," squealed Dick, angrily; "it's a vile 'oax; and you ought to be ashamed of yourself bringing it into a respectable shop."

Alfred silenced him, and told Sarah he thought Miss Dodd ought to know the nature of this prescription before it went round the chemists."

He borrowed paper of Dick, and wrote:

"Mr. Alfred Hardie presents his compliments to Miss Dodd, and begs leave to inform her that he has, by the merest accident, intercepted the enclosed prescription. As it seems rather a sorry jest, and tends to attract attention to Miss Dodd and her movements, he has ventured, with some misgivings, to send it back with a literal translation, on reading which it will be for Miss Dodd to decide whether it is to circulate:

"On Wednesday, at ten P.M., let her go in a fly to the town-hall, and dance with thirteen { little dogs, } especially with mine: re-whelps,

turn home at six A.M., and sleep till dinner, and repeat the folly as occasion serves."

"Suppose I could get it into Miss's hands when she's alone?" whispered Sarah.

"You would earn my warmest gratitude."

"Warmest gratitude! Is that a warm gown or a warm cloak, I wonder?"

"It is both, when the man is a gentleman, and a pretty, dark eyed, girl pities him and stands his friend."

Sarah smiled, and whispered, "Give it me; I'll do my best."

Alfred enclosed the prescription and his note in one cover, handed them to her, and slipped a sovereign into her hand. He whispered, "Be prudent."

"I'm dark, sir," said she: and went off briskly homewards, and Alfred stood rapt in dreamy joy, and so self-elated that, had he been furnished like a peacock, he would have instantly become "a thing all eyes," and choked up Jenner's shop, and swept his counter. He had made a step towards familiarity, had written her a letter; and then, if this prescription came, as he suspected, from Dr. Sampson, she would, perhaps, be at the ball. This opened a delightful vista. Meantime Mrs. Dodd had communicated Sampson's opinion to Julia, adding that there was a prescription besides, gone to be made up. "However, he insists on your going to this ball."

Julia begged hard to be excused: said she was in no humour for balls: and, Mrs. Dodd objecting that the tickets had actually been purchased, she asked leave to send them to the Dartons: "they will be a treat to Rose and Alice; they seldom go out: mamma, I do so fear they are poorer than people think. May I?"

"It would be but kind," said Mrs. Dodd. "Though really why my child should always be sacrificed to other people's children—"

"Oh a mighty sacrifice!" said Julia. She sat down and enclosed the tickets to Rose Darton, with a little sugared note. Sarah being out, Elizabeth took it. Sarah met her at the gate, but did not announce her return: she lurked in ambush till Julia happened to go to her own room, then followed her, and handed Alfred's missive, and watched her slyly, and, being herself expeditious as the wind in matters of the heart, took it for granted the enclosure was something very warm indeed; so she said with feigned simplicity, "I suppose it is all right now, miss?" and retreated swelling with a secret, and tormented her fellow-servants all day with innuendoes dark as Erebus.

Julia read the note again and again: her heart beat at those few ceremonious lines. "He does not like me to be talked of," she said to herself. "How good he is! What trouble he takes about me! Ah! he will be there."

She divined rightly; on Wednesday, at ten, Alfred Hardie was in the ball-room. It was a magnificent room, well lighted, and at present not half filled, though dancing had commenced. The figure Alfred sought was not there; and he wondered he had been so childish as to hope she would come to a city ball. He played the fine gentleman; would not dance. He got near the door with another Oxonian, and tried to avenge himself for her absence on the townspeople, who were there, by quizzing them.

But in the middle of this amiable occupation, and, indeed, in the middle of a sentence, he stopped short, and his heart throbbed, and he thrilled from head to foot; for two ladies glided in at the door, and passed up the room with the

unpretending composure of well-bred people. They were equally remarkable; but Alfred saw only the radiant young creature in flowing muslin, with the narrowest sash in the room, and no ornament but a necklace of large pearls, and her own vivid beauty. She had altered her mind about coming, with apologies for her vacillating disposition so penitent and disproportionate, that her indulgent and unsuspecting mother was really quite amused. Alfred was not so happy as to know that she had changed her mind with his note. Perhaps even this knowledge could have added little to that exquisite moment when, unhopd for, she passed close to him, and the fragrant air from her brushed his cheek; and seemed to whisper, "follow me and be my slave!"

GARIBALDI'S GLASS.

"GARIBALDI has been sent for! The Garibaldiists are coming! They left Rieti two days ago: they are close to Rome now! They are to enter by the Porta Maggiore this very night!" Such were the sounds that o'er the startled mind of the few English scattered wild dismay, as they collected in knots of two or three in front of Piale's reading rooms, in the Piazza di Spagna, Rome, on a bright April morning of 1849. Those who witnessed the scene (as the writer did) will not easily forget the hurrying excitement which pervaded these groups; the anxious yet undecided step, so different from our ordinary insular impassibility, with which one after another set off to procure passports, to bargain with vetturini—for the post-horses had been seized by the government—and, most essential of all, to extract from bankers' chests the gold and silver indispensable for travelling; the time having now come when the republican paper money was useless, even close outside the gates of Rome. Truly this eagle in a dove-cote fluttered our British pigeons most thoroughly. Comparatively but a handful of our countrymen were even then remaining in the Eternal City. Notwithstanding the unopposed debarkation of Oudinot's troops at Civita Vecchia; notwithstanding the plausible phrases of his proclamation, and the paternal hoisting of the French tricolour side by side with the Italian flag—which he had private orders to pull down, "si possis honestè, si non, quocunque modo (if you can, without making a disturbance about it; if you can't, somehow or other); notwithstanding all these reassurances, the suspicious sons of perfidious Albion felt uneasy. True, the presidential letter was mellifluous. Bardolph gave assurance for Falstaff, but Master Dumbleton liked not the security. So, long before the announcement of the avatar of Garibaldi, by far the greater portion of foreigners had departed, either for Switzerland, or for the pleasant country hallowed by the mild sway of Bomba.

But this last drop crowned the cup of terror, and within twenty-four hours of the reported arrival, carriage after carriage had rolled away,

until there remained, besides those foreigners whom professional duties or family arrangements prevented them from moving, only a few excitable Americans, or some enterprising own artist to a London journal. To which of these categories the present writer belonged matters little; the rather that among all classes reigned pretty much the same opinion as to what manner of man might be this grim Garibaldi. He was looked upon as neither more nor less than a chief of brigands; pillage, disguised probably under some form of law, was believed to be the impending lot of Rome; and in fearful anticipation, bankers sunk rouleaux of napoleons in the ground of friends' cellars, while private individuals brooded in a melancholy manner over probable domiciliary visits concerning jewel-cases, and forced contributions of spoons and forks. One American lady (whose melancholy death by shipwreck, shortly afterwards, threw a painful interest on all these later details of her life) did indeed show a brave front to the dangers which she affirmed to have no real existence. She maintained that, like Tom Thumb, we had made the giants first, which, unlike that gallant chief, we did not subsequently slay. She had seen the guerilla force at Rieti, and protested her entire willingness to meet them half way, and hold out the right hand of fellowship. But her assertions fell on incredulous ears, and were looked upon as the wild chimeras bred in the brain of a known personal friend of Mazzini.

True to report—report being true for once—that same evening the dreaded force arrived. There was not much regularity, it must be admitted, in their transport arrangements, for most of the baggage-mules being unloaded in the space of ground near the quaint old Baker's Tomb, were dismissed with a kick in the ribs to seek their food and shelter among the arches of the Claudian Aqueduct. Next morning, we heard that the troops had taken up their quarters in the convent of S. Silvestro, having ejected the pious and hapless sisterhood who tenanted these holy shades. "A significant foretaste of what we may expect," said some; but to others, who happened to know that the convent in question occupied nearly one whole side of a long street, and that the community had not for years exceeded the number of seven, the outrage did not seem very flagrant.

Time went on at his usual pace: and, somewhat to our amazement, the city remained quiet as before; rather more quiet indeed; for, when the populace permitted themselves the distraction of burning the confessional boxes from the churches, Garibaldi's soldiers were the only obstacle to outrage. Although they could not save the cardinals' gilt coaches from being made a bonfire of, yet, to their exertions was attributable the rescue of a Lord-Mayor-looking vehicle, in which, thenceforth, rode the miraculous wooden baby of Araceli. Never before had this ligneous Locoek been so honoured. Up to that period its Eilithyian services had been rendered by aid of a dirty hackney-coach.

As I do not propose to detail all the events of

the siege, I will allude but briefly to those of the 30th April, when Oudinot, having announced to the Romans his intention of entering the city that day, found himself at about four in the afternoon, apparently to his own wonderment, in full retreat towards Civita Vecchia, closely pursued by Garibaldi, in whose hands, moreover, were left about two hundred of the attacking force, prisoners or wounded. One may pardon the somewhat bombastic terms in which the Roman authorities announced that the French troops had kept their word and entered Rome on the promised day—only as prisoners. The joke was, after all, a transcript from one of Napoleon as to the evacuation of Prussia, and it was the only revenge they took. The prisoners were restored at the earliest opportunity; and the wounded, after receiving every attention which their condition demanded, followed their comrades. Greatly puzzled by the way were many of these soldiers to know why they, republicans, had been fighting against the republican government of Rome, and often did they appeal on the subject—for the French soldier is not a mere fighting machine—to visitors in the hospital, whose answers they probably thought unsatisfactory enough. But not to mortals is it granted to penetrate the cloudy sanctuary of Olympus, to explore the secret thoughts of Zeus; and from the Parisian Jove had gone forth the fiat that the Romans were oppressed by a tyrant soldiery. Strangely ignorant of this fact the Romans themselves appeared to be; doubly strange it was that when, by reason of Garibaldi's departure from Rome to sweep with steel besom the maccaroni king and his followers from Velletri, they were for several days free from the yoke of this tyrant army, the Romans were still obstinately blind to the charms of French protection.

This obstinacy was duly punished; for when M. de Lesseps, in his simple-mindedness, finally agreed to a convention of really straightforward and undiplomatic tenor, Oudinot at once threw off the mask, disavowed the authority of his civilian colleague, declared his intention of attacking the city on Monday morning, and, by way of being even better than his word, began the attack on Saturday night. Gallantly was the city defended. Rome and Venice stand as emphatic refutations of the oft-repeated falsehood that Italians will not fight. In the course of the first day, the Casino dei Quattro Venti was taken and retaken six times; and the Villa of the Vascello, outside the walls, though unroofed and reduced to a shell by the French artillery, remained to the very last day the impregnable fortress of Colonel Medici's brave battalion of Piedmontese sharpshooters. The first breach effected in the walls was, indeed, yielded to the French without a musket being discharged; the regiment Dell'Unione, which had previously distinguished itself for bravery, on that night running away ignominiously. But not even then was Rome taken. For ten days did Garibaldi's energy prolong the defence, although the enemy was actually within the

walls, and two additional breaches had to be effected before the French would hazard an attack on the position of S. Pietro Montorio. This spot, on which Garibaldi had concentrated his last strength, is well known to visitors as commanding the loveliest and most extensive view of the city, and may be described to non-travellers as the point whence was taken the panorama of Rome published in the Illustrated London News. That same panorama had its share of the dangers of war, having been left by its painter in the Villa Savorelli, and found, after the surrender, lying uninjured on a heap of rubbish among the ruined columns and gilded ceilings of the Villa.

The end, however, could not be doubtful. On one side was a small though determined body of men: on the other, the whole military power of France, since nothing could be more certain than that the opportunity of washing out in blood the shame of the defeat would overpower in the minds of Frenchmen all other considerations. Accordingly, on the 29th of June, the last act of the drama was performed. It was precluded and accompanied for three hours by a fire of howitzer-shells, which, as they were directed upon the entirely non-combatant quarter of the Piazza di Spagna, did not very consistently accord with the published programme of freeing peaceful inhabitants from a tyrant soldiery. It may be fairly doubted whether our countryman WYATT, whose lamp was knocked out of his hand by the fragment of a shell which burst in his studio; or whether the Saxon painter, TOERMER, who, while endeavouring to extinguish the fire in his house, had the bucket carried off in a precisely similar manner, fully appreciated the benefits of Gallic intervention. During this time the second and third breaches were the scene of a fearful struggle. Many a gallant Frenchman lost his life before the invaders made good their footing on the summit of the breaches. The traveller who drives round the walls may still discern, near the monument erected in 1848 to commemorate the sham theft and mock recovery of the skull of St. Andrew, several crosses placed by their victorious comrades in honour of the brave men who fell that night. The ever-increasing numbers of the French, however, bore down all resistance, and at length, on the very day when—if Romish tradition may be believed, which is usually a large IF—the Prince of the Apostles had, eighteen hundred years before, suffered martyrdom on this very spot, the tottering throne of his successor was set up anew on ground cumbered with the corpses of Roman citizens.

Early the next morning a proclamation announced to the inhabitants that all further resistance was useless, and would thenceforth cease; a fact soon confirmed by the total silence of the artillery on both sides. Strange as it may appear, it is nevertheless true, that the cessation of firing, though it brought personal safety, did not bring what was altogether a sense of relief. There was a dull, dreary vacuity in the day, corresponding possibly to the "vastus dies" of

Tacitus, when by the death of Tiberius the Romans were freed from the excitement of immediate danger, but knew not what was next to be looked for. One question, however, shortly arose, and one to which it was not easy to give an answer. What was to be the fate of Garibaldi and his soldiers? It was taken for granted, and was soon understood to have been confirmed by the French general, that the Lombards and the National Guard of Rome would be looked upon as regular soldiers, entitled to all privileges which the laws of war accord to a surrendering garrison. But with respect to the irregular corps no such assurance was proved, or stated; nor, although various efforts were made (chiefly through the kind intervention of the American minister), could any answer be obtained on the subject. The French general was as uncommunicative as ever has been the great mystery from whom he derived inspiration. "The oracle was dumb;" a circumstance less to be regretted, seeing that Milton's verses and our own experience of the individual case had taught us to expect from its voice only "words deceiving," or even a "hideous hum!" The fact was tolerably patent; the French were heartily ashamed of their own work; and although their orders forbid any formal recognition of the Garibaldisti, they knew that to treat three thousand armed men as brigands, would be at once barbarous and impracticable.

Towards sunset the gallant chief gathered his men from the various outposts, and collected the main body of his followers near S. John Lateran, it being understood, rather than absolutely promised, that, if they retreated quietly, no pursuit would be attempted by the French. The Corso, that evening, bore a strange aspect. The foot-pavements crowded with gazers, and the carriage-way kept clear by dragoons, were not altogether dissimilar to the arrangements of a Carnival day; but here the likeness ended. No tapestries hung from the windows; of banners none were visible save the faded tricolour in front of the Caffè Nuovo—the same which was afterwards sent to Paris to do duty as a captured standard—and a few English flags, whose protecting influence might, in the event of a street contest, have proved but as a broken reed. Of any fighting, however, there was no danger. All who were disposed to resist had fought their best and their last—as the corpses round the Villa Spada and the Fontana Paolina clearly showed—and the prevailing expression traceable in the features of the Corso crowd was rather one of weariness than of resentment. Among Garibaldi's men, however, there was no lack of activity. The infantry were already marched to the Lateran Gate; and the chief portion of the cavalry soon rode down the street in good order, save where some individual trooper fell out of the ranks to replace a damaged lance or carbine from cartfuls of these weapons which had been placed in the openings of the side-streets. A few of the old Papal dragoons, the only really good soldiers in the army, had cast in their lot with the guerilla chief; and their

dark-green uniforms and brazen helmets contrasted picturesquely with the scarlet blouse and wide-awake, which was even in those days the badge of Garibaldi's soldiers.

The interest of the scene became more vivid as the videttes were recalled from the more remote outposts, and rode in parties of three or four rapidly after their comrades; for, as previously mentioned, nothing could be learnt with certainty of the French general's intentions, and many glances were directed anxiously towards the Porta del Popolo, in expectation of the advancing French columns who, it was supposed, would immediately occupy the city. All, however, remained silent; and, when far behind the rest, one single scarlet horseman galloped wildly down the Corso, his handkerchief (worn under his hat like an Arab's kefiyah) fluttering about his shoulders; and when, after checking for an instant his little Corsican pony, and choosing a new lance, he dashed away in the direction of Trajan's Forum, the street was empty of troops.

We drove off, therefore, past the Colosseum to the Lateran Church. Most visitors to Rome know how beautiful is the prospect from the steps of S. Giovanni Lateran, stretching away in every direction to the foot of the mountains which enclose the Campagna. For those who enter the city from the south, it would be hard to find a more suggestive scene than here presents itself. A massive preponderating church, crowned with gigantic statues far too heavy for the pediment, all fluttering stonework in front, mere masonry, brickwork, and iron bars behind; how different from the refined taste, the heart-labour of Phidias! Some mosaics of early Christian artists, far superior in honesty of purpose to the marble mob on the church-top; a sham relic from Jerusalem; and all the rest of the landscape filled by the walls and aqueducts of the old imperial city in every stage of picturesque ruin, ranging far away to the blue Apennines! Of commercial prosperity, of modern civilisation, there is literally no trace whatever, unless the custom-house at the gate may elicit from some enthusiastic traveller, the pious ejaculation once excited by a gallows, "Thank God! We are in a civilised land!" The fact is, this quarter of Rome, once the most thickly peopled, has never recovered the great conflagration made by the French under Robert Guiscard, in the replacement on his throne of the pope of their time.

The ordinarily deserted green sward was now crowded, but the scene, though bustling, was by no means riotous. All along the edge of the public road, from the Lateran Gate to the Triclinium of Leo, were ranked, in triple file, the infantry—upwards of two thousand men, mostly young fellows, dusty, tired, weather-beaten, while the yellow check and frequent bandage told clearly of disease and of stern work. There they stood in good order, down-cast, yet not apparently disheartened; and though their weapons were by no means first rate, and though their scarlet blouses were

sorely tarnished, there was that in their demeanour which showed that to press too closely on their retreat would be a dangerous experiment. Perfect tranquillity prevailed. It may be faithfully set down here that of all the booty said to have been amassed by this band of brigands—for the old phrase had been heard again *within the last two days*—the only visible trace was a dried codfish sticking on the bayonet of one provident private. Perhaps, after all, even this solitary fish had been honestly paid for, and the sin was only one against military discipline, not against civic morality.

The sun was just setting as Garibaldi himself appeared. He rode along the ranks, in his well-known white poncho, torn in scores of places by rifle-balls, his long yellow hair and beard covered with the hot summer dust, and his tanned face grave—as well it might be—with the sense of responsibility. A small mounted staff accompanied him, among whom the spectators could not but look with foreboding interest at the slight form of his wife, wrapped in a long blue cloak. Though she sat her horse cheerfully enough, she looked but ill-fitted to endure the fatigues of the wild retreat, which, as we know, were destined to prove fatal to her.

A shout from the populace, feeble at first, but fast swelling to a roar of "Long live the great warrior!" ceased with the quiet gesture of reproof with which it was received by its object. He dismounted, and his painful gait showed that all the Vincennes bullets which had been specially aimed at him had not fallen harmless. From the look-out over the Lateran Gate, to which he had ascended, he was engaged in sweeping the whole horizon carefully and anxiously with his glass, when his survey was interrupted, and the melancholy silence of the assembly was broken, by the startling sound of a shot, discharged close at hand. At such a moment little was needful to create alarm; for a few seconds the ranks swayed to and fro, and there seemed every probability that the Piazza would become filled with a mere disorderly mob. But the officers were at once on the alert, and, running rapidly through the ranks, enjoined and enforced silence and order. Garibaldi himself immediately descended, and the cause of alarm, which proved to be a somewhat singular one, was made manifest. One of the front rank men had carried in the skirt pocket of his blouse a concealed pistol, which by some accident had been discharged. Contrary to all probability, the soldier himself was uninjured, but the ball had, unluckily, entered the thigh of a bystander, only about six yards distant. (I went to the spot shortly afterwards, and saw the soldier still occupying his place in the rank, his face of a corpse-like whiteness, and with a large blackened hole burnt in the skirt of his blouse. The poor fellow who was wounded had been removed into the little custom-house at the gate, on the doorstep of which he had been standing.) This unlucky accident seemed but an ill omen for the departure, which was now no longer to be delayed, and gave additional gloom to a scene

already sombre enough. The gate by which the King of Naples had proposed to make his triumphal entry was unbarred for the egress of his conqueror; and swiftly, silently, and sadly, the troops filed out into the twilight Campagna. All was ended, and we drove home.

Some weeks previously, I had lent a Cary's pocket telescope to a young Neapolitan who was fighting in the Roman ranks. One evening, on returning from the field, he came to me, with a rather disconcerted air, to inform me that he no longer had my glass. The general had seen him make use of it, had borrowed it from him, and, struck with its excellence, had inquired if it were his own? "No, general," was the answer, "it belongs to an English family residing here." "Give me their address, and say that I regret that the necessities of war oblige me to borrow their property." The message was duly communicated to me; but, I confess, my confidence in the general was not sufficient to awaken in me any great expectation of ever seeing my glass again.

But I had done injustice to Garibaldi. On this last day (for that time) of his Roman career, when not only his own life, but the lives of all his gallant men, of his noble sons, and of his ill-fated wife, were in dark hazard and uncertainty, he did not forget this trifling matter. The lancer, whom we had seen riding so fast, was despatched by his chief with orders to find our house and restore the glass. Ignorant of the Roman localities, he had ridden into various porte cochères before he could discover where we lived: creating awful alarm in the quiet neighbourhood. But he made us out at last, and delivered his message; a little daughter of mine received his trust from him; and ever since a special value has been attached by her, and by all of us, to "Garibaldi's glass."

VIRGILIUS THE ENCHANTER.

IN discoursing of Talismans and Amulets,* we mentioned some which were said to have been made by Virgilius the Enchanter for the protection of Rome and Naples. The feats of that imaginary magician are related at large in an old English romance called *The Lyfe of Virgilius*, probably founded on a French work, embodying the various traditions of the middle ages; and, as a specimen of the kind of literature which gave entertainment to our forefathers in the early days of printing, the so-called "Life" is worthy of half an hour's attention. The book to which we more especially allude, was printed at Antwerp by John Doesboreke, and is a curious piece of quaint old English spelling—somewhat vitiated, perhaps, by Dutch compositors, but no doubt genuine enough in the main. The precise date does not appear; but the language and orthography indicate the fifteenth century. This edition was reprinted, about five-and-thirty years ago, by Mr. W. J. Thoms, the present Editor of *Notes*

* In volume viii., page 85.

and Quercus, in his excellent collection of Ancient English Fictions.

The necromantic Virgil of the dark ages was supposed by our ancestors to be the same person with the great poet. This tradition may simply have resulted from the tendency of the popular mind in uninstructed times to attribute Satanic dealings to all men of unusual intellect. Virgil, indeed, is not the only Latin poet who has been converted into a sorcerer by vulgar ignorance and superstition; for the good-natured, easy-hearted man of the world, Horace, is still revered in the neighbourhood of Palestrina as a powerful and benevolent wizard. In the case of Virgil, however, the belief is thought to have been occasioned by the mystical character of the Sixth Book of the *Æneid*, where the Sibyl conducts *Æneas* to the infernal regions; by the magical incantation described in the Eighth Pastoral; and by the fact of Virgil's grandfather having borne the name of *Maius*, which was confounded with the word *Magus*, a magician. It is certain that in the neighbourhood of Naples, where he was buried, he has been long regarded as an enchanter—a reputation which Beckford found in full swing when he visited the spot in 1780; and that the learned folly of the *Sortes Virgilianæ* prevailed all over the civilised world for ages. The same species of divination was practised by the learned with the productions of the Mantuan poet, as has been in vogue amongst the illiterate with the Bible. As far back as the twelfth century, the necromantic legends connected with the name of Virgil had acquired a deep and extended root; and early in the following century they were collected in the *Otia Imperialia* of Gervase of Tilbury, who had visited Naples, and seen some of the marvellous works which Virgil was said to have contrived. Other writers followed in the same wake; and from their several productions we learn a great deal about the Augustan poet which he would have been utterly astonished to learn himself. According to these chroniclers (as we find set forth by Mr. Thoms in his Preface to the old romance), Virgilius placed on a certain gate of Naples two immense images of stone, one of which was handsome and merry, the other sad and mis-shaped; and whoever came in by the side of the former prospered in all his affairs, while those who entered by the latter were sure to be unfortunate. He set up on a high mountain near the same city a brazen statue, having in its mouth a trumpet, which sounded so loud when the north wind blew that the flames and smoke issuing from the neighbouring forges of Vulcan were driven back over the sea. He made a public fire, at which any one might freely warm himself (a rather doubtful benefit at Naples, one would think); and near the fire he stationed a brazen archer with his arrow drawn out, and underneath it this inscription: "If any one strike me, I will shoot off my arrow;" which one day really took place, a certain man having struck the archer; whereupon, away went the arrow, and the foolish experimentalist at the point of it, straight into

the heart of the fire, which was extinguished at once and for ever. Among his other contrivances, Virgilius caused the safety of the city of Naples to depend upon what seems a very frail and treacherous security—viz. an egg; for he not only made the foundation of eggs, but he suspended a magical egg on the top of a high tower, ordaining that when the egg stirred the town should shake, and when it broke the town should sink.* It is curious to find a trace of this superstition in the statutes of the Order du Saint Esprit, instituted in 1352, according to which a chapter of the knights was to be held every year at "the Castle of the Enchanted Egg," near the grotto of Virgil.

The romance of Virgilius presents most of these popular legends in the form of a connected narrative. The title-page sets forth that "this boke treateth of the Lyfe of Virgilius, and of his Deth, and many marvayles that he dyd in his lyfetye by whychecraft and nygramaucey, thorough the helpe of the Devyls of Hell;" so that we start with a very comprehensive idea of the poet's infernal abilities and achievements. We ought to observe, by the way, that no mention is anywhere made of the literary productions of the hero. The *Æneid* and the *Georgics* might never have been composed, for anything we are told about them by the old romance-writer; yet there can be no doubt that the ideal magician was originally associated with the real poet. It is very difficult, however, to trace the connexion. Virgil the poet was of humble origin; Virgil the enchanter is described as a relative of the family of Remus, brother of the founder of Rome, and is said in the old story-book to have been born not long after the epoch of the wolf-sucked twins. He was a native, not of Mantua, but of Raynes, wherever that may be; and he acquired his remarkable powers in a way of which ancient biographers make no mention. When he was a boy, he was walking about with his schoolfellows, one holiday, amongst the hills. Perceiving a great hole in the side of one of those uplands, he ventured in, and penetrated so far that he was in total darkness. He went still further, and saw a little glimmering light, which encouraged him to proceed. Presently, he heard a voice calling, "Virgilius, Virgilius!" But he could see no one. He cried out, "Who calleth me?" And the voice said, "Virgilius, see you not that little board lying beside you there, marked with a word?" Virgilius answered that he saw the board plainly; and then the voice said, "Remove it, and let me out." But the boy was gifted with a discretion beyond his years, and he asked, "Who art thou that talkest to me thus?" "I am a devil," answered the voice, "conjured out of the body of a certain man, and banished here until the day of judgment, u-

* In the old romance, the egg is coupled with an apple, which the writer calls "a nappyl," and appears to derive from that singular mis-spelling the name of the city,—"*Napels*!" But the confusion with regard to names, places, and periods, all through the story, is most amusing.

less I be delivered by the hands of men. Therefore, Virgilius, I pray you release me from this pain, and I will show you many books of necromancy, and how you may study them easily, and know the practice therein, so that no man in the science of magic shall surpass you; and moreover I will explain how you may gratify all your desires, help your friends, and make your enemies writhe." Virgilius was tempted by these promises; but first of all he bade the fiend show him the books of which he spoke. This was done (in what manner does not appear); and Virgilius pulled up the board, revealing a little hole, at which the devil wriggled out like an eel, though a moment after he stood before Virgilius like a big man. The youth was greatly astonished how so huge a figure could have proceeded from so small a place; so he said to the demon, "Could you return into the hole you came out of?" The devil said he could. But Virgilius still doubted, or affected to doubt. "I will wager the best pledge that I have," said he, "that you cannot do it." "I consent," rejoined the devil; and he wriggled himself back again into the hole. Virgilius immediately closed the board down on him; and the word written thereon having apparently a talismanic power, he was unable to come forth. Then he called out dreadfully to Virgilius, "What have you done?" And Virgilius answered, "Abide there to your appointed day!" And there he remains still, and will to the end of all things.

The reader cannot fail to perceive in this story a marked similarity to the release of the rebellious spirit in the Arabian Nights tale of the Fisherman and the Genie. The fisherman, however, only acted in self-defence when he lured the genie back into the brazen jar, and, upon receiving a solemn promise of good treatment, finally released him. Virgilius behaves with shabby ingratitude; but to steal a march on a fiend has always been regarded as fair enough, even though at the same time you avail yourself of the fiend's forbidden arts. The similitude to the Arabian legend is the more noteworthy from the fact that nothing was known in Europe about the Arabian Nights until the commencement of last century, when Galland's French translation made its appearance in Paris; while the fictions concerning Virgilius, as we have seen, date from the middle ages. There can be no doubt that much of the legendary lore of those times was brought from the East by the Crusaders.

Having in this disreputable way acquired a knowledge of the black science, Virgilius soon became famous; but in the course of a few years he was summoned by his mother to Rome, where several of the great lords had possessed themselves of the family inheritance. This they refused to give up; whereupon, Virgilius threw a stream of air over all the fruit and corn in the land which his enemies withheld from him, and caused it to be brought into his own house. The nobles then gathered together a mighty army, and went to besiege the enchanter in his

castle; but he closed all his lands with a stream of air which no living creature could pass; and he cast another stream of air at the rear of the invading host, so that they could neither go forward nor backward. Then said Virgilius, addressing them: "You came to disinherit me, but you shall not; and be assured that you shall have no profit of the lands as long as I live. You may tell the emperor that I will tarry four or five years till he take better counsel. I desire not to plead according to the law, but will seize my goods where I find them; and you may also tell the emperor that I care not for all his power, nor for anything he can do to me." These haughty words being reported to the monarch, he determined on revenge, and marched at the head of his army to the residence of Virgilius; but he was caught in the same necromantic device that had foiled his nobles, for it seemed as if he were surrounded by a great water, which left him no means of escape. The enchanter furthermore tantalised him and his followers by dressing a large quantity of meat, of which they were not allowed to partake, though they could see the steam from it. But one day Virgilius almost found his match; for a man learned in conjurations came to the emperor, and said that he knew of a method by which Virgilius and his people might be thrown into a profound sleep. He was permitted to make trial, and succeeded so well that Virgilius himself could hardly keep himself from slumber. Matters began to look serious; for the spell which held the beleaguering forces in check was broken, and the enemy was beginning to assault the walls of the castle. Virgilius in all haste consulted his books of necromancy, and discovered in what manner he might deliver his people from sleep; when he conjured to such good purpose that he brought the emperor and his army to a stand-still again. Like the inmates of the palace in the Sleeping Beauty in the Wood, all were struck motionless in the attitude which they had chanced to assume at the moment. The emperor and the baffled conjuror stood as though they were dead; and those who were on the ladders, with one foot up and the other down, remained in that posture immovably for a whole day. In the night, Virgilius went to the monarch, and taunted him with his inability to proceed; but the latter, being quite humbled by his discomfiture, answered by offering to restore Virgilius his lands, and to make him his chief adviser, if he would remove the spell. Virgilius consented, and, straightway admitting the emperor and his host, feasted and rewarded them with unparalleled magnificence.

Notwithstanding all this penetration and necromantic skill, Virgilius was frequently tricked by women. Having fixed his abode in Rome, he fell in love with the fairest woman in that city, who, being resolved to deceive her admirer, desired him to repair at midnight to the walls of her castle, which stood in the market-place, promising that she would pull him up to her window in a basket. At the appointed hour, Vir-

gilius made his appearance before the castle; the basket was let down, and the magician seated himself in it. The lady then drew him up until he was half way between the ground and the top of the tower; but there she stopped, and made the cord fast, saying, "You are deceived, and shall hang where you are until to-morrow, which is market day, that all the people may wonder at you and your dishonesty." With those words she shut down her window, and the following day the poor enchanter was mocked by the populace. The report of his disgrace spread all over Rome till it reached the ears of the emperor, who sent for the lady, and commanded her to let Virgilius down; which she did.* He then swore to be revenged, and by conjuration put out all the fire in Rome. The deprivation continued for a whole day and night; and at length the emperor sent for Virgilius, and prayed him that his people might have fire again. He consented, on condition that the lady should stand on a scaffold in the middle of the market-place, in a manner not at all consistent with self-respect. The scaffold was made; the lady was placed on it, and obliged to remain there for three days; and thus was Virgilius revenged, and the Romans once more supplied with fire.

The magician now set himself to making those statues upon which depended the safety of Rome. He fashioned, and set up in the Capitolium (which, explains the old romance-writer, "was the town-house"), a figure of the god of Rome, surrounded by other figures representing the gods of all those lands which were under the rule of the Imperial City. Each of these idols had in his hand a bell; and whenever any of the subject countries contemplated rising against the authority of Rome, all the gods turned their backs on the Roman figure, and the god of the refractory land rang his bell so violently that the senators heard it, and, going to the place, saw what country it was that meditated insurrection. This contrivance so annoyed the rulers of Carthage that they held a privy council, and determined on sending three men to Rome, with a plot for destroying the idols. The men were provided with a vast sum in gold and silver, and, on arriving at Rome, gave out that they were soothsayers and dreamers of prophetic dreams. After a while, they buried under a hill near the city a large pot of money, and let fall into the Tiber from one of the bridges a great barrel full of gold. They then went to the senators, and said: "Worshipful lords, we dreamed last night that under the foot of a neighbouring hill there is a great pot of money. If you will grant us permission, we will ourselves be at the cost of seeking after it." Permission was granted, and the treasure was presently dug out of the earth. In a few days, the false soothsayers went again to the senators, and said: "Worshipful lords, we have dreamed that in a certain part of the Tiber a barrel of

gold lies sunk. If you will grant us permission, we will go and seek it." The lords of Rome bade them do their best, and the soothsayers were glad. They hired ships and men, and went to the place where they had dropped the barrel, and in time drew it up; after which, they made the senators many costly gifts. The way was now prepared for the grand attempt. The wise men went a third time to the senators, and said they had dreamed that under the foundations of the Capitol lay twelve barrels full of gold, and that, if they were allowed to do so, they would dig for it, and the result would be very advantageous to the great lords. Encouraged by the success of the two former perquisitions, the senators gave the men the required authority, and they began to delve beneath the basis of the building. When they thought they had gone far enough, they departed from Rome; and on the following day the Capitol tumbled into ruins, and the statues which Virgilius had made with so much art were utterly destroyed.

Another device was more permanently successful, though it tasked the ingenuity of Virgilius to the utmost. The emperor, having had many complaints of the night-runners, thieves, and murderers who infested the streets of Rome, applied to the enchanter for a remedy. Virgilius hereupon caused to be fashioned a horse of copper, with a copper man on his back, having in his hand a flail of iron; and every night proclamation was made at ten o'clock that no one was to be in the streets until morning. Then leapt forth the copper horse and the copper man throughout the streets of Rome, even to the smallest thoroughfare; and whoever was found abroad was stricken dead by the iron flail. More than two hundred persons having been killed in this manner, the thieves and murderers bethought them of a contrivance. They made a portable ladder with a drag attached to it, and, when they heard the copper horse and the copper man approaching, they cast the drag upon the houses, and ascended to the roofs, where they were out of danger. The emperor, being baffled, again appealed to Virgilius, who directed him to set two copper hounds on either side of the horse. The magical figures were made; the ruffians as usual went out on their lawless errands, and, as soon as the noise of the copper horse and man came thundering along the street, climbed as before on to the tops of the houses. But the copper dogs bounded after them, tore them to pieces, and delivered Rome from the pest that had troubled it.

While engaged in these and similar works, Virgilius was attracted by a report concerning the daughter of the Sultan of Babylon, who was said to be of extraordinary beauty. He fell in love with the mere description of this damsel, and, making a bridge in the air, went over to her. She received the magician very agreeably, and agreed to depart with him into his own country. Accordingly, Virgilius carried her across the aerial bridge into his magnificent palace and orchard, and showed her his enormous heaps of treasure, and the wonderful de-

* This adventure has been repeated in many places, and was introduced by Sir Bulwer Lytton into Pelham.

vices by which he guarded them. In the mean while, the sultan sought far and wide for his child, without success; and he was amazed and sorrowful. Some time having been passed by the princess very pleasantly in the society of Virgilius, she requested permission to return home. The enchanter accordingly transported the lady across his magic bridge into her father's palace, and left her lying on the bed in her own chamber, where she was found sleeping. The sultan demanded an explanation of the mystery. "Father," said she, "a fair man of a strange land carried me through the air to his palace and orchard; but I know not what land it is, for I have spoken to no one but him." The sultan then charged her, when next she was taken away by her unknown visitor, to bring back some of the fruit of the orchard, that he might discover what country she was carried to. At the first opportunity, she possessed herself of some walnuts and other fruit; on beholding which, the sultan exclaimed, "I see it is on this side of France that he hath so often borne you away." Then he told his daughter to give her lover, when he came again, a certain drink, which would have the effect of casting him into a deep slumber, and, as soon as this was accomplished, to let him know. The princess did as she was directed, and Virgilius, having drunk the potion, was overcome with sleep, and so was taken. On recovering his senses, he was brought before the sultan, who told him that for what he had done he should suffer a shameful death. The lady said she would die with him, and her father replied that they should be burned together. But Virgilius resorted to his enchantments, and so wrought upon the sultan and his lords that they fancied themselves engulfed by the great river of Babylon. Suddenly the magician and the princess were seen high overhead on the bridge of air, passing across the sea into the distant land. The sultan was now delivered from his illusion about the river, but his daughter was beyond his grasp, and he never saw her again.

The castle of the enchanter was surrounded by a stream, and guarded at the only entrance by twelve iron men on each side, smiting dreadfully with iron flails, so that no one could enter without having his brains dashed out, unless the flails were stopped, which could only be done by Virgilius himself. One day it occurred to him that he could make himself young again; he therefore instructed his man in the method by which the flails could be stilled, and, taking him into a cellar, where there was a lamp burning perpetually, and a barrel, said: "You must slay me, cut me into small pieces, salt them, and place them in the barrel, putting the head at the bottom, and the heart in the middle. Then set the barrel under the lamp, that night and day it may leak and drop into the same; and once a day for nine days you must fill the lamp, and fail not. And when this is done, I shall be renewed and made young again, and live many winters more." The man, after divers protestations, fulfilled his master's wishes, and day by day went to the castle to replenish the lamp,

always taking care when he left to set the iron flails going, so that the place might not be entered. The emperor, however, having missed Virgilius for seven days, summoned the man before him, and asked what had become of his master. The servant at first equivocated, but at length, under a threat of death, said that he had left him in his own abode. The emperor and the man then departed for the castle, which stood a little without the city walls, and the monarch commanded that the flails might be made to cease from smiting. The man said that he knew not the way; but another menace of instant death induced him to still those dreadful engines, and both entered the castle, and searched high and low for the magician, but found him not. At last they came to the cellar, and the emperor, seeing the remains of Virgilius in the barrel, and divining that his man had slain him, at once despatched the latter with his sword. Immediately afterwards, a naked child was seen to rise from the barrel, and to run three times round about it, exclaiming, "Cursed be the time that ever you came here!" Then the child vanished like smoke, and was never again seen; and Virgilius remained in the barrel, dead, his hopes of renewed youth being frustrated by the impatience of the monarch.

THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

It is an unsettled question with me whether I shall leave Calais something handsome in my will, or whether I shall leave it my malediction. I hate it so much, and yet I am always so very glad to see it, that I am in a state of constant indecision on this subject.

When I first made acquaintance with Calais, it was as a maundering young wretch in a clammy perspiration and dripping saline particles, who was conscious of no extremities but the one great extremity, sea-sickness—who was a mere bilious torso, with a mislaid headache somewhere in its stomach—who had been put into a horrible swing in Dover Harbour, and had tumbled giddily out of it on the French coast, or the Isle of Man, or anywhere. Times have changed, and now I enter Calais self-reliant and rational. I know where it is beforehand, I keep a look out for it, I recognise its landmarks when I see any of them, I am acquainted with its ways, and I know—and I can bear—its worst behaviour.

Malignant Calais! Low-lying alligator, evading the eyesight and discouraging hope! Dodging flat streak, now on this bow, now on that, now anywhere, now everywhere, now nowhere! In vain Cape Grinez, coming frankly forth into the sea, exhorts the failing to be stout of heart and stomach; sneaking Calais, prone behind its bar, invites emetically to despair. Even when it can no longer quite conceal itself in its muddy dock, it has an evil way of falling off, has Calais, which is more hopeless than its invisibility. The pier is all but on the bowsprit, and you think you are there—roll, roar, wash!—Calais

has retired miles inland, and Dover has burst out to look for it. It has a last dip and slide in its character, has Calais, to be especially commended to the infernal gods. Thrice accursed be that garrison-town, when it dives under the boat's keel, and comes up a league or two to the right, with the packet shivering and spluttering and staring about for it!

Not but what I have my animosities towards Dover. I particularly detest Dover for the self-complacency with which it goes to bed. It always goes to bed (when I am going to Calais) with a more brilliant display of lamp and candle than any other town. Mr. and Mrs. Birmingham, host and hostess of the Lord Warden Hotel, are my much-esteemed friends, but they are too conceited about the comforts of that establishment when the Night Mail is starting. I know it is a good house to stay at, and I don't want the fact insisted upon in all its warm bright windows at such an hour. I know the Warden is a stationary edifice that never rolls or pitches, and I object to its big outline seeming to insist upon that circumstance, and, as it were, to come over me with it, when I am reeling on the deck of the boat. Beshrew the Warden likewise, for obstructing that corner, and making the wind so angry as it rushes round. Shall I not know that it blows, quite soon enough, without the officious Warden's interference?

As I wait here on board the night packet, for the South Eastern Train to come down with the Mail, Dover appears to me to be illuminated for some intensely aggravating festivity in my personal dishonour. All its noises smack of taunting praises of the land, and dispraises of the gloomy sea, and of me for going on it. The drums upon the heights have gone to bed, or I know they would rattle taunts against me for having my unsteady footing on this slippery deck. The many gas eyes of the Marine Parade twinkle in an offensive manner, as if with derision. The distant dogs of Dover bark at me in my misshapen wrappers, as if I were Richard the Third.

A screech, a bell, and two red eyes come gliding down the Admiralty Pier with a smoothness of motion rendered more smooth by the heaving of the boat. The sea makes noises against the pier, as if several hippopotami were lapping at it, and were prevented by circumstances over which they had no control from drinking peaceably. We, the boat, become violently agitated—rumble, hum, scream, roar, and establish an immense family washing-day at each paddle-box. Bright patches break out in the train as the doors of the post-office vans are opened, and instantly stooping figures with sacks upon their backs begin to be beheld among the piles, descending as it would seem in ghostly procession to Davy Jones's Locker. The passengers come on board; a few shadowy Frenchmen, with batboxes shaped like the stoppers of gigantic case-bottles; a few shadowy Germans in immense fur coats and boots; a few shadowy Englishmen prepared for the worst and pretend-

ing not to expect it. I cannot disguise from my uncommercial mind the miserable fact that we are a body of outcasts; that the attendants on us are as scant in number as may serve to get rid of us with the least possible delay; that there are no night-loungers interested in us; that the unwilling lamps shiver and shudder at us; that the sole object is to commit us to the deep and abandon us. Lo, the two red eyes glaring in increasing distance, and then the very train itself has gone to bed before we are off!

What is the moral support derived by some sea-going amateurs from an umbrella? Why do certain voyagers across the Channel always put up that article, and hold it up with a grim and fierce tenacity? A fellow-creature near me—whom I only know to *be* a fellow-creature, because of his umbrella: without which he might be a dark bit of cliff, pier, or bulkhead—clutches that instrument with a desperate grasp, that will not relax until he lands at Calais. Is there any analogy, in certain constitutions, between keeping an umbrella up, and keeping the spirits up? A hawser thrown on board with a flop replies. "Stand by!" "Stand by, below." "Half a turn ahead!" "Half a turn ahead!" "Half speed!" "Half speed!" "Port!" "Port!" "Steady!" "Steady!" "Go on!" "Go on!"

A stout wooden wedge driven in at my right temple and out at my left, a floating deposit of lukewarm oil in my throat, and a compression of the bridge of my nose in a blunt pair of pincers,—these are the personal sensations by which I know we are off, and by which I shall continue to know it until I am on the soil of France. My symptoms have scarcely established themselves comfortably, when two or three skating shadows that have been trying to walk or stand, get flung together, and other two or three shadows in tarpaulin slide with them into corners and cover them up. Then the South Foreland lights begin to hiccup at us in a way that bodes no good.

It is at about this period that my detestation of Calais knows no bounds. Inwardly I resolve afresh that I never will forgive that hated town. I have done so before, many times, but that is past. Let me register a vow. Implacable animosity towards Calais everm—that was an awkward sea, and the funnel seems of my opinion, for it gives a complaining roar.

The wind blows stiffly from the Nor'-East, the sea runs high, we ship a deal of water, the night is dark and cold, and the shapeless passengers lie about in melancholy bundles, as if they were sorted out for the laundress; but for my own uncommercial part I cannot pretend that I am much inconvenienced by any of these things. A general howling whistling flopping gurgling and scooping, I am aware of, and a general knocking about of Nature; but the impressions I receive are very vague. In a sweet faint temper, something like the smell of damaged oranges, I think I should feel languidly benevolent if I had time. I have not time, because I

am under a curious compulsion to occupy myself with the Irish melodies. "Rich and rare were the gems she wore," is the particular melody to which I find myself devoted. I sing it to myself in the most charming manner and with the greatest expression. Now and then, I raise my head (I am sitting on the hardest of wet seats, in the most uncomfortable of wet attitudes, but I don't mind it,) and notice that I am a whirling shuttlecock between a fiery battledore of a lighthouse on the French coast and a fiery battledore of a lighthouse on the English coast; but I don't notice it particularly, except to feel envenomed in my hatred of Calais. Then I go on again, "Rich and rare were the ge-ems she-e-e-e wore, And a bright gold ring on her wa-and she bo-ore, But O her beauty was fa-a-a-a-r be-yond"—I am particularly proud of my execution here, when I become aware of another awkward shock from the sea, and another protest from the funnel, and a fellow-creature at the paddle-box more audibly indisposed than I think he need be—"Her sparkling gems or snow white wand, But O her beauty was fa-a-a-a-a-r be-yond"—another awkward one here, and the fellow-creature with the umbrella down and picked up, "Her spa-ar-king ge-ems, or her Port! port! steady! steady! snow white fellow-creature at the paddle-box very selfishly audible, bump roar wash white wand."

As my execution of the Irish melodies partakes of my imperfect perceptions of what is going on around me, so what is going on around me becomes something else than what it is. The stokers open the furnace doors below, to feed the fires, and I am again on the box of the old Exeter Telegraph fast coach, and that is the light of the for ever extinguished coach-lamps, and the gleam on the hatches and paddle-boxes is *their* gleam on cottages and haystacks, and the monotonous noise of the engines is the steady jingle of the splendid team. Anon, the intermittent funnel roar of protest at every violent roll, becomes the regular blast of a high pressure engine, and I recognise the exceedingly explosive steamer in which I ascended the Mississippi when the American civil war was not and when only its causes were. A fragment of mast on which the light of a lantern falls, an end of rope, and a jerking block or so, become suggestive of Franconi's *Circus* at Paris where I shall be this very night mayhap (for it must be morning now), and they dance to the self-same time and tune as the trained steed, Black Raven. What may be the speciality of these waves as they come rushing on, I cannot desert the pressing demands made upon me by the gems she wore, to inquire, but they are charged with something about Robinson Crusoe, and I think it was in Yarmouth Roads that he first went a sea-faring and was near foundering (what a terrific sound that word had for me when I was a boy!) in his first gale of wind. Still, through all this, I must ask her (who *was* she, I wonder!) for the fiftieth time, and without ever stopping. Does she not fear to stray, So lone and lovely

through this bleak way, And are Erin's sons so good or so cold, As not to be tempted by more fellow-creatures at the paddle-box or gold? Sir knight I feel not the least alarm, No son of Erin will offer me harm, For though they love fellow-creature with umbrella down again and golden store, Sir Knight they what a tremendous one love honour and virtue more: For though they love Stewards with a bull's-eye bright, they'll trouble you for your ticket, sir—rough passage to-night!

I freely admit it to be a miserable piece of human weakness and inconsistency, but I no sooner become conscious of those last words from the steward than I begin to soften towards Calais. Whereas I have been vindictively wishing that those Calais burghers who came out of their town by a short cut into the History of England, with those fatal ropes round their necks by which they have since been towed into so many cartoons, had all been hanged on the spot, I now begin to regard them as highly respectable and virtuous tradesmen. Looking about me, I see the light of Cape Grinez well astern of the boat on the davits to leeward, and the light of Calais Harbour, undeniably at its old tricks, but still ahead and shining. Sentiments of forgiveness of Calais, not to say of attachment to Calais, begin to expand my bosom. I have weak notions that I will stay there a day or two on my way back. A faded and recumbent stranger pausing in a profound reverie over the rim of a basin, asks me what kind of place Calais is? I tell him (Heaven forgive me!) a very agreeable place indeed—rather hilly than otherwise.

So strangely goes the time, and on the whole so quickly—though still I seem to have been on board a week—that I am bumped rolled gurgled washed and pitched into Calais Harbour before her maiden smile has finally lighted her through the Green Isle, When blest for ever is she who relied, On entering Calais at the top of the tide. For we have not to land to-night down among those slimy timbers—covered with green hair as if it were the mermaids' favourite combing-place—where one crawls to the surface of the jetty, like a stranded shrimp, but we go steaming up the harbour to the Railway Station Quay. And as we go, the sea washes in and out among piles and planks, with dead heavy beats and in quite a furious manner (whereof we are proud), and the lamps shake in the wind, and the bells of Calais striking One seem to send their vibrations struggling against troubled air, as we have come struggling against troubled water. And now, in the sudden relief and wiping of faces, everybody on board seems to have had a prodigious double-tooth out, and to be this very instant free of the Dentists' hands. And now we all know for the first time how wet and cold we are, and how salt we are; and now I love Calais with my heart of hearts!

"Hôtel Dessin!" (but in this one case it is not a vocal cry; it is but a bright lustre in the eyes of the cheery representative of that best of

inns). "Hôtel Maurice!" "Hôtel de France!" "Hôtel de Calais!" "The Royal Hôtel, Sir, Angaishc ouse!" "You going to Parry, Sir?" "Your baggage, registair froo, Sir?" Bless ye, my Touters, bless ye, my commissionnaires, bless ye, my hungry-eyed mysteries in caps of a military form, who are always here, day or night, fair weather or foul, seeking inserutable jobs which I never see you get! Bless ye, my Custom House officers in green and grey; permit me to grasp the welcome hands that descend into my travelling-bag, one on each side, and meet at the bottom to give my change of linen a peculiar shake up, as if it were a measure of chaff or grain! I have nothing to declare, Monsieur le Douanier, except that when I cease to breathe, Calais will be found written on my heart. No article liable to local duty have I with me, Monsieur l'Officier de l'Octroi, unless the overflowing of a breast devoted to your charming town should be in that wise chargeable. Ah! see at the gangway by the twinkling lantern, my dearest brother and friend, he once of the Passport Office, he who collects the names! May he be for ever changeless in his buttoned black surtout, with his note-book in his hand, and his tall black hat, surmounting his round smiling patient face! Let us embrace, my dearest brother. I am yours à tout jamais—for the whole of ever.

Calais up and doing at the railway station, and Calais down and dreaming in its bed; Calais with something of "an ancient and fish-like smell" about it, and Calais blown and seawashed pure; Calais represented at the Buffet by savoury roast fowls, hot coffee, cognac, and Bordeaux; and Calais represented everywhere by sitting persons with a monomania for changing money—though I never shall be able to understand in my present state of existence how they live by it, but I suppose I should, if I understood the currency question—Calais *en gros*, and Calais *en détail*, forgive one who has deeply wronged you.—I was not fully aware of it on the other side, but I meant Dover.

Ding, ding! To the carriages, gentlemen the travellers. Ascend then, gentlemen the travellers, for Hazebroucke, Lille, Douai, Bruxelles, Arras, Amiens, and Paris! I, humble representative of the Uncommercial interest, ascend with the rest. The train is light to-night, and I share my compartment with but two fellow-travellers; one, a compatriot in an obsolete cravat, who thinks it a quite unaccountable thing that they don't keep "London time" on a French railway, and who is made angry by my modestly suggesting the possibility of Paris time being more in their way; the other, a young priest, with a very small bird in a very small cage, who feeds the small bird with a quill, and then puts him up in the network above his head, where he advances twittering, to his front wires, and seems to address me in an electioneering manner. The compatriot (who crossed in the boat, and whom I judge to be some person of distinction, as he was shut up, like a stately species of rabbit, in a private hutch on deck) and the young priest (who

joined us at Calais) are soon asleep, and then the bird and I have it all to ourselves.

A stormy night still; a night that sweeps the wires of the electric telegraph with a wild and fitful hand; a night so very stormy, with the added storm of the train-progress through it, that when the Guard comes clambering round to mark the tickets while we are at full speed (a really horrible performance in an Express train, though he holds on to the open window by his elbows in the most deliberate manner), he stands in such a whirlwind that I grip him fast by the collar, and feel it next to manslaughter to let him go. Still, when he is gone, the small small bird remains at his front wires feebly twittering to me—twittering and twittering, until, leaning back in my place and looking at him in drowsy fascination, I find that he seems to jog my memory as we rush along.

Uncommercial travels (thus the small small bird) have lain in their idle thriftless way through all this range of swamp and dyke, as through many other odd places; and about here, as you very well know, are the queer old stone farm-houses approached by drawbridges, and the windmills that you get at by boats. Here, are the lands where the women hoe and dig, paddling canoe-wise from field to field, and here are the cabarets and other peasant-houses where the stone dovescotes in the littered yards are as strong as warders' towers in old castles. Here, are the long monotonous miles of canal, with the great Dutch-built barges garishly painted, and the towing girls, sometimes harnessed by the forehead, sometimes by the girdle and the shoulders, not a pleasant sight to see. Scattered through this country are mighty works of VAUBAN, whom you know about, and regiments of such corporals as you heard of once upon a time, and many a blue-eyed Bebelles. Through these flat districts, in the shining summer days, walk those long grotesque files of young novices in enormous shovel hats, whom you remember blackening the ground checkered by the avenues of leafy trees. And now that Hazebroucke slumbers certain kilometres ahead, recal the summer evening when your dusty feet strolling up from the station tended hap-hazard to a Fair there, where the oldest inhabitants were circling round and round a barrel-organ on hobby-horses, with the greatest gravity, and where the principal show in the Fair was a Religious Richardson's—literally, on its own announcement in great letters, THEATRE RELIGIEUX. In which improving Temple, the dramatic representation was of "all the interesting events in the life of Our Lord, from the Manger to the Tomb;" the principal female character, without any reservation or exception, being at the moment of your arrival, engaged in trimming the external Moderators (as it was growing dusk), while the next principal female character took the money, and the Young Saint John disported himself upside down on the platform.

Looking up at this point to confirm the small small bird in every particular he has mentioned,

I find he has ceased to twitter, and has put his head under his wing. Therefore, in my different way I follow the good example.

AT YOUR FINGERS' ENDS.

OUT of the fact that uncivilised man reckons with his fingers, and has ten fingers to reckon with, has arisen a numeral system, or machinery for counting, with the number ten at the bottom of all its arrangements. Every time we multiply by ten, we add simply a round 0,—1, 10, 100, 1000, &c. To divide by ten we have only to cut off the last figure; to divide by 100 we have only to cut off the two last figures, calling any surplus they may represent, so many parts of a tenth or hundredth; whereas in the arithmetic of everyday life, as it now stands, we are continually working sums out by an act of calculation resting upon every figure, also, if we are duly careful, running over each of our calculations twice, as safeguard against error, and thereupon if we find error, running over it all a third time to ascertain which of the two differing calculations was the right one. All this trouble we give ourselves artificially, by using measures of value, weight, and capacity, that are not in accord with the method of counting. Let us measure and weigh by tens, as we count by tens, and we may rub every trace of vulgar fractions off the slates of our National scholars, and set free for more useful knowledge half the time now spent in learning by heart confused or complex tables, and in the practice of long arithmetical processes that no longer touch on the real business of life. We do not this only. France and other countries of Europe having preceded us, Russia and others having declared themselves ready to follow, if we follow, the good example that has been already set, the whole mass of waste labour in conversion of foreign into English or English into foreign measures, will be done away with, and a great hindrance to international commerce will be destroyed. Between French and English houses, great mistakes are sometimes made in ordering and executing orders, and where those mistakes have not been felt there is very often enough doubt and hesitation about measures of quantity to turn the scale against relations with the stranger.

The original measures were as naturally chosen as the original ten fingers for counting. The length of the foot, of the step or pace; of the fore-arm from the elbow, the ell; of the space from the end of the long finger of the outstretched arm to the middle of the breast, the yard; or from tip to tip of the two outstretched arms, the fathom; of the thumb joint, the inch; have from time immemorial been the foundation of all civilised systems of measurement. In the most ancient times, rough measurement sufficed. Every man took the size of his own foot, arm, or stride. With the growth of commerce came demand for uniformity, and fixed dimensions were assigned to the commercial foot, and hand, and stretch of arm, and thumb. In the same

way something in nature of a tolerably uniform size was roughly taken as the basis of a system of weights. It was only in the reign of Henry the Third that an ounce was defined as the weight of six hundred and forty dry grains of wheat taken from the middle of the ear, and a pound as twelve ounces. Afterwards the weight of a fixed measure of water became the standard. Given a fixed quality to the water by distillation, and no better standard of weight is to be desired. As to the original measures, men differ so far in size that we need not lose sight of the original foundations of a system of measurement more than we have already done in the adjustment of our measures to a system meant to become universal, calculated to some unvarying standard, that can always be referred back to and ascertained with scientific accuracy.

It was in France, in the revolutionary days—and discredited for some time by its revolutionary origin—that the perfecting of the system of weights and measures first received vigorous attention. In seventeen 'ninety, when King Louis the Sixteenth, at the beginning of the second act of the great drama of the revolution, was tamed to the will of the dominant National Assembly, and when that assembly, which included many enthusiastic doctrinaires, had appropriated church lands, divided France into departments, remodelled the judicature, and abolished parliaments and titles of honour, in that year 'ninety, one of the acts of the submissive king was to give effect to the result of a decree of the Assembly concerning uniformity of weights and measures. It was the decree for an assembling of delegates from the French provinces, at Paris, to meet the secretary of the French Academy of Sciences and an equal number of members of the Royal Society of London, for the purpose of determining, for use as a standard of measure, the length of the pendulum vibrating seconds at the latitude of forty-five degrees, or any other latitude that might be chosen in preference; but, from the unsatisfactory relations between England and France, the English savans did not attend. In England, nearly half a century before, George Graham, the watchmaker, had determined the length of the pendulum vibrating seconds to be thirty-nine inches and thirteen hundredths of an inch. In subsequent inquiries on this subject a committee of the House of Commons referred to standard measures made by Graham for the Royal Society in seventeen 'forty-two. In seventeen 'ninety, when the National Assembly passed its edict, the Royal Society did appoint a committee to consider the subject of standard measures which, as there is record of the fact of its appointment but not of its transactions, may have taken some part in the discussions on the subject that had been appointed to take place at Paris. But the French king's proclamation of the twenty-second of August, having recited the decree of the previous eighth of May, went on to ordain the issue and distribution of elementary books in the departments for the ready

comparison of the system of weight and measure hitherto usual in each with the new uniform standard, according to calculations made by the Academy of Sciences; it obtained also the gratuitous presentation of new weights and measures to those who might find the purchase of them too expensive. The books might be used for six months, at the end of which date all the old measures and weights were to be abolished and replaced by the new. There were two changes subsequent to this, and immediately after the adoption of the system now current in France there was so much confusion that Dr. Thomas Young, an advocate of customary tables and of measurement by twelves, tells us it had "become usual for the most simple purposes of practical mechanics and civil life, to carry in the pocket a little ruler, in the form of a triangular prism, one of the sides containing the old established lines and inches of the royal foot, a second the millimetres, centimetres, and decimetres of the revolutionary school, and the third the new ultra-royal combination of the Jacobin measure with the royal division, the inches consisting of the thirty-sixth part of a metre, or the four millionth of a degree of the meridian of the earth."

But in spite of prejudice, in spite also of the tremendously classical cut and dried names for the respective weights and measures that were indeed to the taste of France in the days of its Brutuses, and are not alien to the French as they are to the English character, a uniform system of reckoning by tens soon proved its own value. As a national comfort, it has been held firmly to in France, and has been adopted, or is being adopted, in Holland, Belgium, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and Switzerland. Germany has accepted also the French decimal basis of length, and Russia only waits to follow England's movement in the same direction.

England is considering. The Great Exhibition of 'fifty-one embarrassed the juries with the variety of systems of weight and measure followed by exhibitors. The Society of Arts petitioned the Treasury in favour of a uniform system. In 'fifty-three the Statistical Congress of Brussels urged the same. The jury of the Paris International Exhibition in 'fifty-five, issued a declaration recommending uniformity of weights and measures. The late Prince Consort, at the opening of the London Congress of the International Statistical Society, called attention to the "difficulties and impediments" caused by the different weights, measures, and currencies, in which different statistics are expressed. Meanwhile the British Branch of an "International Association for obtaining a uniform Decimal System of Weights, Measures, and Coins," has been, thanks especially to the indefatigable zeal of Mr. James Yates, one of its vice-presidents, actively calling attention to the subject. The Associated Chambers of Commerce of the United Kingdom, at their first annual meeting last year, resolved, among other matters, "that the present complicated system of weights and measures in use throughout Great Britain

and Ireland is very inconvenient to us as a great commercial nation, and that it is highly desirable to adopt the metrical system, which has been introduced into many European countries with great advantage, and the saving in time in trading and other accounts." To this effect they drew up a form of petition to parliament from the several Chambers of Commerce; the proposer of the resolution and the inditer of the petition, being a member of the council of the Wolverhampton Chamber of Commerce, Mr. Frank P. Fellows, who has given very great attention to the subject of this most desirable reform, who ranks, with Mr. James Yates, among its most zealous and effective advocates, and from whose lecture on the subject, delivered a year or two ago at the rooms of the Society of Arts, and since published, we shall presently transfer information to these columns.

During the last session of parliament, a select committee on weights and measures, presided over by Mr. William Ewart, took evidence upon the question, including among their witnesses many of the foreigners distinguished in science, art, and commerce, then in London. They examined also English scientific men, manufacturers, and operatives. Towards the close of the session this committee sent in their report, which was almost unanimously in favour of a gradual introduction of the uniform metrical system. In the first place, they advise that it should be permissive; there should be no compulsion till the public understands, and is convinced, and calls for, the abolition of all the discrepant systems. They advise, at the same time, the gradual introduction of a decimal system of money. The business of attending to this gradual introduction of a new system, the committee would entrust to a new department of weights and measures established under the Board of Trade. Government should require the use of the decimal system in all accounts with itself, and should make its details a part of the civil service examination. The decimal unit of weight, the gramme, would be introduced as the basis of rates of postage. The Committee of Council of Education should, says the report, see at the same time to the early and practical teaching of decimals in schools. In public statistics, figures according to the metrical scale and the old scale should be placed side by side. In any new acts of parliament, only the metrical system should be recognised, and until the metrical fully asserted itself, there should be no lawful measures except the metrical and the imperial.

An act of William the Fourth made all measures unlawful that differed from imperial measure, and imposed a forty shilling fine for using them; but little regard was paid to the act or its penalties. From the beginning until now they have followed regulation after regulation; and each new regulation has bred some fresh habit of measurement to be added to the great British medley. No tables in the arithmetic-book—complex and troublesome as are those mysteries of rods and perches, and hard as it is

to remember how many kilderkins there are not in an acre, or how many firkins make a peck—no tables in the arithmetic-book give an idea of the customary confusion in our British weights and measures. It is almost as hard to deal safely at home between county and county, as with the foreigner between country and country. There are in this country alone no fewer than twenty different ideas of a bushel. A bushel of oats means thirty-eight pounds, or at Liverpool it means forty-five pounds, or in Cornwall it means twenty-four gallons; but a bushel of barley means here forty-seven, there fifty, there fifty-two and a half, somewhere else sixty pounds, or forty-nine, or fifty-six; a bushel of beans means sixty-three pounds; of peas, sixty-four; of corn, at Manchester, say, sixty pounds if an Englishman, seventy if an American, is speaking; seventy-three pounds and a half at Darlington; sixty-three in Lincolnshire; eighty in Monmouthshire; and in some places four hundred and eighty-eight. We go to Saltash, perhaps, after learning in our tables that there are eight bushels in a quarter, and discover that in that part of the world there are five quarters to a bushel. A load of wheat means in one part of the country five quarters, in another five bushels, in another three bushels. If I buy wheat at Swansea, I must order by the stack of three bushels; if at Barnard Castle, by the boll of two bushels, and must not, when I compare quantity and price, confuse this boll with two other bolls, one of two hundred and forty, the other of two hundred and eighty pounds. If I buy at Beccles, I must order by the coomb of two hundred and forty pounds. If at Preston, by the windle of two hundred and twenty. If at Wrexham, by the hobbet of one hundred and sixty-eight. But, even if I do happen to know what a hobbet of wheat means at Wrexham, that knowledge, good for Flint, is not good for Caernarvonshire. A hobbet of wheat at Pwllheli contains eighty-four pounds more than a hobbet at Wrexham; and a hobbet of oats is something altogether different; and a hobbet of barley is something altogether different again.

Our acknowledged learnable weights are bad enough, for there are no fewer than ten conflicting systems in national use. Decimal grains for the scientific troy weight of 5 Geo. IV., c. 74; troy ounce with decimal multiples called bullion weights; bankers' weights; apothecaries' weights; diamond weights and pearl weights, including carats; avoirdupois weight, born the same day as troy; weights for hay and straw; coal weight; and wool weight, using as factors two, three, seven, and thirteen. But, practically, everything in the way of weight and measure seems to go its own gait, now on the appointed highway, now in the hedge, or over the hedge, now in the ditch, it goes staggering up and down the country with a sort of drunken independence. A gallon isn't a gallon. It's a wine gallon, or one of three different sorts of ale gallon, or a corn gallon, or a gallon of oil; and the gallon of oil means seven and a half pounds for train oil, and eight pounds for some other

oils. If you buy a pipe of wine how much do you get? Ninety-three gallons if the wine be Marsala, ninety-two if Madeira, a hundred and seventeen if Bucellas, a hundred and three if port, a hundred if Teneriffe. What is a stone? Fourteen pounds of a living man, eight of a slaughtered bullock, sixteen of cheese, five of glass, thirty-two of hemp, sixteen and three-quarters of flax at Belfast, four-and-twenty of flax at Downpatrick. It is fourteen pounds of wool as sold by the growers, fifteen pounds of wool as sold by the woolstaplers to each other. There are seven measures in use to define an acre. A hundred-weight may contain a hundred, a hundred and twelve, or a hundred and twenty pounds. A hundred-weight of pork is eight pounds heavier at Belfast than at Cork. A man might live by selling coal at a less price per ton than he paid for it at the pit mouth. A ton of coal at the pit mouth varies from twenty-two to twenty-eight hundred-weight of a hundred and twenty pounds each; a ton to the householder means twenty hundred-weight of a hundred and twelve pounds each. Of cheese, thirty-two cloves (of eight pounds each) make a vey in Essex, forty-two in Suffolk. We walk in this United Kingdom by the measure of four sorts of miles, an English mile being two hundred and seventeen yards shorter than a Scotch mile, four hundred and eighty yards shorter than an Irish mile, and the geographical mile being another measure differing from all three. Our very sailors do not mean the same thing when they talk of fathoms. On board a man-of-war it means six feet, on board a merchantman five feet and a half, on board a fishing-vessel five feet!

All this confusion runs some risk of being confounded a little worse, if we are to have the new measures with their outlandish nomenclature, hectometres, centimetres, steres, and myriagrammes, simply thrown into the mixture. The schoolmaster's long names given by the French to their weights and measures, never shall be incorporated in the English language. But the things represented by the names are a rational necessity of commerce, and will surely come with increasing civilisation into acceptance throughout Europe. Foreign witnesses before a parliamentary committee, agreed in testifying that a nation which has adopted the metrical system never wishes to use any other. The immense convenience for the smallest domestic, as well as the largest international, use, is quickly felt and strongly appreciated. Even in England it has crept into service among men and bodies of men who understood and had opportunities for benefiting by its handiness. Engineers and insurance companies have in very many instances been using none but a decimal system for their own purposes of calculation. The Registrar-General uses it, and it is about to be introduced into the statistical department of the Board of Trade. It has been in use in the Customs department for nearly twenty years. It is also used in the Bank of England. Professor Miller being asked how

long the decimal-metrical system has been in use in scientific operations, answered, "As long as I can remember. I should think that, since the year eighteen 'thirty-six no chemist ever made use of weights which were not decimally divided." Mr. Fairbairn said, "When the decimal system has once been used in a machine-making establishment, I never knew an instance of its being given up. It will ultimately get into all mechanical operations." The decimal system is, indeed, in the working out, so simple and purely mechanical, that it can itself be worked by a machine. For this reason there would be, by its adoption, a great saving of the labour of clerks in merchants' offices. "An English office," says M. Loursant, a Belgium manufacturer, "is made up of ready-reckoners and vade mecums, things utterly unknown abroad." Clergymen and teachers point out the immense waste of time to pupils and masters, over the learning by heart and application of the English tables of weights and measures. The metrical system itself is learned perfectly and for ever in an afternoon, while its application, says Dr. Farr, superintendent of the statistical department of the General Register Office, "would get rid of all compound rules of arithmetic." Professor De Morgan, our best mathematical teacher, says that "the whole time of arithmetical education, by adopting the decimal system, might be reduced by one half, or probably more." An old and experienced English workman, who had been engaged on railways in France, Belgium, and Savoy, said that when abroad "the English workman got the weights very quickly. All the workmen I ever had anything to do with, prefer the French system to the English."

And now, what *is* the French "metrical" system? It is simply this. A standard of measure or metre is adopted from some measurement that can be ascertained at any time with mathematical precision. It is called the measure or the metre, and the metre which happens to be adopted is the ten millionth of the distance between the North Pole and the Equator: which happens to be our English yard lengthened by about three inches and a third. The original idea of an English yard being that it is the measure from the tip of the middle finger to the middle of the chest when the arm is outstretched sideways—from Henry the First's arm—it happens that the French metre is not so much above as the present English yard is below, that standard of measure for a well-grown Englishman. A metre represents, indeed, pretty exactly the stretch in the arm and chest of a Life-Guardsman. We may stick to mother English then, and adopt the French metre simply by revision of the English yard. Until the use of the old yard measure was abolished, the naturalised French metre might be called the new yard. Very well. This standard of measure which we could so easily adopt and turn into English, and of which the use is that it can at any time be determined naturally, and does not require the storage of a model instrument in the

Exchequer, that standard of measure which in French is called a metre, the French system simply subdivides in tenths by Latin prefixes—decimetre, a tenth of it, centimetre, a hundredth of it, millimetre, a thousandth of it—or multiplies by tens, with Greek prefixes—decametre for ten of them, hetometre for a hundred of them, kilometre for a thousand of them. The French like words of that sort. We don't like them, and we never can be got to use them, while our mother tongue contains such words as tenth, hundredth, and thousandth, ten, a hundred, and a thousand. Having discarded all commercial measures of length, except the metre or rectified yard, it is easier for us to say ten yards than to say a decimetre; and as no other measure of length is left to be mentioned, the word yard itself can often be dropped, because in a measure understood to be of length, one, ten, a tenth, a hundred, a hundredth, can mean nothing else but a yard or its multiples. Uniformity of standard, and the habit of measuring by tens being thus established between England and the nations of the Continent, the foreigner will understand that a yard is a metre, just as easily as he sees a horse to be a cheval.

In the metrical system of the Continent, the metre (or new yard), as standard of length, governs the whole system of estimating size and weight. A space ten metres square is taken as the unit of land measure, and called an are. There is no nearly corresponding English term of land measure, though ten ares would be about a rood. English owners of land would not thank anybody for interfering too much with old terms of measurement, but are a simple word that nobody can quarrel with, in harmony, too, with good natural English. Ar was so natural a combination of letters to our forebears, the Anglo-Saxon, that it signified sundry different things, among others, pretty much what we connect with extent of land, honour, and property. Let us, then, by all means, in measuring, call the ten squares (metres or yards) an are, with or without the final *c*, and measure land by the ten, hundred, or thousand ar.

For measuring the solid contents of large masses, the French system takes the cube of the metre or yard, and calls it a stère, sale being then by the stère in tens and hundreds. We have no English objection to that word, but of course should say rather ten stère than deca stère.

That sort of measure being too large for common purposes, the cube of a tenth of a metre, or new yard, is taken in place of it as the common unit of capacity. This the French call a litre. It represents pretty exactly a pint and three-quarters, rather more than less, or the measure now commonly submitted at taverns and elsewhere to the English consumer as a quart. We have, therefore, only to abolish our imperial quart, accept the "reputed" quart as the true one, and, without importing into the language a word that no tongue could naturalise, bring the English quart into exact har-

mony with the French litre. That quart we should then have for unit of the measure of capacity.

From the litre or decimal quart, the unit of weight is obtained by taking a thousandth part of the weight of a litre of distilled water for standard, and calling it a gramme: the weight of the litre or new quart itself being thus under a thousand grammes, or a kilogramme. A kilogramme is rather more than two pounds avoirdupois, and the gramme, or standard of French weight, is a little under fifteen grains and a half. The series of weights below the gramme, chiefly concerns chemists and men of science; they would hardly be used in commerce, except by dealers in precious stones. To these weights, therefore, the names of Latin composition, decigramme, centigramme, milligramme, already in use by men of science throughout Europe, can most properly be applied. In commerce, for the common unit of weight, it would be more convenient to use than to avoid the not very terrible word gramme, or, as we might English it, gram. We might then better say ten gram, and a hundred gram, than decagram or hectogram; but as it would be inconvenient and unnatural to refer weights of sugar, bread and cheese, and matters of ordinary retail commerce, to a standard of fifteen grains and a half, we might go a step further and be content, accepting the Greek prefix in the case of a thousand grammes, to speak of that quantity, which, being about two pounds, would serve as a common standard in retail trade as a kilogram. That is to say, we might do so if it were thought too confusing after the total abolition of the chance medley of existing weights and measures, to use the word pound instead of kilogram. But it should not be difficult to learn that such a new pound represents about an ounce and a half more than twice the quantity of the old one. At any rate, whether we double the pound, or adopt the kilogram, we would for higher measures of weight use the word hundred-weight to represent a hundred kilograms, or new pounds. The name would explain itself, and be really less perplexing than it now is. The next multiple of ten, it would be quite convenient to call a ton. Twenty hundred-weight, as pounds now go, are a ton, but of the kilograms ten hundred-weight would leave the ton very nearly what the arithmetic-books now call it: that is to say, two thousand two hundred and four of the old style pounds, instead of two thousand two hundred and forty. The ton then, by which we calculate so many things, could, by merely reducing it a few pounds, be retained in use, and, at the same time, brought into exact harmony with the system of weights and measures that are to be, and will surely be, sooner or later, made uniform throughout Europe.

It is most certain that any such attempt to naturalise the foreign system, or any attempt to introduce it with all its original pedantry of style, would only add confusion to confusion, unless a limit were set to the days of the weights and measures now in use. They should be allowed to exist for at most a twelvemonth after

the introduction of the metrical system, and during that time all the weights and measures, newly introduced, would have to be named with the little word new attached to them, while they should be compared with the old methods in little books of easy tables, under their right name of "European" Measure.

When the metrical system is fully adopted, we shall soon achieve for ourselves a decimal coinage: thus simplifying to the highest degree the accounts of trade, and making it easy for the laziest man to inform himself how his affairs stand. Attempts at simplification are already made. Wholesale trade deals largely in dozens and scores, because, for example, while there are a dozen pence in a shilling, the price of a dozen gloves at tenpence is known without calculation to be ten dozen pence or shillings, and while there are twenty shillings in a pound, the price of a score of sheep at twenty-four shillings apiece is known at once to be twenty-four pounds. The decimal system would make all ordinary business calculations as simple as this.

SMALL-BEER CHRONICLES.

AND now to look at our previous subject from another point of view; that, namely, of the man who honestly desires to attain social success by fair means, who wishes to make himself agreeable to those with whom he is brought in contact—in a word, to be a gentleman, in the highest acceptance of the word. What will his views be about politeness?

Politeness in the main, he will think to himself, is a thing of surface, and is entirely affected as to its value by the worth or worthlessness of what lies beneath it. A man may be a very good man, and be very much wanting in politeness; or he may be very wicked and very polite. When a good kind person is polite, his courtesy is charming; but politeness and wickedness together, make a very terrible combination. Is it too much to say that, generally speaking, excessive politeness is a bad sign, and that the excessively polite man is either very bad or at least very selfish? If he be actually bad, he uses his politeness to hide his wickedness, and if he be simply selfish, he uses it as a substitute for deeds.

Politeness is one of the luxuries of life. The fascination of it is irresistible. It is impossible to speak of its charms in terms that are exaggerated, though to speak in such terms of its *value* would probably be easy. What is its value?

There seem to be two classes of persons in whose composition politeness forms an important ingredient: the man of only slightly marked character, of a somewhat trivial nature, and who, were he not characterised by this quality, would have nothing else, and would lose all for which you valued him—this is one man in whom politeness is valuable, and the other is he who is polite from philanthropy and kindness of

heart, who is strong enough to keep the quality in some subjection, and can forbid it to interfere with the strength and sincerity of his nature. Now, in the first of these two characters politeness is valuable, not only because the man would probably be none the greater, but something the less, if it were wanting, but because in society as we have constituted it, or indeed as it must necessarily be, circumstances occur, and occur continually, when his politeness is positively useful to the community. With the second man the quality in question is valuable as an exquisite decoration engrafted on a structure of itself splendid and beautiful.

All this time we are of course talking of *marked* politeness. There is common politeness, there is marked politeness, and there is excessive politeness. Common politeness is soon disposed of: it is a necessary of (social) life. If a man be seated, and see a lady standing by his side, to offer his chair is common politeness—unless, indeed, he be a cripple, and then it is common politeness for him to explain that he is so. In the same way the individual who has been so unfortunate as to grind his boot-heel into the heart of your corn, is only commonly polite when he expresses his regret for the circumstance. As to marked politeness, the qualities most likely to be interfered with by it would be sincerity and justice. Now, there are occasions when a man may allow his marked politeness to modify the first of these, though none when it should interfere with the second. When a man asks you to dine with him, to meet an individual whom you detest, it would not be commonly polite in you to say that you hate his friend, and, therefore, will not go: so you write word that you are “engaged.” In the same way you are sometimes obliged to accept a bidding to an entertainment which you abhor the thought of, yet common politeness compels you to say that you are “happy” to avail yourself of the invitation. Suppose, again, that you have asked a party of friends to dinner, and that an intimate friend, not among the invited, calls while you are dressing, it will be merciful though cowardly to tell him through your servant that you are not at home. There are, again, many noble acts which are nothing if we take credit for them, and which depend for their value on the manner in which they are done. Suppose you were engaged to take part in some social meeting, to which you really looked forward eagerly, and that when the time came you found that your duty kept you at home with some friend or relative who needed a companion, the value of your heroic act in giving up the gratification would be much lessened by your acknowledging the real motive of your staying at home. It would then be a marked instance of kindness and politeness to pretend that you did not want to go, to say that you would give anything to get out of the engagement: in a word, to allege any reason for your act except the true one.

He who should draw out a code of polite

manners, and bind himself to abide by it, might render himself an intensely agreeable member of society, but at some sacrifice of genuineness, and individuality of character. To what would such a code bind him. It is part of the ideal of this perfectly polite gentleman that he should be “armed at all points,” that he should be, in one sense beyond the reach of misfortune, or accident; that is to say, that no single thing that could possibly happen should deprive him of his serenity, or make him uncourteous even for a moment. He has, for instance, just received from Messrs. Dobson and Co., in St. James’s-street, a very beautiful service of glass, which by some awkward movement you, his guest, manage to bring with a mighty crash to the ground; now at this crisis our ideal gentleman must so utterly ignore the loss he has sustained that he is to be wholly and solely occupied with the question whether you have cut your fingers, or been in any way hurt by the broken glass. Suppose even a more trying case. Suppose you are staying in the house of this ideal personage. Suppose he lends you one of his horses in order that you may enjoy a little equestrian exercise, that you let the animal down, and bring him home—he must be a valuable horse, and a favourite of his master’s—with his knees cut; whatever agony our friend may, and must, feel in his inmost soul at what has happened, it must not find expression so much as in the movement of a feature. His whole anxiety must be about you. Are you hurt? were you thrown? are your nerves upset? are you shaken? what will you take?—James, take that horse round to the stable, and send for Mr. Splint as quickly as possible, that is all the notice taken of the accident itself.

This is the man of marked politeness. The man of common politeness says, “Oh dear, dear, how very unfortunate! Dear, dear, I shouldn’t have minded if it had been one of the others, but—well, it can’t be helped, I hope you weren’t hurt yourself—now, you’re not to make yourself unhappy, my dear fellow, about it, these things will happen.—James, lead that horse round carefully, poor thing; send off a messenger at once for Mr. Splint, and wait till I come round to the stables to examine the exact extent of the mischief.”

As to the man of excessive politeness, he will not allude to the horse at all. “My dear friend,” he will say, “how exceedingly distressed I am to think that you should meet with so unpleasant a contretemps! I wouldn’t have had you run such a risk for the world. I am quite sure you must have been hurt and terribly shaken. I insist upon seeing you to your room, and—Henry, bring a glass of Curaçoa at once, or brandy; would you like brandy better now?” and this excessively polite gentleman having expressed himself thus, will presently retire to some secret place, where he will give vent to his feelings in a volley of strange oaths.

But, consider how delightful a truly polite man renders himself by means of that *taut* which he

possesses. What a fascinating property that is. How safe we feel with him. We put him next our Irish friend who is a Roman Catholic, calmly confident that he will not begin abusing the Pope, or speaking disparagingly of the natives of the Emerald Isle. We invite the leading actor of the day to dinner, and we know that our polite friend will not begin praising the other leading actor of the day, keeping the subject prominently forward for half an hour together. This tact is almost an instinct, so little can it be made a thing of rule; and this is the case also with taste in the highest sense of the word. There is, however, a form of taste which we call "good taste," which is to a certain extent acquirable by study and thoughtfulness, and which, as such, may be described in words much better than so subtle and delicate a thing as tact.

I was once dining with a worthy couple whose ambition was somewhat above their position in society. They had collected some rather smart people together, who were continually in the habit of meeting each other in "the world," and who kept the whole conversation to themselves: talking of people whom their host and hostess did not know, and of entertainments at which their host and hostess had not assisted. I was infinitely glad when our excellent host, after being thus condemned to speechlessness for some time, at last addressed his wife, as the only lady left for him to talk to, and asked her how she liked Mr. Feechter's performance in *Ruy Blas*? This was an apt way of conveying a well-merited reproof to his guests for their intolerable violation of all rules of good taste, and even common politeness. And yet the people who erred in this way would have been very much astonished if they had been told that they were not behaving like ladies and gentlemen.

There is another sin against good taste which is the reverse of this. It is equally detestable for the host and hostess to discourse with each other on family or private matters, in the presence of their guests.

"By-the-by, Polly," says Mr. Huggins, "whom do you think I saw to-day?"

"I don't know, I'm sure, John," replies Mrs. H.

"Guess."

"Indeed, John, I can't; one of the Bugginses?"

"Not a bit of it—try again."

"No, John, I give it up."

"Well, then, I'll tell you," continues Mr. Huggins—it was no less a person than **GEORGE MUGGINS!**"

"George Muggins!" echoes the lady, "why, I thought he was in Australia."

"Ah!" replies the husband, "and so did everybody else; but it appears the vessel in which George sailed, had no sooner reached its destination than the news came that a first-rate appointment had been offered him in Ireland; and the mail having travelled quicker than the ship in which he sailed, he found the news

awaiting him when he arrived at Melbourne," &c. &c.

It is not once nor twice that dialogues like this have taken place over mahoganies beneath which the legs of the Small-Beer Chronieler have been ensconced. While such talk is going on, what becomes of those persons present, to whom the affairs of the illustrious George Muggins are not in the least interesting? They have nothing for it but to look at the pictures on the opposite wall, or, if they be of a sycophantic habit, to assume an appearance of utterly non-existent and impossible interest in Muggins.

Has it ever happened to the reader to be one of a company, some of the members of which have a joke of their own in which they delight, and in which the rest of the society have no share? It is at that terrific species of entertainment, which I will venture to call, ungrammatically, "a few friends," that this peculiar development of bad taste may favourably be studied, especially if "the few friends" meet at the house of the Hugginses. We will suppose that in the course of the entertainment, and at a moment when the conversation is general, some one present happens to allude to "bottled stout."

"I say, George," says Mr. Huggins, in a roguish way, "did you hear that?"

"Hear what?" replies George, evasively.

"What Professor Small-Beer has just mentioned."

"No," says the other, in an obstinate way, "I didn't."

"*Bottled stout*," replies Mr. Huggins, in strong italics, "that's all."

"Come, none of that," says the victim.

"Was there any '*toasted cheese*' with it?" suggests Mr. Buggins, who is one of the initiated.

"Come, don't you talk, Buggins," retorts the injured George, "or else some of us may begin thinking about '*Greenwich*'."

"Yes, and the '*Crown and Sceptre*,'" puts in Mr. Sluggins, another of the initiated. Then all the enlightened ones roar simultaneously.

It is a matter of taste to know the exact moment when you are beginning to bore people, or are, at any rate, in danger of doing so. How we have all been bored by those persons whose taste does not tell them when to leave off, who have good memories and plenty of brass, with no originality of thought! What a dreadful thing it is when they will give you the results of their reading, or when they enter into a glowing description of the localities they visited abroad. There should be laws regulating the length of time accorded to any one social speaker. There should be an hour-glass, or, rather, an egg-glass, which runs out in three minutes and a half; and when it is turned it should be a sign that the particular gentleman who is at the moment enlightening the company should arrest the torrent of his eloquence.

A new kind of Bore has of late years sprung

into existence—the violent bore, and by far the most dangerous specimen of the bore-tribe with which mankind is acquainted. He never speaks to anybody near him, but always to some one at the other end of the table, or, at least, on the other side of the board. His loud harsh voice makes itself heard above all other noises, and his audience, instead of diminishing, increases at every word. Then he is not detected as a bore. People who have an eye for a bore—and these are not numerous, there being a large section of society which likes to be bored—even those who know something about boring, I say, are taken in by this man. “Bores are monotonous,” they say, “and quietly persistent, while this man has rather a spasmodic way of speaking, and he makes a noise, too: no, he cannot be a bore; let me listen to him.” And they do listen to him, and that is not all, nor the worst of it; for other, and heretofore droning bores, observing the violent bore’s success, say to themselves, “Marry, I also will be violent, and haply I may get a hearing as well as another,” and so the mischief spreads.

It is easy for a man to know when he is boring. I have often seen even a violent bore made aware of his being a bore by the faces of his company; and I have observed him to plunge on with new energy out of pure vindictive feeling. The signs given by a bored audience are unmistakable. An order given to a servant by the master of the house, a general tendency in the company to move in their seats, a wandering eye in the individual addressed, all these are unmistakable symptoms that it is time to shut up shop and give somebody else an innings.

Decidedly boring is forbidden by good taste, and good taste is a part of common politeness, and as such is binding on all. On all—the highest and the lowest—in their respective ways. What opportunities the shopkeeper has of practising what is dictated by good taste! That stereotyped phrase, “What is the next article?” is a breach of commercial good taste. It is amazingly injudicious, and ineffective too, for, in fact, you are teased till you get savage, and resolve that you will never again enter the shop; just as you also resolve that the gentleman who, while operating on your hair, remarks that it is “certainly dry, and that a little of the Elixir-balsam of Peruvia would,” &c., shall have but few opportunities henceforth of commenting on the state of your thatch. I once bought a bottle of olives at an eminent grocer’s in a leading thoroughfare at the West-end, and as the man who fetched it returned to me with the bottle in his hand, he lightly threw it up once or twice and caught it again; the action, taken in com-

bination with a very leisurely and languid style of walking, being inexpressibly offensive. That same languor in a shopman is very revolting, and so is any manifestation of interest in matters foreign to the particular transaction in which he, the seller, and you, the buyer, are engaged. A shopman who pauses while packing up your parcel, to glance out of window at something going on in the street, should be transported for life.

Enough of these “modern instances.” Let us go back to generalities, for a moment, before leaving the subject of Our Politeness. “Things are not what they seem.” The thing that most takes our fancy at first sight is not always the best thing or the finest thing. Knowledge, and experience, and tolerably sincere study, enlighten us to the worth of the different wares with which we are brought in contact in this great market-place. As the years accumulate upon us, like the rings that are added to the tree-trunk, as the hairs tumble from our crowns, and grizzle on our chins, we find—if we belong to the order of persons who have their minds tolerably open to conviction—we find the clue to many enigmas, and the scales that hid many truths from us drop gently, or are torn roughly, as the case may be, from our eyes. Invariably, our discoveries tend one way; they tend towards a better appreciation of what is solid, sound, and true, and to an increased undervaluing of qualities which are slight and superficial. A vol-au-vent is probably to many palates a more agreeable dish than a leg of mutton, but it is not so valuable. When we want merely to please our taste, we dally with the first; but when we want support and strength, I think we are apt to have recourse to the joint. With this beautiful simile, we will dismiss for the present this question of bowing and scraping, and get on with all speed to other matters connected with—our manners.

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VERY HARD CASH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

CHAPTER VII.

HE did follow her, and, convinced that she would be engaged ten deep in five minutes, hustled up to the master of the ceremonies and begged an introduction. The great banker's son was attended to at once.

Julia saw them coming, as her sex can see, without looking. Her eyes were on fire, and a delicious blush on her cheeks, when the M.C. introduced Mr. Alfred Hardie with due pomp. He asked her to dance.

"I am engaged for this dance."

"The next?" said Hardie, timidly.

"With pleasure."

But when they had got so far, they were both seized with bashful silence; and, just as Alfred was going to try and break it, Cornet Bosanquet, age 18, height 5 feet 4 inches, strutted up to them with clanking heel, and, glancing haughtily up at him, carried Julia off, like a steam-tug towing away some fair schooner.

To these little thorns society treats all anxious lovers, but the incident was new to Alfred, and discomposed him; and, besides, he had nosed a rival in Sampson's prescription. So now he thought to himself, "that little ensign is 'his puppy.'"

To get rid of Mrs. Dodd he offered to conduct her to a scat. She thanked him; she would rather stand where she could see her daughter dance: on this he took her to the embrasure of a window opposite where Julia and her partner stood, and they entered a circle of spectators.

The band struck up, and the solemn skating began.

"Who is this lovely creature in white?" asked a middle-aged solicitor. "In white? I do not see any beauty in white," replied his daughter. "Why there, before your eyes," said the gentleman, loudly.

"What, that girl dancing with the little captain? I don't see much beauty in her. *And* what a rubbishing dress."

"It never cost a pound, making and all," suggested another Barkingtonian nymph.

"But what splendid pearls," said a third: "can they be real?"

"Real! what an idea!" ejaculated a fourth: "who puts on real pearls as big as peas with muslin at twenty pence the yard?"

"Weasels!" muttered Alfred, and quivered all over: and he felt to Mrs. Dodd so like a savage going to spring that she laid her hand upon his wrist, and said gently, but with authority, "Be calm, sir! and oblige me by not noticing these people."

Then they threw dirt on her bouquet, and then on her shoes, while she was winding in and out before their eyes a Grace, and her soft muslin drifting and flowing like an appropriate cloud round a young goddess.

"A little starch would make it set out better. It's as limp as a towel on the line."

"I'll be sworn it was washed at home."

"Where it was made."

"I call it a rag, not a gown."

"Do let us move," whispered Alfred.

"I am very comfortable here," whispered Mrs. Dodd. "How can these things annoy my ears while I have eyes? Look at her! She is by far the best dressed lady in the room; her muslin is Indian, and of a quality unknown to these provincial shopkeepers; a rajah gave it us: her pearls have been in every court in Europe; and she herself is beautiful, would be beautiful dressed like the dowdies who are criticising her: and, I think, sir, she dances as well as any lady can, encumbered with an Atom that does not know the figure."

At this, as if to extinguish all doubt, Julia flung them a heavenly smile; she had been furtively watching them all the time, and she saw they were talking about her.

The other Oxonian squeezed up to Hardie. "Do you know the beauty? She smiled your way."

"Ah!" said Hardie, deliberately, "you mean that young lady with the court pearls, in that exquisite Indian muslin, which floats so gracefully, while the other muslin girls are all crimp and stiff, like little pigs clad in crackling."

"Ha! ha! ha! Yes. Introduce me!"

"I could not take such a liberty with the queen of the ball."

Mrs. Dodd smiled, but felt nervous and ill at ease. She thought to herself, "Now here is a generous, impetuous pest." As for the hostile party, staggered at first by the masculine inso-

lence of young Hardie, it soon recovered, and, true to its sex, attacked him obliquely, through his white ladye.

"Who *is* the beauty of the ball?" asked one, haughtily.

"I don't know; but not that mawkish thing in limp muslin."

"I should say Miss Hetherington is the belle," suggested a third.

"Oh, beyond question."

"Which is Miss Hetherington?" asked the Oxonian coolly of Alfred.

"Oh, she won't do for *us*. It is that little chalk faced girl, dressed in pink with red roses; the pink of vulgarity and bad taste."

At this both Oxonians laughed arrogantly, and Mrs. Dodd withdrew her hand from the speaker's arm and glided away behind the throng. Julia looked at him with marked anxiety. He returned her look, and was sore puzzled what it meant, till he found Mrs. Dodd had withdrawn softly from him; then he stood confused, regretting, too late, he had not obeyed her positive request, and tried to imitate her dignified forbearance.

The quadrille ended. He instantly stepped forward, and bowing politely to the cornet, said authoritatively, "Mrs. Dodd sends me to conduct you to her. With your permission, sir." His arm was offered and taken before the little warrior knew where he was.

He had her on his arm, soft, light, and fragrant as zephyr, and her cool breath wooing his neck; oh, the thrill of that moment! but her first word was to ask him with considerable anxiety, "Why did mamma leave you?"

"Miss Dodd, I am the most unhappy of men."

"No doubt! no doubt!" said she, a little crossly. She added with one of her gushes of naïveté, "and I shall be unhappy too if you displease mamma."

"What could I do? A gang of snobesses were detracting from—somebody. To speak plainly, they were running down the loveliest of her sex. Your mamma told me to keep quiet. And so I did till I got a fair chance, and then I gave it them in their teeth." He ground his own, and added, "I think I was very good not to kick them."

Julia coloured with pleasure, and proceeded to turn it off; "Oh! most forbearing and considerate," said she: "ah, by the way, I think I did hear some ladies express a misgiving as to the pecuniary value of my costume; ha! ha! Oh—you—foolish—thing!—Fancy minding that! Why it is in little sneers that the approval of the ladies shows itself at a ball, and it is a much sincerer compliment than the gentlemen's bombastical praises; 'the fairest of her sex,' and so on; that none but the 'silliest of her sex' believes."

"I did not say the fairest of her sex; I said the loveliest of her sex."

"Oh, that alters the case entirely," said Julia, whose spirits were mounting with the lights and music, and Alfred's company, "so now come and

be reconciled to the best and wisest of her sex; ay, and the beautifullest, if you but knew her sweet, dear, darling face as I do; there she is; let us fly. Mamma, here is a penitent for you, real or feigned."

"Real, Mrs. Dodd," said Alfred. "I had no right to disobey you and risk a scene. You served me right by abandoning me; I feel the rebuke and its justice. Let me hope your vengeance will go no further."

Mrs. Dodd smiled at the grandiloquence of youth, and told him he had mistaken her character. "I saw I had acquired a generous, hot-headed ally, who was bent on doing battle with insects; so I withdrew; but so I should at Waterloo, or anywhere else, where people put themselves in a passion."

The band struck up again.

"Ah!" said Julia, "and I promised you this dance; but it is a waltz; and my guardian angel objects to the *valse à deux temps*."

"Decidedly. Should all the mothers in England permit their daughters to romp, and wrestle, in public, and call it waltzing, I must stand firm till they return to their senses."

Julia looked at Alfred despondently; he took his cue and said with a smile, "Well, perhaps it is a leetle brutal; a donkey's gallop and then twirl her like a mop."

"Since you admit that, perhaps you can waltz comme il faut?" said Mrs. Dodd.

Alfred said he ought; he had given his whole soul to it in Germany last Long.

"Then I can have the pleasure of dropping the tyrant. Away with you both while there is room to circulate."

Alfred took his partner delicately; they made just two catlike steps forward, and melted into the waltz.

It was an exquisite moment. To most young people Love comes after a great deal of waltzing. But this pair brought the awakened tenderness, and trembling sensibilities, of two burning hearts, to this their first intoxicating whirl. To them, therefore, everything was an event, everything was a thrill—the first meeting and timid pressure of their hands, the first delicate enfolding of her supple waist by his strong arm but trembling hand, the delightful unison of their unerring feet, the movement, the music, the soft delicious whirl, her cool breath saluting his neck, his ardent but now liquid eyes seeking hers tenderly, and drinking them deep, hers that now and then sipped his so sweetly—all these were new and separate joys, that linked themselves in one soft delirium of bliss. It was not a waltz; it was an Ecstasy.

Starting almost alone, this peerless pair danced a gauntlet. On each side admiration and defraction buzzed all the time.

"Beautiful! They are turning in the air."

"Quite gone by. That's how the old fogies dance."

Chorus of shallow males. "How well she waltzes."

Chorus of shallow females. "How well he waltzes."

But they noted neither praise nor detraction: they saw nothing, heard nothing, felt nothing, but themselves and the other music, till two valsers à deux temps took "a tremendous header" into them. Thus smartly reminded they had not earth all to themselves, they laughed good humouredly, and paused.

"Ah! I am happy!" gushed from Julia. She blushed at herself, and said severely, "You dance very well, sir:" this was said to justify her unguarded ejaculation, and did, after a fashion. "I think it is time to go to mamma."

"So soon. And I had so much to say to you."

"Oh, very well. I am all attention."

The sudden facility offered set Alfred stammering a little. "I wanted to apologise to you for something—you are so good you seem to have forgotten it—but I dare not hope that—I mean at Henley—when the beauty of your character, and your goodness, so overpowered me, that a fatal impulse——"

"What do you mean, sir?" said Julia, looking him full in the face, like an offended lion, while, with true feminine and Julian inconsistency her bosom fluttered like a dove. "I never exchanged one word with you in my life before to-day; and I never shall again, if you pretend the contrary."

Alfred stood stupefied, and looked at her in piteous amazement.

"I value your acquaintance highly, Mr. Hardie, now I have made it, as acquaintances are made; but please to observe, I never saw you before scarcely; not even in church."

"As you please," said he, recovering his wits in part. "What you say I'll swear to."

"Then I say, never remind a lady of what you should wish her to forget."

"I was a fool. And you are an angel of tact and goodness."

"Oh, now I am sure it is time to join mamma," said she, in the driest, drollest, way. "Valsons."

They waltzed down to Mrs. Dodd, exchanging hearts at every turn, and they took a good many in the space of a round table, for in truth both were equally loth to part.

At two o'clock, Mrs. Dodd resumed commonplace views of a daughter's health, and rose to go.

Her fly had played her false, and, being our island home, it rained buckets. Alfred ran, before they could stop him, and caught a fly. He was dripping. Mrs. Dodd expressed her regrets; he told her it did not matter; for him the ball was now over, the flowers faded, and the lights darkness visible.

"The extravagance of these children!" said Mrs. Dodd to Julia, with a smile, as soon as he was out of hearing. Julia made no reply.

Next day she was at evening church: the congregation was very sparse. The first glance revealed Alfred Hardie standing in the very next

pew. He wore a calm front of conscious rectitude; under which peeped sheep-faced misgivings as to the result of this advance; for, like all true lovers, he was half impudence, half timidity; and both on the grand scale.

Now Julia in a ball-room was one creature, another in church. After the first surprise, which sent the blood for a moment to her cheek, she found he had come without a prayer-book. She looked sadly and half reproachfully at him; then put her white hand calmly over the wooden partition, and made him read with her out of her book. She shared her hymn-book with him, too, and sang her Maker's praise modestly and soberly but earnestly, and quite undisturbed by her lover's presence.

It seemed as if this pure creature was drawing him to heaven holding by that good book, and by her touching voice. He felt good all over. To be like her he tried to bend his whole mind on the prayers of the church, and, for the first time, realised how beautiful they are.

After service he followed her to the door. Island home again, by the painful; and she had a thick shawl but no umbrella. He had brought a large one on the chance; he would see her home.

"Quite unnecessary; it is so near."

He insisted; she persisted; and, persisting, yielded. They said but little; yet they seemed to interchange volumes, and, at each gaslight they passed, they stole a look, and treasured it to feed on.

That night was one broad step more towards the great happiness, or great misery, which awaits a noble love. Such loves, somewhat rare in Nature, have lately become so very rare in Fiction, that I have ventured, with many misgivings, to detail the peculiarities of its rise and progress. But now for a time it advanced on beaten tracks; Alfred had the right to call at Albion Villa, and he came twice; once when Mrs. Dodd was out. This was the time he stayed the two hours.

A Mrs. James invited Jane and him to tea and exposition. There he met Julia and Edward, who had just returned. Edward was taken with Jane Hardie's face and dovelike eyes; eyes that dwelt with a soft and chastened admiration on his masculine face and his model form, and their owner felt she had received "a call" to watch over his spiritual weal. So they paired off.

Julia's fluctuating spirits settled now into a calm, demure, complacency. Her mother, finding this strange remedial virtue in youthful society, gave young parties, inviting Jane and Alfred in their turn. Jane hesitated, but, as she could no longer keep Julia from knowing her worldly brother, and hoped a way might be opened for her to rescue Edward, she relaxed her general rule, which was, to go into no company unless some religious service formed part of the entertainment. Yet her conscience was ill at ease; and, to set them an example, she took care, when she asked the Dodds in return, to have a

clergyman there of her own party, who could pray and expound with unction.

Mrs. Dodd, not to throw cold water on what seemed to gratify her children, accepted Miss Hardie's invitation; but she never intended to go, and at the last moment wrote to say she was slightly indisposed. The nature of the indisposition she revealed to Julia alone. "That young lady keeps me on thorns. I never feel secure she will not say or do something extravagant or unusual: she seems to suspect sobriety and good taste of being in league with impiety. Here I succeed in bridling her a little; but encounter a female enthusiast in her own house? Merci! After all, there must be something good in her, since she is your friend, and you are hers; let her pass: I have something more serious to say to you before you go there. It is about her brother. He is a flirt; in fact, a notorious one, more than one lady tells me."

Julia was silent, but began to be very uneasy; they were sitting and talking after sunset, yet without candles; she profited, for once, by that amazing gap in the intelligence of "the sex."

"I hear he pays you compliments; and I have seen a disposition to single you out. Now, my love, you have the good sense to know that, whatever a young man of that age says to you, he says to many other ladies; but your experience is not equal to your sense; so profit by mine; a girl of your age must never be talked of with a person of the other sex: it is fatal; fatal! but if you permit yourself to be singled out, you will be talked of inevitably, and distress those who love you. It is easy to avoid injudicious duets in society; oblige me by doing so to-night."

To show how much she was in earnest, Mrs. Dodd hinted that, were her admonition neglected, she should regret, for once, having kept clear of an enthusiast.

Julia had no alternative; she assented in a faint voice. After a pause she faltered out, "And suppose he should esteem me seriously?"

Mrs. Dodd replied quickly, "Then that would be much worse. But," said she, "I have no apprehensions on that score; you are a child, and he is a precocious boy, and rather a flirt. But forewarned is forearmed. So now run away and dress, sweet one: my lecture is quite ended."

The sensitive girl went up to her room with a heavy heart. All the fears she had lulled of late revived. She saw plainly now that Mrs. Dodd only accepted Alfred as a pleasant acquaintance: as a son-in-law he was out of the question. "Oh, what will she say when she knows all?" thought Julia.

Next day, sitting near the window, she saw him coming up the road. After the first movement of pleasure at the bare sight of him, she was sorry he had come. Mamma's suspicions awake at last, and here he was again; the third call in one fortnight! She dared not risk an interview with him, ardent and unguarded, under

that penetrating eye, which she felt would now be on the watch.

She rose hurriedly, said as carelessly as she could, "I am going to the school," and, tying her bonnet on all in a flurry, whipped out at the back door with her shawl in her hand just as Sarah opened the front door to Alfred. She then shuffled on her shawl, and whisked through the little shrubbery into the open field, and reached a path that led to the school, and so gratified was she at her dexterity in evading her favourite, that she hung her head, and went murmuring, "Cruel, cruel, cruel!"

Alfred entered the drawing-room gaily, with a good-sized card and a prepared speech. This was not the visit of a friend but a functionary; the treasurer of the cricket-ground, come to book two of his eighteen to play against the All England Eleven next month. "As for you, my worthy sir (turning to Edward), I shall just put you down without ceremony. But I must ask leave to book Captain Dodd. Mrs. Dodd, I come at the universal desire of the club; they say it is sure to be a dull match without Captain Dodd. Besides, he is a capital player."

"Mamma, don't you be caught by his chaff," said Edward, quietly. "Papa is no player at all. Anything more unlike cricket than his way of making runs——"

"But he makes them, old fellow; now you and I, at Lord's the other day, played in first-rate form, left shoulder well up, and achieved—with neatness, precision, dexterity, and despatch—the British duck's-egg."

"Misericorde! What is that?" inquired Mrs. Dodd.

"Why, a round O," said the other Oxonian, coming to his friend's aid.

"And what is that, pray?"

Alfred told her "the round O," which had yielded to "the duck's-egg," and was becoming obsolete, meant the cypher set by the scorer against a player's name, who is out without making a run.

"I see," sighed Mrs. Dodd: "it penetrates to your very sports and games. And why British?"

"Oh, 'British' is redundant: thrown in by the universities."

"But what does it mean?"

"It means nothing. That is the beauty of it. British is inserted in imitation of our idols, the Greeks; they adored redundancy."

In short, poor Alfred, though not an M.P., was talking to put off time, till Julia should come in: so he now favoured Mrs. Dodd, of all people, with a flowery description of her husband's play, which I, who have not his motive for volubility, suppress. However, he wound up with the captain's "moral influence." "Last match," said he, "Barkington did not do itself justice. Several, that could have made a stand, were frightened out, rather than bowled, by the London professionals. Then Captain Dodd went in, and treated those artists with the same good humoured contempt he would a parish bowler,

and, in particular, sent Mynne's over-tossed balls flying over his head for six, or to square leg for four, and, on his retiring with twenty-five, scored in eight minutes, the remaining Barking-tonians were less funky, and made some fair scores."

Mrs. Dodd smiled a little ironically at this tirade, but said she thought she might venture to promise Mr. Dodd's co-operation, should he reach home in time. Then, to get rid of Alfred before Julia's return, the amiable worldling turned to Edward. "Your sister will not be back; so you may as well ring the bell for luncheon at once. Perhaps Mr. Hardie will join us."

Alfred declined, and took his leave with far less alacrity than he had entered with; Edward went down stairs with him.

"Miss Dodd gone on a visit?" asked Alfred, affecting carelessness.

"Only to the school. By-the-by, I will go and fetch her."

"No, don't do that; call on my sister instead, and then you will pull me out of a scrape. I promised to bring her here: but her saintship was so long adorning 'the poor perishable body,' that I came alone."

"I don't understand you," said Edward. "I am not the attraction here. It is Julia."

"How do you know that? When a young lady interests herself in an undergraduate's soul, it is a pretty sure sign she likes the looks of him. But perhaps you don't want to be converted; if so, keep clear of *her*. 'Bar the fell dragon's blighting way; but shun that lovely snare.'"

"On the contrary," said Edward, calmly, "I only wish she *could* make me as good as she is, or half as good."

"Give her the chance, old fellow, and then it won't be your fault if she makes a mess of it. Call at two, and Jenny will receive you very kindly, and will show you you are in the 'gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity.' Now, won't that be nice?"

"I will go," said Edward, gravely.

They parted. Where Alfred went the reader can perhaps guess; Edward to luncheon.

"Mamma," said he, with that tranquillity which sat so well on him, "don't you think Alfred Hardie is spoony upon our Julia?"

Mrs. Dodd suppressed a start, and (perhaps to gain time before replying sincerely) said she had not the honour of knowing what "spoony" meant.

"Why, sighs for her, and dies for her, and fancies she is prettier than Miss Hardie. He must be over head and ears."

"Fie child!" was the answer. "If I thought so, I should withdraw from their acquaintance. Excuse me; I must put on my bonnet at once, not to lose this fine afternoon."

Edward did not relish her remark: it menaced more Spoons than one. However, he was not the man to be east down at a word: he lighted a cigar, and strolled towards Hardie's house. Mr. Hardie, senior, had left three days ago

on a visit to London; Miss Hardie received him; he passed the afternoon in calm complacency, listening reverently to her admonitions, and looking her softly out of countenance, and into earthly affections, with his lion eyes.

Meantime his remark, so far from really seeming foolish to Mrs. Dodd, was the true reason for her leaving him so abruptly. "Even this dear slow Thing sees it," thought she. She must talk to Julia more seriously, and would go to the school at once. She went up-stairs, and put on her bonnet and shawl before the glass, then moulded on her gloves; and came down equipped. On the stairs was a large window, looking upon the open field; she naturally cast her eyes through it, in the direction she was going, and what did she see but a young lady and gentleman coming slowly down the path towards the villa. Mrs. Dodd bit her lip with vexation, and looked keenly at them, to divine on what terms they were. And the more she looked the more uneasy she grew.

The head, the hand, the whole person of a young woman walking beside one she loves, betrays her heart to experienced eyes watching unseen; and most female eyes are experienced at this sort of inspection. Why did Julia move so slowly? especially after that warning. Why was her head averted from that encroaching boy, and herself so near him? The anxious mother would much rather have seen her keep her distance, and look him full in the face. Her first impulse was that of leopardesses, lionesses, hens, and all the mothers in nature; to dart from her ambush and protect her young; but she controlled it by a strong effort; it seemed wiser to desery the truth, and then act with resolution: besides, the young people were now almost at the shrubbery; so the mischief, if any, was done.

They entered the shrubbery.

To Mrs. Dodd's surprise and dismay they did not come out this side so quickly. She darted her eye into the plantation; and lo! Alfred had seized the fatal opportunity foliage offers, even when thinnish: he held Julia's hand, and was pleading eagerly for something she seemed not disposed to grant; for she turned away and made an effort to leave him. But Mrs. Dodd, standing there quivering with maternal anxiety, and hot with shame, could not but doubt the sincerity of that graceful resistance. If she had been quite in earnest, Julia had fire enough in her to box the little wretch's ears. She ceased even to doubt, when she saw that her daughter's opposition ended in his getting hold of two hands instead of one, and devouring them with kisses, while Julia still drew her head and neck quite away, but the rest of her supple frame seemed to yield and incline, and draw softly towards her besieger, by some irresistible spell.

"I can bear no more!" gasped Mrs. Dodd aloud, and turned to hasten and part them; but even as she curved her stately neck to go, she caught the lovers parting; and a very pretty one too, if she could have looked at it, as these things ought always to be looked at: Artistically.

Julia's head and lovely throat, unable to draw the rest of her away, compromised; they turned, declined, drooped, and rested one half moment on her captor's shoulder, like a settling dove: the next, she scudded from him, and made for the house alone.

Mrs. Dodd, deeply indignant, but too wise to court a painful interview with her own heart beating high, went into the drawing-room: and there sat down, to recover some little composure. But she was hardly seated when Julia's innocent voice was heard calling "Mamma! mamma!" and soon she came bounding into the drawing-room, brimful of good news, her cheeks as red as fire, and her eyes wet with happy tears; and there confronted her mother, who had started up at her footstep, and now, with one hand nipping the back of the chair convulsively, stood lofty, looking strangely agitated and hostile.

The two ladies eyed one another, silent, yet expressive; like a picture facing a statue; but soon the colour died out of Julia's face as well, and she began to cower with vague fears before that stately figure, so gentle and placid usually, but now so discomposed and stern.

PANAMA AS A HOME.

THAT English man or woman of average intellect, education, and civilisation should be, by circumstances best known to themselves, condemned to settle down in this particular spot of land nine degrees distance from the equator, will strike an English reader as having fallen on lines of a hard nature. Let him judge for himself.

To these particular lines, then, destiny affixed the names of my brother and myself; falling straight upon this little midland neck of the New World, we felt destiny would we should follow, and follow we did. My brother was a merchant; I, his sister and housekeeper, accompanied him. We had pretty courageous hearts, and only our two unmarried selves to care for. In the Old World jogging on together, in the New, why not? We will make the best of everything. With such our watchword we answered the various arguments used first to dissuade and disgust us from going, afterwards by fellow-passengers who liked to magnify every horror and give unpleasant impressions by their various descriptions of the following encouraging nature.

English, French, Germans, Spanish, Portuguese, West Indians, Spanish South Americans—we were a mixed medley enough. There was a corpulent gentleman, very black in skin, very white in linen and waistcoats, and a yellow lady, his wife—Martinique people returning home. The lady wore a Paris bonnet when she landed at St. Thomas, and the most delicate of flounced silks, white kid gloves and bronzed boots; the gentleman was of a facetious and gallant nature; he would place his shiny black hand on his white waistcoat, would bow profoundly when

addressing a lady, and his laugh bore a family resemblance to that of Mr. Christy's minstrels. There was a young Limanian gentleman bound Lima-wards, of an indolent, somewhat insolent nature, who, lounging about in a gay dressing-gown, handsome, but not over-clean, an unshorn face, and no visible shirt, yawned away his day, cursing the fate that brought him into a floating prison, and amusing himself with a malignant satisfaction by disenchanting all the innocent adventurers, like ourselves, bound to new lands for the first time.

"Panama!" he echoed, contemptuously, when my brother informed him of our destination; "a hell upon earth! a sink of yellow fever, of intermittent fever and ague, of dirt, of fiery burning heat—overrun with Yankees."

"Panama!" cried another, with a derisive laugh; "give you joy of it. Thermometer ranges from 96 deg. to 110 deg. in the shade. If you live six months, thank your stars."

"Well," a third gentleman observes placidly, "I never lived there, myself, thank God, but I've crossed the isthmus, and I've been three days in the dirty town. The air of the isthmus laid me prostrate with fever, and the bells sent me raving mad while I lay sick, that's all I know of Panama."

"Nonsense," said my brother, when I discussed these remarks with him; "never believe any one's word till you can judge for yourself;" and so encouraged, I agreed to make the best of it, as usual.

The sunbeams fell hot and fierce on the little Yankee town of Aspinwall or Colon, when we got in. A strange unearthly howl reached our ears from the shore, which I, in my innocence, vaguely imagined to be the howl of wild beasts! This was the train.

Aspinwallers are attached to their small spot of swamp. "Oh, it's very superior to Panama." (Panama is the rival city.) "It is decidedly healthier, decidedly cooler, decidedly cleaner." In Aspinwall no greater encouragement awaited us. Poor Panama was evidently the bugbear of the world, great and small.

Now this I will maintain, that you may travel far and wide before you will see stranger, wilder, finer forest scenery and vegetation than that of the Panama isthmus, as you tear through a vast silent forest, where giant trees—compared to which our largest English oaks are as toys—where the mango, the guava, the palm, untouched by man's hand, grow and produce and reproduce till millions and millions multiply; truly the sight of God's work and man's labour brought into such strange incongruous contact, gives rise to new and stirring thoughts.

By this passage the New World, cut in half, has been, as it were, united, not without hard, fearful labour, struggle, and death: the road was strewn with dead labourers—victims of fever, exhaustion, suicide, like a battle-field. An object was gained through bloodshed—as battles are gained. It is a solemn thought when one passes through.

The Pacific in sight; presently the wooden roof of the railway in view, shining white in the fierce sun. The Bay of Panama, the church towers, the little islands dotting the sea, and the volcanic hills at the back of the tower—these present a picturesque effect. Driving to the hotel through the streets we are less charmed; general idea being ruin, poverty, dirt, and pigs. These are lean, debilitated pigs, which decline moving one inch out of the way as the omnibus, with its mules and brisk Jamaica driver, approach,—close upon them; must the poorbeasts inevitably be crushed? Happily not. With a short remonstrative grunt, they slowly remove about one clear inch from the mules' feet, and are saved. The dogs are lean and languid, and a horribly mongrel race; the human beings ditto, every tint from deep inky-black to the palest yellow being seen; the children swarm quite as extensively as the pigs. Men, women, children, and beasts are equally disinclined either to "move on" or out of the way. I don't like the look of the butchers' stalls in the market-place; I don't admire meat torn in long lean slips, dry as hard leather, sunning as it hangs; I don't find it odoriferous, but Frank says, "This is the back of the town—the outskirts." Ah, yes, like Stratford, Bow, and Whitechapel; the market-place is decidedly not West-end.

Past the market-place, and entering the town, there is an improvement. Some walls have been commenced, but never finished, called the barriers; beyond is a large old church in the main street, with a little oratory or small chapel beside it, where a lady is kneeling, while a wretched cripple halts at the door, meditating apparently whether he shall seek redress for his many infirmities from a patron saint. There are shops—stores, rather—restaurants such as you see in primitive, French towns, more churches, and a fine cathedral standing in the lonely plaza, old enough but not infirm. Our hotel is good, considering everything; but the bill long enough to shorten the weight in our purses. We are told the proprietor pays one hundred pounds per month for his house; therefore the thought of those daily inevitable two baths per diem at a dollar each seems less terribly exorbitant. Pride feels no pain, neither must a clean skin. A bottle of vin ordinaire, which in Paris might be worth eight sous, at a dollar: *that* is hard. We might dispense with wine if not with water.

To take a stroll through the streets of Panama to that fashionable promenade, the Ramparts, may have its charms; and to people determined, like ourselves, not to feel discouragement, I suppose it had. True, the streets are stony and the pavement uneven; occasionally a shower of dirty water is thrown over you as you walk under the balconies; the lean pigs and the wretched mongrels refuse to move. The streets are neither sweet nor clean. But we were assured the Ramparts would fully repay us.

To look far out to sea;—in the distance are a couple of English frigates and an American line-of-battle ship; the islands, Flamenco, kept

as a depôt for stores by the Yankees, the blue hills of Taboga and Tabogilla—the sight is pretty, but it is dismal. All this part looks gloomy, deserted, and lifeless. You know, as you pace up and down, that under your feet the wretched prisoners are languishing; for the prison is built under the Ramparts, and a deadly black hole must it be; there are a couple of cannon, guarded by two dirty, dilapidated, very villainous-looking soldiers, who may occasionally be seen stretched full length on the wall, fast asleep by their post. Two or three "loafers" idle languidly about; now and then a native nurse, very décolletée and very innocent of crinoline, her hair adorned profusely with ribbons, flowers, and combs, and some fat, pale children pass by. But all life seems stagnant and languishing. The whole place looks as if, when the rest of the world had moved on, it was left behind, forgotten or ignored.

Such were our reflections as we returned. The hotel, with its slight bustle and movement, seemed cheerful after the sight of the Ramparts, and we agreed not to make that our daily promenade.

The Panameños are not business-like. Greedy and avaricious to a degree, they yet seem uninterested as to whether they sell or not. I remember sending my boy to execute some commissions. He returned saying, "The lady in the store was at breakfast and could not attend to him." On another occasion, although I sent twice, I received for reply, "The gentleman was out and had the key in his pocket."

English and Americans usually hire West Indian or American negroes and negresses for our servants; the natives are dull, lazy, and dirty, neither willing nor capable of being taught. As a rule, I found the Americans not to be trusted. There is the utterly degraded, coarse, brutal negro and mulatto (as a general rule I prefer the genuine black man and woman too); there is, also, the deeply hypocritical, Scripture-quoting, psalm-singing Jamaica nigger, in whom put not your trust; these are invariably arrant impostors. Other blacks are zealous in service, honest, faithful, painstaking, and foolish; they become deeply attached to you, and show you all sorts of delicate attentions in the way of offerings of flowers, cakes, fruit, &c. They bear your scoldings meekly, and, while the scolding is fresh in their minds, profit by it; they have not a shade of common sense nor judgment, they know little of morality, they are untidy, variable in spirits and health, pleasing in manner, likeable with all their faults.

I have never heard a truthful report of the climate of Panama. It is the fashion to report it as a burning fiery furnace, and pestilential. I would not call it either the one or the other. In our house (it was a cool one) the thermometer ranged from seventy-eight to eighty-four degrees Fahrenheit. I never knew it higher. I have even known the temperature to fall as low as seventy-two, and after a good long spell of Panama we feel that cold. The dry season, commencing nominally in December and lasting

until April, is the healthiest, and the first part of it, the pleasantest. In December and January the intense heat has not set in. Only in the morning, until the norther, as it is called, begins, is the warmth oppressive. By five p.m. it is becoming cool, and through the night the fine fresh north wind is delightfully refreshing. I have always found March and April most trying; then is the heat felt sensibly, and the effects are very debilitating.

The rainy season is, up to a certain time, merely showery, uncertain weather, and summer lightning, vivid enough, may be seen every night. Later there are terrific storms, sharp, short, and angry. Such crashes of thunder that the old, crazy town seems falling in one mighty smash, succeeded by tropical rain in vast sheets, as if heaven opened to pour forth its seas upon the earth.

A curious incident occurred on the 4th of July, the first anniversary of the American independence after the civil war commenced. The American consul was entertaining his friends, stars and stripes flying, when a great storm coming on, a tremendous flash of lightning struck the flag-staff down, rending the Union flag in pieces. I think the Yankees were a little startled. Now and then we are excited by a revolt. Much panic, a rush of the natives away to the mountains or Taboga, some firing in the streets, applications from the local authorities to the foreign navy to fight battles they cannot fight for themselves, some discussion, followed by panic on both sides, attacked and attackers, then peace. Such is a grand revolution in Panama.

Robberies are rare enough, and when they do occur are seldom brought home to the natives. However, the police are scarcely ever able to trace out robbers, and I only wonder, so encouraged, they are not commoner.

In Panama women thrive not. The children are large and forward, though very pale, an effect of the heat; but the women, ladies and peasants, are miserably lean and sallow, seldom, especially foreigners, keeping their health.

The small temptation to walk prevents their taking active exercise; the heat (no winter bracing them up) debilitates; they languish, lose strength, appetite, colour, grow old prematurely, yet rarely die suddenly or before their time. Intermittent fever and ague is common, and once the constitution receives that taint, nothing but change of climate eradicates it. Frequently after sufficient change they are enabled to return and enjoy as good health as a tropical climate can bring to those accustomed to a temperate one. Falling after a time into a somewhat languid condition myself, we decided on taking a little trip to the delightful island of Taboga, for change of air and scene.

From the bay the scene is certainly very enchanting, so much so that I would recommend all travellers who are favoured by the view to stay, and not run the risk of disenchantment. The island is divided into two parts; one is called the Morro, on which is an English factory, the ground being in English possession,

and separated from the mainland in high tides, when the sea covers a little neck of sand running between. There are pretty little cottages, clean and white, but built of wood, and cruelly hot. The island is very mountainous, the village very picturesque *at a distance*; but, alas! on landing and proceeding to our queer little abode, much in the style of a French lodging-house in some very out-of-the-way Norman village, great was our disenchantment. Hard flinty stones cutting straight through your boots, more dirt, à la Panama, many more pigs, lean dogs, and goats. The latter, together with enormous crabs, used to walk into our sitting-room and promenade at their ease; the hungry dogs would prowl about, terribly tame, sniffing after any food they could pick up; the cats, too, so gaunt, and lean, and hungry, poor beasts, for it is not a land of milk and honey, and neither human nor dumb animals fatten on good things.

There was a fine bath to be got after a hard clamber up the side of the mountain. More beautiful scenery, exquisite foliage, great magnificent trees, and a stream running along rocks and stoncs. Alas! though, I soon lost strength to rise from my bed at five, make the ascent of the mountain, and return, in spite of my cool plunge, heated and wearied, the sun having sufficient power to scorch not a little. On the whole, we had to confess that our expedition was a failure, the pure air of Taboga having so far changed my health as to produce incessant sick-headaches, for the heat is certainly worse than that of Panama; thermometer ranging from 86 to 89 all the time, and the wooden houses being little calculated for the climate.

One good effect came of our expedition. Comparing Taboga and Panama together, one feels that the latter is a civilised place. At least one has green shutters, a stone house to live in, such comforts as we had gathered round us, and ice—for ice, thanks to an enterprising Yankee storkeeper, is abundant, and a real necessity of life.

Panama is, to the world in general, a part only of the road leading to better, more genial places. It is best so. Few can lead a happy or a profitable life there.

SMALL-BEER CHRONICLES.

WHAT a terrible spectacle "a room full of people" presents to a contemplative mind. "A room full of people." As you make ready for it, in your dressing-chamber, you seem with every added garment to cover up your mind, just as you cover up your body. At last all is hidden except the face, and that is the only part of your frame which you can hide quite well without a cover. There is no need for a face-cloth, or a mask; your eyes can be controlled to see the right people, and to pass the wrong people, and the mouth will smile on Prospero, while for Unprospero it will be stern and set. There is a sensation comes over a man as he puts on his evening dress, about which no

doubt can be entertained. As he ties his neck-cloth and slips on his coat, he puts on a kind of armour which we of this period wear when we enter the social lists.

There is a certain apartment called a tea-room, to which men who are troubled with some small amount of modesty and nervousness resort before they ascend the stairs which lead to the great field of battle. In this tea-room they pause awhile to get their forces in order. Here, one man calls to his aid every encouraging thought he is able to summon, and then, leaving his untasted tea on the table, makes for the great staircase, and dashes desperately into the scene of action. He sees, among a little crowd of persons on the landing-place, Unprospero—sees him by some process of clairvoyance, for he does not look at him. He looks on over people's heads into the rooms within, straining to catch sight of some one worth talking to. He has begun this already, and this will go on the whole evening. Everybody is on tenter-hooks, everybody is either a small person looking out for a great person to tack himself on to, or a great person looking out for somebody still greater with whom he feels he ought to foregather rather than with the individual who has possession of him. Is not this the history of an "at home?" No one is attentive, every one is, as they say on the stage, "looking off."

About the door-way there are many snares set for our Rising Man. The Unprospero family muster strong there, ready for a pounce; but a man of social resources can push on. He can pretend to see some one in the distance who is making signs to him to draw near, or he can simply abstain from answering what that particular member of the Unprospero race may say to him. Onward goes the Rising Man. Here, is somebody worth a word, but unfortunately he is engaged in what he evidently finds an interesting conversation, and has only a nod for the Rising Man, who next makes up to the lady of the house, and then to one of the Miss Prosperos, whose ear he manages to get half-possession of, for a few seconds. The Rising Man exerts himself, for it is well that he ought to be seen engaged in conversation with this young lady, but it is his turn to be punished now. Miss Prospero cannot or will not attend. She, too, is "looking off," and when our worthy says what he thinks a good thing, she does not smile, but answers all at cross purposes, and presently actually addresses a tall young man who is standing near, even while our friend is in the act of speaking. The Rising Man feels a warm glow of fury, but, looking at the gentleman for whom Miss Prospero has deserted him, is not surprised, for he is one of those who has not got to rise at all, but who is born, if one may be allowed the expression, ready made.

Of all the many heart-breaking small things which one sees in the small world, surely the most discouraging is the desperate sophistication and want of freshness which characterise young ladies. To see such *calculating* powers in those who are young is something astonishing and de-

plorable. As they enter the gates of society the porter must hand them the fruit of knowledge surely. In a fortnight they know everything. They know whom to encourage and whom to slight, the exact share of attention to mete out to this and to them, they take a man's measure with the cold eyes of an appraiser, and weigh him in the scales of the world's approval before they listen to a word he has to say.

In "the room full of people" where we are making these observations, there are many opportunities of noting the great worldliness of quite young women. We have seen Miss Prospero cutting a Rising Man for a Risen Man, and a very little further off we find Miss Miranda Prospero flattering an elderly man of hateful appearance and feeble mind, who is one of the richest noblemen in the land, and still single. This love-chase on Miranda's part has been going on a long time, and is well understood "in society." It is probable that the pursuit will be rewarded with success; for the young lady's flatteries are agreeable to this worn-out man. Those flatteries are artfully administered, and great effort and pains this young girl gives to hold the ground she has gained, and even to get a surer footing; but one thing she cannot do:—she cannot keep her eyes in order. There is a good-looking fellow lounging on a sofa hard by, and carrying on a great flirtation with a married friend of Miss Miranda, and, from this pair, she finds it difficult to look away.

Why is it not distinctly understood among us that it is impossible for any human being to attend to two conversations at once? It is better not to try, for no good can come of it. Long practice may have made you very adroit at this pastime of riding two conversational horses at once, but, clever at it, or stupid at it, you will be found out. You think you can manage this feat perfectly. You imagine that you can absent yourself mentally from your companion for a short time, and then come back to him undiscovered. You think you can dive down to the other end of the table for a minute and a half, and then return to the surface again without having been missed. Not you! Your neighbour looks round while your attention is thus absent without leave, and he observes the blank, and makes his comments on it. No doubt it is a painful thing if your name is Jones, and you have just brought out a highly successful drama, to hear somebody within your hearing commenting upon the incidents and plots of "Mr. Jones's Play," and yet to compel yourself to give the whole of your attention to the lady next you, who is informing you that Lady Diana Horseflesh has determined this season that all the riding in the Park must and shall be done in the afternoon instead of the morning. It is not for a moment to be denied that this is hard, but it must be borne; and even when the conversation has turned on the *faults* of "Mr. Jones's Play," and you have the chance of hearing it abused, you must still be resolute, and deny yourself the exquisite pleasure of hearing yourself attacked—and defended.

We are still in our "room full of people." As our Rising Man slides along it, looking from right to left out of the corners of his eyes, so as to see at some distance the people he is *not* to see, and be able to give them a wide berth—as he pursues this dexterous course, he takes note from time to time of the hideous position of those unhappy persons, some of whom are to be found in all great assemblies, who know nobody. A contemptuous shudder passes through his frame as he notices those poor devils. And pitiable their situation really is. There are a brother and sister transplanted out of an entirely different world, to whom an invitation has been sent, because the lady of the house wishes to show them "some attention." What an attention! What an evening's pleasure! The card of invitation to this "at home," has been in the chimney-glass of these worthy people, who live and keep house together, for the last three weeks. Their very marrow has congealed in their bones with awe, as sitting in front of the fire the last thing before parting for the night, they have talked this thing over, and commented on the appalling fact that they were not even invited until half-past ten. It has taken a week of such evening séances to enable them even to answer that invitation, for in it Mrs. Prospero has requested "the honour" of Mr. and Miss Smalley's company, and this they are not used to, having only hitherto in their own immediate circle had the "pleasure" of their company solicited. How is this word honour to be dealt with? Shall they reply that they "will have the honour of accepting?" No, Mr. Smalley, who has an accurate soul, and a fastidious taste, informs his sister that it would be ungrammatical to express themselves as accepting in the future tense, because they do then and there and in that letter accept Mrs. Prospero's invitation. He thinks they had better stick to their accustomed form of words, and state that they "have great pleasure in accepting Mrs. P.'s kind invitation;" but when this has been written out, these two babes in the wood do not like the look of it, and go to work again. Miss Smalley asks whether they might not say that they will have the honour of availing themselves; but Mr. Smalley, the fastidious, thinks this sounds like clutching at the thing too much, and as to Miss Smalley's last suggestion, that perhaps they had better "have the honour of waiting upon Mrs. Prospero," he will not hear of that on any terms. At last they get desperate, and a letter is committed to the care of the post-office, in which it is stated that Mr. and Miss Smalley "are honoured in accepting the obliging invitation of Mrs. Prospero." When that note has been irrevocably committed to the pillar-post, they feel that their prospects are blighted for ever, and would sacrifice unheard-of sums to be able to get it back again.

And all this agony, all Miss Smalley's tortures in choosing a new dress, all her doubts about the way in which it should be trimmed, all her misgivings about her hair—what has come of this suffering? What has come of Mr.

Smalley's purchase of a new coat, something long in the sleeves and short in the skirts, of a new white cravat, of dazzling gloves? Nothing. An evening of discomfort. The early part of it spent in waiting and waiting till it should get to be time to go; the latter part of it in leaning up against a wall and being entirely neglected. As our Rising Man passes this worthy couple, he says to himself, "Now what *can* make people of that sort come out, I wonder!" At last the Smalleys go down to the refreshment-room together, and, as they consume an ice apiece, and scatter wafers o'er a smiling land in the attempt to eat them, they talk quite strangely and politely to each other, as if they were only slightly acquainted. They go home at last, and it is over.

There are many mysterious and unaccountable people who manage to glide into the best regulated and most select "at homes." The chief characteristic of all of them is, that they have nobody to talk to, and are shy of each other: engaging rarely, and only when desperate, in conversation among themselves. It is possible that to this mysterious class belong some of those distinguished ladies who advertise in the newspapers that they have opportunities of introducing into good society ladies who are desirous of mingling therein. These social pariahs drift into corners, and obstruct doorways, and smile as if they were enjoying themselves; but our Rising Man knows better than to have anything to say to them, though some of them who knew him when he was lower down in the social scale, make desperate efforts to catch that evasive eye of his, with which he looks over them, and through them to something else behind, and alongside them, and round them, in the most distracting way imaginable.

Is there no more pleasant view of "a room full of people" to be taken than this? Nay, that would be a sad creed, if we were compelled to take up with it. Happily we are not. There are people whom "society" cannot spoil, and there are some whom it only spoils temporarily. The young days of these last are their worst days. As they get older, they get wiser and better. And those whom society does really spoil, or whom, at any rate, it has the credit of spoiling, is it really to blame for their bad qualities? No. It develops, perhaps, a little sooner, qualities they would have displayed any way. They would most likely have been bad, cold, selfish under any circumstances. What sort of a boy was that same Rising Man? I knew him at school, and we used to be sworn allies, great chums and playfellows. But at the beginning of one "half," there came up to our semi-nary two sons of a wealthy neighbour of my friend's father: disagreeable boys enough, in no way, though I say it, more eligible playfellows than I was; yet I was from that time deserted, gradually let down, and there was an end to my intimacy with my friend. To adopt such ways is entirely foreign to the nature of some people. They enter the world. They try it. They are caught for a time by the glitter and the excitement, and determine to be distinguished among

people whom for a while they estimate over highly, they even fall into such people's ways, and are temporarily as cruel and as worldly as the worst about them. But this is only, after all, a phase. They are dissatisfied. There is compunction in their hearts. Ultimately, they either abandon the field in disgust, or remain, the fairest specimens of "people in the world," the pillars that support the fabric of society, the salt which keeps the great mass from becoming corrupt.

It is extraordinary how soon and how completely a person of naturally amiable character will, by a course of thoroughly "good society," be rendered arrogant and disagreeable. He is obliged to be so in pure self-defence. He begins by being good natured and unassuming, and he finds that it will not do. He begins by cheerfully saluting any individual to whom he has been introduced, whenever he sees him; he wears a pleased expression when in society, is ready to enjoy himself, and to help others to enjoy themselves. But, unless the man is foolish, this happy state of affairs is but of short duration. Honeywood finds his good nature imposed upon, and after a series of small conflicts in which he is worsted, he wakes up at last to the conviction that to live in society is to be engaged in a campaign. Snarers, pitfalls, ambuscades, await him at every turn. Hand-to-hand encounters are numerous and fierce, while the general mêlée is of a terrific nature, and requires a quick eye, a confident and brazen soul, and a ruthless and unpitiful heart. And after a few encounters Honeywood acquires these qualities. He never receives an invitation without misgivings whether it may not be a cover to some ambuscade. If the notice be a short one, he is sent for as a stop-gap; if a long one, the people are so anxious to get him that they are not worth visiting. How long after he has entered a room shall he take note of the existence of Mr. So-and-So? What length of time shall elapse before he bows to Mrs. So-and-So? It must all be calculated. No eagerness, no frank good nature, no admiration for anybody or for anything, and, above all, no quarter. Every slight must be treasured up, set down on memory's tablets, revenged years afterwards, if the thing be possible, repaid with interest, simple and compound. And it is well if this be all, and if the person who has injured Mr. Honeywood alone suffers by his retaliation. Things are not always managed with even so much of justice, and it often happens that Mr. A., or, still more likely, Mrs. A., revenges herself for the injuries inflicted by Mrs. B. on the miserable Mrs. C., who is herself altogether harmless and unoffending. And this is an almost incomprehensible depth of villainy. Suppose you have been in a large company, and have been cut dead by the illustrious Prospero, it is natural that you should abhor that individual with that hearty hatred which Dr. Johnson is said to have approved of; but it is not natural that you should straightway go forth and cut Unprospero, who has never harmed you. Yet this is done, and done very often.

Among the novelties which it is the duty of a Small-Beer Chronicler to put on record as belonging to the age, must be mentioned an invention highly useful in killing time, called "Five-o'clock Tea." This is purely a thing of the day, and was a bright idea on Society's part. Ladies of all ages are very partial to this meal. It plays the deuce with the nerves, and it entirely destroys the appetite for dinner; but this five-o'clock tea has filled up a blank waste place. There is no time for emui, now—unless, perchance, that terrific demon should be present on every occasion throughout the day, and preside over them all. It is always possible. For with all this variety, it is curious to think that a marvellous degree of monotony is perfectly consistent. Whether the social gathering is called a five-o'clock tea, or an at home, really matters little. The same people meet continually, the same things are said over and over again, and the same situations and scenery are in every drama. A man who goes about much, gets, at last, to know to a dead certainty what is going to happen at certain social crises. As surely as a particular scene at the opera, with a baronial hall and a table with an inkstand and an enormous pen, informs him that directly the curtain rises he is in for a notary and a contract, so surely does the appearance of certain instruments at a dinner-table and the tuning-up of the conversational orchestra inform him of what is coming.

I wonder how often the ensuing conversation has taken place, word for word, during the last twelve months?

"Lord Dundreary—oh yes, delightful, is it not?"

"Yes, capital—very amusing."

"I wonder what he's like off the stage. Did you ever see him?"

"Yes. I met him once at dinner."

"Yes? How very nice. And what is he like?"

"Oh, well, you know, he's a quiet, gentleman-like man."

"Really. How very delightful. I'd give anything to see him. They say that acting the part so often has quite made him stammer."

"Oh no, not at all. You wouldn't know he had ever acted the part. He doesn't look the least like the character," &c. &c.

Can anything be more monotonous, again, than the conversation of that wonderful class of semi-diplomatic wiseacres who get together at conversational clubs and other places of male resort? The man who "knows for certain that on that particular question government must go out—there is no help for it;" he, again, who "has it from a source that he mustn't mention, but which leaves no doubt of the correctness of the report, that Pilgrimstone was sent for in the middle of the night to Windsor in consequence of the expressions let fall by the Secretary for Peace in the House, the night before last, and that on his return a cabinet council was called to consider, &c. And is it not remarkable that these same political prophets in no wise lose caste or fall in the estimation of those who listen to them, in consequence of the failure of their pre-

dictions? When one of these individuals, for instance, announces that a certain noble lord is going out of office on a certain question, and when the noble lord does *not* go out on that question or any other, one would suppose that this gentleman's next prophecy would be generally disregarded. Not in the slightest degree.

Oh, Society! what sacrifices do people make to thee; sacrifices of health, of comfort, of money, of sleep, of digestion, of temper, of inclination. And all for what? Apparently that they may have the opportunity of standing upon a landing-place and asking Mrs. Worldly Wiseman whether she has seen The Duke's Motto, and what she thinks of it—which, after all, does not matter much—or whether she has attended Professor Pepper's lecture at the Polytechnic, and what she thinks of *that*—which, if possible, matters still less. They get, too, the chance of exchanging defiant stares with several gentlemen who are possessed of a good command of eye, whom they know perfectly well, and who know them perfectly well, but who are as determined as they are, not to bob first. And these pastimes indulged in to the full, and a due amount of iced coffee swallowed, they are at liberty, being very hot, to cool themselves by attending Mrs. Worldly Wiseman to her carriage, bare-headed, with a keen north-easter blowing into the hall, and then, at last, to depart. The next morning their brains feel as if they had been boiled, and their eyes as if they had been roasted, their legs ache, they have a cold in the head, and rheumatism in the tendon Achilles.

To judge by people's countenances, they none of them enjoy themselves in society, and to judge by their conversation, they all feel it necessary to find an excuse for being there. One has a daughter whom she is bound to escort into the world; another has a sick maternal aunt at home who is amused by an account of the party. One gentleman comes because he is out of health, and his medical man recommends, nay commands, him to have change and amusement; another comes because it is his business to observe men and manners, and so he is obliged to go out. But they all dislike it; they all think it an irrational thing; they go forth, impelled by conscience and a keen sense of duty. In not one of which excuses need the reader place the slightest confidence.

BERLINGACCIO.

[The last Thursday in Carnival is called Berlingaccio—a night of special revel throughout Italy, when the gayest of the great public masked balls always takes place.]

ON Mad-Thursday night,
When the revel shrieks,
Boiling to its height
Wave-like, ere it breaks;
Jostled by the crowd
(Yet to vulgar touches
Cold as in her shroud),
Stands Salviati's duchess,
Dreaming half aloud;
Dreading what she seeks.

"Black from head to heel—
Mantle, mask, and glove—
Scarce with life to feel
If I loathe or love;
Still I watch the throng
Shouting, whirling round me.
Oh! the hours are long
Since this midnight found me
Muffling up my wrong
From the blaze above!

"Masks are gibbering past,
Blurred by misty sheen.
Ha! . . . the two . . . at last . . .
Rather felt than seen!
Yet, I mark each line,
Hue, and fold, and feature;
Even that curl of thine,
Thou slight girlish creature!
Peeping, fair and fine,
Mask and cape between.

"Now, he turns to speak,
And, to her reply,
Smiling bends his cheek.
Could they know 'tis I! . . .
Hush! his tones are true.
No more need of feigning!
Love's old song grown new,
Sweet beyond all training,
Runs its gamut through,
As in days gone by!

"What! . . . persuade! . . . endure! . . .
Down! weak thought of shame!
Were the winning sure,
Would I win the game?
Is his smile, forsooth,
Worth one smile to gain it?
Woman! . . . tell the truth!
Thou wouldst, to obtain it,
Give thy shred of youth,
And thy spotless name.

"There . . . the monstrous show
Laps them, like a sea.
Much has been . . . I know . . .
More has yet . . . to be! . . .
Still I watch the flood
Battling, shrieking round me,
Cold . . . in mask and hood,
As the midnight found me;
Standing, where they stood . . .
Doubting . . . was it he?

"Fie! false abject soul,
To thyself forsworn!
Wouldst thou shirk the goal?
Drop the prey untorn?
Have I dogged his track,
Mutely fiercely thirsting,
To be 'frighted back
By a heart-string bursting,
Strained upon the rack
'Twixt revenge and scorn?

"Man! one last weird tie
Links us fast and tight.
Still I know thee nigh
As I knew to-night.
Ay, thou, too, shalt own
(Mid thy flowery pleasure

Rank with sins full-blown)
 Mine avenging presence,
 When thy joys lie strown,
 Rotting in thy sight!"

THE RENOWNED DOG CÆSAR.

It was at Wearmouth, on the coast, where there were docks and vessels of war, and mariners, and a general sea flavour, that we—my younger brother Jack and I—were reared: at the apron, as it were, of an aunt of awful severity, and almost ferocious bearing towards the youth of either sex. She meant well; for to adults needing the many charities of life, she was gentle and gracious. But towards infancy her system amounted to a frightful terrorism. The town and its docks are fallen out of fashion; the mariners, and the ships of the mariners, have long since drifted away; that stern woman, who ruled so awfully in the little two-story baby-house at the entrance of the sea-town—a baby-house with a garden and wooden green rails in front, and a green paddock—hunting-grounds so exquisitely coveted, and so jealously guarded—that stern woman has drifted away too, in quite another direction. But there remains for me, in all its primitive gorgeousness, undimmed, untarnished, in the old glory, the old nimbus or aureole, the image of the Theatre Royal, Wearmouth, that glorified temple of the drama, rising in a sort of divine light and rosy cloud, all spiritual as it were, and redeemed from any taint of earthy grossness.

Taken in a strict practical sense, such as it would appear to persons of a prose nature, and setting its image before me at this date, it must be owned that it was a mean wretched tenement. It was very old, very shaky and tattered towards the roof, sadly ruined, and, for a considerable margin running round its base, very soiled and slimy, like the green sediment on the sheathing of an old ship. An ancient shed ran all round; and over each door were faded inscriptions—a little awry, too—"BOXES"—"PIT"—"GALLERY." Gorgeous cabalistics they seemed; and though the approach to the sacred stage was up a lane, which I believe now must have been dark, boggy, and unsavoury. I used to look up the lane with an awe and exquisite interest, and an utter insensibility to the peculiar fragrance of the place. It was this divine beat which kept away a too near familiarity with the persons of those who took part in the inner unspeakable mysteries. Once, indeed, I saw a figure pass me, and turn up the sacred lane, and whose retreating form I pursued with a gaze almost stupified. An interior instinct told me at once who it was; and though his face was of a curious dusky yellow, and though his coat was buttoned tightly, and his hat had acquired a sort of burnish or glaze near the brim, from too anxious brushing—still, through all their tokens broke out the divinity of the man. I pursued him with a sort of fas-

ination until he reached the door, and was absorbed into those halls of Eblis—behind the scenes. It thrilled me. He would live constitutionally among the blue clouds, and the golden spangles, and crimson light (for the pantomime was then going forward, and the luscious description on the bills drove us wild), and rise up clarified, as it were, with an ambrosial light in his face, and clothed in dazzling celestial attire. It was maddening; for our ascetical aunt, following the tenets of the late Mr. Wesley, never let us near these demoralising seats of entertainment.

Shall I ever forget that morning when we—my younger brother Jack and myself—prowling about the town on our way to school, were attracted by a dead wall—a wall so dead, in fact, that decomposition had set in—which displayed to our enraptured eyes a bright fresh glaring primrose-coloured bill—glistening like a snake's coat with the fresh varnish of new paste. We were always greedy connoisseurs of such proclamations. It was the most delightful and entertaining literature we knew. They became Homeric for us; because, recording the works of godlike men and women. What dignity, what gorgeousness, what splendour in the titles! associations of which no rude awakening shocks could ever have divested us. But here, at the dead wall, with chins turned upward at an angle painfully inconvenient—for the officer of the theatre had placed his bill at a higher level than his wont (it was a Saturday morning, too, I recollect)—we read the delightful news, and were confounded with joy. The "Renowned DELAVAL Family" were engaged for three nights only, which was welcome intelligence in itself; but an arrangement had also been effected with their famous DOG CÆSAR! which was the special tidings that made our hearts beat. He was actually engaged to perform in an exciting, a real piece, the name of which we had never heard, and yet which was very dear and familiar, and strangely vital and suggestive—"The Dog of Montargis, or the Forest of Bondy!" What a breadth, a pregnancy of colour, as it were! Could the English language go further? A dreamy mystery hung over the yellow bill, and seemed to exhale from that glorified paste. Something French, something secret, something in the depths of a forest, exquisitely delightful. Nor was this all. There was a cut—a cut?—a vigorous picture—brought out in rich masses of printing ink, with the dog, noble creature, in the centre, and the moon, boldly portrayed, and trees, and a woman at the door of a house. Nor was this all. The characters were sustained by the Delaval Family—the "inimitable" Delaval Family—that is to say, by Mr. Delaval (of the Theatres Royal, London, Bath, and Bristol, indistinctly); Madame Delaval, also indistinctly, of the Theatres Royal, London, Bath, and Bristol; Mr. Paul Delaval, late of the Metropolitan Theatres (this much more cloudily); and "the Infant Marie Delaval," a little cherub of the stage, as yet far too young

to be associated with any establishment. Though yet unknown to us personally, we—my brother and I—felt a strange yearning to “the Infant Marie Delaval,” for even the bill, usually seasoned with the coldness of an official document, spoke of her delicately and tenderly. This gifted family, we observed, came forward later in their Grottesque Ballet Pantomime, entitled “The Scaramouche in Love,” which seemed to be an entertainment of much promise. But, somehow, our eyes seemed to wander back again to the glorious cartoon, done in the rich lamp-black, of the friend of man, the “renowned Dog Cæsar,” wandering in his mysterious forest. Lovely, indeed, was that bill against the dead wall; and we feasted on it until we knew its sonorous periods by heart; even until we arrived a full quarter of an hour late at school, and were put ignominiously with our faces to the wall. We little recked that public humiliation; we were far away, lifted above earth, in the society of the immortals, the Delaval Family, and the Dog Cæsar!

That Saturday was a half-holiday. In our way home we took the now etherealised temple of the drama. A horrid profanation had occurred in our absence. Some irreverent person had carelessly torn away a large segment of the bright yellow bill, dividing the renowned dog Cæsar diagonally across; barely the head and fore-paws of the injured animal were left. It was a cruel outrage. We found another not very far away; but somehow it had not the old glory; it did not show the original glisten and stickiness, so to speak. The first had endeared itself as though it had a special individuality of its own, and yet this was clearly an erroneous impression. It was the change in the renowned dog Cæsar that affected us. He seemed fainter—his impression that is; the black ink was not so vivid and abundant.

At home there was a strange surprise. There was our father waiting, come down from London to see us: nay, not only to see us, but to take us home for a week. Events of gravest import had occurred; the hand of a sister had been asked in marriage—the hand of the sister had been granted, and we were to be fetched to see the show. To-morrow we were to start; meantime, we would take papa out and show him the sea, town, docks, mariners, and the rest of the attractions. Was the same thought in both our little hearts? Was the same idea ever fluttering upward to our lips? With our dear father we always cultivated a republican freedom of speech; but it was the ineffable awe and grandeur of the subject that inspired us with timidity. But it is certain that, with a mutual instinct we artfully took him round by the strange and deeply meaning edifice which affected us so curiously. And, after all, there was indeed a sincerity in this motion, for we regarded it as by far the chief lion of the place. “What! eh!” said our dear father, gaily, “what’s this? Store of some sort? Oh, I see—used to be a theatre. Have they ever plays here now?” Our eyes met—my brother’s and mine, that is—

and we murmured timorously, “Oh, papa, the Dog! the Renowned Dog Cæsar!” We had drawn him near to a glistening bill; the glories met his eye!

We went that night—I cannot bear to think how wearily the hours dragged themselves by—and yet the bliss of that day; it was too much happiness for mortal boy. I had a sort of gentle palpitation of the heart which was distressing at times; it came from chafing at the constraint, and yet it was very sweet agony; but our aunt! gracious, what injustice we had done that injured woman! How we had secretly traduced her! We blushed for it, and wondered at our blindness. She entered into all the spirit of the festival; her ascetical spirit had vanished. She was enthusiastic, generous, co-operative; she lent her aid heartily to the adornment of our persons. She was busy the whole evening, decorating us with unprecedented splendour. What a fairy-like evening it was—a golden cloud hangs over it now—we walked and pursued the customary avocations of life as in a glory. The customary ceremonial of dinner was but indifferently executed, in strange contrast to the usual avidity that waited on that meal. We were too blissful for such earthly joys; there was a choking feel about the throat, and an interior disrelish, which rendered the meal unpleasant; it was got through in some fashion; papa occupying a time and using a deliberation that seemed unaccountable. Then to dress.

Delicious function! Such burnishing of the cheek, such moistening of the hair—never was personal adornment so delightful. There was a magic waistcoat of pale blue shot with silver, never worn before, and which had indeed been appointed for another solemnity, but through accident had been left buttonless. This my aunt—no longer ascetic—strained every nerve to have completed. There were white trousers—virgin articles and speckless; and there were short jackets, and black ribbons about our necks tied in elegant bows.

The dragging hours at length brought us to seven o’clock. At half-past the doors opened. Yet there was a feeling within us that no risk was to be run, and that a handsome margin of time was to be allowed to be clear of accidents. A fly, therefore, was sent for with all speed; with fluttering hearts we descended in our gorgeous apparel. It was a dampish interior, and had a perfume of ancient straw—yet how celestial seemed the vehicle. That aroma has been sweet in our nostrils ever since. A horrible thought—what if the household time had been astray, say by half an hour, or even by three-quarters! At another season the wildness of the theory would have been apparent on a moment’s thought, for an irregularity of that nature under the rule of my aunt—that exactest of the tribe of women—was almost ludicrously improbable. A moment’s calm reflection would have shown us this; but we were too agitated to let reason have her sway.

Here it was at last—a dark projection, with

unlimited flare of gas. Here was *our* door, with the epigraph "BOXES," on which played unsteadily, a lamp. A few people were standing about, one or two entering, and yet on the whole there was not the furore we counted on. What a fragrance again as we entered the passages, skirted by whitewashed walls, and sprinkled ever so delicately with sawdust,—a fragrance compounded of orange-peel, and a delicate aroma of gas, together with a damp vaultish savour, inexpressibly sweet. And then the check-taker; how courtly, how noble in his bearing (I believe him now to have been a very earthy creature, sadly corrupted with gin); and above all, the Unseen Hand that so mysteriously absorbed our moneys into that awful window! Another moment, and we are in the theatre! Exquisite sensation! Something between awe and a thrill, and yet ravishing delight, curiously compounded, as the somewhat murky interior gradually opened on us. And yet, though *now* it was something approaching to darkness, yet then it was more a subdued light and delicious sense of mystery. It must have been a raw and cavernous temple; somewhat, as I now suspect, broken out into moist patches and damp eruptions, with an universal unwholesomeness as to the plaster. The green curtain was mean, and a little ragged, and an unwholesome air seemed to float from the pit. But I saw none of these imperfections—it was all divine, sacred, and we gazed with ineffable reverence, and waited for the dog. Dimly does it now come back to us that there was not an overwhelming audience: which indifference to the claims of the drama affected us with secret wonder.

When our eyes had been satiated with the natural beauties of the scene, they found a sort of relief in wandering to the orchestra, which was now filling in slowly. I am bound to say, that the divine cloud did not seem to enclose those members of human society; but stopped short with the stage. Still, though regarding them with a certain familiarity, and as more or less mortal, they seemed lifted above our humanity, and formed a link between us and that brighter sphere to which they led the way. Even their entrance—how mysterious!—was out of the bowels of the earth.

And yet, looking back now, taking them for all in all, I am afraid they were not what would be called an efficient orchestra. I fancy five or six was their full strength; but no secret enemy can say that on that night they did not do their best. But the whole responsibility seemed to lie upon one member, who seemed to take upon himself more duty than was perhaps necessary for the complete balance of the parts. He sat apart, and long before the performance commenced, preludised softly to himself. His instrument was the cornet.

I am confident the music he discoursed was of a harsh, and what might be called an *ad libitum*, nature. None of the Band, I am confident, were shackled by the stupid conventionalities of notes or staves; and yet the effect seemed to be very

beautiful. Too much—a responsibility almost unfair—seemed to be thrown upon the shoulders of the drum—I mean upon the performer who made that instrument discourse. He never relaxed; but when there was even a hint of failing, came in splendidly to the rescue. Someway the wielder of the cornet attracted me more powerfully. He seemed more conscientious; yet this might be fanciful. There was something odd about his appearance that drew us to him with wonder. He always presented to us who were above, a sort of second face, for he was abruptly and shingly bald; and the effect to us, was as of a small private pool or pond, surrounded with banks of rich verdure. He had a hopeless expression, as though he were blowing himself steadily to his grave, and at the same time a stern purpose in his blast, as though he were blowing a scanty subsistence for a numerous offspring at home. A few scattered brambles grew upon his upper lip, in the nature of a moustache, and he affected us with sadness.

It was a gloomy piece naturally, alas! I speak of the cold maturer view—with that Forest of Bondy in the dead of night, and a good deal of losing of their way by belated parties, and much measured speech, reprimanding, defiant, and in various other keys; and yet how absorbing, how even fascinating, the whole history. How we sympathised with the noble Aubrey (he was captain in the French service at some indistinct period, when a large field of white facings was worn in front), who used literally to chant his heroic sentiments in a sort of measured strain. And was he not proprietor of the renowned dog Cæsar? Aubrey—the name Captain Aubrey, how musical, how melodious! It embodied all that was chivalrous, grand, gallant. Even in the bearing of that other officer in the same regiment, a man in whose breast every spark of manly principle seemed dead, and who was consumed with an unworthy jealousy of the noble Aubrey, even in him (*he* had large white facings too) we had that interest which attaches to bold reckless villainy. It was impossible not to admire secretly, when the noble Aubrey was forced into a duel with him and actually won the first fire, how *he*—was his name Lesparre, or something in that key?—took his place with folded arms and without changing a muscle. We knew, as *he* knew well, that the noble Aubrey had his life at his command—and we gasped. A feeling, however, that was changed into uncontrollable admiration when the noble Aubrey discharged his weapon in the air, remarking at the same moment that "thus it was that Aubrey avenged himself upon his friend." Which admiring feeling was in no wise diminished by the fact that for the rest of the evening the air was charged with the sulphurous results of the explosion.

From the way in which the Captain—shall we say Lesparre?—received this advance, we gave him up. He must have been radically a bad man, and we were not surprised when the night drew on, and the noble Aubrey had to pass through the Forest of Bondy on urgent private

affairs, to find this bold bad man plotting some unholy deed. We had no fair data to go on, but we could see from the scowl and general deportment of Lesparre, that something was rankling in his breast.

It came to the Forest itself—the depths of the Forest—a *very* flat scene, which came from the right and left and joined in the middle; and at the same moment, to impart a sense of coming horrors, the lights went down to a degree that hindered all view of what was going forward. And yet there was an artfulness in this enforced obscurity, for otherwise would have been revealed—at least, I now feel an instinct of this description—a cottage and garden in the distance, with other objects wholly inconsistent with the depths of a forest. The mists of years rise up between me and that lonely and sequestered place; yet still I faintly recall that we were present at the deed of blood. The fact is, all gave way before the overpowering interest of the scene that followed, still vividly imprinted, even to the minutest particulars: the scene of the Midnight Cottage, with a real green door, and a real garden gate, and a bell, and general obscurity.

What was it that made our heart leap so? Not the skipping grasshopper music which was now being “made” in the orchestra, suggestive of spasmodic walking, and which had somehow a strangely oppressive effect,—not the silent and deserted aspect of the village hamlet (the proprietors of the green gate and bell being locked in profound slumber), not the breathless expectancy of the House, but the distant bark or “baying” (most exquisite music!) of the Dog (induced by pressure on his tail) heard behind! At that sound a strange physical impulse of rising and sitting down again in our places took possession of us—a pleasing yet disquieting restlessness—with an idea that force would be requisite to keep us down in our places. Every eye was strained to the wing. And here, with a sort of joyous canter, his mouth open, and a great red tongue lolling good humouredly out, as the habit of Newfoundland dogs is, entered the renowned dog Cæsar.

At last! Splendid creature, so noble, so grand, so massive. Black and white all over, shaggy, with his tail in a hairy and insolent cornucopia, and his hair, ears, and general person, swinging about him as he walked. We burst into a tumult of delight as he jogged across, utterly indifferent to the lights and intelligent audience who were regarding his movements, and, oh! wonder of wonders, reared himself on his hind-legs at the green gate, took a cord in his mouth, and rang the bell—at least *appeared* to perform that function. For how were we to know that the cord had been artfully rubbed with some substance of a rich and savoury nature (it *may* have been dripping), or that the bell was rung behind, by no other hand than that of his master, the wicked Lesparre! But wait. There was more to come.

To him opens the green gate a domestic of the house, plainly roused from slumber, with a familiar bed-chamber candlestick in her hand.

She looks round with inquiry for the human hand that, of course, has rung, and at last sees the faithful and intelligent animal at her feet. But mark what follows. The faithful and intelligent animal (on unseen invitation from the base Lesparre) seizes the familiar candlestick in his mouth, and ambles off with it (still lighted), all his coat swinging and shaking about him. Just at the end he stops a second (the base Lesparre has got round in time) and looks round over his shoulder by way of invitation, which motion has set the candle all awry, and has nearly lighted up his own tail—and then exit. Delightful creature!

It was only natural that on the disappearance of the noble Aubrey in the Forest of Bondy, something in the nature of an investigation should be set on foot. Was it the Colonel that took the matter up? Suspicion somehow lighted on the vile Lesparre, whose deportment, lowering, surly, and with a general tendency to folded arms when questioned, did seem to fortify the impression abroad. Why linger over details? He is tried before some irregular tribunal; the case breaks down. Already there is an air of triumphant villany on his lips; when hark! once more to the familiar note at the side. The officers of the court look out anxiously in that direction; a lane is opened; and in comes, bounding, scampering, and his great red mouth opened with frightful ferocity, the noble Dog, making straight for the wretched criminal. The wretched criminal was seen to lift his two hands to his throat, no doubt for its protection (but in the days of later scepticism I knew it was actual invitation to the animal to attach itself promptly), and then followed a most distressing scene. The wretched criminal, when he found the dog was securely fixed in his handkerchief, sloped his back inward, held his arms out, as if in the natural agony of the moment, and began to turn round and round. The noble dog held on firmly, and by the motion was swung out in the air. Rounds of tumultuous applause from all sides. Still, strange to say, none of the court, or even of the soldiers in cocked-hats who were standing by, interfered, but all seemed anxious to allow canine justice to take its course. Finally, without apparent reason, the strength of the vile Lesparre gave way, and he tottered to the ground, while the noble brute got over him and burrowed at his throat, and barked furiously, and at the same time wagged the cornucopia,—although as if in apparent satisfaction. At the end of all, the music braying on mournfully, the green curtain slid down in sad folds; the members of the court formed in an exact semicircle round the dog and the vile Lesparre, now almost exhausted; and, with feelings of alarm and terror, we saw the soldiers in the cocked-hats pointing their muskets with deadly aim at the prostrate form of the murderer of Aubrey!

As the curtain fell, a feeling of deep grief settled on us, that we were never more to see the renowned dog, and that we were, as it were, parted from him for ever. But the audience began

to raise discordant cries, which were understood as a desire to see the noble animal once more, in a sort of private capacity. And presently the curtain being drawn aside, to our speechless delight we saw him again; that is, his huge bluff head, and red jaws and tongue, which it seems constitutional with him to keep on view, for respiratory ends. He withdrew it in a second, but reappeared a little suddenly, giving the idea of having been propelled from behind. He then stepped forth gravely and deliberately, and trotted across, swinging his coat in measured beats, until he reached the other end. Then something appeared to irritate the huge flap of his ear, and with a delightful aplomb, he at once dropped into a sitting attitude, and with his hind paw proceeded diligently to alleviate this cutaneous affection. The ease, the absence of shyness, the happy air, with which this operation was accomplished, would have done credit to any man of the world, were he trained in the very best circles. When the work was accomplished to his satisfaction, he retired, pushing the curtain aside with his nose. I question if this act, performed in a private capacity, did not endear the noble animal to us, more than his more elaborate performances.

A troubled feverish sort of night followed this first mental trouble we had known. Our hearts fluttered uneasily. The gorgeous lights of the scenic world danced before our eyes. Our neat and orderly chamber, otherwise welcome, became odious and prison-like. In the morning we awoke, and came down with a heavy, heavy weight upon our soul. To look back, it seemed a blissful night, bathed in golden purple, pink—what hue was it?—light. And the dog! Thrice noble, grand, brave, gallant, lovable animal. Then came an internal soreness as we thought of him.

In the middle of the day, our father took us away up to London: our aunt, over whom principle had now again asserted its sway, taking of us a cold and stern farewell. We were going home; there were joyful times approaching; unbounded cake, a certain freeness in a money direction, and a general license as to manners. Home was always welcome; and with such a festival as a sister's marriage! And yet on this occasion we went forth with mournfulness. We seemed to be leaving a friend. I believe—but we did not dare even to whisper this—that if the matter were open to such an arrangement, we would have cheerfully exchanged all our chance of future joys for one more night of canine happiness. A rash improvident contract, such would have been, but we would have entered into it cheerfully. Where was he now, the noble creature? How was it with him in private life? Did he feast on the fat of the land, as a dog of such gifts should? A hundred such questions as these entertained us, as we were borne far away from him and Wearmouth.

The family were in all the flutter and confusion attendant on the sister's marriage. We were welcome, yet not very highly con-

sidered. Would overlooked be too strong an expression? And yet our treatment, generally, verged in this direction. In fact, there was mantua-making on a gigantic scale going forward within the walls of the mansion, under the personal superintendence of our mother. This accounted for any apparent deficiency in the affections. Nor, in sooth, did we heed it. We were changed, and it was remarked that there was a moodiness in our bearing. Once, indeed, we broached the Dog, and volunteered a little narrative of that evening; but they were cutting out at the moment, and the fervent attention, after a moment's affectation of listening, wandered away.

The bridegroom we took to amazingly. Plusher was his name—John Plusher—a good fellow, honest, rough, and—he took us out and gave us treats. O, how we liked him! Possibly next to the noble animal Cæsar, to whom our hearts yearned more and more. And very soon we were tempted to unfold to *him*, the whole story of that splendid animal. Not only then, but often. Not only the mere narrative, but the most abundant details. He relished it. *His* attention did not wander. One day he proposed gifts—gifts of astounding value, to be measured by pounds—the object to be left to our election. What would we have? Come! We were not to be afraid, but to speak out. Come—a second time! We began to blush and glow, and to drop our eyes, and finally murmured the “Dog Cæsar.”

“By Jove! yes!” said Plusher. “I’ll go down to-morrow, and see if the theatrical fellows are there. Or, if they are gone, we can find out where they are. We’ll get him, never fear!” There was something so noble and confident in John Plusher’s manner, that it quite overcame us. Noble John Plusher!

Noble John Plusher arrived the next evening, after we had spent a day of horrible anxiety. This was the intelligence he brought. Two nights after the famous performance, the renowned Delaval Family had departed abruptly, taking with them all their effects, which were of a portable character. Taking with them also, the dog Cæsar. Perhaps this sudden disappearance (which was accompanied with secrecy and mystery) might be set down to disgust at the slender support accorded to their talents; but there was more probability in imputing it to a sudden call for a nightly settlement of accounts, which it seems the proprietor—who had a deep acquaintance with human nature—was accustomed to insist on. In fact, the Theatre Royal, Wearmouth, was usually taken on this precarious tenure, it being its lot to become suddenly occupied and as suddenly deserted, many times in the course of the year. It would have been supposed that from his acquaintance with this curious law, the proprietor would have been wary of his tenants. But somehow, the skillful Delaval Family had contrived to disappear, taking with them all their effects, and the renowned Dog CÆSAR. The noble creature, without any fault of his own, had departed under the odium

of not being able to meet his engagements. For obvious reasons, the Delaval Family had declined to leave its address. There was no hope. The noble dog was lost to us for ever. Honest John Plusher had done his best.

The marriage day came round. It was a great festival: a splendid occasion. All the neighbourhood rejoiced. We shone in apparel perfectly new; for, with a delicacy which we knew few would appreciate, we *could* not bring ourselves to desecrate the blue and silver waistcoat which was sacred to the memory of the renowned dog. We were in the habit of visiting that garment tenderly, as a relic. However, on this day of universal joy, we thought it but respectful to dismiss any mournful feelings of a private nature we might entertain, and consumed, silently but steadily, large blocks of a very rich and moist wedding-cake, until we actually became inert and almost torpid. In the evening there was to be a dance—a small dance—which was anticipated with happiness.

The day was long and weary, and the evening seemed to approach very slowly. Honest John Plusher and his young wife were gone—were already miles away upon their road towards honest John's country-house. The tears were over, the cutting out was over. Here is now ten o'clock at last, and the party is about to begin!

We had been a little uncomfortable towards four o'clock, and had gone to lie down; but by the evening were fresh again. The rooms were lighted up, the company was arriving, and here was the music—a harp in a green baize palatot with a strap round it, a fiddle, and a cornet. Men from Chopkins's, the eminent pastrycook of the district, who had "the direction" of the banquet, were already in possession of the place. I did not see them, but I heard of these things up-stairs, as I put on more festive raiment. For a moment, I thought of the blue and silver, as the drawer was opened—as a change from the morning's apparel the effect would have been superb. It was tempting; but a better spirit prevailed.

We went down and wandered into the dancing room; it was already full of lovely creatures—all flowers and general radiance. The men did not seem nearly so spiritual things. There they were, bowing, and going through their measures—a very pretty sight to look on, while the music played melodiously. They were wedged up in a corner, a little uncomfortably; and it struck me that the harp, whose instrument, projecting at an angle, was rudely brushed at times by passing dancers, must have a weary time of it. But he bore it with an angelic patience, as of one who was used to that sort of thing: while the cornet, who carried *his* instrument gallantly, holding it out dead horizontally, and blowing with a will—surely we should know *him*. What! The pool of baldness, and the banks of bulrushes fringing it—the sad blowing expression—why, we knew him at once, though only seeing him athwart the forms of flitting dancers! What a vicissitude of fortune was this!

Surely the finger of some mysterious power was here! Again our hearts began to flutter.

As soon as the dance had stopped, we stole round to have a better look. It was he. There could be no mistake. His manner of discoursing the music, too, suggested the night. At first we thought of an introduction; but, on reflection, considered such would be a delay unnecessary. So, we went up to him and boldly recalled to him the Wearmouth Theatre—and—the dog. He was confused, yet nobly admitted the connexion. We entered freely in conversation. He had indeed been attached to the Delaval Family; but they were "a bad lot." Even, he would go so far as to say, a shabby lot. They lived by defrauding humble people who were struggling to maintain their families. The dog? Oh, yes. Clever enough, but nothing *as* a dog.

Here the leader tapped the back of his fiddle impatiently, the harp was tilted back on to the shoulder of its proprietor, and they struck into the popular Fury Galop. I was left in the tortures of expectancy to know what had become of the renowned dog Cæsar. I would wait until the next interval; and in the mean while, as I was standing thoughtfully, determined not to lose sight of the cornet player, a massively built military person, coming round with express velocity, struck me heavily, and nearly flung me across the fender. At last the Fury Galop was done, and I drew near to my cornet player, with whom I might now be said to be intimate. He was good natured. I told him my story. He sympathised with my affection for the noble creature. He himself was not possessed of much information as to the present residence of the Delaval Family; but he had a brother—Where? where?

He hesitated a little; but he told me all eventually. His brother, like himself, had had dealings with the Delaval Family; and, like himself, had, so to speak, been betrayed by the Delaval Family—sold, I believe was the word he used, which, though indistinct, conveyed to me the idea of horribly base treatment. This brother, the victim of the Delavals, could give information on the subject; but there would be, the cornet player owned, much delicacy necessary in dealing with him; for he was a man of peculiar temperament, rendered sensitive by his reverses, and who had moved in far higher walks of life. At this juncture the harp again reeled back on its proprietor's shoulder, and the whole band struck vigorously into the opening bars of The Lancers. A "set" forming close by, imprisoned me for a considerable period, but I got free at last, and stood at the door burning for further particulars.

As I stood, a voice was borne to my ears, which did, indeed, seem tuned in a familiar chord. It seemed that I had heard it somewhere in the past, a richly measured cadence, something like chanting. Good gracious what did this mean? Events were crowding so thickly on this momentous night! I struggled to the door, and looked out. I saw nothing, heard nothing; our mother was sitting there in state outside, on a

cane-bottomed chair, to receive the company. It was perilous to speak to her. Where was the voice? Hark! There it rang out again! "Mr. and Mrs. Jenkinwaters! Miss Jenkinwaters! Mr. Alfred Jenkinwaters! Major Pumpes!" Surely it was the voice of the noble Aubrey? But here was a stately man, in a white tie and a white waistcoat, stepping up-stairs, with a bearing infinitely majestic, a herald to the Jenkinwaters family.

I could not recognise him. I should never have known him. But the voice still rang musically in my ears. And yet there was a mournfulness in his deportment, an air of suffering and placid resignation in the way in which he went through his function, that was to me inexpressibly affecting. I longed to accost him, to enter into familiar relations with him. But I durst not; for our mother was still sitting enthroned in the cane-bottomed chair.

I got back to the cornet, with whom I was now on a footing of deep and confidential intercourse. "I have seen him," I whispered. "Mr. Lorimer is——" (The noble Aubrey was Lorimer in the bills.) "Hush! hush!" said the cornet, looking round. "There ain't no Lorimers here. That's the stage. Perkeboyes is *his* name." "But," said I, "Mr. Lorimer——" "I ain't Lorimer neither," he said, a little pettishly. "Valvoni—Signor Valvoni's *my* name." Wondering at this curious difference in the case of those who were brothers, I was yet restrained from further inquiries by the manner of Signor Valvoni.

Before the night was over, it was settled that my friend the cornet should arrange with his brother: who was too sensitive, after his gross treatment at the hands of the Delaval Family, to endure any allusion to the subject from third parties. He would communicate the result at a pastrycook's some two streets away. He originally proposed the assignation at a public-house; but that I firmly declined.

Now it was that I missed the supporting aid of honest John Plusher. The whole weight of the negotiation was thrown upon my shoulders. And yet the first thing necessary, I felt, was to put myself entirely in his hands, far away as he was. I was much pleased with the shape of this sentiment, and got it by heart in bed, the next night; though, indeed, I believe this putting myself in his hands was but an inducement to his putting something in *my* hands. Still he had promised, and so I determined to appeal to him in a manly way. This expression also struck me as being fine, and I got it also by heart in bed. The result of the whole was a letter composed after many hours of agony (the procuring the note-paper involving the sin of larceny), a strange production, made up of many tottering capitals, and suffering from caligraphic cramps and palsy:

"my dear john,—i hope you are quite well, and i hope sister Jane is quite well also. i and mama are very well too. i met a man who heard of the dog—i wish you were here—to put myself in your hands in a manly way—far away as he was. please write.

"Ever your affectionate and friendly brother."

It struck me nothing could be more delicate, or even elegant, than the way in which this was put. I read it over several times. I read it to my younger brother, who was lost in admiration, and sucked his thumb with wonder. I even—vanity getting the better of prudence—read it privately to Mary the housemaid. She kindly advanced me the sum of a penny on my own personal security, to defray the postage.

By return, came a letter from honest John. Such a letter! I had not miscalculated his noble nature in putting myself so freely in his hands, far away as he was. Nothing could be nobler, grander, than his conduct. He said, leave it all to him; he would manage it: and let Perkeboyes, or Lorimer, put himself in direct communication with him. He was up in town in about a week. He kept the assignation at the pastrycook's; in another fortnight, the renowned dog Cæsar had retired from his dramatic career, and become a member of our family.

I believe the Delaval Family must have been in sad straits about this time, from the physical condition of the frame of the noble animal. There had been a conjoined indifference in the public mind both to the family and the unrivalled animal. However this might be, they were eager to part with their dog. They parted with him for, I believe, a not extravagant sum, the amount of which the innate delicacy of honest John would never let me know.

My mother naturally objected to receive the noble dog into her family, but she was a tender woman—is still, for I am glad to say she still rules our mansion—and gave way. After his first meal, consumed with a frightful greediness, the result of many days' abstinence, he at once showed a disposition to enter into the most cordial relations. He gained rapidly on all the members of the household. There was an honest bluntness, a plain straightforward manner, about him, that conciliated all. He kept his great mouth and red tongue always on view, and panted habitually, like a sort of canine steam-engine. He was so large and great and stately: so reasonable, and so quiet: that it was impossible to overlook him, or consider him other than one of the regular members of the family. He asserted himself firmly, yet not obtrusively.

Strange to say, he could never be got to go through any of his dramatic efforts: such as ringing bells, or carrying flat candlesticks in his mouth. Any approaches in this direction he seemed to shun as though it were a discreditable page in his life which he would willingly blot out. His connexion with the Delaval Family he would have the world forget; he showed his sense of the indelicacy of any allusion to the subject—which might take the shape of banging an imitation bell-cord before his nose, or trying to encourage him to take up a flat candlestick in his mouth—by raising himself slowly on his feet, and walking slowly from the room.

But he had other fancies and accomplishments which were very pleasant, and which, as being of an unprofessional nature, he never had any objection to exhibit. On being invited to

"Speak," he would gather himself up, simulate a certain ferocity, and finally deliver himself of a startling bark in a full deep key. Or, he would be shown, say a glove, or a whip, or other portable article capable of being conveniently carried in his mouth, and would be then brought away down into the street, round the corner, up past the square, for a quarter of a mile or more. His demeanour during this interval would be of a strange and mysterious sort; for he would walk with his great black eyes fixed steadily, and with a painfully earnest expression, on the face of the party directing the experiment. To smile, or even allow a muscle to stir, was fatal; he instantly interpreted it as a signal of acquiescence, and was off and away, bounding along in a sort of heavy gallop, his tongue lolling out, his great ears swinging like saddle-bags, and the momentum of his progress clearly dangerous to unguarded passers-by. The door being left open, he would come tearing up-stairs, dash in rudely and boisterously, seize the article, and disappear. It was dangerous to play any trick with him on these occasions, for he felt that it was a question of character, and he allowed no consideration to stand between him and duty. The flat candlestick was once tried to be palmed on him by an artifice—an insult which he resented by withdrawing himself from all friendly intercourse with the family for the space of nearly a day and a night.

The hours of joy and social entertainment I spent in the society of this noble creature are not to be described. He was positively a second brother to me; and I hope I shall not be considered wanting in fraternal love, if I say that I believe his mental powers were, if anything, more developed than those of my first brother. Our walks were delightful. In the house he enjoyed universal respect, as a sensible, well-bred, kind, generous, high-souled gentleman, who would not descend to a mean action for the world. From the housemaids, especially, not a breath ever came to tarnish his good name. His memory is still green, and—Ah! his memory! I must come to that now.

It fell out in this way. It was a Saturday night, and extensive painting operations, carried on diligently through the whole week, were at last concluded. The house was fresh and resplendent, and we felt a natural pride in its glory. I recollect that Saturday so well! We went to bed; but I remember being awakened with a start, and finding the butler, in his waistcoat, standing over me with a lighted candle. "Hush, Master Jack," he said. "Get up and come down. Poor Cæsar! The poor dog!" I started up, and was dressed in a moment. "Hush, Master Jack! Don't let the mistress hear." "And what is it?" said I, very agitated. "Oh, he's bad, he's very bad. I'm afraid——"

We hurried down and crossed the yard to the wooden tenement where poor Cæsar usually resided. The butler carried the candle—one of the old, old objectionable flat candlesticks. As we came near, we heard mournful and piteous groans, and there, at his kennel door, was

stretched out helplessly—his noble flank heaving distressfully—his head rising and falling again on the flags, with short gasps—the brave creature, the dear dear dog, the gallant Cæsar! "Those painters!" said the butler. "Some of their stuff had got mixed with his food." "Call up the house—fetch a doctor," I cried, distractedly. The butler was a sombre man. He shook his head. "In a few minutes he'll be past that! the poor brute." I wept over him. "See!" said the butler, holding down the candle. The light fell upon his head, still working up and down convulsively. I called to him despairingly. "Cæsar! Good dog! Good fellow! Poor Cæsar! *Old fellow!*" I was choking, and here fairly burst out. "He don't know you, Master Jack," said the butler, still holding down the light. The large bright eyes were glazing very fast, and the eyelids were dropping down quietly over them. "Good dog!" I cried again, quite hysterically. "Poor fellow! Don't you know me? Dear old fellow, don't you?" The glazing eyes gave no sign; but the large bushy tail, which had been lying out quite straight and limp, began to move ever so softly—the motion was almost imperceptible, just as if a breeze was stirring the hair a little. That grateful recognition from the dying dog was inexpressibly sweet to think of, long, long afterwards. And then the butler, who was naturally a humane man, took me away into the house.

This is the simple history of the Renowned Dog Cæsar, once the property of the Delaval Family.

OUR OIL-FLASKS.

OIL? Of course every one knows what oil is. Florence oil—for salads—comes from Florence in those thin flasks always on one side, with a wicker covering that never stands straight, stoppered with cotton wool, or the blunt end of the little straw tassel, when people are untidy and put things to wrong uses;—comes out of the olive-berry, those mouldy-looking green things, all salt and oil, which one eats after dinner and thinks very nasty, but daren't say so, and doesn't know what to do with the stones, when one is young and shy and not up to all the nicenesses of table-manners. Surely there is nothing so very particular about oil that one need make an article out of it! And yet it has some curious facts and circumstances connected with it in its various appearances: quite curious enough for a ten minutes' rapid reading in among the graver tasks of the day.

There are two kinds of oils, the fixed or fatty, and the volatile or essential. The first are bland and mild to the taste, and, whether of animal or vegetable origin, are all composed of oxygen, hydrogen, and carbon, but with a large proportion of carbon, which makes them good for food and light. They are the chemists' "oils," "tallows," and "butters." The second are hot and pungent, chiefly used in perfumery and as stimulants in medicine, and of a very

varied chemical composition—some containing only carbon and hydrogen, as the oil of turpentine; others adding oxygen, as the oil of cloves; and others containing sulphur, as the oil of garlic. But our present flasks are all filled with the fixed or fatty oils: the volatile or essential must wait their turn.

By the discoveries of Chevreul, "the father of the fatty acids," as he is called, the fixed oils are known now to have three invariable constituents, oleine, margarine, and stearine—all compounds of glycerine with fatty acid—and it is according to the greater or less proportion of one or the other that fat is more or less fusible or solid. Thus, oleine is liquid at any ordinary temperature, but margarine is solid up to 116 deg. Fahrenheit, and stearine up to 130 deg. Fahrenheit. An experiment on these two substances may be made by those fond of chemistry and not afraid of evil smells or dirty fingers. Melt some solid mutton fat in a glass flask, and shake it with several times its weight of ether. When cool the stearine falls in beautiful soft crystals, leaving the margarine and oleine in solution. Press out the soft mass of stearine in a cloth, and evaporate the liquid remaining: you will then get margarine and oleine together, if you press them out through folds of blotting-paper. The residue, dissolved afresh in ether, gives pure margarine; very like stearine, only melting at a lower point. Oleine is difficult to get pure. The best way is to freeze olive oil, when the margarine crystallises and sinks, and the oleine is left floating at the top, and can be skimmed off. The importance of all these discoveries, and which of the animal fats and vegetable oils have more or less of these compounds, can hardly be over-estimated, when we see their practical results in the beautiful candles which are sold now at half the original cost, and more than twice the light-giving power, of the ancient wax and tallow; and in the pure and bright burning oils—so pure and colourless that they reveal the secret of straw-coloured gloves, and do not let them pass for white.

There is scarcely a portion of the animal body that has not fat mixed with it, either in separate masses, or indistinguishably; as in the bones and fibrous parts of the body to be got at only by certain processes; but not many plants yield oil. The richest are the cruciferous tribe, including the seeds of radish, mustard, rocket, camellina (gold of pleasure), garden cresses, and rape, in the three varieties of *Brassica napus* et *campestris*, the common rape; *Brassica præcox*, summer rape; and *Brassica campestris oleifera*, or colza. But these are not all good for food or light; some of them being of the kind called "drying oils," as we shall see presently. The quantity of oil to be got from plants and seeds varies, not only in different species of the same thing, but according to climate and culture; still, for broad measurement, it may be said that nuts yield half their weight of oil; *Brassica oleracea* et *campestris*, one-third; the variety called colza, in France, two-fifths;

hempseed, one-fourth; and linseed from one-fourth to one-fifth. The grasses and pea tribe (*gramineæ* et *leguminosæ*) rarely give a trace of oil; only one of the former—the roots of the cyprus grass, which is not a true grass by the way—and two of the latter; both foreign. One is called the oil of Behen, from the seeds of a plant (*Moringa aptera*) growing wild in Arabia and Syria but cultivated in the West Indies, and chiefly used in perfumery, "to dissolve out the odoriferous principle of the flowers," being absolutely pure, mild to the taste, inodorous, becoming slowly rancid, and free from all acid: the other is ground-nut oil, from the *Arachis hypogæa*, a native of America. The properties of ground-nut oil were tested by a kind of accident in Europe. A large cargo of nuts had arrived at Bremen, and found no purchasers in their natural state, as good for luncheon or dessert; so the importers expressed the oil, and then found market enough. Where the ground-nut grows, that is, in tropical climates, the inhabitants eat the seeds raw, which then have a slight resemblance to haricot beans, or make them into a kind of paste-like chocolate. They are very pleasant when properly roasted, which is rather hard to get done down stairs; and have the further quality of being wholesome and nutritious. The potato tribe, *Solanaceæ*, give us henbane-seed oil, tobacco-seed oil, and oil of deadly nightshade; while the *Rosaceæ*, which term includes the peach, cherry, plum, almond, and the seeds of the apple, are among the most valuable of all. But the king of the oil-yielding trees is the Olive; that dusky, dusty-looking, shadeless, narrow-leaved, humpbug of a tree, which disappoints every one so bitterly at first sight, and for which Europe is indebted to the Greeks of past times, who introduced it from Syria, where the Hebrews had long known its virtues.

The salad oil of commerce and our summer dinners, is said to be got from Nice and Genoa; we call it Florence oil, in a grand kind of generalising way; but excepting the coarse shipments from Gallipoli, good chiefly for machinery, we get but comparatively little Italian oil at all, and very seldom good olive oil unadulterated, even from Aix and Montpellier, whence our chief supplies come. Poppy oil, ground-nut oil, and oil of sesamum, adulterate our table oil; colza oil adulterates the second running of olive oil, for the manufacturers; and colza oil itself is adulterated with various cheaper oils, but principally with whale oil. All of which may be discovered by various chemical tests, by which the oil changes colour according to the kinds employed; but by ways and appearances too long to give here.

The olive harvest at Aix is an important circumstance in the local life; on the good or ill result of which depends the well-being or misery of many hundreds of people. When gathered, the fruit is heaped up in barns and cellars for a few days, to allow just the beginning of fermentation to set in; only the beginning; for, if suffered to ferment throughout the mass as it lies

there, the whole yield would be ruined, and rendered useless save for the coarsest purposes of manufacture. When the exact moment has arrived between loosening and fermentation, the olives are put into bulrush bags, called *cabas*, and crushed very gently under a screw. The pale, greenish-yellow, limpid, sweet, inodorous liquid that runs from this first gentle squeeze, is called *Virgin Oil*, and is the oil used in the watch trade, being a kind of idealisation of oil, not clogging the finest wheels; but happy the gourmand who can go shares with the watch-makers, and command fresh virgin oil for his kitchen! Nothing in the world is such a delicious cooking medium; and the *cordon bleu* who can get this, dispenses with all forms of lard or butter, until the pale, greenish-yellow turns to a more decided gold, deepening and deepening till it gets the awful hue and flavour known as rancid. When the virgin oil has run out, the half-crushed olives are taken out of the bags, to be put in again with boiling water, and again pressed, a little harder under the screw this time. The oil and water run out together; and, when cold, the oil floats on the top, and is skimmed off with flat ladders: "lever l'huile" the technical term. This is *Ordinary Oil*, and very good for the table, too, when perfectly fresh, but inclined to become rancid sooner than the virgin. After the skimming there is still some oil left in the water, which is led away into a large cistern or reservoir, called *Penfer*, where it remains for many days, the oil gradually collecting on the top. Then the water is drawn off from below, leaving the oil, which is known as *Phuile d'enfer*, or *Lamp Oil*. Another yield called *Phuile fermenté*, is oil got from olives in a state of fermentation; but this is rarely employed, and the oil is never met with in trade. Only the virgin oil and the ordinary oil are sent abroad; *Phuile d'enfer* and the horrible fermented stuff are mercifully kept at home.

Though Spain has such magnificent fruit—the Spanish olives are much larger than the French—she makes but inferior oil, owing to the rudeness and poverty of her machinery, whereby the olives ferment before they can be crushed, and thus the oil is never quite sweet or pure, and soon turns violently rancid. Which is the reason why that terrible smell and taste of bad oil, mingled with the smell and taste of garlic, destroys every meal cooked in Spain; while in Italy you have oil cookery without any of these disagreeable results. Italian oil is certainly first rate, though the machinery employed is not much superior to the Spanish. As for the Gallipoli oil, the manufacture of that is of rudest and simplest description. The Neapolitan women and children pick up the ripe fruit as it falls from the tree, fling the olives into a mill and crush them up body and bones, skin and kernel together; whence streams forth an oil, according to the law of olive nature. They ladle this oil into skins—sheep, goat, kid, bullock, anything handy—and send it to the seaport of Gallipoli, to be clarified in the huge cisterns cut in the rock on which the town is built; and to be finally shipped

off to England and elsewhere, under the name of Gallipoli oil; but by no means to be attempted for food, for frying fish, or for summer salads.

Almond oil is got by squeezing bitter almonds, which are cheaper than, and as good as, the sweet, between cold metal plates. This is the first quality; the second is got by pressing them again between heated metal plates, the heat acting as a further power of expression; and the result of both processes is a sweet-tasted and inodorous oil. When an almond-scented oil is needed, then the almonds are first blanched in hot water, and carefully dried again previous to being pressed; by which process the oil retains the odorous particles, and is the "oil of bitter almonds" we all know of. If we want the essential oil of almonds, which is quite another thing, the marc or bitter-almond cake left by the first process—the almonds with all the bland oil expressed—is distilled with water, and the essential oil passes up with the steam and condenses in the worm. Cocoa-nut oil is obtained by heat, pressure, and water, all together. It soon turns rancid, and is principally used here for candles and soap; but employ what perfumes we will in the latter, the horrible smell of the cocoa-nut oil survives and overpowers everything, and when the rose and the almond and the lavender and the patchouli have all vanished from our hands, cocoa-nut oil remains. The Indians and Cinghalese use this oil largely as a pomade, but we cannot do so, unless we become indifferent to evil smells as a national characteristic. Palm oil is that gold-coloured "butter" which one puts into home-made pomades, more as a colouring agent than anything else, seeing that it soon turns rancid, and so spoils the whole making. It is said that palm oil, when fresh, has the odour of violets, but I suppose I have never met with it perfectly fresh, as this is a fact quite undiscovered by me. It is principally used in making candles, when it is bleached, unless people chance to prefer them of a muddy yellow instead of white; and that sickening-looking stuff which the railway porters dab into the wheel-boxes to keep them from taking fire, is palm oil and tallow, mixed with a little soda lye.

We all know something about colza oil; those of us at least who use moderator lamps; but we do not all get it quite pure as it comes from the seeds of that special brassica devoted to its expression. Colza oil was put on its trial in 1845, when Faraday reported on its excellences and blemishes, on behalf of the Trinity House, interested in getting the best light at the least cost, and, until then, burning sperm in all its lighthouses. This report was decidedly favourable to colza; the light being full one and a half as compared with sperm oil, and the cost three and sixpence a gallon as against six and fourpence for the sperm. The price has risen since then, unfortunately, being now, for the ill luck of the consumers, four and ninepence or five shillings the gallon, and decidedly not better than in the early days; indeed, not so good, because now adulterated, which it was not then.

Not only for light, but also for food and manure, is the colza plant valuable to the world. Cattle fatten on it, and ground fattens on it; and the Abbé de Commerel, the introducer to the French Agricultural Society in 1789 of this chou à faucher—"mowing cabbage," as he calls it—was a greater benefactor to mankind than he dreamed of. Colza cabbage may be said to have been one of the agents of civilisation.

Then there is laurel oil, or "the oil of bays," got from the berries of the bay-tree (*Laurus nobilis*) principally from Italy and the south of Europe generally; the greater part being shipped from Trieste; and which our doctors and veterinary surgeons use as a stimulating liniment for sprains and bruises, and in paralysis. Is it one of the ingredients of the famous nine oils? Also the native oil of laurel or laurel turpentine, imported from Demerara, and got by making incisions in the bark of a large forest tree called by the Spaniards *Azeyte de sassafras*, and growing in the forests between Orinoco and Parime. These incisions yield a pale yellow oil, smelling something between turpentine and oil of lemons, and easily dissolving caoutchouc. The *Valeria Indica*, a Malabar tree, gives "piney talow oil," if the fruit is boiled in water and the fat skimmed from the top. It is white and smells pleasantly, makes good soap and candles out in its native place, but is little known, and less used, here. Then our spindle-tree gives us an oil as well as butchers' skewers: an oil yellow and thick, bitter and acrid to the taste, and in odour like colza; and the beech-tree has nuts good for feeding pigs, but better for the twelve per cent of oil to be expressed from them—a clear oil, thick, inodorous, and pale-yellow in colour, used in France for both light and cooking, and in Silesia, by the peasants, in the place of butter. And there is the oil of mustard-seed, good for soups and cooking; and tel oil, or the oil of the *Sesamum Orientale*, called "oily grain" in South Carolina, and used for soups and puddings like rice, the oil coming in for salads, and, indeed, being often mixed with olive oil: the oil of Behen, already spoken of; rapeseed oil—the ordinary English rape, which is the best—used for lighting, for the manufacture of soft soaps, in the preparation of leather, and for oiling machinery; plum-kernel oil, tasting like the oil of sweet almonds, transparent, and of a brown-yellow, soon turning rancid, but much liked in Wurtemberg for lighting purposes; and the "butter of cacao," had from the nuts of the *Theobroma cacao*, when crushed in hot water, and had to the extent of fifty per cent. It is yellow, but can be melted white in hot water; smells and tastes like the cacao-nut; is of the consistency of suet, and keeps long fresh without turning rancid. And, lastly, there is the "butter of nutmegs," prepared by beating the nutmegs to a paste, steaming them, and then pressing them between heated plates. This butter is imported in oblong cakes covered with leaves and looking like common bricks, of an orange colour, firm consistency, aromatic and fragrant in odour, like the nutmegs themselves—when not

wooden. A spurious article is sometimes made of animal fat boiled with powdered nutmegs and flavoured with sassafras; but it can be easily distinguished by the waxy. All these are the non-drying oils, good for food and light, the oils which, as they grow old, get thicker, less combustible, offensive to the taste and rancid, irritating the throat in consequence of the acid that is developed in them. But that acid can be removed by boiling rancid oil in water, with a little magnesia, for a quarter of an hour, or until it no longer reddens the litmus paper.

Now we come to the drying oils, those which go chiefly to make painters' varnishes, which dry up into a transparent, yellowish, flexible substance, with a skin formed over the surface of the oil, by which all alteration of its condition is stopped. When boiled with litharge, or oxide of lead, they become even more drying, as every painter, fond of experiments, knows; and if one-eighth of resin is added to the process it greatly improves the look of the painting when dry. First, there is linseed oil, which makes printers' ink when it has been burned and mixed with one-sixth of its weight of lamp black, which is a final dressing to thin gummed silks, which varnishes leather and oilecloth, and which, when thoroughly expressed from the seeds, leaves "oil cake" for cattle-feeding and the destruction of pleasant milk and butter. Then there is walnut oil, an even more rapidly drying oil than linseed, used chiefly for paints and varnishes, and, because it gets white by age, for white paints; and hazel-nut oil; and poppy oil, from the seeds which have none of the narcotic properties of the capsules whence we get the laudanum, the seeds being sold for birds under the name of maw-seed, and quite harmless. The oil is like olive oil in look and taste, and is used to adulterate it; when treated with litharge or subacetate of lead, it is used for paints—without such treatment, for lighting. Hempseed feed birds, and give a capital oil for varnishes; also sometimes used for lighting, but not often or satisfactorily, for it makes a thick edge and clogs the wick; it does better in the soft soap and paint manufactories. Sunflower oil makes soap; it is sometimes used for food, and sometimes for lighting, but chiefly for soap. Grape-seeds have an oil which must not be confounded with the fusil oil obtained in the rectification of spirits, whether from grape or corns, for the one is bland and insipid, inodorous, and sometimes, in the south, used for food, and the other is simply disgusting, but largely used for confectionary. And there is the oil of belladonna, which is used in Wurtemberg for lighting and cooking limpid, golden-yellow, insipid, and inodorous, with all the poisonous principles left in the residual cake, which cannot, therefore, be used for cattle-feeding, as other more harmless residual cakes, and the expression of which stupefies the workmen employed. And there is tobacco-seed oil, limpid, green-yellow, and inodorous, and with no more of the narcotic principles of the plant than poppy-seed oil. And, lastly, there is castor-oil, and there is croton oil;

the one got by expression from the seeds of the *Ricinus officinalis*, or *Palma Christi*, the other by expression and distillation by alcohol, from the seeds of the croton *Tiglii*. And what the first is our nursery knows too well in the hours spanning Christmas-day and Twelfth Night together in one arch of feasting, pleasure, morning tempers, rhubarb and magnesia, and the doctor with still nastier punishments. These are the principal vegetable oils, of the fixed or fatty kind.

The only animal oils, properly so called, are lard oil, tallow oil, and neat's-foot oil: and these are obtained from the fats of the various beasts indicated—from hog's lard, from sheep's tallow, and from cow-heel: but the fats, or stearine, or adipose tissue, or by what name soever it is considered well to call them, come quite under another heading, and do not rightfully run into our oil-flasks. Lard oil is used for greasing wool; tallow oil makes the best kinds of soap; and neat's-foot oil oils church clocks admirably, because it does not solidify at even a comparatively low temperature, and does not soon turn rancid.

The animal oils are few, and the fish oils are not many; but of enormous value. First, there is train oil, which comes from the whale, the porpoise, the pilchard, the seal, and others; an oil of a brownish colour, disagreeable to the smell, used for lighting, for making soft soaps, and in the preparation of leather; also, says historical ill nature, much valued as a winter dram by Russian sailors, to whom a pound of tallow-candles is as welcome as a box of bonbons to a Spanish belle. The peculiar, and most peculiarly disagreeable odour of train oil, is due to the decomposition, during the homeward passage, of the animal matter attached to the blubber, by which is developed a certain fat composed of glycerine and phoenic acid. Porpoise oil is very like whale oil. Cod-liver oil is got from the livers of the common cod, the dorse, the coal-fish, the burbot, the ling, and the torsk. In Australia, the liver of the dugong is used instead of the cod: but no dugong liver oil has found its way over here. Fish oil of various kinds is largely used for soap-making; and the famous Naples soap is made from fish oil and potash, giving a marvellous lather for strong beards; but before any soap can be made, the glycerine of the oil must first be got rid of, when the fatty acid is mixed with alkali, and soap is formed. In the case of glycerine soap, the glycerine is put back again, when it combines in a different manner. Diachylon plaster, an insoluble soap, is only lead and oil: and ammonia and oil is a "volatile liniment, forming a milky emulsion, and used as a rubefacient in medicine." Are there many who recognise in these majestic words our old greasy friend, the hartshorn and oil bottle?

Then there are the essential or volatile oils, found in various parts of plants; in the flowers of some—as the orange-flower (*neroli*), the dried clove-bud (essential oil of cloves), the elder-flower, lavender-spikes, rose-leaves (attar or otto of roses), jessamine, mignonette, camomile, and

indeed in all sweet or strong-smelling flowers; in the fruit of others—as the oil of bergamot from the ripe fruit of the *Citrus bergamia*, the oil of nutmegs (not the butter), extracted from the mace which is the inner lining of the nutmeg, from juniper-berries, orange rinds, and lemon rinds; in the bark of others—as oil of cinnamon from the bark of the cinnamon-tree of Ceylon (*Laurus cinnamomum*), oil of turpentine, distilled from the "oleo resin" of pine-trees, and when rectified and redistilled, sold as the camphine which smokes so abominably when not sufficiently supplied with air, and which smokes more abominably still when it has been left exposed to the air, by which it becomes resinified again, and unfit for burning; in the leaves—from orange-leaves, from the dry leaves of the *Melaleuca cajuputi*, known as cajuput oil from the Moluccas, oil of savine, from the leaves of the *Juniperus sabinus*, and others; in the seeds of many, and in the roots of a few. But the essential oils have a less varied usefulness than the fatty; and if a law was passed prohibiting the use of perfumes, there would then be very few distilled at all. But all are not distilled; for the essential oil of certain flowers, in which resides the perfume, or what chemists call the "odoriferous principle," is so delicate and evanescent that the only way to get at it is by imprisoning it in a neutral medium, as in the process called enfleurage. Scented buds and petals are gently laid in perfectly inodorous grease, which thus becomes impregnated with the perfume.

Oil has a peculiar facility for developing heat. If hemp, or wool, or paper, sawdust, rags, soot, shavings—what not of refuse—be smeared with oil and left to the free action of the sun and air, they will soon get hot, begin to smoke, and finally burst into flame: which accounts for many of the apparently mysterious fires of mills and manufactories. And if linseed oil and ground maganese are "triturated" together, the soft lump so formed will speedily become firm, and take fire of its own accord. Oils are purified by sulphuric acid, by steam and hot air passing through them, and by tannic acid. Mineral oils, so called, are not oils at all, according to the proper definition of oils; they are fluid hydro-carbons, with the addition, in the Burmese naphtha, of a considerable quantity of paraffine.

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VERY HARD CASH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

CHAPTER VIII.

"WHERE have you been, Julia?"

"Only at the school," she faltered.

"Who was your companion home?"

"Oh, don't be angry with me! It was Alfred."

"Alfred! His christian name? You try my patience too hard."

"Forgive me. I was not to blame this time, indeed! indeed! You frighten me. What will become of me? What have I done to be looked at so?"

Mrs. Dodd groaned. "Was that young coquette I watched from my window the child I have reared? No face on earth is to be trusted after this? 'What have you done' indeed? Only risked your own mother's esteem, and nearly broken her heart." And with these words her own courage began to give way, and she sank into a chair with a deep sigh.

At this Julia screamed, and threw herself on her knees beside her, and cried "Kill me! oh, pray kill me! but don't drive me to despair with such cruel words and looks!" and fell to sobbing so wildly that Mrs. Dodd altered her tone with almost ludicrous rapidity.

"There, do not terrify me with your impetuosity, after grieving me so. Be calm, child; let me see whether I cannot remedy your sad imprudence; and, that I may, pray tell me the whole truth. How did this come about?"

In reply to this question, which she somewhat mistook, Julia sobbed out, "He met me c-coming out of the school, and asked to s-see me home. I said 'No thank you,' because I th-thought of your warning. 'Oh yes!' said he, and *would* walk with me, and keep saying he loved me. So, to stop him, I said "M-m-much ob-liged, but I was b-busy and had no time to flirt.' 'Nor have I the in-in-clination,' said he. 'That is not what others say of you,' said I—you know what you t-told me, mamma—so at last he said d-did ever he ask any lady to be his wife? 'I suppose not,' said I, 'or you would be p-p-private property by now instead of p-public.'"

"Now there was a foolish speech; as much as to say nobody could resist him."

"W-wasn't it? And n-no more they could. You have no idea how he makes love; he is very unladylike: keeps advancing, and never retreats, nor even st-ops. 'But I ask *you* to be my wife,' said he. Oh, mamma, I trembled so. Why did I tremble? I don't know. 'I made myself cold and haughty. 'I should make no reply to such ridiculous questions; say that to mamma, if you dare!' I said."

Mrs. Dodd bit her lip, and said, "Was there ever such simplicity?"

"Simple! Why that was my cunning. You are the only creature he is afraid of; so I thought to stop his mouth with you. But instead of that, my lord said calmly, 'That was understood; he loved me too well to steal me from her to whom he was indebted for me.' Oh, he has always an answer ready. And that makes him such a p-p-pest."

"It was an answer that did him credit."

"Dear mamma! now did it not? Then at parting he said he would come to-morrow, and ask you for my hand; but I must intercede with you first, or you would be sure to say 'No.' So I declared to interfere: 'w-w-what was it to me?' I said. He begged and prayed me; 'was it likely you would give him such a treasure as Me unless I stood his friend?' (For the b-b-brazen Thing turns humble now and then.) And oh, mamma, he did so implore me to pity him, and kept saying no man ever loved as he loved me, and with his begging and praying me so passionately, oh so passionately, I felt something warm drop from his poor eyes on my hand. Oh! oh! oh! oh! What could I do? And then, you know, I wanted to get away from him. So I am afraid I did just say 'Yes,' but only in a whisper. Mamma! my own, good, kind, darling mamma, have pity on him and on me!!! We love one another so."

A shower of tender tears gushed out in support of this appeal; and in a moment she was caught up with Love's mighty arms, and her head laid on her mother's yearning bosom. No word was needed to reconcile these two.

After a long silence, Mrs. Dodd said this would be a warning never to judge her sweet child from a distance again, or unheard. "And therefore," said she, "let me hear from your own lips how

so serious an attachment could spring up; why, it is scarcely a month since you were first introduced at that ball."

"Mamma," murmured Julia, hanging her head, "you are mistaken; we know each other before."

Mrs. Dodd looked all astonishment.

"Now I *will* make a clean breast of it," said Julia, impetuously, addressing some invisible obstacle. "I tell you I am sick of having secrets from my own mother." And with this out it all came.

She told the story of her heart better than I have; and, woman-like, dwelt on the depths of loyalty and delicate love she had read in Alfred's moonlit face that night at Henley. She said no cloquence could have touched her like it. "Mamma, something said to me, 'Ay, look at him well, for that is your husband; to be.'" She even tried to solve the mystery of her soi-disant sickness; "I was disturbed by a feeling so new and so powerful,* but, above all, by having a secret from you; the first; the last."

"Well, darling, then why have a secret? Why not trust me, your friend as well as your mother?"

"Ah! why, indeed? I am a puzzle to myself. I wanted you to know, and yet I could not tell you. I kept giving you hints, and hoped so you would take them, and *make me* speak out. But when I tried to tell you plump, something kept pull—pull—pulling me inside, and I couldn't. Mark my words! some day it will turn out that I am neither more nor less than a fool."

Mrs. Dodd slighted this ingenious solution. She said, after a moment's reflection, that the fault of this misunderstanding lay between the two. "I remember now I have had many hints; my mind must surely have gone to sleep. I was a poor simple woman who thought her daughter was to be always a child. And you were very wrong to go and set a limit to your mother's love: there is none—none whatever." She added: "I must import a little prudence and respect for the world's opinion into this new connexion; but whoever you love shall find no enemy in me."

Next day, Alfred came to know his fate. He was received with ceremonious courtesy. At first he was a good deal embarrassed, but this was no sooner seen than it was relieved by Mrs. Dodd with tact and gentleness. When her turn came, she said, "Your papa? Of course you have communicated this step to him?"

Alfred looked a little confused, and said, "No: he left for London two days ago, as it happens."

"That is unfortunate," said Mrs. Dodd. "Your best plan would be to write to him at once; I need hardly tell you that we shall enter no family without an invitation from its head."

* Perhaps even this faint attempt at self-analysis was due to the influence of Dr. Whateley. For, by nature, young ladies of this age seldom turn the eye inward.

Alfred replied that he was well aware of that, and that he knew his father, and could answer for him.

"No doubt," said Mrs. Dodd; "but, as a matter of reasonable form, I prefer he should answer for himself."

Alfred would write by this post. "It is a mere form," said he, "for my father has but one answer to his children, 'Please yourselves.' He sometimes adds, 'and how much money shall you want?' These are his two formulæ."

He then delivered a glowing eulogy on his father; and Mrs. Dodd, to whom the boy's character was now a grave and anxious study, saw with no common satisfaction his cheek flush, and his eyes moisten, as he dwelt on the calm, sober, unvarying affection, and reasonable indulgence, he and his sister had met with all their lives from the best of parents. Returning to the topic of topics, he proposed an engagement. "I have a ring in my pocket," said this brisk wooer, looking down. But this Mrs. Dodd thought premature and unnecessary.

"You are nearly of age," said she, "and then you will be able to marry, if you are in the same mind." But, upon being warmly pressed, she half conceded even this. "Well," said she, "on receiving your father's consent, you can propose an engagement to Julia, and she shall use her own judgment. But, until then, you will not even mention such a thing to her. May I count on so much forbearance from you, sir?"

"Dear Mrs. Dodd," said Alfred, "of course you may. I should indeed be ungrateful if I could not wait a post for that. May I write to my father here?" added he, naively.

Mrs. Dodd smiled, furnished him with writing materials, and left him, with a polite excuse.

"Albion Villa, Sept. 29.

"My dear Father,—You are too thorough a man of the world, and too well versed in human nature, to be surprised at hearing that I, so long invulnerable, have at last formed a devoted attachment to one whose beauty, goodness, and accomplishments I will not now enlarge upon; they are indescribable, and you will very soon see them and judge for yourself; the attachment, though short in weeks and months, has been a very long one in hopes, and fears, and devotion. I should have told you of it before you left, but in truth I had no idea I was so near the goal of all my earthly hopes; there were many difficulties, but these have just cleared away almost miraculously, and nothing now is wanting to my happiness but your consent. It would be affectation, or worse, in me to doubt that you will grant it. But in a matter so delicate, I venture to ask you for something more: the mother of my ever and only beloved Julia is a lady of high breeding and sentiments, she will not let her daughter enter any family without a cordial invitation from its head. Indeed, she has just told me so. I ask, there-

fore, not your bare consent, of which I am sure, since my happiness for life depends on it, but a consent so gracefully worded—and who can do this better than you?—as to gratify the just pride and sensibilities of the high-minded family about to confide its brightest ornament to my care.

“My dear father, in the midst of felicity almost more than mortal, the thought has come that this letter is my first step towards leaving the paternal roof under which I have been so happy all my life, thanks to you. I should indeed be unworthy of all your goodness if this thought caused me no emotion.

“Yet I do but yield to Nature’s universal law. And, should I be master of my own destiny, I will not go far from you. I have been unjust to Barkington; or rather I have echoed, without thought, Oxonian prejudices and affectation. On mature reflection, I know no better residence for a married man.

“Do you remember about a year ago you mentioned a Miss Lucy Fountain to us as ‘the most perfect gentlewoman you had ever met?’ Well, strange to say, it is that very lady’s daughter; and I think when you see her you will say the breed has anything but declined, in spite of Horace and his ‘damnosa quid non.’ Her brother is my dearest friend, and she is Jenny’s; so a more happy alliance for all parties was never projected.

“Write to me by return, dear father, and believe me

“Ever your dutiful and grateful son,
“ALFRED HARDIE.”

As he concluded, Julia came in, and he insisted on her reading this masterpiece. She hesitated. Then he told her with juvenile severity that a good husband always shares his letters with his wife.

“His wife? Alfred!” and she coloured all over. “Don’t call me names,” said she, turning it off, after her fashion. “I can’t bear it: it makes me tremble. With fury.”

“This will never do, sweet one,” said Alfred, gravely. “You and I are to have no separate existence, now; you are to be I, and I am to be you. Come!”

“No; you read me so much of it, as is proper for me to hear. I shall not like it so well from your lips: but never mind.”

When he came to read it, he appreciated the delicacy that had tempered her curiosity. He did not read it all to her, but nearly.

“It is a beautiful letter,” said she; “a little pompous than mamma and I write. ‘The Paternal Roof!’” But all that becomes you; you are a scholar: and, dear Alfred, if I should separate you from your papa, I will never estrange you from him; oh, never, never. May I go for my work? for methinks, O most erudite, the ‘maternal dame,’ on domestic cares intent, hath confided to her offspring the recreation of your highness.” The gay creature dropt him a

curtsey, and fled to tell Mrs. Dodd the substance of “the sweet letter the dear high flown Thing had written.”

By then he had folded and addressed it, she returned and brought her work; charity children’s grey cloaks: her mother had cut them, and in the height of the fashion, to Jane Hardie’s dismay; and Julia was trimming, hemming, etcetering them.

How demurely she bent her lovely head over her charitable work, while Alfred poured his tale into her ears! How careful she was not to speak, when there was a chance of his speaking! How often she said one thing so as to express its opposite, a process for which she might have taken out a patent! How she and Alfred compared heart-notes, and their feelings at each stage of their passion. Their hearts put forth tendrils after tendrils, and so curled, and clung, round each other.

In the afternoon of the second blissful day, Julia suddenly remembered that this was dull for her mother. To have such a thought was to fly to her; and she flew so swiftly that she caught Mrs. Dodd in tears, and trying adroitly and vainly to hide them.

“What is the matter? I am a wretch. I have left you alone.”

“Do not think me so peevish, love! you have but surprised the natural regrets of a mother at the loss of her child.”

“Oh, mamma,” said Julia, warmly, “and do you think all the marriage in the world can ever divide you and me, can make me lukewarm to my own sweet, darling, beautiful, blessed, angel, mother? Look at me, I am as much your Julia, as ever; and shall be while I live. It’s a son who is a son only till he gets him a wife: but your daughter’s your daughter ALL—THE—DAYS—OF HER LIFE.”

Divine power of native eloquence; with this trite distich you made hexameters tame; it gushed from that great young heart with a sweet infantine ardour, that even virtue can only pour when young, and youth when virtuous; and, at the words I have emphasised by the poor device of capitals, two lovely, supple arms were minaciously spread out like a soaring albatross’s wings, and then went all round the sad mother, and gathered every bit of her up to the generous young bosom.

“I know it, I know it,” cried Mrs. Dodd, kissing her; “I shall never lose my daughter, while she breathes. But I am losing my child. You are turning to a woman, visibly: and you were such a happy child. Hence my migivings, and these weak tears; which you have dried with a word; see!” And she contrived to smile. “And now go down, dearest: he may be impatient; men’s love is so fiery.”

The next day Mrs. Dodd took Julia apart and asked her whether there was an answer from Mr. Hardie. Julia replied, from Alfred, that Jane had received a letter last night, and, to judge by the contents, Mr. Hardie must have left London

before Alfred's letter got there. "He is gone to see poor Uncle Thomas."

"Why do you call him 'poor?'"

"Oh, he is not very clever; has not much mind, Alfred says, indeed, hardly any."

"You alarm me, Julia!" cried Mrs. Dodd, "what? madness in the family you propose to marry into?"

"Oh no, mamma," said Julia, in a great hurry; "no madness; only a little imbecility."

Mrs. Dodd's lip curved at this Julian answer; but just then her mind was more drawn to another topic. A serious doubt passed through her, whether, if Mr. Hardie did not write soon, she ought not to limit his son's attendance on her daughter. "He follows her about like a little dog," said she, half fretfully.

Next day, by previous invitation, Dr. Sampson made Albion Villa his head-quarters. Darting in from London he found Alfred sitting very close to Julia over a book.

"Lordsake!" cried he, "here's 'my puppy,' and 'm' enthusiast," check by chowl." Julia turned scarlet, and Alfred ejaculated so loudly, that Sampson inquired what on airth was the matter now?

"Oh, nothing; only here have I been jealous of my own shadow, and pestering her who 'your puppy' was; and she never would tell me. All I could get from her," added he, turning suddenly from gratitude to revenge, "was—that he was no greater a puppy than yourself, doctor."

"Oh, Alfred, no; I only said no vainer," cried Julia in dismay.

"Well, it is true," said Sampson, contentedly, and proceeded to dissect himself just as he would a stranger. "I am a vain man; a remarkably vain man. But then I'm a man of great merit."

"All vain people are that," suggested Alfred, dryly.

"Who should no better than you, young Oxford? Y' have got a hidache."

"No indeed."

"Don't tell lies now. Ye can't deceive me; man, I've an eye like a hawk. And what's that ye're studying with her? Ovid, for a pound."

"No; medicine; a treatise on your favourite organ, the brain; by one Dr. Whateley."

"He is chaffing you, doctor," said Edward; "it is logic. He is coaching her; and then she will coach me."

"Then I forbid the chaff cutting young Pidant. Logic is an ill plaster to a sore head."

"Oh, 'the labour we delight in, physics pain.'"

"Jinyus, Jinyus;
Take care o' your carcass,"

retorted the master of doggrel. "And that is a profounder remark than you seem to think, by your grinning, all of ye."

Julia settled the question by putting away the book. And she murmured to Alfred, "I wish I could steal your poor dear headaches: you might give me half of them at least; you would, too, if you really loved me."

This sound remonstrance escaped criticism by being nearly inaudible, and by Mrs. Dodd entering at the same moment.

After the first greeting, Sampson asked her with merry arrogance, how his prescription had worked? "Is her sleep broken still, ma'am? Are her spirits up and down? Shall we have to go back t' old Short and his black draught? How's her mukis membrin? An her biliary ducks, an—she's off like a flash."

"And no wonder," said Mrs. Dodd, reproachfully.

Thus splashed Sampson among the ducks: one of them did not reappear at all till dinner. Jane Hardie accompanied her brother by invitation. The general amity was diversified, and the mirth nowise lessened by constant passages of arms between Messrs. Sampson and Alfred Hardie; these were characteristic, and a few dried specimens will be laid before the reader at a proper time.

After tea came the first contretemps. Sampson liked a game of cards: he could play, yet talk chronothermalism, as the fair can knit babies' shoes and imbibe the pocktasters of the day.

Mrs. Dodd had asked Edward to bring a fresh pack. He was seen by his guardian angel to take them out of his pocket and undo them; presently Sampson, in his rapid way, clutched hold of them; and found a slip of paper curled round the ace of spades, with this written very clear in pencil,

REMEMBER THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF
THY YOUTH!

"What is this?" cried Sampson, and read it out aloud. Jane Hardie coloured, and so betrayed herself. Her "word in season" had strayed. It was the young and comely Edward she wished to save from the diabolical literature, the painted perdition; and not the uninteresting old sinner Sampson. He proceeded to justify her preference by remarking that "remember not to trump your partner's best card, ladies," would be more to the point.

Everybody, except this hardened personage, was thoroughly uncomfortable. As for Alfred, his face betrayed a degree of youthful mortification little short of agony. Mrs. Dodd was profoundly disgusted, but, fortunately for the Hardies, caught sight of his burning cheeks and compressed lips. "Dr. Sampson," said she, with cold dignity, "you will, I am sure, oblige me by making no more comments; sincerity is not always discreet; but it is always respectable: it is one of your own titles to esteem. I dare say," added she with great sweetness, "our resources are not so narrow that we need shock anybody's prejudices, and, as it happens, I was just going to ask Julia to sing: open the piano, love, and try if you can persuade Miss Hardie to join you in a duet."

At this, Jane and Julia had an earnest conversation at the piano, and their words uttered, in a low voice, were covered by a contemporaneous discussion between Sampson and Mrs. Dodd.

Jane. No, you must not ask me; I have foresworn these vanities. I have not opened my piano this two years.

Julia. Oh, what a pity; music is so beautiful; and surely we can choose our songs, as easily as our words; ah, how much more easily.

Jane. Oh, I don't go so far as to call music wicked: but music in society is such a snare. At least I found it so; my playing was highly praised; and that stirred up vanity: and so did my singing, with which I had even more reason to be satisfied. Snares! snares!

Julia. Goodness me! I don't find them so. Now you mention it, gentlemen do praise one, but, dear me, they praise every lady, even when we have been singing every other note out of tune. The little unmeaning compliments of society, can they catch anything so great as a soul?

Jane. I pray daily not to be led into temptation, and shall I go into it of my own accord?

Julia. Not if you find it a temptation. At that rate I ought to decline.

Jane. That doesn't follow. My conscience is not a law to yours. Besides, your mamma said "sing;" and a parent is not to be disobeyed upon a doubt. If papa were to insist on my going to a ball even, or reading a novel, I think I should obey; and lay the whole case before Him.

Mrs. Dodd (from a distance). Come, my dears, Doctor Sampson is getting so impatient for your song.

Julia, thus pressed, sang one of those songs that come and go every season. She spoke the words clearly, and with such variety and intelligence, that Sampson recanted, and broke in upon the—"very pretty"—"how sweet"—and "who is it by?" of the others, by shouting, "very weak trash very cleanly sung. Now give us something worth the wear and tear of your organs. Immortal vaise widded t' immortal sounds; that is what I understand b' a song."

Alfred whispered, "No, no, dearest, sing something suitable to you and me."

"Out of the question. Then go further away, dear; I shall have more courage."

He obeyed, and she turned over two or three music-books; and finally sang from memory. She cultivated musical memory, having observed the contempt with which men of sense visit the sorry pretenders to music, who are tuneless and songless among the nightingales, and anywhere else away from their books. How will they manage to sing in heaven? Answer me that!

The song Julia Dodd sang on this happy occasion, to meet the humble but heterogeneous views of Messrs. Sampson and Hardie, was a simple eloquent Irish song, called Aileen aroon. Whose history, by-the-by, was a curious one. Early in this

Sampson. Hum! for all that, young ladies' singing is a poor substitute for cards, and even for conversation.

Mrs. Dodd. That depends upon the singer, I presume.

Sampson. Mai—dear—madam, they all sing alike; just as they all write alike. I can hardly tell one fashionable tune from another; and nobody can tell one word from another, when they cut out all the consonants. N' listen me. This is what I heard sung by a lady last night:

 Ee un Da'ei u aa an oo.
 By oo eeeeyee aa
 Vaullee, Vaullee, Vaullee,
 Vaullee,
 Vaullee om is igh eaaa
 An ellin in is ud.

Mrs. Dodd. That sounds like gibberish.

Sampson. It is gibberish; but it's Drydenish in articulating mouths. It is:

 He sung Darius great and
 good
 By too severe a fate
 Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
 Fallen from his high estate,
 And witering in his blood.

Mrs. Dodd. I think you exaggerate. I will answer for Julia that she shall speak as distinctly to music as you do in conversation.

Sampson. (All unconscious of the tap.) Time will show, madam. At present they seem to be in no hurry to spatter us with their word-jelly. Does some spark of pity linger in their marble bosoms? or do they prefer inaudible chit-chat' inarticulate mewin?

century it occurred to somebody to hymn a son of George the Third for his double merit in having been born, and going to a ball. People, who thus apply the fine arts in modern days, are seldom artists; accordingly, this parasite could not invent a melody; so he coolly stole Aileen aroon, soiled it by inserting sordid and incongruous jerks into the refrain, and called the stolen and adulterated article Robin Adair. An artisan of the same kidney was soon found to write words down to the degraded ditty: and, so strong is Flunkeyism, and so weak is Criticism, in these islands, that the polluted tune actually superseded the clean melody, and this sort of thing—

Who was in uniform at the ball?

Silly Billy.

smothered the immortal lines.

But Mrs. Dodd's severe taste in music rejected those ignoble jerks, and her enthusiastic daughter having the option to hymn immortal Constancy or mortal Fat, decided thus:

When like the early rose,
 Aileen aroon,
Beauty in childhood glows,
 Aileen aroon,
When like a diadem,
 Buds blush around the stem,
Which is the fairest gem?
 Aileen aroon.

Is it the laughing eye?
 Aileen aroon,
Is it the timid sigh?
 Aileen aroon,
Is it the tender tone,
Soft as the stringed harp's moan?
No; it is Truth alone,
 Aileen aroon.

I know a valley fair,
 Aileen aroon,
I know a cottage there,
 Aileen aroon.
Far in that valley's shade,
I know a gentle maid,
Flower of the hazel glade,
 Aileen aroon.

Who in the song so sweet?
 Aileen aroon,
Who in the dance so fleet?
 Aileen aroon.
Dear are her charms to me,
Dearer her laughter free,
Dearest her constancy,
 Aileen aroon.

Youth must with time decay,
 Aileen aroon,
Beauty must fade away,
 Aileen aroon.
Castles are sacked in war,
Chieftains are scattered far,
Truth is a fixed star,
 Aileen aroon.

The way the earnest singer sang these lines is beyond the conception of ordinary singers, public or private. Here one of nature's orators spoke poetry to music with an eloquence as fervid and delicate as ever rung in the Forum. She gave

each verse with the same just variety as if she had been reciting, and when she came to the last, where the thought rises abruptly, and is truly noble, she sang it with the sudden pathos, the weight, and the swelling majesty, of a truthful soul hymning truth with all its powers.

All the hearers, even Sampson, were thrilled, astonished, spell-bound: so can one wave of immortal music and immortal verse (alas! how seldom they meet!) heave the inner man when genius interprets. Judge, then, what it was to Alfred, to whom, with these great words and thrilling tones of her rich, swelling, ringing voice, the darling of his own heart vowed constancy, while her inspired face beamed on him like an angel's.

Even Mrs. Dodd, though acquainted with the song, and with her daughter's rare powers, gazed at her now with some surprise, as well as admiration, and kept a note Sarah had brought her, open, but unread, in her hand, unable to take her eyes from the inspired songstress. However, just before the song ended, she did just glance down, and saw it was signed Richard Hardie. On this her eye devoured it; and in one moment she saw that the writer declined, politely but peremptorily, the proposed alliance between his son and her daughter.

The mother looked up from this paper at that living radiance and incarnate melody in a sort of stupor: it seemed hardly possible to her that a provincial banker could refuse an alliance with a creature so peerless as that. But so it was; and despite her habitual self-government, Mrs. Dodd's white hand clenched the note till her nails dented it; and she reddened to the brow with anger and mortification.

Julia, whom she had trained never to monopolise attention in society, now left the piano in spite of remonstrance, and soon noticed her mother's face; for from red it had become paler than usual. "Are you unwell, dear," said she, sotto voce.

"No, love."

"Is there anything the matter, then?"

"Hush! We have guests: our first duty is to them." With this Mrs. Dodd rose, and, endeavouring not to look at her daughter at all, went round and drew each of her guests out in turn. It was the very heroism of courtesy; for their presence was torture to her. At last, to her infinite relief, they went, and she was left alone with her children. She sent the servants to bed, saying she would undress Miss Dodd: and accompanied her to her room. There the first thing she did, was to lock the door; and the next was to turn round and look at her full.

"I always thought you the most lovable child I ever saw; but I never admired you as I have to-night; my noble, my beautiful daughter, who would grace the highest family in England. With this, Mrs. Dodd began to choke, and kissed Julia eagerly with the tears in her eyes, and drew her with tender defiance to her bosom.

"My own mamma," said Julia, softly, "what has happened?"

"My darling," said Mrs. Dodd, trembling a little, "have you pride? have you spirit?"

"I think I have."

"I hope so: for you will need them both. Read that!" And she offered Mr. Hardie's letter with averted head.

STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

It has been computed that England, before the introduction of improved lightning conductors, did not spend less than from seven thousand to ten thousand pounds annually during war, and about half that sum in times of peace, in repairing damage done to vessels, by lightning. In two hundred and twenty instances, collated by MR. SNOW HARRIS, the number of sailors injured amounted to ninety killed, and about two hundred wounded. In one hundred and twenty instances selected, the value of masts and sails destroyed, scorched, and injured, was estimated at not less than one hundred thousand pounds. Between the years 1810 and 1818, thirty-five sail-of-the-line, thirteen frigates, and ten sloops, were sunk or damaged by this awful agency. In the same time, about six hundred sailors also lost their lives by the same means, or were seriously burnt and disabled.

The old lightning conductors used by ships were very insufficient; they were ill applied, and of inadequate power. They consisted generally of small wire ropes leading from the truck or pinnacle of the mast, along the rigging to the ship's side, so as to lead the lightning into the sea. These ropes were thought safer and more economical than more permanent conductors. The result was, that they were often destroyed, and, in cases where the lightning struck low down or obliquely on the mast, were utterly useless. In other cases, these ropes were chafed through by the upper rigging.

H.M.S. Hazard, supplied with these imperfect conductors, was twice struck. In one case, her mast-head was split, and the copper sheathing, ripped off her side. In the other, parts of two masts were carried away. In another case, H.M.S. Bittern, the main-truck was shivered, the royal-mast splintered, and no less than eight sailors were disabled.

In 1839, an Admiralty commission decided that these temporary conductors were utterly insufficient; but it was not until many years later (thanks to the mighty Circumlocution Office, as usual!) that Mr. Snow Harris could obtain a hearing for the permanent conductor now used. His plan was to incorporate with the masts a double line of copper plates of great electrical power, applied one over the other in alternating close joints, so as to yield to the movements of its wooden companion, and firmly embedded and grooved into it. These flexible metallic lines were finally connected with similar conductors fixed under the beams and in the body of the ship, and connected with all the great metallic masses employed in the framework of the ship's hull, and, leading through that, to the outer sea.

This conductor was thus made an integral portion of the ship, and guarded the vessel, at all hours and under all circumstances, without the necessity of any human supervision.

Of course the boldness of this scheme, but still more (in our great Circumlocutional country) its novelty, led to a storm of opposition, and a pitiless cold drizzle of sneers. It was argued, with grave assurance, and the contemptuousness of assumed wisdom, that the copper would invite and accelerate the lightning; that, from its position, it would lead the fiery fluid chiefly to the body of the hull; that the frequent slant of the masts would often interfere with the line of conduction, and produce varied and infinite damage.

To this, the clear-headed inventor calmly replied, that what we term lightning is nothing but the explosive form of action in some occult power in nature, exhibited when it has to force its way through resisting matter. If you give this power a free pass through unresisting matter, you transform the explosive, deadly, and mysterious power, into a current of quiescent fluid, and so avoid all harmful results; and, finally, that in whatever position the masts slanted, the line of least resistance, and one leading into the sea, was equally provided for. Twenty years' experience have since proved that ships thus fitted, though struck by lightning in all latitudes and climates, have escaped unharmed. Ships have been literally bathed in fire, blinding and sulphurous, the crew have seen thunderbolts strike the masts and the deck, but the ship has escaped unhurt.

Before the use of this excellent invention of Mr. Harris, shipwreck was not unfrequently caused by lightning. In 1814, the Peacock (eighteen guns) disappeared on the coast of Georgia immediately after a severe thunder-storm; and in June, 1798, the Resistance (forty-four guns) was blown up by lightning in the Straits of Bianca.

The following are some curious instances of narrow escape from the dreadful violence of this occult power, before the conductor was brought into use. The Barfleur (seventy-four guns) was struck, off Toulon, Oct. 21, 1813; the foremast was damaged all the way down, and the lightning even penetrated the gunner's store-room, and the ante-room of the powder magazine. In another terrible instance, the Goliath (seventy-four guns) was struck on August 29, 1802, in the West Indies; her foremast was disabled, and her other two masts shivered to atoms; she had two men killed and thirteen wounded, and the explosion went down to the door of the magazine, and even split the bulkhead. In 1797, August 12, off Cape Correntes, the Thunderer (seventy-four guns) was struck, the mizenmast was splintered, some powder-horns hanging below deck were blown up, and the main-topsail was set on fire. July 23, 1802, off St. Domingo, the Topaze (thirty-six guns) was struck; the mizenmast was shivered and ruined, powder was blown up in the captain's cabin, two men were killed, and many wounded.

In the following cases, the injured vessel was

all but driven on shore. As, for instance, the Russell (seventy-four guns); she was struck Oct. 1, 1795, off Belleisle, two of her masts were disabled, a first-lieutenant and two seamen killed, and many injured; no sail could be set, and the vessel narrowly escaped driving on the enemy's coast. When the Squirrel (twenty-eight guns), on February 23, 1805, was struck off Cape Coast, she had a mainmast damaged, two men badly hurt, a plank in her side stove, and half her caulking lost; she made eight inches of water an hour, and was with difficulty saved. December 11, 1806, the Surinam (eighteen guns) was struck off Belleisle; she suffered under a complication of misfortunes, her mainmast was split, fell, and stove in the decks, her pumps were split, two of her crew were killed, and four badly hurt. A heavy sea was raging, and she was in great distress, had to burn blue lights, and was all but driven on France. Eventually she struggled back to Plymouth and refitted.

In many instances, ships have been set on fire by lightning, and have been with difficulty saved by the scared crew. Sometimes, the mast takes fire, at other times the sails; a vessel has been known to be struck twice within an hour. On March 8, 1796, the Lowestoffe (thirty-six guns) was struck in the Mediterranean, one mast was shivered and another split, the ship was set on fire in various parts of the spars and rigging, three men were knocked off the masthead, two men killed, and many beaten down between decks. On June 24, 1804, the sheer-hulk at Woolwich was set on fire, to the great alarm of the whole yard. On January 22, 1807, the Swiftsure (seventy-four guns) was struck off Palermo, her foretop-mast was rent open and set on fire, and so also was her topsail, to the great jeopardy of the vessel.

The instances of loss of lives at sea, by lightning, are very numerous, and before the introduction of the improved conductor, they were sometimes terrible indeed. In the case of the Bellette, struck in the West Indies, May 24, 1825, her topmast was splintered, five men were hurt, and no less than thirty-six sailors were felled while hauling in the head-braces. When the Cambrian was struck in the English Channel, February 22, 1799, at the same time that the Fisgard frigate was struck also off the Eddy-stone, two men were killed in the former vessel, and twenty men were struck down on deck; and on September 8, 1799, the Thunderer was struck, two of the masts were injured, one man was lost overboard, several were badly hurt, and all the watch in the maintop were paralysed and obliged to be lowered down by ropes. When the Captain (seventy-four guns) was struck in the English Channel, August 27, 1809, not only was the foremast splintered, but four men were killed and twenty-four knocked down. A more terrible calamity happened to the Repulse (seventy-four guns), just refitted, and one of Sir J. Hood's best ships in his Mediterranean squadron, struck off the Catalonian coast April 13, 1810. She had to throw half her sails over-

board, to put out the fire, and had eight men killed, and nine hurt. The San Josef (hundred and twelve guns), struck in the English Channel, December 11, 1803, furnished a curious instance of the action of the electric force, for all the watch on deck were benumbed. When the Sappho (eighteen guns) was struck off the Western Islands, February 9, 1820, her foremast was shivered, two men were killed on the spot, four more died soon after from the shock, four were lost overboard, and fourteen were wounded. In another case, the Sultan (seventy-four guns), struck off Mahon, August 12, 1808, the jib-boom was shivered, seven men were killed on the spot, and three were wounded.

We now select a different group of cases, instances where ships have been struck at critical moments, and in singularly unexpected places. For example, one half of Sir J. B. Warren's fleet was disabled off Toulon, just as they were hoping to pounce on the French vessels. Again, three of Lord Exmouth's vessels were crippled in 1813, at the same place, and under similar circumstances. The Glory (ninety-eight guns) was struck and crippled off Cape Finisterre, July 17, 1805, just before Sir Robert Calder's encounter with the combined fleets of France and Spain. A still more singular case was that of the Duke (ninety guns), struck off Martinique, June, 1793, when actually under fire of a battery. Her topmast was shivered into small pieces, her mainmast was split through, her sails were torn, and her deck was covered with chips. Even more unfortunate was the Guerrière (thirty-eight guns), struck off Charleston. She soon after, though much injured, engaged a large American frigate, and was taken.

We pass to curious phenomena attending these fatalities. On the 23rd of July, 1841, the Acteon was struck off the coast of Central America. The vessel was running with square yards, under dark clouds and heavy squalls of rain. Suddenly, a tremendous crash of thunder broke over the maintop, and the lightning ran in a luminous stream down the conductors. There seemed to be no interval between the flash and the report. The carpenter, standing with his back against the pump winches, and near the mainmast, compared the sound to a ship's broadside. The ship shook under it, and the cutlasses, stowed round the mainmast, rattled. It was accompanied by a loud whizzing sound. The night was terribly dark, and a heavy sea raging. The conductor was uninjured, and no harm was done.

The Beagle (ten guns) was struck, in August, 1832, when at anchor off Monte Video. The ship was suddenly enveloped in a blaze of fire, accompanied by a simultaneous crash. The ship trembled; the mast appeared a pillar of fire; the beam over the gun-room, along which the conductor passed, vibrated, and as the lightning passed along it, there was a sound as of rushing water. A hissing sound was also heard. In February, 1842, the Beagle was again struck, off

South Australia. An officer was at the time within a foot of the masts, but heard nothing but a vibrating rattle. The noise has been sometimes compared to the hissing noise of boiling water.

On the 26th of September, 1846, the Fisgard (forty-two guns) was struck, while at anchor in the Niegually river in the Oregon territory. A double stream fell on the vane spindle, and on the lower mast. The copper spindle was fused, and a minute red shining globule formed at its extremity. The report was compared to a double broadside. A boatswain's mate, standing abaft the mainmast on the starboard side, was for the moment blinded by the intense light, and knocked down; while a midshipman felt himself thrust aside by the expanded air. An officer standing in one of the berths with his elbow on the case covering the conductor, heard a sound like a pistol-shot, but felt no electrical shock or any other inconvenience. Pine-trees on shore were set on fire, and, from the coast, the ship appeared to be covered with fire, and the whole air to be alight. At the moment of the report, a death-like silence fell upon the men. Those who were smoking, involuntarily laid down their pipes; and the band, which was performing on the quarter-deck, suddenly ceased playing. The first impulse of the men was to let water into the ship for the use of the engines, under an impression, from the awful violence of the discharge, that fire must instantly break out. One of the lieutenants, at the moment the lightning fell, was speaking to a sailor about the conductor. The crash was compared by him to the sound of five hundred simultaneous broadsides.

In another case, the sound is called "a frizzling sound;" in a third, "like the whizzing of musket-balls." In all these cases, it was not the lightning that was seen to run down the conductor. The stream seen, is a harmless luminousness, following, and consequent on, the electric fluid. The most sensitive inflammable powder cast upon this luminousness would not take fire. Electricity itself, Wheatstone proved to move at the rate of five hundred and seventy-six thousand miles a second; its light lasts only about the one million five hundred and fifty-two thousandth part of a second.

In many cases, lightning has exploded in the sea close to a vessel without injuring it; it is often attended with a suffocating sulphurous smoke. The theory of the conductor, is, to receive and mitigate the shock of the electric discharge. It receives and transmits much of the electricity of the clouds without any report. It is then that the conductor becomes luminous. The discharge follows from the redundant fluid. When it meets with unresisting facile conductors, such as the metals, it is robbed of its harmful and explosive power, and turns to an evanescent luminous current. It is only in ill-conducted matter, such as air or wood, that it rends, slays, and detonates.

In fact, the lightning striking a conductor, is treated like a detected thief at a theatre, who is hustled and passed safely out between an

avenue of constables into the open street, where he can do no harm.

Valuable, however, as the lightning conductor has proved to ships, it cannot guard against exceptional electric phenomena. No human science can, for instance, defend against meteorolites. St. Elmo lights will still burn harmless as glowworms on the masts, and the store-room man's china will still suffer from the aerial broadsides of thunder shocks. But to all intents and purposes vessels armed with conductors are now safe. We no longer hear of ships suffering as the Chichester revenue-cutter suffered, that was struck on the 7th of February, 1840, in Kilkerran Bay. The unfortunate little craft was all but destroyed. Her topmast was shivered into laths, five feet of her mainmast were split out, and the rest was charred, her head was destroyed, her bulkheads and berths were smashed, her bulwarks were blown out, all her china and glass was destroyed, part of her deck was raised off her beams, her hold was filled with smoke, and her compasses were destroyed.

MISUNDERSTANDING.

SOME people are born to be misunderstood. They are like shot-silk—no one can define their exact shade and colour: or like those Athenian images to which Alcibiades compared Socrates—satyrs outside, but a god within. It may be the other way sometimes, when a porcelain Apollo closes over a coarse clay demon: which is being misunderstood in the sense of taking fustian for velvet, and accepting my wife's undoubted paste for brilliants of the finest water. A sense of which no one complains, or points out to his neighbours the manifest injustice done to truth thereby.

How much pain and trouble come to us in life from that simple fact of being misunderstood! Old friends divided, homes made uncomfortable, marriages broken off, and many a slice off the pudding of prosperity forfeited, merely for the sake of not being able to speak one's mother tongue in such fluency and precision as shall ensure our being accurately comprehended—merely for the sake of living in a state of lingual apathy, too cunning or too stupid to tell out frankly what we want, and what we would be at! Look at that fool of a brother of mine: if ever a man loved, as women care to be loved, it was he: and, unless I dream, Mary loved him, reasonably well. There was absolutely nothing in heaven or earth that should have stood between them. They were of suitable age, and my brother's prospects were quite up to the mark of Mary's expectations; our father would have consented, and hers would have said, "Bless ye, my children," in a suffusion of tenderness and gin-and-water, proper to the occasion. But my brother was one of those provoking beings who believe in mares'-nests and the golden qualities of silence at the same time—dangerous beliefs to go to-

gether—and when he met Mary walking arm-in-arm in the moonlight with the young cornet of dragoons, quartered at the market-town half a dozen miles off, he jumped at once to the conclusion that they were engaged—"Oh dear yes! and that he should only expose himself to a humiliating defeat if he entered the lists with such a rival." They were talking low and in whispers together, he said, but not so low that he did not hear "dear, good Mary!" in a fervent voice flung out like a caress on the air, as he passed; and though moonlight is not sunshine, yet it was vivid enough for him to see the young cornet take her hand in both of his, and press it ardently to his lips. Of course the thing was settled in that ridiculous head of his, and no preaching of mine or any other person's could change him. He should ask for no explanation, and volunteer none. Mary was quite free to bestow herself where she liked: he did think, indeed, that she had preferred him, but he had been mistaken, that was all; and when he imagined that she had encouraged him, he had misunderstood her intentions. He did not accuse her of anything wrong; she was free, as he had said, and why not the cornet as well as any one else? He might have been unwise not to have declared himself in time; but after all, a love that grows up like Jonah's gourd in a night, and less than a night—that grows up only between the question and answer, the—"Will you," and "Ask papa,"—was not of much value in his eyes. If she had loved him, she would not have wanted his mere words to have confirmed her heart; she would have waited patiently for the hour of ripe explanation, and have held herself true to their implied promises. So, acting on this train of thought and feeling, my brother kept himself aloof from poor Mary; at first with the air of a martyr, then gradually darkening to the air of an assassin; till the misunderstanding came to be a quarrel, and the quarrel came to be a feud, and Mary was sent off to her aunt's in London, to recover the health and good temper which had unaccountably deserted her for the last few months. She recovered both before the year was out; when she married the curate of the district church where her aunt had sittings. The young cornet, for his part, ran off with her sister: the father not coming to the point of suffusion and gin-and-water over his "long sword, saddle, bridle;" and it was when he was pleading his cause with Mary, and canvassing for her influence in his behalf, that my brother met them sauntering up the green lane together, with her hand in his, and "Dear, good Mary" fervently whispered as he passed. Five minutes of good honest English talk would have enlightened his mind, and prevented his very natural mistake from bearing fruit: but my brother preferred dignified silence, and lost his happiness, his home, and his wife, because the Moors once said "Speech is silver, but Silence is golden," and he chose to add "Amen" to the creed.

There was another misunderstanding of the same kind, and almost as painful, that happened not so long ago. There were two dear

friends; never mind who they were; perhaps one of them was myself, perhaps not; the personality can interest no one. Well, these friends were very dear; they had stood shoulder to shoulder in more than one battle of life and human difficulty, and no one thought their love had the capacity of dissolution in it. They were counted as entirely united as if the church had pronounced its blessing over them, and the law had amalgamated their lives and fortunes in one. Their very security made them careless, and their reliance led them into hardihood, and hardihood turned to danger, and danger deepened into ruin. What was it but the hardihood bred of security over-sure, that suffered a third person to come within the charmed circle, and imperil the sweet harmonies which had so long made that pleasant way of human going, like a pathway through the garden of Eden? Had they feared more, they would have guarded closer; and had they allowed for the power of failing, they would have cared for the continuance of holding. A busy tongue which spared no one, wove subtle meshes of doubt and intrigue and falsehood round them: meshes so perseveringly and so subtly woven, that at last the strong heart of faith was captured, and the poisonous seeds of distrust were sown over the pathway of their love. At first indignant denial; then wounded surprise that such things could be held in any manner worthy of discussion or refutation; then the coldness of pain; then the bitterness of death creeping in between them, and chilling them to the heart for ever. The bitterness of death indeed!—their love never rising up into life from that terrible bier of misunderstanding again: all to have been prevented by a frank facing of the danger, and an analysis of what was truth and what was falsehood in the tangled tissues that enveloped them. Ah me! If they had but spoken out and freely! If they had but believed in the gold of speech and the leaden dullness of silence!

There is the proud and yet sensitive man who, with a facile heart and a horror of scenes, nine times out of ten wraps himself round in a mantle of unusual reserve and coldness, simply to hide the weakness which he could not subdue if once he gave it its head. Yet he gets the character of being a cross-grained unfeeling old cynic, selfish, perhaps, and stingy, when all the while his soul is melting with tenderness, and his heart swelling with sympathy. He is one of the misunderstood of life; one of the coarser clay images with a gracious deity indwelling; but he has buttoned down the hasp so tightly that very few are able to lift it from the lock, and see the form of the god within. What wonder, then, if the coarse clay image be accepted in its integrity, and the hidden divine not even suspected? This is the man who, when asked a favour, grants it with so much apparent surliness that he destroys half the value of his boon. He is not surly at all; he is only afraid of showing too plainly that he feels for your necessities and is glad to relieve them. He will scold a beggar roundly, but his

eyes are more tender than his words, and his hand more liberal than his tongue: he speaks harshly to his little daughter, in the time of reproof for wrong doing, but he has to restrain himself not to catch her in his arms, and tell her that he forgives her, and that her sin was but a feather's weight in the scale of human wrong, and entreat her to be happy again, kissing away her tears. His little daughter sees nothing of this. She only cries, and tells her younger brother in confidence that "Papa is so cross and angry, and has scolded her so hard," and mamma, who is no keener sighted than the rest, lectures him with dignity on the sinfulness of over-severity, and how parental love ought to temper even parental justice. Do you think the poor fellow has no grief at this life-long misunderstanding of his true self? Do you think he does not read Andersen's tales with secret meaning, meditating mournfully on the moral contained in the barn-yard trials and sorrows of the Ugly Duck? Only that with him, poor wretch, the time of swanhood will never arrive in this life; if ever he emerge—or when he emerges rather—from this body of disfavour, it will be with wings borrowed from God's angels.

Another clay image, whose inability to articulate makes him sorely misunderstood, is the humorous man of ungainly bearing—the man whose playfulness is grotesque, and whose liveliness is elephantine, who flounders when he means to skip, and comes down upon all your corns when he only wishes to cut an aile depigeon merrily; the man who insults you when he wants to be funny, and whom you knock down unavoidably—being but a weak son of Adam in your own flesh—whenever he attempts to pass a joke upon you. Our poor humorous man of ungainly bearing goes through life in a sadly Ishmaelitic way; so far, at least, as the fact of every man's hand being against him, though, poor soul! his is against no one. But what can be done? In that suggestive history of the lapdog and the donkey, where the smaller beast got love and caresses and pleasant bits of sugar and dainty strokings of his blunt black nose, the bigger brute got only thumps on his hard hide, and twitchings of his long ears, and angry upheavings of voice and limbs, and a passionate disclaimer of his attempted demonstrations. Our friend, cutting ailes de pigeon as an elephant or bear might, is the donkey of the fable. What you will bear with smiles and pleasantness and waggings of your russet beard, from that smart little fencer who tips his rapier with a diamond point that flashes more than it wounds, and who pinks you so lightly in your sword-arm with a grace that is irresistible, you receive with very different manifestations. When the pretended feint is a clumsy blow that sends you sprawling, and when the diamond-pointed rapier is exchanged for a gnarled and knotted bludgeon, used to show how dexterously that gaddy can be switched off your nose, what can you do, but knock the poor donkey down, and use his own bludgeon about his own ears?

As a lover, the awkward man of tender inten-

tions and playful mind is a sight. What the poor maiden who loves him for his good qualities, but who shudders at his asinine—what she feels when he begins his playful pranks about her surpasses the power of any feather plucked from the wing of mortal goose to describe. He pokes at her with his forefinger, making dabs at her waist or her back, nothing disguising, where another would have squeezed her hand surreptitiously, and no one in the room the wiser; he hides her bobbins and her scissors behind sofa cushions, and puts her to the public shame and confusion of beseeching him for their restoration, he smiling imbecilely, and denying that he has them, where another would have hidden them in the hollow of his hand to have given them back slyly: he follows her about like a dog—all for genuine wholesome love—but love in the raw, love unpolished by tact, love loving clumsily, like the donkey with all four legs on his master's lap, playing at Skye territorialism, or King Charles's dainty doghood. He jokes with her incessantly, but he is always either rude or silly—sometimes both—he, poor fellow, meaning to be neither—meaning only to be witty and lively and playful and endearing, meaning only to make his bray gentle as a wood-pigeon's coo, or gracious as the skylark's song. And "Oh, if he would only leave me alone and hold his tongue before people!" sighs poor Henrietta, plaiting her hair at night to make it wavy in the morning; and "what a pity it is that he is so stupid and awkward when he is so good and clever!" It is pleasant, though, to believe that Henrietta's husband proves himself a far more endurable fellow than her lover had been; for home is the place where the inner god shows himself most clearly through the coarse clay covering; so that one forgets at last to fret over the ugly modelling of the outer image, for love of the gracious form and tender shadings of the hidden.

Another kind of man who gets much misunderstood, is the man of vehement manners and big words; whose social creed does not include self-control in outward seeming, but who thinks it no harm to truth or virtue if he put on the likeness of an ogre simply to express the feelings of a man. To hear him descant on the enormity of the butcher sending him an inferior bit of beef—well! it might have been the conscription of the Poles, or General Butler at New Orleans, that he was speaking of, to judge by his violence of voice, and his wildness of gesture, and the cannon-ball quality of his epithets. He pays the penalty, of course; we all pay our respective penalties in this world, due from imperfection. He soon becomes notorious for having the worst temper and being the fiercest and most angry character of his circle. His circle misunderstand him; and very naturally. In reality he is a jovial, free-hearted, open-handed, impulsive savage—a natural man, not softened by grace or made spherical by civilisation, but retaining the child-like frankness and undisciplined expression and angularity of individualism, belonging to the true savage, who asks no grace from man, and gives

none. Another form of this vehement man is the angry philosopher who rails against evil with the vigour of a Boanerges hurling inherited thunderbolts; but who somehow manages to slip into his philosophy so much of individual feeling that his wrath against wrongdoing is taken for selfish animosity, and he loses all the grandeur of his philosophy in the littleness of his personalities.

Mutual shyness is often the cause of long and dangerous misunderstandings. You neglect to answer your friend's invitation, or you fail to meet her at the time appointed; and, meaning to call and tell her why you did not keep your engagement, forbear the half-dozen written words, which would have made everything straight and clear. Circumstances come in between you and your designs; days pass into weeks, and that visit is still unpaid. By this time you are ashamed to write: it will look too shabby after such a long neglect; and by this time, too, you rather shirk the visit; it being a disagreeable penance to your own self-esteem to have to confess that you have been rude and neglectful. So the days that have passed into weeks lengthen out to months, and the moment never comes when the amende honorable is made absolute. Then your shyness deepens and deepens, till at last you walk a mile round to avoid the chance of meeting, and if you hear that your friend will be at Mrs. A.'s dinner or Mrs. B.'s ball, decline the invitation hurriedly, literally "afraid to see her." On her part it is much the same. She wondered at your not keeping your engagement. She wondered still more when you tendered no apology or explanation; then she thought and cogitated, and built up dreary Spanish castles for her woful entertainment for months after, and never clearly understood to her dying day, how it was that her pleasant friendship with Mr. Blank was so suddenly and completely routed, or what she had said to offend him that he should cut her so very dead. The same thing happens with letters and friends at a distance. You mean to write—oh, every day you mean it!—for weeks you say nightly, "I must write to Mrs. Asterisk or to Charley Star, to-morrow—I really must. My dear, remind me that I write that letter to Mrs. Asterisk or to Charley Star, to-morrow; it positively must be done." To-morrow comes, and my dear reminds you; but you find your day's tithe more than you can pay, so you relegate your long-owned letter to the limbo of good intentions passed down to the traditional pavement. This goes on for a perpetuity of to-morrows; but the letter never sees the to-day when it gets written; and at last you are too much ashamed of yourself, and too awkward at an apology, to attempt it at all. So Mrs. Asterisk or Charley Star dwindles into nothing in your firmament; and is soon lost out of the sweep of your horizon. It is the same round—always the same; first a venial offence against good manners, then neglect to apologise, then shyness, lastly severance; all arising out of a misunderstanding and chariness of speech.

The misunderstandings which surround huffy people are wonderfully many. Touchy people; people with a spirit that won't be put upon; people who let you know their mind, and who have no idea of knocking under or knuckling down to any one in the world; people who rather pride themselves, than not, on their "sensitiveness," and who never can be made to see the fraternal relationship of sensitiveness and ill temper; people who fire up, and blaze out, and have it over, and who think it better to blaze out and have it over, than to restrain and refrain—all these are breeders of misunderstandings passing into strife, not to be controlled by any ordinary pressure. Good friends, perhaps, many of them are; devoted and affectionate and honest and trusty; but with their inflammable tendencies sadly warring against their neighbours' peace, and productive of infinite mistakes in the matter of mutual good understanding. These are the people who resent your counsel as an insult, who will have none of your warnings, who scorn your most loving exhortations; these are the people who must be let to go down to destruction, because they misapprehend the hand that would pluck them back to safety, and treat as an assassin the friend who seeks to guide them home. As mothers, they must destroy their children for time and eternity, because they will not be interfered with, and are too high-spirited to take advice; as wives and husbands, they are always on the high horse, dismally capering through their matrimonial estate of peace, because they will not be told their faults, as must needs be in all vocal homes; as friends, they spar and jangle and quarrel and make up, and at last quarrel and do not make up, for just the same reasons; as men of business, they enter into ruinous speculations, because they resent your warnings and misinterpret your intentions; as politicians and party men, they are mischievous or inefficient, according to the breadth of skull above the eye-bones, because they can never rightly estimate the tactics of their opponents. All this, not so much from intellectual incapacity to comprehend, as from that evil temper of self-assertion, which is the worst misunderstanding of all.

There is yet another class even more to be dreaded than the huffy people who misunderstand wilfully what is said and done to them; and these are the people who misunderstand wilfully all that others say and do, without personal reference at all. If you are shy and nervous, and with an awkward manner of expressing yourself, one of these people will take up your words and distort them, and declare you said the very contrary of what you wished to convey to your hearers. Or, they will make nonsense or impertinence of your most innocent phrases, and coolly ridicule you to your face, no matter how shameless the falsification. They are hideous people to consort with: a kind of moral gorilla-hood animating them: spiritual Thugs, who pounce upon you unawares and strangle you with your own cravat. They are disagreeable enough to the mature and seasoned, but to the

young they are simply assassins, not to be forgiven or reprieved; costing more anguish and dismay, than can ever be healed up again. The wilful misinterpreters of honest speech are folks with whom no terms ought to be held. Those who fall within their lines had better return their fire with double-shotted guns, and then retreat beyond their aim henceforth and for ever.

THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

I HAD parted from the small bird at somewhere about four o'clock in the morning, when he had got out at Arras, and had been received by two shovel-hats in waiting at the station, who presented an appropriately ornithological and crow-like appearance. My compatriot and I had gone on to Paris; my compatriot enlightening me occasionally with a long list of the enormous grievances of French railway travelling: every one of which, as I am a sinner, was perfectly new to me, though I have as much experience of French railways as most uncommercial. I had left him at the terminus (through his conviction, against all explanation and remonstrance, that his baggage-ticket was his passenger-ticket), insisting in a very high temper to the functionary on duty, that in his own personal identity he was four packages weighing so many kilogrammes—as if he had been Cassim Baba! I had bathed and breakfasted, and was strolling on the bright quays. The subject of my meditations was the question whether it is positively in the essence and nature of things, as a certain school of Britons would seem to think it, that a Capital must be ensnared and enslaved before it can be made beautiful: when I lifted up my eyes and found that my feet, straying like my mind, had brought me to Notre-Dame.

That is to say, Notre-Dame was before me, but there was a large open space between us. A very little while gone, I had left that space covered with buildings densely crowded; and now it was cleared for some new wonder in the way of public Street, Place, Garden, Fountain, or all four. Only the obscene little Morgue, slinking on the brink of the river and soon to come down, was left there, looking mortally ashamed of itself, and supremely wicked. I had but glanced at this old acquaintance, when I beheld an airy procession coming round in front of Notre-Dame, past the great hospital. It had something of a Masaniello look, with fluttering striped curtains in the midst of it, and it came dancing round the cathedral in the liveliest manner.

I was speculating on a marriage in Blouse-life, or a Christening, or some other domestic festivity which I would see out, when I found, from the talk of a quick rush of Blouses past me, that it was a Body coming to the Morgue. Having never before chanced upon this initiation, I constituted myself a Blouse likewise, and ran into the Morgue with the rest. It was a very muddy day, and we took in a quantity of mire with us, and the procession coming in upon our heels brought a

quantity more. The procession was in the highest spirits, and consisted of idlers who had come with the curtained litter from its starting-place, and of all the reinforcements it had picked up by the way. It set the litter down in the midst of the Morgue, and then two Custodians proclaimed aloud that we were all "invited" to go out. This invitation was rendered the more pressing, if not the more flattering, by our being shoved out, and the folding-gates being barred upon us.

Those who have never seen the Morgue, may see it perfectly, by presenting to themselves an indifferently paved coach-house accessible from the street by a pair of folding-gates; on the left of the coach-house, occupying its width, any large London tailor's or lincendrapers' plate-glass window reaching to the ground; within the window, on two rows of inclined planes, what the coach-house has to show; hanging above, like irregular stalactites from the roof of a cave, a quantity of clothes—the clothes of the dead and buried shows of the coach-house.

We had been excited in the highest degree by seeing the Custodians pull off their coats and tuck up their shirt-sleeves, as the procession came along. It looked so interestingly like business. Shut out in the muddy street, we now became quite ravenous to know all about it. Was it river, pistol, knife, love, gambling, robbery, hatred, how many stabs, how many bullets, fresh or decomposed, suicide or murder? All wedged together, and all staring at one another with our heads thrust forward, we propounded these inquiries and a hundred more such. Imperceptibly, it came to be known that Monsieur the tall and sallow mason yonder, was acquainted with the facts. Would Monsieur the tall and sallow mason, surged at by a new wave of us, have the goodness to impart? It was but a poor old man, passing along the street under one of the new buildings, on whom a stone had fallen, and who had tumbled dead. His age? Another wave surged up against the tall and sallow mason, and our wave swept on and broke, and he was any age from sixty-five to ninety.

An old man was not much: moreover, we could have wished he had been killed by human agency—his own, or somebody else's: the latter, preferable—but our comfort was, that he had nothing about him to lead to his identification, and that his people must seek him here. Perhaps they were waiting dinner for him even now? We liked that. Such of us as had pocket-handkerchiefs took a slow intense protracted wipe at our noses, and then crammed our handkerchiefs into the breast of our blouses. Others of us who had no handkerchiefs administered a similar relief to our overwrought minds, by means of prolonged smears or wipes of our mouths on our sleeves. One man with a gloomy malformation of brow—a homicidal worker in white-lead, to judge from his blue tone of colour, and a certain flavour of paralysis pervading him—got his coat-collar between his teeth, and bit at it with an appetite. Several

decent women arrived upon the outskirts of the crowd, and prepared to launch themselves into the dismal coach-house when opportunity should come; among them, a pretty young mother, pretending to bite the forefinger of her baby-boy, kept it between her rosy lips that it might be handy for guiding to point at the show. Meantime, all faces were turned towards the building, and we men waited with a fixed and stern resolution:—for the most part with folded arms. Surely, it was the only public French sight these uncommercial eyes had seen, at which the expectant people did not form *en queue*. But there was no such order of arrangement here; nothing but a general determination to make a rush for it, and a disposition to object to some boys who had mounted on the two stone posts by the hinges of the gates, with the design of swooping in when the hinges should turn.

Now, they turned, and we rushed! Great pressure, and a scream or two from the front. Then a laugh or two, some expressions of disappointment, and a slackening of the pressure and subsidence of the struggle.—Old man not there.

"But what would you have?" the Custodian reasonably argues, as he looks out at his little door. "Patience, patience! We make his toilette, gentlemen. He will be exposed presently. It is necessary to proceed according to rule. His toilette is not made all at a blow. He will be exposed in good time, gentlemen, in good time." And so retires, smoking, with a wave of his sleeveless arm towards the window, importing, "Entertain yourselves in the mean while with the other curiosities. Fortunately the Museum is not empty to-day."

Who would have thought of public fickleness even at the Morgue? But there it was, on that occasion. Three lately popular articles that had been attracting greatly when the litter was first desecrated coming dancing round the corner by the great cathedral, were so completely deposed now, that nobody save two little girls (one showing them to a doll) would look at them. Yet the chief of the three, the article in the front row, had received jagged injury of the left temple; and the other two in the back row, the drowned two lying side by side with their heads very slightly turned towards each other, seemed to be comparing notes about it. Indeed, those two of the back row were so furtive of appearance, and so (in their puffed way) assassinatingly knowing as to the one of the front, that it was hard to think the three had never come together in their lives, and were only chance companions after death. Whether or no this was the general, as it was the uncommercial, fancy, it is not to be disputed that the group had drawn exceedingly within ten minutes. Yet now, the inconstant public turned its back upon them, and even leaned its elbows carelessly against the bar outside the window, and shook off the mud from its shoes, and also lent and borrowed fire for pipes.

Custodian re-enters from his door, "Again once, gentlemen, you are invited——" No

further invitation necessary. Ready dash into the street. Toilette finished. Old man coming out.

This time, the interest was grown too hot to admit of toleration of the boys on the stone posts. The homicidal white-lead worker made a pounce upon one boy who was hoisting himself up, and brought him to earth amidst general commendation. Closely stowed as we were, we yet formed into groups—groups of conversation, without separation from the mass—to discuss the old man. Rivals of the tall and sallow mason sprang into being, and here again was popular inconstancy. These rivals attracted audiences, and were greedily listened to; and whereas they had derived their information solely from the tall and sallow one, officious members of the crowd now sought to enlighten *him* on their authority. Changed by this social experience into an iron-visaged and inveterate misanthrope, the mason glared at mankind, and evidently cherished in his breast the wish that the whole of the present company could change places with the deceased old man. And now listeners became inattentive, and people made a start forward at a slight sound, and an unholy fire kindled in the public eye, and those next the gates beat at them impatiently, as if they were of the cannibal species and hungry.

Again the hinges creaked, and we rushed. Disorderly pressure for sometime ensued before the uncommercial unit got figured into the front row of the sum. It was strange to see so much heat and uproar seething about one poor spare white-haired old man, so quiet for evermore. He was calm of feature and undisfigured, as he lay on his back—having been struck upon the hinder part of the head, and thrown forward—and something like a tear or two had started from the closed eyes, and lay wet upon the face. The uncommercial interest, sated at a glance, directed itself upon the striving crowd on either side and behind: wondering whether one might have guessed, from the expression of those faces merely, what kind of sight they were looking at. The differences of expression were not many. There was a little pity, but not much, and that mostly with a selfish touch in it—as who would say, “Shall I, poor I, look like that, when the time comes?” There was more of a secretly brooding contemplation and curiosity, as “That man I don’t like, and have the grudge against; would such be his appearance, if some one—not to mention names—by any chance gave him an ugly knock?” There was a wolfish stare at the object, in which the homicidal white-lead worker shone conspicuous. And there was a much more general, purposeless, vacant staring at it—like looking at waxwork, without a catalogue, and not knowing what to make of it. But all these expressions concurred in possessing the one under-lying expression of *looking at something that could not return a look*. The uncommercial notice had established this as very remarkable, when a new pressure all at once coming up from the street pinioned him ignominiously, and hurried him into the arms (now

sleeved again) of the Custodian smoking at his door, and answering questions, between-puffs, with a certain placid meritorious air of not being proud, though high in office. And mentioning pride, it may be observed, by the way, that one could not well help investing the original sole occupant of the front row with an air depreciatory of the legitimate attraction of the poor old man: while the two in the second row seemed to exult at his superseded popularity.

Pacing presently round the garden of the Tower of St. Jacques de la Boucherie, and presently again in front of the Hôtel de Ville, I called to mind a certain desolate open-air Morgue that I happened to light upon in London, one day in the hard winter of 1861, and which seemed as strange to me, at the time of seeing it, as if I had found it in China. Towards that hour of a winter’s afternoon when the lamplighters are beginning to light the lamps in the streets a little before they are wanted, because the darkness thickens fast and soon, I was walking in from the country on the northern side of the Regent’s Park—hard frozen and deserted—when I saw an empty Hansom cab drive up to the lodge at Gloucester-gate, and the driver with great agitation call to the man there: who quickly reached a long pole from a tree, and, deftly collared by the driver, jumped to the step of his little seat, and so the Hansom rattled out at the gate, galloping over the iron-bound road. I followed running, though not so fast but that when I came to the right-hand Canal Bridge, near the cross-path to Chalk Farm, the Hansom was stationary, the horse was smoking hot, the long pole was idle on the ground, and the driver and the park-keeper were looking over the bridge parapet. Looking over too, I saw, lying on the towing-path with her face turned up towards us, a woman, dead a day or two, and under thirty, as I guessed, poorly dressed in black. The feet were lightly crossed at the ankles, and the dark hair, all pushed back from the face, as though that had been the last action of her desperate hands, streamed over the ground. Dabbled all about her, was the water and the broken ice that had dropped from her dress, and had splashed as she was got out. The policeman who had just got her out, and the passing costermonger who had helped him, were standing near the body; the latter, with that stare at it which I have likened to being at a wax-work exhibition without a catalogue; the former, looking over his stock, with professional stiffness and coolness, in the direction in which the bearers he had sent for, were expected. So dreadfully forlorn, so dreadfully sad, so dreadfully mysterious, this spectacle of our dear sister here departed! A barge came up, breaking the floating ice and the silence, and a woman steered it. The man with the horse that towed it, cared so little for the body, that the stumbling hoofs had been among the hair, and the tow-rope had caught and turned the head, before our cry of horror took him to the bridle. At which sound the steering woman looked up at us on the bridge, with contempt unutterable, and then

looking down at the body with a similar expression—as if it were made in another likeness from herself, had been informed with other passions, had been lost by other chances, had had another nature dragged down to perdition—steered a spurning streak of mud at it, and passed on.

A better experience, but also of the Morgue kind, in which chance happily made me useful in a slight degree, arose to my remembrance as I took my way by the Boulevard de Sébastopol to the brighter scenes of Paris.

The thing happened, say five-and-twenty years ago. I was a modest young uncommercial then, and timid and inexperienced. Many suns and winds have browned me in the line, but those were my pale days. Having newly taken the lease of a house in a certain distinguished metropolitan parish—a house which then appeared to me to be a frightfully first-class Family Mansion, involving awful responsibilities—I became the prey of a Beadle. I think the Beadle must have seen me going in or coming out, and must have observed that I tottered under the weight of my grandeur. Or, he may have been in hiding under straw when I bought my first horse (in the desirable stable-yard attached to the first-class Family Mansion), and when the vendor remarked to me, in an original manner, on bringing him for approval, taking his cloth off, and smacking him, "There Sir! *There's* a Orse!" And when I said gallantly, "How much do you want for him?" and when the vendor said, "No more than sixty guineas, from you," and when I said smartly, "Why not more than sixty from *me*?" And when he said crushingly, "Because upon my soul and body he'd be considered cheap at seventy, by one who understood the subject—but you don't." I say, the Beadle may have been in hiding under straw, when this disgrace befel me, or he may have noted that I was too raw and young an Atlas to carry the first-class Family Mansion in a knowing manner. Be this as it may, the Beadle did what Melancholy did to the youth in Gray's Elegy—he marked me for his own. And the way in which the Beadle did it, was this: he summoned me as a Juryman on his Coroner's Inquests.

In my first feverish alarm I repaired "for safety and for succour"—like those sagacious Northern shepherds who, having had no previous reason whatever to believe in young Norval, very prudently did not originate the hazardous idea of believing in him—to a deep householder. This profound man informed me that the Beadle counted on my buying him off; on my bribing him not to summon me; and that if I would attend an Inquest with a cheerful countenance, and profess alacrity in that branch of my country's service, the Beadle would be disheartened, and would give up the game.

I roused my energies, and the next time the wily Beadle summoned me, I went. The Beadle was the blankest Beadle I have ever looked on when I answered to my name; and his discomfiture gave me courage to go through with it.

We were impannelled to inquire concerning

the death of a very little mite of a child. It was the old miserable story. Whether the mother had committed the minor offence of concealing the birth, or whether she had committed the major offence of killing the child, was the question on which we were wanted. We must commit her on one of the two issues.

The Inquest came off in the parish workhouse, and I have yet a lively impression that I was unanimously received by my brother Jurymen as a brother of the utmost conceivable insignificance. Also, that before we began, a broker who had lately cheated me fearfully in the matter of a pair of card-tables, was for the utmost rigour of the law. I remember that we sat in a sort of board-room, on such very large square horse-hair chairs that I wondered what race of Patagonians they were made for; and further, that an undertaker gave me his card when we were in the full moral freshness of having just been sworn, as "an inhabitant that was newly come into the parish, and was likely to have a young family." The case was then stated to us by the coroner, and then we went down stairs—led by the plotting Beadle—to view the body. From that day to this, the poor little figure on which that sounding legal appellation was bestowed, has lain in the same place, and with the same surroundings, to my thinking. In a kind of crypt devoted to the warehousing of the parochial coffins, and in the midst of a perfect Panorama of coffins of all sizes, it was stretched on a box; the mother had put it in her box—this box—almost as soon as it was born, and it had been presently found there. It had been opened, and neatly sewn up, and regarded from that point of view, it looked like a stuffed creature. It rested on a clean white cloth, with a surgical instrument or so at hand, and regarded from that point of view, it looked as if the cloth were "laid," and the Giant were coming to dinner. There was nothing repellant about the poor piece of innocence, and it demanded a mere form of looking at. So, we looked at an old pauper who was going about among the coffins with a foot rule, as if he were a case of Self-Measurement; and we looked at one another; and we said the place was well white-washed any how; and then our conversational powers as a British Jury flagged, and the foreman said, "All right, gentlemen? Back again, Mr. Beadle!"

The miserable young creature who had given birth to this child within a very few days, and who had cleaned the cold wet door-steps immediately afterwards, was brought before us when we resumed our horse-hair chairs, and was present during the proceedings. She had a horse-hair chair herself, being very weak and ill; and I remember how she turned to the unsympathetic nurse who attended her, and who might have been the figure-head of a pauper-ship, and how she hid her face and sobs and tears upon that wooden shoulder. I remember, too, how hard her mistress was upon her (she was a servant-of-all-work), and with what a cruel pertinacity that piece of Virtue spun her thread of evidence

double, by intertwinning it with the sternest thread of construction. Smitten hard by the terrible low wail from the utterly friendless orphan girl, which never ceased during the whole inquiry, I took heart to ask this witness a question or two, which hopefully admitted of an answer that might give a favourable turn to the case. She made the turn as little favourable as it could be, but it did some good, and the Coroner, who was nobly patient and humane (he was the late Mr. Wakley), cast a look of strong encouragement in my direction. Then, we had the doctor who had made the examination, and the usual tests as to whether the child was born alive; but he was a timid middle-headed doctor, and got confused and contradictory, and wouldn't say this, and couldn't answer for that, and the immaculate broker was too much for him, and our side slid back again. However, I tried again, and the Coroner backed me again, for which I ever afterwards felt grateful to him as I do now to his memory; and we got another favourable turn, out of some other witness, some member of the family with a strong prepossession against the sinner; and I think we had the doctor back again; and I know that the Coroner summed up for our side, and that I and my British brothers turned round to discuss our verdict, and get ourselves into great difficulties with our large chairs and the broker. At that stage of the case I tried hard again, being convinced that I had cause for it; and at last we found for the minor offence of only concealing the birth; and the poor desolate creature, who had been taken out during our deliberation, being brought in again to be told of the verdict, then dropped upon her knees before us, with protestations that we were right—protestations among the most affecting that I have ever heard in my life—and was carried away insensible.

(In private conversation after this was all over, the Coroner showed me his reasons as a trained surgeon, for perceiving it to be impossible that the child could, under the most favourable circumstances, have drawn many breaths, in the very doubtful case of its having ever breathed at all; this, owing to the discovery of some foreign matter in the windpipe, quite irreconcilable with many moments of life.)

When the agonised girl had made those final protestations, I had seen her face, and it was in unison with her distracted heartbroken voice, and it was very moving. It certainly did not impress me by any beauty that it had, and if I ever see it again in another world I shall only know it by the help of some new sense or intelligence. But it came to me in my sleep that night, and I selfishly dismissed it in the most efficient way I could think of. I caused some extra care to be taken of her in the prison, and counsel to be retained for her defence when she was tried at the Old Bailey; and her sentence was lenient, and her history and conduct proved that it was right. In doing the little I did for her, I remember to have had the kind help of some gentle-hearted functionary to whom I addressed

myself—but what functionary I have long forgotten—who I suppose was officially present at the Inquest.

I regard this as a very notable uncommercial experience, because this good came of a Beadle. And to the best of my knowledge, information, and belief, it is the only good that ever did come of a Beadle since the first Beadle put on his cocked-hat.

ECCENTRICITIES OF COSTUME.

MEN and women have at all times had a strange love for making themselves look ridiculous and ugly by means of uncouth dresses. There have been periods of declension and bad taste in poetry and music, in painting and sculpture, in architecture and decoration; but there have also been other periods, and some of considerable length, when the world was accustomed to the finest exemplars of genius in each of those spheres. Not so with the art of clothing ourselves. In the modern world at least, we have seen no "Augustan age" of habiliments. The costume of the ancient Greeks was indeed the perfection of utility and elegance, considered with reference to the climate and the surrounding accessories. The Romans managed to spoil it, as they did all the arts which they borrowed from their more delicately organised neighbours; yet there was a senatorial dignity in the toga, and, when Cæsar fell at the base of Pompey's statue, his tailor had provided him with the means of doing so in a manner at once decent and majestic. The toga was the Oriental robe, which, as we see it represented in pictures of the old prophets and patriarchs, has an aspect extremely grand, simple, and impressive, the long sweep of the outline answering with a kind of visible harmony to the flow of the beard.

Yet see with what fantastic ugliness of adornment—with what cumbrous weight of richness—many of the Eastern races have spoiled this fine ideal! In Europe it is the same, and the modern world has been far more conspicuous for its failures than the ancient. From time to time, some mode of dressing has come up, admirably suited to the people amongst whom it has made its appearance, well adapted to the climate and the conditions of modern life, graceful, easy, not beyond the means of the poor when taken in its simplicity, yet capable of receiving without injury the most gorgeous embellishments of wealth. But for every one of such costumes the world has had to endure at least twenty bad ones—dresses equally unsuited to rich and poor, ugly in their bare outline, and but ill disguised by any amount of lace and jewellery that might be heaped upon them. It is indeed a rule in many things, but especially in costume, that ugly fashions possess a greater vitality than beautiful fashions. The ugliness changes its modes and forms, but somehow contrives to maintain its essential principles. In our own country, for instance, we had at one time a

manner of dressing as graceful as that of the Hellenes, which, in fact, it greatly resembled: we allude to the tunics and mantles of the Anglo-Saxons. The thing was too good to last; and it has been extinct ever since the days of the Norman conquest, if, indeed, it did not succumb to continental fashions, in all but the lower orders, during the reign of Edward the Confessor.

Eccentricity of costume became frequent in this country after the Norman invasion. As early as the reign of William the Second, the old chronicler, William of Malmesbury, speaks of the "extravagant dress" of the courtiers, and of "the fashion of shoes with curved points," which seem to have been invented by one of the Earls of Anjou to conceal the deformity of his feet, but which, like other ugly things, had such a tenacity of existence that they were found constantly reappearing for several centuries, notwithstanding various ordinances for their regulation or suppression. In the reign of Edward the Third, the ends were curved so high that golden chains were attached to them, and looped up to the knees; so that the conquerors of France literally went about in fetters of their own imposing. At an earlier period—viz. in the days of Edward the First—the ladies had a fancy for muffling up their throats and the sides of their heads with some species of wrapper, as Welshwomen do even now. We see the fashion represented in the portraits of Mrs. Siddons in Lady Constance. Mrs. Siddons, indeed, always appeared on the stage with a velvet band over the forehead—for what reason, it would be hard to say.

It is a noticeable feature in the mutations of fashion, that the freaks of bad taste have been chiefly visible on the side of undue muffling of the person. No doubt, times have been when court ladies laid themselves open to the very contrary charge; but these are quite the exceptions. The tendency in the modern world, even in hot climates, has generally been to excess of clothing. This (in European countries, at least) was the result of Gothicism, the good and the evil of which sprang up equally from the absence of simplicity. On the favourable side we have to place that fantastic richness of ornament and glow of colour which give the splendour of a pageant to the domestic history of the feudal times; on the unfavourable side lies the tendency to wild extravagance and uncouth conceits. And this tendency survived the extinction of feudalism, and is dominant in many ways even yet. The male costume of the time of Shakespeare was gorgeous, but grotesque; and female dress was never so atrocious. It is impossible to conceive anything more execrable, more thoroughly barbarous, than the appearance of Queen Elizabeth in the portraits with which we are all familiar. Not only is the neck encircled with a stiff collar, and flanked by a rigid ruff, but the very head is backed by two preposterous wings of muslin, spread out vampire-fashion; while the paltry

little frizzled curls, twisted into angular knots, and loaded with jewels, are surmounted by a hat which covers nothing that need be covered, and a plume which seems to droop with the consciousness of its own absurdity. The fantastical, both in male and female costume, reached its height in that reign and the next. The peg-top trousers of the present day, unmanly as they are, in their assimilation of the male to the female figure, are nothing in comparison with the swelling, huge-hipped breeches of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. These were stuffed out with horse-hair, wool, and flax, and seem to have made as great encroachments on the public space as the skirts of our better halves do now. In the early years of Elizabeth's reign, it was actually found necessary to erect round the inside of the Houses of Parliament a scaffolding for the express accommodation of those noble lords and honourable members who were determined to be in the extreme of the fashion. The monstrosity went out of vogue in 1565, but came in again in the reign of James the First. A sumptuary law was passed against these enormous "small-clothes;" but of course it was frequently broken.

A good story is told by an old author, to the effect that a man who was cited before a court of justice for offending against the inflated small-clothes' law, declared that such garments formed his safest storeroom, and straightway produced from certain occult recesses sundry sheets, two tablecloths, ten napkins, four shirts, and abundance of linen and other necessaries; adding, that he had yet great store which remained unshown. The story is of course a joke, invented by some witty fellow of that time, who, if he lived now, would probably be a contributor to Punch, and an assistant to Mr. Leech in ridiculing the excesses of crinoline. Equally fantastic were the beards of the Shakespearean epoch. To twist and cut that stately appendage into the most quaint and ridiculous shapes was the great art of the barber. We see some strange specimens now-a-days; but they would look tame beside the oddities which men were pleased to carry about on their faces between two and three centuries ago. People fashioned their beards in much the same manner as they did the yew-trees and privet hedges in their gardens, and cared little for deformities if they could only hit upon something novel and peculiar.

Perhaps the best modern costume ever seen in England was that of the more cultivated and less fanatical of the Puritans. Though sober, it was not formal, gloomy, nor drab-coloured; and, while it was a good, honest, every-day dress, fit for the workshop, the study, and the battlefield, it was susceptible of no inconsiderable richness upon occasion, and was at all times dignified and refined. We have had more splendid and more picturesque garments; none which have so admirably answered the rough necessities of modern life, while preserving a due regard to the graces of form. Yet the fashion was doomed to a speedy extinction in the gorgeous, but

meretricious, tastes introduced by Charles the Second on his return from France. The history of costume during the whole of the succeeding century, whether in the case of men or women, is simply a record of progressive degradation. Heavy and cumbersome in the reigns of Anne and of the first two Georges, though not without a certain courtly grandeur, it became simply tasteless, mean, and repulsive, under the sway of the third George. The wig and the cocked-hat are striking instances of the truth of what we have remarked, that fashions are long-lived in proportion to their stupidity and ugliness. The wig, under various forms, lasted for at least a hundred and thirty years, and was only overthrown by the French revolution; the cocked-hat survives even to this day among our generals and admirals, and until recently among our beaules, though we believe the latter functionaries have now pretty generally discarded it. But perhaps the lowest depths of paltry shabbiness and fantastic deformity were reached at various periods during the first thirty years or so of the present century. When gentlemen wore pantaloons tied at the ankles with ribbon, shoes like dancing-pumps, waistcoats that were too small, and dress-coats with collars that were too large,—and when ladies walked about with their waists under their armpits, and their hair rolled up into a succession of little curls like sausages,—there must assuredly have existed every discouragement to the two sexes to fall in love with one another.

Strange as it may seem, there can be no doubt that vanity has much to do with these hideous mistakes. The object with fashionable people is not so much to cultivate a feeling for artistic propriety and grace, as to call attention to what they consider their own perfections of countenance and person; and whatever is singular in costume helps to do this. Hence, extravagance of embellishment and wild irregularity of outline are rather welcomed than discouraged; as the belles of the time of Addison stuck little bits of black plaister on their faces—not because the spots were beautiful (for indeed their effect must have been disgusting), but because they were a sort of standing advertisement of the fair cheeks on which they reposed. With the same object, the Oriental damsel blackens the edges of her eyelids with “kohl,” and stains her hands and feet with “henna;” and on this account have women, every now and then, taken an otherwise unaccountable pleasure in dressing like men. Pepys, in his Diary, under date June 11, 1665, says he found the ladies of honour clad in riding-habits that, but for the petticoat sweeping beneath, were in no respect different from the masculine garb—“which,” says the garrulous observer, “was an odd sight, and a sight that did not please me.” It was a fashion, however, that came in again about 1780. The love of the “sensational” is another cause of eccentricities in costume; and the desire for incessant change—a desire very naturally fostered by tailors, dressmakers, and mercers, since it “makes good for trade”—is yet another,

seeing that, inasmuch as there are more ways of being wrong than of being right, there is a far greater variety of ugliness than of beauty.

We are at the present moment going through a phase of extravagance which involves a great deal of bad taste. But it is at the French court that the tendency has found its most extreme development. The fancy balls patronised by the fair Eugénie are fanciful indeed. Ladies are found doing the best they can to make themselves look like beehives and trees—trees of which the fruit, like those in the garden of Aladdin, are jewels. Others issue out of imitation hives, in the winged similitude of the little honey-makers; while some try how near they can sail to the shores of indecorum without positively suffering shipwreck. “Salammbô,” with her airy robe, her arms bare to the shoulders, and her naked feet bound with golden sandals, seems as yet to have borne away the prize in this last respect. The Americans, who are never satisfied unless they can out-Herod Herod, appear to have been lately turning their attention, notwithstanding the deadly realities of civil war, to the grotesque triumphs of the ball-room. If we may depend upon a paragraph which has recently performed the grand tour of the newspapers, they have hit upon an idea that promises to whip all creation. Some one has proposed to light up ladies with gas—literally, to make them their own illuminations! The gas is to be contained in an elegant little tank or meter, made of gold, and hidden among the seductive mysteries of the back hair. From the upper surface of this reservoir the jets would burst forth; and, the lady being duly charged with the inflammable vapour, would depart for the ball-room with the gas only just alight. Previous to entering the room, the husband, lover, or other gentleman in attendance, would turn up the jets, and the beauty would burst upon the assembled company in the full blaze of her splendour, surpassing even that princess in Ben Jonson, who

—came in like starlight, hid with jewels
That were the spoils of provinces.

The conception may have originated in the custom prevalent among South American ladies of impaling live fire-flies on pins, and wearing them about their evening dresses like burning gems; but there is a certain savage poetry in this practice, which the more northern contrivance lacks. We have read a description in some book of travels of the starry glitter of those semi-Spanish belles, in the gauzy clouds of whose light vestures the imprisoned insects hang lambent and lucid; and of the slow fading of the golden brightness as the life that feeds it ebbs and sinks—“paling its ineffectual fire,” not before the dawn of day, but before the darkness of extinction. The gas-meter may not produce so splendid an effect, and, as we have said, the idea is less poetical—less fit for some proud, fierce, handsome queen, some Cleopatra or Semiramis; but at least it is free from cruelty, and

we do not know that any one has a right to object to American ladies and gentlemen consuming their gas after so harmless and urbane a fashion.

A SOUVENIR OF SOLFERINO.

I. THE TRAVELLING AMATEUR.

A CITIZEN of Geneva, Monsieur J. HENRY DUNANT, has lately given to the world a startling book, *Un Souvenir de Solferino*, in which he details what he saw and did in the Lombard campaign, and what he would fain do now. The work, not originally intended to be published, was printed for private circulation only; but in consequence of numerous applications, and as a means of serving its purpose better, it was offered for sale, and is now in its third edition. As the author waited three years before committing his recollections to paper, the horrors he relates are both softened and abridged by the delay; the reader, however, will allow that enough remain to justify M. Dunant in pressing the question both of the Aid to be given to Wounded Soldiers in Time of War, and of the Nursing to be bestowed upon them Immediately After an Engagement.

M. Dunant evidently thinks that he has done, and is doing, nothing extraordinary. There is not a particle of self-glorification in his book. He writes simply, touchingly, and heartily; and it will be strange if multitudes of benevolent hearts do not answer to his appeal. He witnessed the battle of Solferino; he also witnessed its results. A simple tourist, entirely stranger to and disinterested in the mighty struggle, he had the privilege, through a concourse of particular circumstances, of being present at the stirring scenes he describes. Moreover, when the drama was played out, he did not quit the theatre at the fall of the curtain—the closing in of night. He remained on the spot with a heroism far greater than that of the fiercest combatant, tending and consoling, to the utmost of his strength, the disabled actors in the bloody tragedy.

He went from bed to bed, from room to room, from hospital to hospital, unappalled by heartrending sufferings and loathsome stench, doing his duty to all, irrespective of nation, as nurse of the wounded and comforter of the dying. Being clad all in white (the heat at that time was overpowering), he was known to the patients as *Le Monsieur Blanc*. When he passed through the thick ranks of prostrate soldiers, after the surgeon's visit and the distribution of soup, which produced a temporary calm of their nervous system, all eyes followed him. And no wonder. If he went to the right, every head was turned to the right; to the left, if he went to the left. They knew neither his name nor his nation; but, being a Genevese Swiss, French was his native tongue. "You see plainly enough that he is a Parisian," said some. "No," replied others; "he looks to me as if he came from the south." "You belong to Bordeaux, don't you, sir?" inquired a third. Everybody would have it that he was of his

own province, or his own town. In the course of the following year he had the satisfaction of meeting, in Paris, and notably in the Rue de Rivoli, amputated and invalid soldiers who stopped him to express their gratitude for the care he had bestowed on them at Castiglione. All this is told without the slightest pretension, and with the only view of putting the question home, "Cannot you also go and do likewise?"

II. THE ORGIE OF BLOOD.

THE combined French and Sardinian forces amounted to one hundred and fifty thousand men, with about four hundred pieces of artillery. The Emperor of Austria had at his disposal, in Lombardy, nine corps d'armée, amounting in all to two hundred and fifty thousand men; but only seven corps were to enter into the engagement—that is, one hundred and seventy thousand men, supported by five hundred pieces of artillery. More than three hundred thousand men were, therefore, assembled for mutual destruction, according to rule, "with humanity and civilisation."* The numbers thus met for human butchery can only be realised to the imagination by thinking of towns with populations of twenty or thirty thousand souls, and then multiplying them mentally. The line of battle occupied twelve miles of ground, and they fought for more than fifteen hours, that memorable Friday, the 24th of June.

The two contending armies had not expected to come to blows quite so soon. Each was in error respecting the movements of the adversary. The shock of meeting was a surprise to both. The Austrian army, after sustaining the fatigue of a difficult march during the whole night of the 23rd, had to support, at break of day of the 24th, the violent onslaught of the allied army, and to suffer excessive heat, as well as hunger and thirst; for, with the exception of a double ration of brandy, the greater part of the troops took no nourishment whatever during the whole of Friday. The French army, which began to move with the dawn, had nothing but their morning coffee. The exhaustion of the combatants, and especially of the unhappy wounded, was extreme at the close of that terrible battle.

The first blows were struck amidst the difficulties of a ground entirely unknown to the allies. The French army had to thread their way through plantations of mulberry-trees interlaced with vines. The soil was cut up by large dry ditches, and long walls of no great height, but very broad at their base. The horses had to climb over the walls and to leap the ditches.

To check their advance, the Austrian artillery pours down upon them an incessant hail of bombs, balls, and bullets. The smoke from the cannon and the guns is intermingled with the dust and earth thrown up by such a multitude of projectiles striking the ground. The French brave the thunders of the batteries, in order to storm the positions, which they are resolved to take at any price.

* "Nous ferons la guerre avec humanité, avec civilisation."—General Trochu's Proclamation, May 4, 1859.

But it is during the torrid noontide heat that the struggle, which rages all around, gradually becomes fiercer and fiercer. Close columns of men rush, one against the other, with the impetuosity of a torrent. French regiments engage, man to man, with the Austrian masses, which grow more and more numerous and menacing, and which energetically sustain the attack, like walls of iron. Whole divisions deposit their knapsacks on the ground, to be freer in plying the enemy with the bayonet. If one battalion be repulsed, another takes its place immediately. Every hill, every eminence, every ridge of rock, is the scene of a series of obstinate combats. The dead lie in heaps, in the ravines and on the rising ground. Austrians and allies trample each other underfoot, murder each other over bleeding corpses, fell each other with the butt-ends of their guns, fracture skulls, and rip up bellies with the sabre or the bayonet. No quarter is given; it is a butchery, a combat of wild beasts, furious and drunk with blood. The wounded defend themselves to the last extremity; those who have lost their arms, seize their adversary by the throat, and tear him with their teeth. The struggle is rendered still more fearful by the approach of a squadron of cavalry. It comes on at full gallop; the horses crush the dead and the dying, beneath their iron-shod feet; one poor wretch has his jaw carried away, another his skull fractured; a third, who might have been saved, had his chest crushed in. Shouts of rage and howlings of despair are overpowered by the neighing of the horses. The artillery sweeps past, following the cavalry at the top of its speed. It forces a passage through the dead and the living, indiscriminately scattered over the ground; brains are spattered about, limbs are broken and brayed, the ground is saturated with blood, and the plain is bestrewn with fragments of human bodies.

The Austrian positions are excellent; they are entrenched in the houses and the churches of Medola, Solferino, and Cavriana. But nothing checks, or suspends, or diminishes, the carnage; there is wholesale slaughter, and slaughter in detail; every hollow and slope is carried by the bayonet; standing-ground is disputed foot by foot. Villages are torn from the enemy, house after house, farm after farm; each one of them necessitates a siege; the doors, the windows, and the court-yards are a frightful pell-mell of throat-cutting.

The French grape-shot causes fearful disorder in the Austrian masses; it covers the hills with corpses, and extends its ravages to prodigious distances, even to the remote reserves of the German army. But, if the Austrians give way a little, they only do so step by step, and very soon resume the offensive. Their ranks re-form incessantly, to be shortly broken up again. The wind raises a deluge of dust with which the plain is inundated; its clouds are so thick as to darken the air and blind the combatants. If there seems to be a lull in the strife here and there, it soon breaks out again with increased violence. Fresh reserves of Austrians immediately fill

the gaps made in their ranks by the fury of attack, which is as obstinate as it is murderous. The Zouaves rush forward, bayonet in hand, bounding like tigers, and uttering wild cries. The French cavalry dashes against the Austrian cavalry; Hussars transfix Uhlans, and Uhlans tear Hussars to pieces. The horses, excited by the ardour of combat, themselves participate their riders' fury, and madly bite the horses of the enemy. At some points the rage is such that, powder and shot being exhausted, and muskets broken, the soldiers pound each other with stones, and fight in single combat, man to man. The Croats cut the throats of all who fall into their clutches; they put the wounded to death, knocking them on the head with the butts of their guns: while the Algerian sharpshooters (whose ferocity their leaders are unable to restrain) retaliate in the same way on the dying Austrians, whether officers or private soldiers, and rush into the thickest of the fray with savage howlings. The strongest positions are taken, lost, and retaken, to be again lost and reconquered. Everywhere, men are falling by thousands, mutilated, riddled through and through with bullets, mortally wounded by all sorts of projectiles.

The spectator posted on the heights which environ Castiglione, observes that Solferino, by its position, has become the turning-point of the battle. Who shall obtain possession of it? The French officers, ever pushing forward, waving their swords in the air, and drawing on by their example the soldiers who follow them, are decimated at the head of their battalions. The orders they wear, and their epaulettes, make them a mark for the Tyrolese sharpshooters. Lieutenant de Guiseul, who carries the flag of a regiment of the line, is surrounded with his battalion by a force ten times superior; struck by a shot, he rolls on the ground, pressing to his breast his precious trust. A sergeant seizes the flag, to save it from falling into the enemy's hands; his head is carried away by a cannon-ball. A captain who clutches the staff, a moment afterwards stains with his blood the standard, which is broken and torn. All who carry it, whether subalterns or soldiers, fall in turn; but the living and the dead form around it a rampart with their bodies. The glorious relic at last remains, all shattered and mutilated, in the hands of a sergeant-major of Colonel Abattucci's regiment.

At Guidizzolo, Prince Charles of Windischgrätz, an Austrian colonel, braves certain death by attempting, at the head of his regiment, to retake and carry the strong position of Casa Nuova. Mortally wounded, he still commands. His soldiers sustain him; they carry him in their arms; they remain motionless under a shower of bullets, forming thus a last shelter around him. They are certain of being killed; but they will not abandon their colonel, who soon breathes his last.

At the attack of Monte Fontana, the Algerian sharpshooters are decimated, their colonels, Laure and Herment, are killed, a great number of their

officers fall; all which only redoubles their fury. They excite each other to avenge these deaths, and rush down upon their enemies with the rage of the African, and the fanaticism of the Mussulman, massacring them with the frenzy of bloodthirsty tigers. The Croats throw themselves on the ground, hide in ditches, allow their adversaries to come close upon them, and then suddenly starting up, shoot them dead point blank.

At San Martino, an officer of Bersaglieri, Captain Pallavicini, is wounded. His soldiers take him in their arms and carry him to a chapel, where his wounds receive a slight dressing. But the Austrians, repulsed for a moment, return to the charge, and force their way into the chapel. The Bersaglieri, too few in number to resist, abandon their chief. Immediately, the Croats, seizing big stones which they find at the door, beat in the captain's skull. Their tunics are bespattered with his brains.

A sub-lieutenant of the line has his left arm broken by a Biscayan, and the blood flows abundantly from his wound. Sitting under a tree, he is taken aim at by a Hungarian soldier. But the assailant is stopped by one of his officers, who, drawing near to the young Frenchman, compassionately takes his hand, and orders him to be carried to a less dangerous spot.

The cantinières (female sutlers) advance, like well-seasoned troopers, under the enemy's fire. They raise the poor wounded soldiers, who eagerly beg for water, and they are themselves wounded while administering drink and applying bandages. Perhaps these heroic women are the same afterwards burnt by the Mexicans (on the 9th of June, 1862), fastened by chains to powder-carts.

Horses, more humane than their riders, at every step avoid treading underfoot, the victims of this furious and frenzied battle. An officer of the Foreign Legion is laid low by a bullet. His dog, warmly attached to him, whom he had brought from Algeria, and who was the favourite of the whole battalion, was by his side. Carried on by the rush of the troops, he also is struck by a bullet, a few paces further; but he summons strength enough to drag himself back again, and die upon his master's body. In another regiment, a goat, adopted by a voltigeur and petted by his comrades, mounts with impunity to the assault of Solferino through a heavy shower of grape-shot and bullets.

What multitudes of brave soldiers are not arrested by their first wound, but continue to march forward until a second shot prostrates them, and renders them impotent for further strife! Elsewhere, whole battalions, exposed to a murderous fire, are obliged to await, motionless, the order to advance, and are forced to remain quiet spectators, boiling with impatience.

III. THE PRICE OF THE ORGIE.

NATURE can bear the horrid spectacle no longer. The sky is darkened; thick clouds obscure the horizon; the winds are let loose

with fury, and break the branches of the trees. A cold rain, driven by the hurricane, or rather a veritable water-spout, deluges the combatants, already exhausted by hunger and fatigue, at the same time that gusts and whirlwinds of dust blind the soldiers, who thus have the elements for their common enemy. The Austrians, beaten by the storm, nevertheless rally at the voice of their officers; but, at about five o'clock, human fury on both sides is forcibly suspended by torrents of rain, by hail, lightning, thunder, and darkness.

During the whole of the action, the head of the house of Hapsburg displays remarkable calmness and presence of mind; but as there is no longer any hope of forcing the position of the allies, a general retreat is ordered. Worse than that, at several points panic seizes the German troops; with some regiments, retreat is changed into utter rout. In vain their officers, who have fought like lions, try to restrain them. Exhortations, insults, sabre-strokes—nothing can stop them. The very soldiers who have bravely borne the brunt of the battle, now prefer to let themselves be struck and railed at, rather than not run away. The Emperor of Austria is in deep despair. While contemplating this scene of desolation, tears stream down his cheeks. His aides-de-camp have great difficulty in persuading him to quit Volta and proceed to Valeggio. The Austrian officers, in their consternation, expose themselves to death, out of rage and despair. Several kill themselves in the intensity of their grief, not choosing to survive their fatal defeat. The majority only rejoin the regiments, covered with their own or their enemies' blood.

The Austrian stragglers were got together and conducted to Valeggio. The roads were covered, either with baggage belonging to the different troops, or with the equipments of bridges and artillery reserves, which crowded together and upset one another in their hurry to reach the narrow passage of Valeggio. Much was saved by the rapid construction of flying bridges. The first convoys, composed of men but slightly wounded, began to enter Villafranca; the more seriously wounded soldiers followed them; and throughout the whole of this sad night, the arrivals were enormous in number. The doctors dressed their wounds, supported them with a little refreshment, and sent them on by railway to Verona, where the crowd became frightful. But, although the army in its retreat took with it all the wounded it could possibly transport in the vehicles at its command, what numbers of unfortunates were left abandoned on the blood-sodden ground!

Towards the close of the day, when the shades of twilight were stealing over the vast field of carnage, not a few French officers and soldiers sought, here and there, a countryman, a compatriot, a friend. If they found an acquaintance, they knelt beside him, tried to revive him, pressed his hand, stanching his blood, or bound a handkerchief round his fractured limb; but no water was to be had to refresh the poor sufferer. What floods of silent tears were shed that

lamentable evening, when all false self-glorification, all fear of human opinion, were put aside!

During the action, temporary hospitals had been established in the farms, houses, churches, and convents of the neighbourhood, and even in the open air, under the shade of trees. There, the officers wounded in the morning received a slight dressing, and, after them, the subalterns and soldiers. All the French surgeons displayed indefatigable devotion; several did not allow themselves a moment's rest for more than four-and-twenty hours. Two of them, who were under the orders of Dr. Méry, the head surgeon of the Garde, had so many limbs to amputate and wounds to dress, that they fainted. In another hospital, one of their colleagues, worn out with fatigue, was obliged, in order to continue his duties, to get his arms sustained by a couple of soldiers.

During a battle, a red streamer, raised on high, indicates the position of the wounded or the ambulances of the regiments engaged in action; and, by a tacit and mutual agreement, shots are not fired in that direction. Nevertheless, bomb-shells sometimes reach those places, and do not spare either the attendants, or the waggons laden with bread, wine, and meat to make broth for the sick. Wounded soldiers who are still able to walk, betake themselves, without further aid, to the ambulances; the others are carried there by means of litters or handbarrows, weakened as they often are by loss of blood and the continued privation of all assistance.

The heights which stretch from Castiglione to Volta, sparkle with thousands of fires, fed with the wreck of Austrian waggons, and with branches of trees, torn off by the storm or by cannon-balls. At these, the soldiers dry their clothes, and fall asleep, overcome with weariness, on the stones or on the ground. But those who are safe and sound cannot yet take repose; they must go and find water, to make soup and coffee, after passing the day without food and rest.

What touching episodes, what bitter disappointments of every description! Whole battalions are without provisions. There are companies who had been ordered to throw off their knapsacks, and who consequently are in want of everything. Elsewhere, it is water which is deficient; and the thirst is so intense that officers and men betake themselves to muddy pools, half filled with clotted blood. Some hussars, returning to their bivouac, between ten and eleven o'clock at night, because they were obliged to fetch water and wood from great distances, met with so many dying men on their way, entreating them for drink, that they emptied almost all their cans in fulfilling this charitable duty. Still, their coffee is prepared at last; but it is scarcely ready, before shots being heard in the distance, the alarm is given. Instantly the hussars jump on horseback and gallop off in that direction, without having time to drink their coffee, which is spilt in the tumult. They soon discover that what they had taken for the enemy returning to the charge, were shots fired by the French outposts on their own men seeking for wood

and water, whom the sentinels mistook for Austrians.

After this alarm, the harassed cavalry soldiers returned to throw themselves on the ground and sleep out the rest of the night; but they could not get back without falling in with numbers of wounded, who all begged for water. A Tyrolese, who lay not far from their bivouac, addressed them with supplications which could not be granted; for water was absolutely wanting. Next morning, they found him dead, with his foaming mouth full of earth; his swollen face all green and black. He had been writhing in dreadful convulsions till morning, and the nails of his clenched hands were turned back. No one can paint the agonies of that night.

The sun of the 25th rose on one of the most frightful spectacles imagination can conceive. The field of battle is everywhere covered with the bodies of men and horses; the roads, the ditches, the ravines, the thickets, the meadows, are strewn with dead men; the environs of Solferino literally swarm with dead. The fields are ravaged, the wheat and maize trampled down, the hedges levelled, the orchards destroyed, and from distance to distance there are pools of blood. The villages are deserted, and bear the marks of musketry, grenades, and bomb-shells. The walls are cracked or split, or battered in. The inhabitants, who have passed nearly twenty hours concealed in their cellars, without light and without victuals, begin to creep out; and their air of stupor testifies to the fright they have undergone. Around Solferino, especially in the cemetery, the ground is scattered with guns, knapsacks, caps, girdles, cans, every article of equipment, and with tattered garments stained with blood, as well as with fragments of broken arms.

The unhappy wounded, who are taken up during the whole of the day, are livid, pale, prostrated in strength. Some, especially those who have been severely mutilated, have a stupid look, as if they were stunned. They fix upon you their haggard eyes, without appearing to understand what you say to them; but this apparent prostration does not prevent their being acutely conscious of their sufferings. Others are restless, and agitated by a nervous rocking to and fro, or a convulsive trembling. Others, with gaping wounds in which inflammation is already commencing, are mad with pain; they entreat to be put out of their misery, and with contracted features writhe in the grasp of coming death. Further on, are wretches who not only have been struck by balls and exploded shells, but whose arms and legs have been broken by the wheels of artillery which have passed over their bodies. At many spots, the dead are plundered by thieves, who do not even respect the wounded still surviving. The Lombard peasants are especially greedy after shoes, which they brutally pull off the dead men's swollen feet. The want of water is more and more felt. The ditches are dry; the soldiers in general have nothing to appease their thirst but unwholesome and brackish fluid; and

wherever a spring is found, sentinels with loaded arms reserve it for the use of the sick. Near Cavriana, a stinking pool is the only source of water for twenty thousand artillery and cavalry horses during a couple of days. Wounded horses, who have lost their riders and have been wandering about all night, drag themselves towards groups of their comrades, from whom they seem to beg aid. *Their* sufferings are shortened with a bullet.

Among the dead, the countenances of some are calm; they are soldiers who, struck suddenly, were killed on the spot. But a great number remain twisted by the agony of the death-struggle, with their limbs stiffened, their bodies covered with livid spots, their hands clutching the ground, their eyes unnaturally staring, their moustaches bristling, and a sinister and convulsive grin exposing their closed teeth.

Three days and nights were spent in burying the bodies that remained on the field of battle; but on such a wide-spread area many men who happened to be concealed in ditches, or deep furrows, or screened by thickets and unlevel ground, were not perceived until some time afterwards. They gave out, as did also the horses who perished, a most offensive stench.

In the French army, a certain number of soldiers per company are designated to take note of and bury the dead. Usually, those of the same corps collect the remains of their companions in arms. They take down the number marked on the man's linen and accoutrements, and then, aided in their painful duty by the Lombard peasants, who are paid for the services they render, they deposit the body with its clothing in a common grave. Unhappily, in the hurry and confusion inseparable from such a task, and through carelessness and gross neglect on the part of the peasants, there is every reason to believe that more than one living man was buried with the dead. The decorations, money, watches, letters, and papers found on the officers, are afterwards sent to their families; but with such a mass of bodies to bury, it is not always possible to accomplish this accurately.

IV. THE AMATEUR'S TASK.

ON Saturday, the number of convoys of wounded sent to Castiglione becomes so considerable that the administration, the inhabitants, and the detachment of troops left there, are absolutely insufficient to relieve such a mass of misery. Then commence scenes as lamentable as those of yesterday, only totally different in kind. There is water and there are provisions, and yet the patients die of hunger and thirst; there is lint in abundance, but there are not enough hands to apply it to the wounds. Well or ill, a volunteer service must be organised, which is anything but easy amidst such disorder.

The 25th, 26th, and 27th, were days of suffering and agony. The wounds, envenomed by the heat and the dust, and by the want of water and attention, became more painful; mephitic exhalations infected the air, in spite of the efforts of the intendants; and the insufficient number

of assistants and servants was cruelly felt—for, every quarter of an hour, fresh batches of wounded arrived. On the floors of the hospitals and churches, lay, side by side, sufferers of all nations—Frenchmen, Arabs, Germans, Slavonians. Some, thrust into the recesses of side-chapels, could not stir in the narrow space they occupied. Oaths, blasphemies, and cries which no words can render, resounded beneath the roofs of sanctuaries. "Ah, monsieur! how I suffer!" some of them groaned to the Amateur. "We are abandoned and left to die miserably; and yet we fought well."

In spite of the fatigue they have endured, and the nights they have passed without sleep, repose is unattainable. In their distress, they implore for medical assistance, or fall in their despair into convulsions, which terminate in locked-jaw and death. Of some, the faces are blackened by the number of flies settled on their wounds; of some, the bloody clothing is filled with maggots. One soldier has a broken jaw, and his burning tongue protrudes from his mouth; he struggles to rise, and cannot. The Man in White moistens his lips and applies lint soaked in cold water, to his tongue. Another soldier has his nose and lips slashed away by a sabre-cut; unable to speak, and half-blinded, he makes imploring signs with his hand. *Le Monsieur Blanc* gives him drink, and pours a few drops of pure water on his bloody face. A third, with his skull cleft, is expiring on the flagstones of the church; his companions in misery push him aside with their feet, because he impedes the passage. *Le Monsieur Blanc* protects his last moments, and spreads a handkerchief over the poor head which still moves feebly. "Don't leave me to die!" exclaimed several, who, after grasping his hand violently, expired as soon as that factitious strength abandoned them. A young corporal, twenty years of age, with a bullet in his left side, said, with tears in his eyes, "Ah, monsieur, if you could write to my father, and tell him to comfort my mother!" *M. Dunant* took the address of his parents, and, a few minutes afterwards, he had ceased to live. An old sergeant, with several stripes, said, with a sad and bitter accent, "If I had been attended to sooner, I might have lived. As it is, I shall be a dead man to-night." And he did die during the night.

But what, it may be asked, is the use of dwelling on such scenes of desolation? Why should the reader's feelings be so shocked? The question is natural, but may be replied to by asking another. Are there no means of founding, throughout Europe, VOLUNTARY SOCIETIES FOR THE HELP OF THE WOUNDED IN WAR?

Since we are obliged to renounce the hopes and wishes of the Peace Society; since men continue to kill each other, without entertaining personal hatred; since the height of glory, in war, is to exterminate the greatest possible number of fellow-creatures; since it is held, as *Comte Joseph de Maistre* affirms, that "war is divine;" since instruments of destruction, more terrible than those we already possess, are being in-

vented from day to day, with a perseverance worthy of a better object; and since the inventors of those murderous engines are encouraged by the majority of European states, who strive which shall be the most formidably armed; Why not profit by an interval of comparative calm and tranquillity, to resolve a question of such immense importance both in a humane and a Christian point of view? Societies of this kind, once constituted, and having a permanent existence, would remain in some sort inactive in time of peace; but they would be there, ready organised, in the eventuality of war breaking out. It would be their duty to gain the good will of the authorities of the country which gives them birth, and to solicit from the sovereigns of belligerent powers permissions and facilities requisite for carrying out their good work. Such societies, therefore, ought to have, as members of their head committee, men of known respectability. The committee would appeal to every philanthropic person who would consent to devote himself temporarily to the work; which would consist, first, in affording (in co-operation with the military intendances; that is, with their aid and under their direction in case of need) assistance and nursing on a field of battle, while the conflict is still raging. Secondly, in continuing, in hospitals, the care of the wounded, until their complete recovery. Such spontaneous devotion would be met with more frequently and easily than is generally imagined; and many persons, once sure of being useful, and assured of their power of doing good, would be willing, even at their own expense, to fulfil, for a short time, so eminently benevolent a task.

There are plenty of historical examples to prove that a sufficiency of self-devoted persons may fairly be reckoned on. The name of John Howard is not forgotten. The image of Miss Nightingale traversing by night, with a little lamp in her hand, the vast dormitories of military hospitals, and taking note of the state of each patient in order to procure him the most pressing requisites, is vividly fresh in the memory of many a soldier.

If organised parties of volunteer nurses, male and female, had been present at Castiglione on the 24th, 25th, and 26th of June—or at Brescia, or at Mantua, or at Verona—what incalculable good they would have done! They would have rendered enormous service in the fatal night between Friday and Saturday, when groans and melting supplications were uttered by thousands of wounded men, who, in addition to the acutest pains, were suffering the inexpressible torments of thirst.

If there had been sufficient help at hand to take up the wounded on the plains of Medola, and at the bottom of the ravines of San Martino, and on the ridges of Monte Fontana and the mamelons of Solferino, the poor soldier would

not have been left on the 24th for long long hours, in fearful pain and the still worse dread of being abandoned, to make useless signals with his hand entreating the litter to be brought in that direction. Nor would there have been incurred the horrible chance, next day, of burying the living with the dead. Nor would the dying soldiers, who were forsaken of all, in the ambulances of Castiglione and the hospitals of Brescia (and many of whom had no one to speak to, who could understand their language), have rendered their last sigh with curses and blasphemies, if they had had any one about them capable of listening to and consoling them. Sympathy has a marvellous healing power. During the war of Italy, some soldiers were seized with home sickness to such a degree, that without any other disease or any wound whatever, they died of it.

A task of this nature is unsuited for hirelings, who are repulsed by disgust, or rendered unfeeling, harsh, and indolent, by fatigue. On the other hand, immediate succour is all-important; the patient who might be saved to-day, cannot be saved to-morrow. Loss of time leaves the door open to gangrene; and gangrene speedily secures its prey. Consequently, there is a crying need of male and female volunteer nurses—of diligent persons, prepared and trained to the duties, and who, recognised and approved by the leaders of the militant armies, will be aided and supported in their mission. The number of persons attached to military ambulances is always insufficient, and would still be so were it doubled or tripled. It is impossible to avoid having recourse to foreign assistance. Let such assistance, then, be there, ready prepared to hand. To carry out this good work practically, a certain number of persons must devote themselves to it heart and soul; but it certainly will not be stopped for want of money. In time of war, every one will contribute his mite in answer to appeals from the committee. The difficulty does not lie there; but the whole question rests on the serious preparation of the work, and the establishment of the societies themselves.

If the terrible means of destruction now at the disposal of nations have a tendency, as is supposed, to shorten the duration of future wars, individual battles, on the contrary, are only all the more murderous. And, in the present state of things, no one can tell how suddenly war may break out, in one direction or another.

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VERY HARD CASH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

CHAPTER IX.

JULIA took Mr. Hardie's note and read it:

"Madam,—I have received a very juvenile letter from my son, by which I learn he has formed a sudden attachment to your daughter. He tells me, however, at the same time, that you await my concurrence before giving your consent. I appreciate your delicacy; and it is with considerable regret I now write to inform you this match is out of the question. I have thought it due to you to communicate this to yourself and without delay, and feel sure that you will, under the circumstances, discountenance my son's further visits at your house.

"I am,

"Madam,

"With sincere respect,

"Your faithful servant,

"RICHARD HARDIE."

Julia read this letter, and re-read it in silence. It was an anxious moment to the mother.

"Shall our pride be less than this parvenu's?" she faltered. "Tell me yourself, what ought we to do?"

"What we ought to do is, never to let the name of Hardie be mentioned again in this house."

This reply was very comforting to Mrs. Dodd. "Shall I write to him, or do you feel strong enough?"

"I feel that, if I do, I may affront him. He had no right to pretend that his father would consent. You write, and then we shall not lose our dignity though we are insulted."

"I feel so weary, mamma. Life seems ended."

"I could have loved him well. And now show me how to tear him out of my heart; or what will become of me?"

While Mrs. Dodd wrote to Alfred Hardie, Julia sank down and laid her head on her mother's knees. The note was shown her; she approved it languidly. A long and sad conversation followed; and, after kissing her mother

and clinging to her, she went to bed chilly and listless, but did not shed a single tear. Her young heart was benumbed by the unexpected blow.

Next morning early, Alfred Hardie started gaily to spend the day at Albion Villa. Not a hundred yards from the gate he met Sarah, with Mrs. Dodd's letter, enclosing a copy of his father's to her. Mrs. Dodd here reminded him that his visits had been encouraged only upon a misapprehension of his father's sentiments; for which misapprehension he was in some degree to blame: not that she meant to reproach him on that score, especially at this unhappy moment: no, she rather blamed herself for listening to the sanguine voice of youth; but the error must now be repaired. She and Julia would always wish him well, and esteem him, provided he made no further attempt to compromise a young lady who could not be his wife. The note concluded thus:

"Individually I think I have some right to count on your manly and gentlemanly feeling to hold no communication with my daughter, and not in any way to attract her attention, under the present circumstances.

"I am,

"Dear Mr. Alfred Hardie,

"With many regrets at the pain I fear

"I am giving you,

"Your sincere friend and well-wisher,

"LUCY DODD."

Alfred on reading this letter literally staggered: but proud and sensitive, as well as loving, he manned himself to hide his wound from Sarah, whose black eyes were bent on him in merciless scrutiny. He said doggedly, though tremulously, "Very well!" then turned quickly on his heel, and went slowly home. Mrs. Dodd, with well-feigned indifference, questioned Sarah privately: the girl's account of the abrupt way in which he had received the missive, added to her anxiety. She warned the servants that no one was at home to Mr. Alfred Hardie.

Two days elapsed, and then she received a letter from him. Poor fellow, it was the cleventh. He had written and torn up ten.

"Dear Mrs. Dodd,—I have gained some victories in my life; but not one without two defeats

to begin with; how then can I expect to obtain such a prize as dear Julia without a check or two? You need not fear that I shall intrude after your appeal to me as a gentleman: but I am not going to give in because my father has written a hasty letter from Yorkshire. He and I must have many a talk face to face before I consent to be miserable for life. Dear Mrs. Dodd, at first receipt of your cruel letter, so kindly worded, I was broken-hearted; but now I am myself again: difficulties are made for ladies to yield to, and for men to conquer. Only for pity's sake do not you be my enemy: do not set her against me for my father's fault. Think, if you can, how my heart bleeds at closing this letter without one word to her I love, better, a thousand times better, than my life.

I am,

"Dear Mrs. Dodd,

"Yours sorrowfully,

"but not despairing,

"ALFRED HARDIE."

Mrs. Dodd kept this letter to herself. She could not read it quite unmoved, and therefore she felt sure it would disturb her daughter's heart the more.

Alfred had now a soft but dangerous antagonist in Mrs. Dodd. All the mother was in arms to secure her daughter's happiness *coûte que coûte!* and the surest course seemed to be to detach her affections from Alfred. What hope of a peaceful heart without this? and what real happiness without peace? But, too wise and calm to interfere blindly, she watched her daughter day and night, to find whether Love or Pride was the stronger: and this is what she observed:

Julia never mentioned Alfred. She sought occupation eagerly: came oftener than usual for money, saying it was for "Luxury." She visited the poor more constantly, taking one of the maids with her, at Mrs. Dodd's request. She studied Logic with Edward. She went to bed rather early, fatigued, it would appear, by her activity: and she gave the clue to her own conduct one day: "Mamma," said she, "nobody is downright unhappy, who is good."

Mrs. Dodd noticed also a certain wildness and almost violence, with which she threw herself into her occupations: and a worn look about the eyes that told of a hidden conflict. On the whole Mrs. Dodd was hopeful; for she had never imagined the cure would be speedy or easy. To see her child on the right road was much. Only the great healer Time could "medicinate her to that sweet peace which once she owned;" and even Time cannot give her back her childhood, thought the mother, with a sigh.

One day came an invitation to an evening party at a house where they always wound up with dancing. Mrs. Dodd was for declining as usual; for since that night Julia had shunned parties. "Give me the sorrows of the poor and afflicted," was her cry; "the gaiety of the hollow world jars me more than I can bear." But now she

caught with a sort of eagerness at this invitation. "Accept! They shall not say I am wearing the willow."

"My brave girl!" said Mrs. Dodd, joyfully, "I would not press it; but you are right; we owe it to ourselves to outface scandal. Still, let there be no precipitation; we must not undertake beyond our strength."

"Try me to-night," said Julia; "you don't know what I can do. I dare say he is not pining for me."

She was the life and soul of the party, and, indeed, so feverishly brilliant, that Mrs. Dodd said softly to her, "Gently, love; moderate your spirits, or they will deceive our friends as little as they do me."

Meantime it cost Alfred Hardie a severe struggle to keep altogether aloof from Julia. In fact, it was a state of daily self denial, to which he would never have committed himself, but that he was quite sure he could gradually win his father over. At his age we are apt to count without our antagonist.

Mr. Richard Hardie was "a long-headed man." He knew the consequence of giving one's reasons; eternal discussion ending in war. He had taken care not to give any to Mrs. Dodd, and he was as guarded and reserved with Alfred. The young man begged to know the why and the wherefore, and, being repulsed, employed all his art to elicit them by surprise, or get at them by inference: but all in vain; Hardie senior was impenetrable; and inquiry, petulance, tenderness, logic, were all shattered on him as the waves break on Ailza Craig.

"Sic volo, sic jubeo, stét pro ratione voluntas," was the purport of all he could be got to say, and that was wonderfully little.

Thus began dissension, decently conducted at first, between a father indulgent hitherto, and an affectionate son.

In this unfortunate collision of two strong and kindred natures, every advantage was at present on the father's side; age, experience, authority, resolution, hidden and powerful motives, to which my reader even has no clue as yet; a purpose immutable and concealed. Add to these a colder nature and a far colder affection; for Alfred loved his father dearly.

At last, one day, the impetuous one lost his self-command, and said he was a son, not a slave, and had little respect for Authority when afraid or ashamed to appeal to Reason. Hardie senior turned on him with a gravity and dignity no man could wear more naturally. "Alfred, have I been an unkind father to you all these years?"

"Oh no, father, no; I have said nothing that can be so construed. And that is the mystery to me; you are acting quite out of character."

"Have I been one of those interfering, pragmatical fathers, who cannot let their children enjoy themselves their own way?"

"No, sir; you have never interfered, except to pay for anything I wanted."

"Then make me the one return in your power,

young man; have a little faith in such a father, and believe that he does not interfere now but for your good, and under a stern necessity; and that, when he does interfere for once, and say, 'this thing shall not be,' it shall not be—by God!"

Alfred was overpowered by the weight and solemnity of this. Sorrow, vexation, and despondency all rushed into his heart together, and unmanned him for a moment; he buried his face in his hands, and something very like a sob burst from his young heart. At this Hardie senior took up the newspaper with imperturbable coldness, and wore a slight curl of the lip. All this was hardly genuine, for he was not altogether unmoved; but he was a man of rare self-command, and chose to impress on Alfred that he was no more to be broken or melted than a mere rock.

It is always precarious to act a part; and this cynicism was rather able than wise: Alfred looked up and watched him keenly as he read the monetary article with tranquil interest; and then, for the first time in his life, it flashed into the young man's mind that his father was not a father. "I never knew him till now," thought he. "This man is *αστρογος*!"*

Thus a gesture, so to speak, sowed the first seed of downright disunion in Richard Hardie's house—disunion, a fast growing plant, when men set it in the soil of the passions.

Alfred, unlike Julia, had no panacea. Had any lips, except perhaps hers, told him that "to be good is to be happy here below," he would have replied, "Negatur; contradicted by daily experience." It never occurred to him therefore to go out of himself, and sympathise with the sordid sorrows of the poor, and their bottomless egotism in contact with the well to do. He brooded on his own love, and his own unhappiness, and his own father's cruelty. His nights were sleepless, and his days leaden. He tried hard to read for his first class, but for once even ambition failed: it ended in flinging books away with a curse. He wandered about dreaming and hoping for some change, and bitterly regretting his excessive delicacy, which had tied his own hands and brought him to a stand-still. He lost his colour and what little flesh he had to lose: for such young spirits as this are never plump. In a word, being now strait-jacketed into feminine inactivity, while void of feminine patience, his ardent heart was pining and fretting itself out. He was in this condition, when one day Peterson, his Oxonian friend, burst in on him open-mouthed with delight, and, as usual with bright spirits of this calibre, did not even notice his friend's sadness. "Cupid had clapped Peterson on the shoulder," as Shakespeare hath it; and it was a deal nicer than the bum-bailiff rheumatism.

"Oh, such a divine creature! Met hertwice; you know her by sight; her name is Dodd. But

I don't care; it shall be Peterson; the rose by any other name, &c." Then followed a rapturous description of the lady's person, well worth omitting. "And such a jolly girl! brightens them all up wherever she goes; and such a dancer; did the catehouka with a little Spanish bloke Bosanquet has got hold of, and made his black bolus eyes twinkle like midnight cigars: danced it with castanets, and smiles, and such a what'd'ye call 'em, my boy, you know; such a 'go.'"

"You mean such an 'abandon,'" groaned Alfred, turning sick at heart.

"That's the word. Twice the spirit of Duvernay, and ten times the beauty. But just you hear her sing, that is all; Italian, French, German, English even."

"Plaintive songs?"

"Oh, whatever they ask for. Make you laugh or make you cry—to order; never says no. Just smiles and sits down to the music-box. Only she won't sing two running: they have to stick a duffer in between. I shall meet her again next week; will you come? Any friend of mine is welcome. Wish me joy, old fellow; I'm a gone coon."

This news put Alfred in a phrensy of indignation and fear. Julia dancing the catehouka! Julia a jolly girl! Julia singing songs pathetic or merry, whichever were asked for! The heartless one! He called to mind all he had read in the classics, and elsewhere, about the fickleness of woman. But this impression did not last long; he recalled Julia's character, and all the signs of a love tender and true she had given him; he read her by himself, and, lover-like, laid all the blame on another. "It was all her cold-blooded mother. Fool that I have been. I see it all now. She appeals to my delicacy to keep away; then she goes to Julia and says, 'See, he deserts you at a word from his father. Be proud, be gay! He never loved you; marry another.' The shallow plotter forgets that whoever she does marry I'll kill. How many unsuspecting girls have these double-faced mothers deluded so? They do it in half the novels, especially in those written by women; and why? because these know the perfidy and mendacity of their sex better than we do; they see them nearer, and with their souls undrest. War! Mrs. Dodd, war to the death! From this moment I am alone in the world with her. I have no friend but Alfred Hardie: and my bitterest enemies are my cold-blooded father, and her cold-blooded mother."

The above sentences, of course, were never uttered. But they represent his thoughts accurately, though in a condensed form, and are, as it were, a miniature of this young heart boiling over.

From that moment he lay in wait for her, and hovered about the house day and night, determined to appeal to her personally, and undeceive her, and baffle her mother's treachery. But at this game he was soon detected: Mrs. Dodd lived on the watch now. Julia, dressed to go

* Without bowels of affection.

out, went to the window one afternoon to look at the weather; but retreated somewhat hastily and sat down on the sofa.

"You flutter, darling," said Mrs. Dodd. "Ah, he is there."

"Yes."

"You had better take off your things."

"Oh yes. I tremble at the thoughts of meeting him. Mamma, he is changed, sadly changed. Poor, poor Alfred!" She went to her own room and prayed for him: she told the Omniscent that, though much greater and better in other respects than she was, he had not Patience. She prayed, with tears, that he might have Christian patience granted him from on high.

"Heart of stone! she shuns me," said Alfred, outside. He had seen her in her bonnet.

Mrs. Dodd waited several days to see whether this annoyance would not die of itself: waiting was her plan in most things. Finding he was not to be tired out, she sent Sarah out to him with a note carefully sealed.

"Mr. Alfred Hardie, is it generous to confine my daughter to the house?"

"Yours regretfully,

"LUCY DODD."

A line came back instantly in pencil.

"Mrs. Dodd,—Is all the generosity and all the good faith to be on one side?"

"Yours in despair,

"ALFRED HARDIE."

Mrs. Dodd coloured faintly: the reproach pricked her, but did not move her. She sat quietly down that moment, and wrote to a friend in London, to look out for a furnished villa in a healthy part of the suburbs, with immediate possession. "Circumstances," said she, "making it desirable we should leave Barkington immediately, and for some months."

The Bosanquets gave a large party; Mrs. and Miss Dodd were there. The latter was playing a part in a charade to the admiration of all present, when in came Mr. Peterson, introducing his friend, Alfred Hardie.

Julia caught the name, and turned a look of alarm on her mother: but went on acting.

Presently she caught sight of him at some distance. He looked very pale, and his glittering eye was fixed on her with a sort of stern wonder.

Such a glance from fiery eyes, that had always dwelt tenderly on her till then, struck her like a weapon. She stopped short, and turned red and pale by turns. "There, that is nonsense enough," said she bitterly, and went and sat by Mrs. Dodd. The gentlemen thronged round her with compliments, and begged her to sing. She excused herself. Presently she heard an excited voice, towards which she dared not look; it was inquiring whether any lady could sing Aileen Aroon. With every desire to gratify the young millionaire, nobody knew Aileen Aroon, or had ever heard of it.

"Oh, impossible!" cried Alfred. "Why it is in praise of Constance, a virtue ladies shine in: at least they take credit for it."

"Mamma," whispered Julia, terrified, "get me away, or there will be a scene. He is reckless."

"Be calm, love," said Mrs. Dodd, "there shall be none." She rose and glided up to Alfred Hardie, looked coldly in his face; then said with external politeness and veiled contempt, "I will attempt the song, sir, since you desire it." She waved her hand, and he followed her sulkily to the piano. She sang Aileen Aroon, not with her daughter's eloquence, but with a purity and mellowness that charmed the room: they had never heard the genius sing it.

As spirits are said to overcome the man at whose behest they rise, so this sweet air, and the gush of reminiscence it awakened, overpowered him who had evoked them; Alfred put his hand unconsciously to his swelling heart, cast one look of anguish at Julia, and hurried away half choked. Nobody but Julia noticed.

A fellow in a rough great-coat and tattered white hat opened the fly door for Mrs. Dodd. As Julia followed her, he kissed her skirt unseen by Mrs. Dodd: but her quick ears caught a heart-breaking sigh. She looked, and recognised Alfred in that disguise. The penitent fit had succeeded to the angry one. Had Julia observed? To ascertain this without speaking of him, Mrs. Dodd waited till they had got some little distance, then quietly put out her hand and rested it for a moment on her daughter's; the girl was trembling violently. "Little wretch!" came to Mrs. Dodd's lips, but she did not utter it. They were near home before she spoke at all, and then she only said very kindly, "My love, you will not be subjected again to these trials:" a remark intended quietly to cover the last occurrence as well as Alfred's open persecution.

They had promised to go out the very next day; but Mrs. Dodd went alone, and made excuses for Miss Dodd. On her return she found Julia sitting up for her, and a letter come from her friend describing a pleasant cottage, now vacant, near Maida Vale. Mrs. Dodd handed the open letter to Julia; she read it without comment.

"We will go up to-morrow and take it for three months. Then the Oxford vacation will terminate."

"Yes, mamma."

I am now about to relate a circumstance by no means without parallels, but almost impossible to account for; and, as nothing is more common and contemptible than inadequate solutions, I shall offer none at all: but so it was, that Mrs. Dodd awoke in the middle of that very night in a mysterious state of mental tremour; trouble, veiled in obscurity, seemed to sit heavy on her bosom. So strong, though vague, was this new and mysterious oppression, that she started up in bed and cried aloud, "David!—Julia!—Oh,

what is the matter?" The sound of her own voice dispelled the cloud in part, but not entirely. She lay awhile, and then finding herself quite averse to sleep, rose and went to her window, and eyed the weather anxiously. It was a fine night; soft fleecy clouds drifted slowly across a silver moon. The sailor's wife was reassured on her husband's behalf. Her next desire was to look at Julia sleeping; she had no particular object: it was the instinctive impulse of an anxious mother whom something had terrified. She put on her slippers and dressing gown, and, lighting a candle at her night lamp, opened her door softly, and stepped into the little corridor. But she had not taken two steps when she was arrested by a mysterious sound.

It came from Julia's room.

What was it?

Mrs. Dodd glided softly nearer and nearer, all her senses on the stretch.

The sound came again. It was a muffled sob.

The stifled sound, just audible in the dead stillness of the night, went through and through her who stood there listening aghast. Her bowels yearned over her child; and she hurried to the door, but recollected herself, and knocked very gently. "Don't be alarmed, love, it is only me. May I come in?" She did not wait for the answer, but turned the handle and entered. She found Julia sitting up in bed, looking wildly at her, with cheeks flushed and wet. She sat on the bed and clasped her to her breast in silence: but more than one warm tear ran down upon Julia's bare neck; the girl felt them drop, and her own gushed in a shower.

"Oh, what have I done?" she sobbed. "Am I to make you wretched too?"

Mrs. Dodd did not immediately reply. She was there to console; and her admirable good sense told her that to do that she must be calmer than her patient; so even while she kissed and wept over Julia, she managed gradually to recover her composure. "Tell me, my child," said she, "why do you act a part with me? Why brave it out under my eye, and spend the night secretly in tears? Are you still afraid to trust me?"

"Oh no, no; but I thought I was so strong, so proud: I undertook miracles. I soon found my pride was a molehill, and my love a mountain. I could not hold out by day if I did not ease my breaking heart at night. How unfortunate! I kept my head under the bed-clothes, too; but you have such ears. I thought I would stifle my grief, or else perhaps you would be as wretched as I am: forgive me! pray forgive me!"

"On one condition," said Mrs. Dodd, struggling with the emotion these simple words caused her. "Anything to be forgiven!" cried Julia, impetuously. "I'll go to London. I'll go to Botany Bay. I deserve to be hanged."

"Then, from this hour, no half confidences between us. Dear me, you carry in your own bosom a much harsher judge, a much less indulgent friend than I am. Come! trust me with

your heart! Do you love him very much? Does your happiness depend on him?"

At this point blank question Julia put her head over Mrs. Dodd's shoulder, not to be seen; and, clasping her tight, murmured scarce above a whisper, "I don't know how much I love him. When he came in at that party I felt his slave; his unfaithful adoring slave; if he had ordered me to sing Aileen Aroon, I should have obeyed; if he had commanded me to take his hand and leave the room, I think I should have obeyed. His face is always before me as plain as life; it used to come to me bright and loving; now it is pale, and stern, and sad. I was not so wretched till I saw he was pining for me, and thinks me inconstant; oh, mamma, so pale! so shrunk! so reckless! He was sorry for misbehaving that night: he changed clothes with a beggar to kiss my dress: poor thing! poor thing! Who ever loved as he does me? I am dying for him; I am dying."

"There! there!" said Mrs. Dodd, soothingly. "You have said enough. This must be love. I am on your Alfred's side from this hour."

Julia opened her eyes, and was a good deal agitated as well as surprised. "Pray do not raise my hopes," she gasped. "We are parted for ever. His father refuses. Even you seemed averse; or have I been dreaming?"

"Me, dearest? How can I be averse to anything lawful, on which I find your heart is really set, and your happiness at stake? Of course I have stopped the actual intercourse, under existing circumstances; but these circumstances are not unalterable: your only obstacle is Mr. Richard Hardie."

"But what an obstacle," sighed Julia. "His father! a man of iron! so everybody says; for I have made inquiries—oh!" And she was abashed. She resumed hastily, "And that letter, so cold, so cruel! I feel it was written by one not open to gentle influences. He does not think me worthy of his son; so accomplished, so distinguished, at the very university where our poor Edward—has—you know."

"Little simpleton!" said Mrs. Dodd, and kissed her tenderly; "your iron man is the commonest clay, sordid; pliable; and your stern heroic Brutus is a shopkeeper; he is open to the gentle influences, which sway the kindred souls of the men you and I buy our shoes, our tea, our gloves, our fish-kettles of: and these influences I command, and will use them to the utmost."

Julia lay silent, and wondering what she could mean.

But Mrs. Dodd hesitated now: it pained and revolted her to show her enthusiastic girl the world as it is. She said as much, and added, "I seem to be going to aid all these people to take the bloom from my own child's innocence. Heaven help me!"

"Oh, never mind that," cried Julia, in her ardent way; "give me Truth before Error however pleasing."

Mrs. Dodd replied only by a sigh: grand ge-

neral sentiments, like that, never penetrated her mind: they glided off like water from a duck's back. "We will begin with this mercantile Brutus, then," said she, with such a curl of the lip. Brutus had rejected her daughter.

"Richard Hardie was born and bred in a bank: one where no wild thyme blows, love; nor cowslips nor the nodding violet grows; but gold and silver chink, and things are discounted, and men grow rich slowly, but surely, by lawful use of other people's money. Breathed upon by these 'gentle influences,' he was, from his youth, a remarkable man; measured by Trade's standard. At five-and-twenty divine what he did! HE SAVED THE BANK. You have read of bubbles; the Mississippi Bubble and the South Sea Bubble. Well, in the year 1825, it was not one bubble but a thousand; mines by the score, and in distant lands; companies by the hundred; loans to every nation or tribe, down to Guatemala, Patagonia, and Greece: two hundred new ships were laid on the stocks in one year, for your dear papa told me; in short, a fever of speculation, and the whole nation raging with it: my dear, Princes, Dukes, Duchesses, Bishops, Poets, Lawyers, Physicians, were seen struggling with their own footmen for a place in the Exchange: and, at last, good, steady, old Mr. Hardie, Alfred's grandfather, was drawn into the vortex. Now, to excuse him and appreciate the precocious Richard, you must try and realise that these bubbles, when they rise, are as alluring and reasonable, as they are ridiculous and incredible when one looks back on them; even soap bubbles, you know, have rainbow hues till they burst; and, indeed, the blind avarice of men does but resemble the blind vanity of women: look at our grandmothers' hoops, and our mothers' short waists and monstrous heads! Yet in their day what woman did not glory in these insanities? Well then, Mr. Richard Hardie, at twenty-five, was the one to foresee the end of all these bubbles; he came down from London and brought his people to their senses by sober reason, and 'sound commercial principles': that means, I believe, 'get other people's money, but do not risk your own.' His superiority was so clear, that his father resigned the helm to him, and, thanks to his ability, the bank weathered the storm, while all the other ones in the town broke, or suspended their trade. Now, you know, youth is naturally ardent and speculative: but Richard Hardie's was colder and wiser than other people's old age: and that is one trait. Some years later, in the height of his prosperity—I reveal this only for your comfort, and on your sacred promise as a person of delicacy, never to repeat it to a soul—Richard Hardie was a suitor for my hand."

"Mamma!"

"Do not ejaculate, sweetest! It rather decomposes me. 'Nothing is extraordinary,' as that good creature says. He must have thought it would *answer*, in one way or another, to have a gentlewoman at the head of his table. And

I was not penniless, *bien entendu*. Failing in this, he found a plain little Thing, with a gloomy temper, and no accomplishments nor graces; but her father could settle twenty thousand pounds. He married her directly: and that is a trait. He sold his father's and grandfather's house and place of business, in spite of all their associations, and obtained a lease of his present place from my uncle Fountain: it seemed a more money-making situation. A trait. He gives me no reason for rejecting my daughter. Why? because he is not proud of his reasons: this walking Avarice has intelligence: a trait. Now put all this together, and who more transparent than the profound Mr. Hardie? He has declined our alliance because he takes for granted we are poor. When I undeceive him on that head he will reopen *negotiations*, in a letter; No. 2 of the correspondence; copied by one of his clerks: it will be calm, plausible, flattering: in short, it will be done like a gentleman: though he is nothing of the kind. And this brings me to what I ought to have begun with; your dear father and I have always lived within our income for our children's sake; he is bringing home the bulk of our savings this very voyage, and it amounts to fourteen thousand pounds."

"Oh, what an enormous sum!"

"No, dearest, it is not a fortune in itself. But it is a considerable sum to possess, independent of one's settlement and one's income. It is loose cash, to speak à la Hardie; that means I can do what I choose with it; and of course I choose—to make you happy. How I shall work on what you call Iron and I call Clay must be guided by circumstances. I think of depositing three or four thousand pounds every month with Mr. Hardie; he is our banker, you know. He will most likely open his eyes, and make some move before the whole sum is in his hands. If he does not, I shall perhaps call at his bank and draw a cheque for fourteen thousand pounds. The wealthiest provincial banker does not keep such a sum floating in his shop-tills. His commercial honour, the one semi-chivalrous sentiment in his soul, would be in peril. He would yield, and with grace: none the less readily that his house and his bank, which have been long heavily mortgaged to our trustees, were made virtually theirs by agreement yesterday (I set this on foot within twelve hours of Mr. Iron's impertinent letter), and he will say to himself, 'She can—post me, I think they call it—this afternoon for not cashing her cheque, and she can turn me and my bank into the street tomorrow:' and then, of course, he shall see by my manner the velvet paw is offered as well as the claw. He is pretty sure to ask himself which will suit the *ledger* best—this cat's friendship and her fourteen thousand pounds, or—an insulted mother's enmity?" And Mrs. Placid's teeth made a little click just audible in the silent night.

"Oh, mamma! my heart is sick. Am I to be bought and sold like this?"

"You must pay the penalty for loving a parvenu's son. Come, Julia, no peevishness, no more romance, no more vacillation. You have tried Pride and failed, pitiaibly: now I insist on your trying Love! Child, it is the bane of our sex to carry nothing out. From that weakness I will preserve you. And, by-the-by, we are not going to marry Richard Hardie, but Alfred. Now, Alfred, with all his faults and defects——"

"Mamma! what faults? what defects?"

"Is a gentleman; thanks to Oxford, and Harrow, and nature. My darling, pray to Heaven night and day for your dear father's safe return; for on him, I assure you, and him alone, your happiness depends: as mine does."

"Mamma!" cried Julia, embracing her, "what do poor girls do, who have lost their mother?"

"Look abroad and see!" was the grave reply.

Mrs. Dodd then begged her to go to sleep, like a good child, for her health's sake; all would be well; and with this was about to return to her own room: but a white hand and arm darted out of the bed and caught her. "What! Hope has come to me by night in the form of an angel, and shall I let her go back to her own room? Never! never! never! never! never!" And she patted the bed expressively, and with the prettiest impatience.

"Well, let Hope take off her earrings first," suggested Mrs. Dodd.

"No, no, come here directly, earrings and all."

"No, thank you; or I shall have *them* hurting you next."

Mrs. Placid removed her earrings, and the tender pair passed the rest of the night in one another's arms. The young girl's tears were dried; and hope revived, and life bloomed again: only, henceforth, her longing eyes looked out to sea for her father; homeward bound.

Next day, as they were seated together in the drawing-room, Julia came from the window with a rush, and kneeled at Mrs. Dodd's knees, with bright imploring face upturned.

"He is there; and—I am to speak to him? Is that it?"

"Dear, dear, dear mamma!"

"Well, then, bring me my things!"

She was ten minutes putting them on: Julia tried to expedite her; and retarded her. She had her pace: and could not go beyond it.

By this time Alfred Hardie was thoroughly miserable. Unable to move his father, shunned by Julia, sickened by what he had heard, and indeed seen, of her gaiety and indifference to their separation, stung by jealousy, and fretted by impatience, he was drinking nearly all the bitters of that sweet Passion, Love. But as you are aware he ascribed Julia's inconstancy, lightness, and cruelty, all to Mrs. Dodd. He hated her cordially, and dreaded her into the bargain: he played the sentinel about her door all the more because she had asked him not to do it. "Always do what your enemy particularly objects

to," said he, applying to his own case the wisdom of a Greek philosopher, one of his teachers.

So, when the gate suddenly opened, and instead of Julia, this very Mrs. Dodd walked towards him, his feelings were anything but enviable. He wished himself away, heartily, but was too proud to retreat. He stood his ground. She came up to him: a charming smile broke out over her features, "Ah, Mr. Hardie," said she, "if you have nothing better to do, will you give me a minute?" He assented with an ill grace.

"May I take your arm?"

He offered it with a worse.

She laid her hand lightly on it, and it shuddered at her touch. He felt like walking with a velvet tigress.

By some instinct she divined his sentiments, and found her task more difficult than she had thought; she took some steps in silence. At last, as he was no dissembler, he burst out passionately, "Why are you my enemy?"

"I am not your enemy," said she, softly.

"Not openly, but all the more dangerous. You keep us apart, you bid her be gay, and forget me; and you are a cruel hard-hearted lady."

"No, I am not, sir," said Mrs. Dodd, simply.

"Oh! I believe you are good and kind to all the rest of the world; but you know you have a heart of iron for me."

"I am my daughter's friend, but not your enemy; it is you who are too inexperienced to know how delicate, how difficult, my duties are. It is only since last night I see my way clear; and, look, I come at once to you with friendly intentions. Suppose I were as impetuous as you are! I should, perhaps, be calling you ungrateful."

He retorted bitterly, "Give me something to be grateful for, and you shall see whether that baseness is in my nature."

"I have a great mind to put you to the proof," said she, archly. "Let us walk down this lane; then you can be as unjust to me as you please, without attracting public attention."

In the lane she told him quietly she knew the nature of his father's objections to the alliance he had so much at heart, and they were objections, which her husband, on his return, would remove. On this he changed his tone a little, and implored her piteously not to deceive him.

"I will not," said she, "upon my honour. If you are as constant as my daughter is in her esteem for you—notwithstanding her threadbare gaiety worn over loyal regret, and to cheek a parcel of idle ladies' tongues—you have nothing to fear from me, and everything to expect. Come, Alfred—may I take that liberty with you?—let us understand one another. We only want that to be friends."

This was hard to resist; and at his age. His lip trembled, he hesitated, but at last gave her his hand. She walked two hours with him, and laid herself out to enlighten, soothe, and comfort

his sore heart. His hopes and happiness revived under her magic, as Julia's had. In the midst of it all, the wise woman quietly made terms, he was not to come to the house but on her invitation, unless indeed he had news of the Agra to communicate; but he might write once a week to her, and enclose a few lines to Julia. On this concession he proceeded to mumble her white wrist, and call her his best, dearest, loveliest friend; his mother. "Oh, remember!" said he, with a relic of distrust; "you are the only mother I can ever hope to have."

That touched her. Hitherto, he had been to her but a thing her daughter loved.

Her eyes filled. "My poor, warm-hearted, motherless boy," she said, "pray for my husband's safe return! For on that your happiness depends: and hers. And mine."

So now two more bright eyes looked longingly seaward for the Agra; homeward bound.

BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

A VAUDEVILLE is a short French dramatic composition, spoken and sung, much resembling our old-fashioned Afterpiece "with songs," except that it is often employed as a "Lever du Rideau," or Curtain-Raiser. The singing, too, is much less formally introduced. The actors pass from singing to speaking, and from speaking to singing, without any pause, as if they were doing so merely for their own amusement, or as if the song were a continuation of the speech. The couplets, indeed, carry on the plot almost as much as the dialogue. The characters are a party of merry magpies, who chirp or chatter, who whistle or prate, just as the whim seizes them. The great points in vaudeville acting are to be sprightly, natural, and gay—unless the part require the actor to exhibit clever dulness and witty stupidity.

The vaudeville is said to be of Norman origin. There is a pleasant old town called Vire, with a brawling stream rushing through it, where it is the fashion not to breakfast, but to make up for the privation by eating two dinners per day. It is a land flowing with milk and honey, and absolutely inundated with cyder. In its immediate environs are two wooded valleys, renowned of old as "Les Vaux de Vire," whither the townsfolk used to resort to make merry with dancing, drinking, and singing. The songs composed in and for the festive meetings of the Vaux de Vire, became in time so popular that, by a bold etymological leap, a little drama, half made up of couplets, and which is now a national institution, received the title of Vaudeville. But before assuming the proportions of a theatrical piece, the vaudeville, for centuries, was no more than a satirical song called forth by the circumstances of the day, in which the people avenged themselves of the ill treatment they received from their rulers. One Paris theatre, in the Place de la Bourse, takes its name from, and is devoted to, vaudeville espe-

cially; but vaudevilles flourish and are enjoyed in all the secondary theatres of the French metropolis.

Asketch of the principal vaudeville writers has just been published by M. de Rochefort, himself a distinguished vaudevilliste, who has been either the collaborateur or the friend of all the vaudevillistes of his time. With one great exception, Eugène Scribe, these writers bear a wonderful family likeness; they were all so merry, so witty, so poor, and most of them, report says, so frightfully ugly. Vaudeville writing appears to be either the last resource of prodigality reduced to straits, or else a passion which holds complete dominion over its enraptured votary. M. de Rochefort himself gave up government employment to pursue the pleasures of dramatic authorship. He preceded his literary career by official travels in foreign countries. Mosquitoes stung him before critics did. He had inhaled the perfume of orange groves long before he sniffed and preferred the smell of lamps and orange-peel.

His own biography is brief but remarkable. He was all but born in the prisons of the Reign of Terror: having spent the first two years of his life there, in company with his mother, a strong courageous woman, who was condemned to the guillotine, and whose execution was only prevented by the death of Robespierre. After their liberation from prison, the family were completely ruined. The boy was sent to the Orleans Grammar School, where his education was interrupted by a long illness, in which he had a narrow escape from death. At the age of fifteen he entered the office of the Minister of the Interior, after serving for some time as clerk to a bookseller. But having contrived to get a piece played at the Vaudeville Theatre, all the other office clerks treated him as if he had the plague. The still more decided success of a second vaudeville converted him into a perfect pariah. He sent in his resignation, and started with the governor of the Ile Bourbon in the capacity of secretary.

As secretary, M. de Rochefort bore the whole weight of government on his shoulders. The governor fell ill with the gout, and was confined to his bed for eleven months at a single spell. Two years of this work tired the secretary out. Besides, as he remarks, pleasure, in the colonies, is suppressed; your only amusement is to look at the sky, bask in the sun, or doze in a hammock. Seized with invincible nostalgia, he begged the governor to send him back to France. The governor, only two days afterwards, followed his secretary's example, and solicited his own recall. Anywhere but in Paris, they felt themselves to be fish out of water. Their natural history studies had been limited to tasting roast monkey and stewed parrot. The ex-secretary was successively charged to write the theatrical reports of two grand journals which were extinguished by the revolution of July. Finally, slipping into his congenial element, he became a professional manufacturer of vaudevilles; but

the income so earned was not enormous, because managers had their favourites then, as managers have their favourites now.

Aude, the first of M. de Rochefort's portraits, boasted of having been secretary to Buffon. He dressed so shabbily, that the children in the streets ran after him to throw stones at him. The leading adventure of his life was this: One day, in a public-house in Belleville, he was meditating on an empty bottle. Beside him were a blacksmith and his wife, who drank till they quarrelled, and quarrelled till they fought. Aude rose and offered his mediation. The husband, without paying the slightest attention, continued his matrimonial discipline, exclaiming, "Mon Dieu! Who will rid me of this woman? I would let her go cheap."

Aude, illumined with a bright idea, inquired, "What will you take for her?"

"Whatever anybody is fool enough to give."

"Is it a bargain for thirty francs?"

"Certainly. Down with them. Take her, and be off with you."

The poor woman, subject to daily beatings, made no difficulty in following her purchaser. The pair dwelt in a cottage, like Philemon and Baucis, happily, for five-and-twenty years.

At one time, Aude worked in partnership, and lived with a fellow-vaudevilliste, Dorvigny, who was a natural son of Louis the Fifteenth. Their joint worldly wealth was such, that, on one occasion, they had only one suit of clothes between them. The unclad partner had to lie in bed while the other took his walks abroad. A propos of a writer named Sewrin, M. de Rochefort has forgotten to mention that a tambourine figures in every one of his (Sewrin's) pieces.

Brazier, another prolific vaudevilliste, was for a time librarian to the Arsenal, but was dismissed for incompatibility with scientific pursuits. While there, he wrote inside his hat, "Ex libris Brazier"—This book belongs to Brazier. He then got employment on a journal as a collector of the small misfortunes which happen in Paris, at the rate of three francs per misfortune. He was a boon companion, who enjoyed life while hunting up crimes and accidents. The greater the abundance of fires and murders, the more luxurious was his fare.

One evening, he entered the green-room of the Variétés with such delight depicted on his countenance, that his friends took it for granted that he had had a new piece received by the committee, and complimented him accordingly.

"It is not that," he said. "It is quite a different affair which puts me in spirits. I had promised my wife to take her into the country to-morrow; but all the cash we could muster between us was eighteen francs, which was not enough. Providence led me to the Palais de Justice, where I learnt that an individual, coming down the grand staircase, had just broken his leg. Noting the fact, I followed the Quays to the Rue Dauphine, where I saw a crowd. I had the good luck to learn that a woman had been thrown down and severely bruised by a cart laden with stones. I ran off

to my journal with these two misfortunes, which completed the sum of twenty-four francs; and I have had the pleasure of informing my wife that she shall go into the country to-morrow."

These temporary resources did not suffice to render Brazier independent of the theatre. He eventually devoted himself entirely to vaudeville, which brought him great applause, if not much money; for Scribe had not yet regulated the rights of dramatic authors.

Madame de la Sablière relates that, crossing the garden of the Tuileries one morning to go to Versailles, she saw La Fontaine deep in his meditations, leaning against a tree. When she came back in the evening, she found him still in the same place; and it had been raining hard all day! The same was the case with Brazier. Frost, sunshine, hail, or snow, did not prevent his wandering along the Boulevards, *coupletting* with all his might and main. He was a victim vowed to verses of eight syllables. If he happened to meet one of his friends, he pulled his hat over his eyes to pass unnoticed, for fear of losing a rhyme.

In like manner, Théaulon improvised hundreds of little dramas as he walked the streets. Calderon's or Lope de Vega's fecundity was nothing in comparison to his. Whatever he touched turned to vaudeville or comedy. He has been seen to write the complete plan of a dramatic piece while he breakfasted, with more than twenty people talking around him—even with him—without troubling the course of his ideas. He ought to have earned a deal of money; no one knew what became of it; but it is supposed that he sold his copyrights for low prices to usurers. In a few years, he quite forgot his most charming comedies. He has been caught applauding a piece of his own writing; the name of the author had entirely slipped his memory. When he died, he was writing a vaudeville. Twenty-four hours scarcely intervened between his last song and the *De Profundis*, the final couplet of human life.

Augustin Hapdé was a pensive little man, holding his head on one side like Frederick the Great, only he was no flute-player, as the King of Prussia was. He never uttered a syllable to any one except concerning the getting up of his pieces, in which art his talents were supreme. He had scarcely risen above the second class of dramatic purveyors to the Ambigu and the Gaîté, when he obtained the privilege of establishing at the Porte Saint Martin, the Théâtre des Jeux Gymniques. He was allowed to perform pantomimes only and vaudevilles with two actors. His pantomimes were composed on the largest scale, in accordance with the dimensions of his theatre. One bold idea occurred to him; namely, to make the Emperor Napoleon a prominent character in one of his productions. The master of so many vanquished kings was then shining in all his glory. The author's project was executed under the title of "The Man of Destiny." An actor named Chevalier was found, who, by a lucky chance, bore a striking likeness to the emperor.

It is impossible to form an idea of the ex-

itement and surprise this exhibition caused. It was remembered, indeed, that Louis the Fourteenth had been put upon the stage by Racine in his *Berenice*; but it was only metaphorically, as it were, by allusion and implication. Here, the living sovereign of France was brought upon the boards of a theatre, reproduced with his exact costume, his abrupt and convulsive gestures, making the illusion perfectly complete. Nobody could understand how the dramatic censors could have committed the enormity of licensing personalities which might call forth hostile manifestations in the pit. Hapd , however, contrived to triumph over all these apprehensions; and the public curiosity, excited to the utmost, converted the experiment into an immense pecuniary success. So great, indeed, was the success, that Napoleon wished to witness it, incognito. One evening, he and Duroc proceeded mysteriously to the Porte Saint Martin, disguised, and in a hackney-coach. A box of the *Premi res*, the only one remaining vacant, was taken at the box-office. The emperor hastily entered it, and fell into a violent rage at finding his shoes and stockings daubed with paste and paint. Some workmen who were refreshing the decorations of the theatre had left their pots in that unlucky box. The emperor went away in a fury, without remaining to see the piece, which was stopped the next day. It was another instance of great effects produced by little causes. The check-takers had recognised the tenant of the box from his energetic style of diction. Great confusion behind the scenes; the manager in utter despair. Next morning he started for Fontainebleau, where the court happened to be at the time. But all his pleadings were in vain; the angry chief was inexorable, and the prohibition was maintained.

At the Restoration, Hapd  disappeared from stage life. He wrote pamphlets against *The Man of Destiny*, of whom he had hitherto been the flatterer. The theatre of the Porte Saint Martin ceased to be mute. It recovered its speech with pure melodrama.

After passing the authors in review, a few anecdotes are given of their interpreters. Actors, in the bad old times, were subjected to a cruel proscription; harsh and ridiculous prejudices completely cut them off from society. The clergy were the first to set the intolerant example; forgetting that two comedians of antiquity, Genestus and Pelagic, figure in the *Legends of the Saints*; and also that it was a cardinal, one Richelieu, who founded the theatre in France, and rescued it from wandering buffoons, who personated the Deity and his Angels with impunity—that Moli re was admitted to Louis the Fourteenth's table—and that Justinian, the great lawgiver, married an actress, who exercised over him an influence equal to that with which Aspasia governed Pericles. These prejudices exist no longer. They were all the more unjust, because several actors were likewise eminent as authors. It suffices to mention the name of Moli re.

The actresses of the Vaudeville resembled a bouquet of flowers. Beauty had established her empire in that happy theatre. With such resources at their command, authors could hardly avoid succeeding. As soon as the ladies appeared on the stage, the spectators fell in love with them—and what we love we always applaud. The same materials still exist; but it is doubtful whether writers of the present day make an equally skillful use of them. On the stage, nothing triumphs like beauty. M. de Rochefort analogically illustrates his axiom by an anecdote.

When Talleyrand was minister, he was waited on one day by a young man of distinction, who presented a pressing recommendation from the Empress Josephine. She solicited for him a secretaryship to an embassy.

"Have you studied diplomacy?" inquired M. de Talleyrand.

"Yes, monseigneur. It has hitherto been my sole occupation."

"Very well, monsieur. The office of secretary to the Swedish embassy is just now vacant; I promise you shall have it. Good morning. I will shortly send you nomination."

The young gentleman was retiring, after overwhelming the minister with thanks, when the latter called him back, and asked, "Monsieur, are you usually lucky?"

"Alas! no, monseigneur. I have tried fortune in various ways, but as yet have never been able to succeed."

"In that case, monsieur, I am extremely sorry; but what has passed between us goes for nothing. *I must have lucky people.*"

It is a terrible truth to apply to actresses, but a manager *must have pretty women*.

English playgoers have no idea of old French bigotry respecting the three Dramatic Unities of time, place, and action—one action, in one locality, within four-and-twenty hours. It was a matter of faith rather than a rule of criticism. It was clung to with the persistence with which a Church maintains her dogmas. At the epoch when Lemercier's Christopher Columbus was represented at the Od on, the Parisian students were as classical as they are romantic, or rather tolerant, now. At that time, the violation of the unities was regarded as a heinous crime.

Nevertheless, they might have expected that the author, when he put the great Genoese on the stage, could not leave him at Isabel's court for three long acts, with nothing to do but to prepare for his voyage. This consideration had no effect on the hot-headed youth who filled the pit. When the second act displayed the bold discoverer out at sea on the deck of his ship, a furious storm burst forth in the theatre. The guard took part in it; the son of V ral, the inspector of police, had his arm broken in the row; M. de Rochefort, who supported the piece, escaped with the loss of his hat; three hundred students were arrested, and the emperor had them immediately incorporated in the army, inflexibly refusing to listen to any remon-

strance. He suppressed the Dramatic Unity Riots, by a slight foretaste of Russian recruiting in Poland.

Dramatic writers may, perhaps, have been themselves a little dramatised. It is said that one writer, finding his sight beginning to fail him, went to consult an oculist whose celebrity was confined to the advertisements which he caused to appear in the newspapers. The medical man, after inspection, came to the conclusion that it was passing ophthalmia without danger, and, indeed, of no importance. They continued to chat upon the subject, growing more and more familiar.

"Monsieur," said the oculist, "I have invented an ointment which would have restored Tobias's sight without troubling either angel or fish. But I have not yet tried it on any patient, and I would give a handsome douceur to whomsoever would submit to the experiment."

"How much would you give?" inquired the writer.

"A hundred francs."

"Per month?"

"Per month."

"I accept the bargain, if it is good for a year. I am your blind man during that period. You will undertake to furnish the dog."

The oculist, foreseeing the publicity that would be the consequence of such a cure, did not hesitate. The scribe appeared in his new character, in all the public places of Paris. At the close of the year, when the world was persuaded that the patient was afflicted with hopeless blindness, the oculist observed that it was time to look sharp, the term of the agreement having expired. The writer, however, refused to recover his sight, threatening to expose the charlatan, unless he came down with two years' indemnity. A long and loud discussion concluded with the payment of the sum demanded. The experiment was performed in public. The patient was duly ointmented in the presence of numerous witnesses;—and the remedy rendered him really blind.

The famous Count Rostopchin, who set fire to Moscow, was a frequent visitor behind the scenes and in the green-room of the Variétés. He was a colossus, with a head like Holophernes, and great fiery eyes, which might inspire fear at first sight; nevertheless he was mild, polite, and very amiable. A piece called Werther was then under rehearsal. It was a parody of the notorious novel, and excited uproarious laughter. The count was constant in his attendance at the rehearsals, and eagerly awaited the first performance, which was delayed by the continued success of one of Scribe's charming pieces. Meanwhile, the Emperor of Russia ordered him to return to Moscow; and there was no choice but to obey. On reaching Weimar, he heard that Werther had actually been brought out; so he returned to Paris, and remained there three months, witnessing the performance every night. Rostopchin entertained a great antipathy towards Goethe and the whole school of German literature. He detested its cloudy dreaminess, and spoke of

Goethe as a profound and perfect egotist: comparing him to that bit of old cracked china, Fontenelle, who preserved himself in cotton wool, in his academic chair, for a hundred years.

The parody of Werther became the cause of a still greater scandal. When Madame Catalini went to sing at Munich, she visited the lions of the Bavarian capital, and amongst others the author of Faust and Werther.

"Ah, Monsieur Goethe," she exclaimed, as she entered, "I saw your Werther at the Variétés! Allow me to congratulate you. It made me laugh till I cried again."

At this speech, Goethe's countenance turned as black as thunder. Without replying a single word, he motioned to the songstress to leave the room. The mistake was afterwards explained.

Among the performers of the Vaudeville Theatre, there was one, named Chapelle, who played Pantaloons and stupid old men to the life. And, indeed, he was naturally simple and credulous. Before taking to the stage, he had been a grocer in the Rue St. Honoré, and for some little time he combined shopkeeping with dramatic pursuits; but eventually he became bankrupt, and gave up his sugar and spice to his creditors. Laporte, the harlequin, had such influence over him that he could make him believe whatever he chose. Once, when it had been raining all day long, Laporte told him that an immense crowd had assembled in the square of the Palais Royal to see a very fine carp which was swimming down the kennel. Chapelle, who was dressed as Pantaloon, and was waiting to go on the stage, rushed out of the house to have a look at the wonderful fish. He asked everybody where it was, and people only laughed in his face. On returning, he found the curtain raised; he had missed his entry, and had to pay a fine.

One morning, Laporte arrived to rehearse a piece in which Chapelle had a part; and, as his faith began to be shaken, although he was still extremely inquisitive, the harlequin, addressing one of his comrades, recounted confidentially that he had just seen in the Rue Notre Dame des Victoires a new-fashioned diligence made of elastic gum, which had the great advantage of expanding at pleasure, so as to hold any number of passengers. Chapelle did not lose a syllable of the secret. As soon as the rehearsal was over, he betook himself by stealth to the coach-office. Laporte, expecting that he would do so, got there before him, in a disguise which prevented his being recognised. Chapelle made his way into the yard, looked about him, and, not perceiving the object of his search, went up to Laporte himself to inquire where the elastic diligence was. "It has just started for the Pays des Crétins (or for Idiot Town)," his comrade replied. "If you had been a little earlier, there was room for you." Satisfied with the answer, he went his way; but in the evening, he asked every one in the theatre where Idiot Town was. Some said it was in the Valais; another, less scrupulous, told him that it was No. 12, Rue de Chartres, which was the

house in which Chapelle lodged. They were not sure that he ever comprehended the mystification.

A very remarkable actor at the Vaudeville, but remarkable for quite another sort of qualities, was Vertpré, the father of the charming Jenny. Noble characters, historical personages, were rendered by him with a perfection of truthfulness which made him a great favourite with the public. The end of his career was sad. He was smitten with insanity while playing a vaudeville entitled Fontenelle. The same terrible accident has happened more than once to actors. It occurred in a little one-act piece, on the slavery of Regnard, the poet, in Algiers, which M. de Rochefort wrote for the Variétés. Léonard Tousef, who played the part of Regnard, stopped short in the middle of a couplet. He recommenced it three times, but could not finish it. He was obliged to retreat behind the scenes, and, next day, into a lunatic asylum.

The number of dramatic victims in France is very considerable. M. de Rochefort believes that actresses are less subject than actors to this sad affliction. Nevertheless, not long ago, a provincial actress of great merit was suddenly stopped in her part, on the stage, by mental derangement. The previous evening, she had regretted the thinness of the house, because, she said, she never felt herself in better train for acting. Her comrades also stated that on that last occasion she surpassed herself.

THE SUNKEN CITY.

By day it lies hidden and lurks beneath

The ripples that laugh with light ;
But calmly, and clearly, and coldly as death,

It glooms into shape by night,
When none but the awful Heavens and me
Can look on the City that's sunk in the Sea.

Many a Castle I built in the air ;
Towers that gleamed in the sun ;
Spires that soared so stately and fair
They touched heaven every one,
Lie under the waters that mournfully
Closed over the City that's sunk in the Sea :

Many fine houses, but never a Home ;
Windows, and no live face !
Doors set wide where no beating hearts come ;
No voice is heard in the place :
It sleeps in the arms of Eternity—
The silent City that's sunk in the Sea.

There the face of my dead love lies,
Embalmed in the bitterest tears ;
No breath on the lips ! no smile in the eyes,
Tho' you watcht for years and years :
And the dear drowned eyes never close from me,—
Looking up from the City that's sunk in the sea.

Two of the bonniest Birds of God
That ever warmed human heart
For a nest, till they fluttered their wings abroad,
Lie there in their chambers apart,—
Dead ! yet pleading most piteously
In the lonesome City that's sunk in the Sea.

And oh ! the brave ventures there lying in wreck,
Dark on that shore of the Lost !
Gone down, with every hope on deck,
When all-sail for a glorious coast.
And the waves go sparkling splendidly
Over the City that's sunk in the Sea.

Then I look from my City that's sunk in the Sea,
To that Star-Chamber overhead ;
And torturingly they question me—
" What of this world of the dead
That lies out of sight, and how will it be
With the City and thee, when there's *no more sea* ?"

WHITSUNTIDE IN THE COUNTRY.

OUR Chiclebury club holds its annual rejoicing every Whitsuntide between the falling of the May blossom and the coming on of the hay harvest. Sun or rain, hot or cold, the club dinner, the two club suppers, the procession, and the dance, take place at Downton Parva.

The earliest indication of the coming feast breaks out in the beginning of May, when glossy streamers of red and blue begin to show in bouquets in the shop windows at Swallowtown, the post-town and market-town of our district of Downshire : a place consisting of long straggling streets of two rows of dull bald-looking stone houses, that stand silently staring at each other from century to century, like stupid guests at a stupid dinner-party. Those cockades that look so like dahlias, and those streamers of blue and red ribands so much resembling those worn by the recruits of her Majesty's regiments of the line, are the Chiclebury club colours, and are intended to decorate the bosoms and rusty-brown hats of the members of the "Royal Good Samaritan Mutual Aid Society."

When, I say, the hawthorn blossom has fallen from the hedges, like a shroud suddenly removed; when the fresh vigorous spring leaps from under, blithe and gay, and laughing in the happy sunshine; when on rainy days the mower, just for preparation, already whets his long curved scythe for the hay; when the blackbird begins to sharpen his orange beak, for the cherries begin to darken, when the green corn is a foot or more high, when the young birds begin to find their legs, when the grass begins to plume and flower, and the clover to sweeten and purple; then does the country mind begin to look forward to the club dinner. Then, across the rolling green prairies of corn rises to the shepherd's memory the scent of roast meat, and the scented vapour of the eighteen-pounder plum-pudding; then, to the driver in the little white tilt cart, the very wayside flowers round Downton Parva seem by strange magic to exhale the odour of boiled savoy, and the furze blossom itself to forget its almond scent and to breathe forth the perfume of enormous veal-pies.

About a month before Whitsuntide, the female farm-servants begin to be seized with strong migratory instinct, and the overhauling of blue bonnet-boxes and old chests is a constant employment in the spring evenings. The talk,

coming home from church, of the glossy-haired servant-girls who carry their prayer-books folded up square in their clean white pocket-handkerchiefs, as religiously as if that mode of preserving the book and dirtying the handkerchief had been commanded by statute, has been about the club dance, the club holiday, the club colours, the club booth, the prospect of good weather for the club. For, Whitsuntide is the time when lovers meet, when brothers from distant farms see each other, when old father is sent for, when mother has a new shawl, when sister comes from her place, when uncle comes down from London, when children get new clothes. It is the courting time, the time for making friends, the time for love, peace, and general good will.

A holiday to be really enjoyed must be well-earned. The Italians enjoy their carnival the more because they are a priest-ridden people; the Londoner enjoys the Derby-day because all the other three hundred and sixty-four days of the year he works with his nose at the desk, and in a bad atmosphere. So, the Downshire shepherds work hard and live hard all the year, and enjoy the club week all the better for it. To many of them, the club dinner is the only dinner at which in the whole year they have their real satisfaction of good butcher's meat, well cooked. To most, it is the only week in the year of real freedom, contentment, society, and happiness. The love of society, independence, and good and plentiful food, is by no means confined to rich people. The love may be stunted in the poor man's mind, as the fish in dark cavern rivers become blind from not using their eyes; but the love is still in the poor man, as the eye is still in the fish.

The week before Whitsuntide, the symptoms begin to increase. On every white Downshire road you meet bands of wives and mothers and children, going to Swallowtown, shopping—to buy large-patterned gowns and flowered waistcoats, and those traditional white thin shawls with Indian patterns, peculiar to labourers' wives, and seldom seen in towns. Now, the older people on these expeditions carry large wicker baskets, through the looped handles of which their arms run; and they bear, whatever the weather, globular gig-umbrellas, with much shining brass-work about the black hooked handles; and the children run on before and chase birds, and fall into ditches, and linger at dangerous ponds, and give their mothers mingled horror and pleasure in large alternate doses. The children are clear-eyed and bright-eyed as angels, and nothing can match the purity of their complexions but the pearly-pink leaves of the wild dog-roses; and the daughters are trim and neat-waisted, and walk with a pretty innocent self-consciousness. The shopping is a painfully pleasant business. There is a sense of pride and importance about it, tempered with anxiety about the bargain. The shopman with rustic flattery pours out his variegated stores before the cheery country people, and extracts from them, not merely their coin but also their lavish admiration.

Another symptom of the coming rejoicing, also perceptible about this time, is of a more painful nature. It consists in dreadful shrieks, and whistles, and sounds like the beating in of an old hat; this, I am told, is the club band practising. Those sounds of ill omen are heard nightly above the church bells, and they lead the listener's mind to longings for "a lodge" in some vast wilderness. The sounds die away at nightfall, and the brown owl then hoots in triumph through the welcome silence. The night is spent in dream dinners, in dream speeches, and dream dances. But the longest nights must have an end, and daybreak at last comes and turns dreams into reality. The blue coat of singular and expensive cut, with buttons bright as gold, the flowered waistcoats, the new "cords," and, above all, the red and blue ribands are put on, and, as the bells begin to "ching-chang," the members of "The Good Samaritan Mutual Benefit Society" meet at Colonel Hanger's park gate.

Just under that great arch of rustis' work, with the giant's head on the keystone, which Pitt, and Lord Nelson, and many wise, and brave, and beautiful have passed under, is the rendezvous place of the Downshire self-helping Samaritans. Those busy men with blue wands, who act as sheep dogs, drive on the loiterers, and keep the whole band together, are the stewards—officers elected by turns, and liable to be fined if they refuse to serve. The members of this club are all men, but there are female clubs in Downshire; for there was one at Dufferton where I once lived, and it gave a handsome reward to every housemaid who had kept in good health for twenty years, and it refused to admit my cook because she had once had the ague. That good-natured moon-faced fellow is the treasurer, and the parish clerk to boot; he is the leader and fogleman of the whole. That handsome old man, his father, with the colours at his button-hole, who, nearly bent double, paces along so sturdily, and with his stick in one hand walks along with pride in the van of all the "Royal Samaritans," has walked with that club thirty years, and as no one else present has been at so many anniversaries, he is proud of that simple distinction.

The band of six performers wear blue caps with white lace round them, and blue trousers with white stripes down the sides, and, though a little heavy-footed and dragging in their walk, have a quasi-military air, as they drum and toot and blow and blast, with great vigour and much spirited independence of one another. And now, as the church bell calls more querulously, the procession, which began by marching dead away from the village (steered by the men with the blue wands), suddenly makes a masterly loop turn, and, recoiling on itself, sweeps round the road towards the church, heralded by the band exultingly strident and triumphant, with an irrelevant tune—Paddy will you now? or The girl I left behind me—and so pagantly bursting out its content, the Royal Samaritans file into the churchyard, driven in, as it were, by the sight of the rector, who,

in full sail, with white gown and crimson Oxford hood heralddically across, appears at his garden gate, making for the church porch. As rabbits into their holes at sight of a terrier, so do the Royal Samaritans make a dive at the church-door at sight of the Reverend Mr. St. Ives, with a blue and red cockade on his breast.

The organ bursts forth exultingly at the rector's entrance; all the blue and red ribands jostle and shake down by degrees into the various pews. It is a pleasant sight, the rows of grey and bald heads mingled with glossy curls and youth's plentiful hair-tatcheling. There is a good deal of violently subdued coughing; and now and then, perhaps, a Royal Samaritan's mind turns fondly to the thought of the roast beef on the spit; but the outward behaviour of every Samaritan is thoroughly decorous and praiseworthy. The text of the sermon is, "If one member suffer, all the members suffer with it;" an excellent text for a sermon to the House of Commons. It is an admirable, kindly, and right-feeling sermon, and is listened to attentively.

And then the congregation tumbles out, and the procession re-forms. The band plays a military air, and assumes a military air at the same time. The face of every "Royal Samaritan" turns to Downton Parva. Every cloud that floats in the blue assumes to their eyes the shape of a round of beef, or a pudding. The goal of the procession is the Dark Sun, at Downton, where carpenters have for days been hammering at booths, or sitting down in paper caps over their work, to discuss the coming feast. Past closed barn doors, past silent corn-fields, the Royal Samaritans defile towards the Dark Sun, with banner flying, band playing, and red and blue ribands streaming in the sun; and now, breaking the ranks, comes Squire Hanger in his dog-cart, spanking along and greeting all he meets. He is to be chairman at the dinner, and, like the rector, who is with him, he wears a cockade at his button-hole.

Such queer old heads in the procession, food for Hogarth, fit for Leech—heads such as lively fancy sees on old stained walls, or on tree-knots—honest tough shrewd heads, gnarled by many a summer's sun and winter's storm, many a long vigil at lambing season, many a long night-watch in pheasant season, many a tough wrangling bargain in corn-market, many a lingering conflict over fat oxen and droves of Downshire sheep. Two and two these quaint old heads reach the Dark Sun, and group on the strip of turf near the skittle-alley. In the mean time, by various roads and converging paths, the gentry (honorary members) and stray subscribers have dropped in; the landlord is in the doorway, frank in his welcome; the club doctor, in high riding-boots, and with a whip, useful to rap out the leading incident of a story, is already in the best parlour; and so are one or two gentlemen farmers from lovely Down farms islanded among fir plantations, and who are examining with extreme interest some highly-coloured prints, known respectively as "The Fox-Hunter's Death" and

"The First Partridge." Out in the kitchen are one or two casual customers, who, undisturbed by the general festivity, hew away with clasp-knives at wedges of bread and bacon, and converse fitfully, with long and dreary silences between, somewhat in this way:

First Casual. "I think the weather's taking up."

Three bars' rest.

Second Casual. "O yes, that's right. It do."

Or, the landlord volunteers a story about the gun over the mantelpiece, and reports to the company that "it do draw the shot as close as he never saw any other gun draw the shot," and he has therefore christened it "the Smasher." If there be anything otherwise remarkable about these casual visitors, it is that they assume rather an injured air, as if the club feast had no right to be there at all.

Outside on the turf the ribands give the assembled company the effect of a regiment of recruits. Really, though their dress is rude, and their legs are of all varieties of rheumatic twist and bend, the Royal Samaritans behave very much as Belgravians, or any other Ians, behave when they are waiting for dinner. They chat in clumps, they try to appear interested in each other's small-talk, and assume an entire indifference to the one thought that pervades every mind—dinner. Squire Hanger's keeper, a tall man, is there in drab gaiters, russet hat, and a tail-coat, with the shortest tails, I think, I ever saw, except in an unfledged sparrow; but still the coat gives him an air of society, of which he is fully conscious. N.B. From constantly being shut in shooting, the keeper's left eye has a habit of only half opening: a habit, however, thoroughly compensated for by the extremely bright vigilance of its companion.

Suddenly a thrill goes through the red and blue ribands. The dinner is served. Now, at last the mask is off, the blinds are pulled up, and there is no attempt in any man to conceal his feelings. There is a stolid frank delight on every face; a calm pressing forward to the dining-table. And really their pleasure is not without its dignity—good transparent-hearted men, one can see exactly what they think. They are saying to themselves, "We are poor men—very poor, most of us—but we are no beggars, we don't come here to crave any one's hospitality, we are going to a downright good dinner earned by our own hands and paid for by ourselves, and we need thank no one for it but ourselves." There is always a slight sour in the blood of your true Englishman.

"Look at that old man in the blue coat," says Squire Hanger to me, as we move on towards the barn where we are to dine: pointing out a little cheery old man with winter-apple cheeks. "That man has been in my employ five-and-twenty years, and a better servant no one need wish. How d'ye do, John?"

"Tidy, zur—tidy, zur! And how be you and missus?"

"Very well, thank you, John, considering we ain't so young as we were."

"Ah, zur! we do all *ged on* downwards like the cow's tail, don't we, zur?"

The dinner is held in the barn of the Dark Sun. One end of the barn—the road end—by a stroke of genius, has been removed, and the building carried on by a long dining-tent, such as Epsom Downs may boast on a Derby-day: so that the dinner, beginning under tiles, ends under canvas. Through the looped-up entrance we pass, and find (I am honorary member of the Royal Samaritans, with red and blue flowering at my button-hole) the tables laid the whole length of either side of the tent, and several crafty old Samaritans already in strong positions near the chief joints. There is a murmur of welcome as we all take our places, and the Reverend Mr. St. Ives rises and says something in a low voice to the huge sirloin of beef that smokes before him. Eighty of us look around us with pleased but avid eyes.

Now, far be it from me to deride the rustic hospitality of which I partake with so much good will and true enjoyment. Still, I cannot choke back a ludicrous thought or two at the oddity of the scene. Our hats are placed in the manger that runs behind us, and on a rafter high over Squire Hanger's head hangs a rusty scythe, like the sword of Damocles. Just behind us, to the right, is an open door leading out from the stable into the farm-yard, and through this door piles of plates, cans of beer, and huge loaves of bread, are constantly entering, as if they were endowed with the power of voluntary motion. At regular intervals down the table are acres of veal-pie, joints of beef and mutton, and broad dishes of potatoes and greens. Everything is rough, but everything is prodigal in quantity and excellent in quality. The treasurer and stewards have laid by their wands, and now in shirt-sleeves serve as waiters: running with a good-natured fury to fill every empty glass and replenish every empty plate. As at all rural club dinners, a dead and almost solemn silence prevails when the plates are first filled. It is not a dinner; it is a battle with hunger. There is no sound but the crescendo gurgling of beer-pouring, and the clatter of knives and forks. The only conversation consists in inquiries for salt, demands for potatoes, and praises of beef. The quantity eaten is great. Three times beef, and then a foot or two of veal-pie, is a mere average; six glasses of pure hard beer and a hatful of potatoes are nothing at all. Presently the good-natured landlord, almost worn out with helping to beef, comes round and hopes everything is to everybody's satisfaction: "which it is." There is great variety and character in the art of dining, as practised by the Royal Samaritans. Some begin harpooning likely potatoes before grace is said; others look out kindly for their friends' wants; some turn up their cuffs as if they were going to fell a tree; others pick and talk of earlier club days, days—better than are now prevalent: which the red-faced curly-headed fellows, unctuous with redundant fat of beef, don't care to contradict, and listen to over the

slanting tops of beer-tumblers. At last dinner is all but "worried down," as the keeper expresses it, and all tongues are loosed.

There is now a fresh tremor of pleasure as the eighteen-pounder puddings arrive, and are geometrised into melon-like sections. Never was such beef, never was such pudding. The squire's face beams at the pudding as if it were an old friend, the actual pudding of Christmas-time come again. The puddings melt like snow in thaw-time; and vigilant beer-bearers still keep on replenishing half-filled glasses with a dangerous anti-teetotal watchfulness. Grace again, and this time the Amen is uttered with a generous warmth and fulness of conviction that does credit to the Chicklebury head, heart, and stomach.

And now the cloth is drawn off, and long clean white pipes and "Waterloo charges" are laid on the table, and before each group are placed beer jugs and clean tumblers, and there is a laugh at one old shepherd, who clings to his jug and glass, and will allow no one to touch either, even under pretext of replenishing.

"Because," as he doggedly observes, "he do know that he shall get no other, if he once do lose sight of they."

The treasurer taps with a fork on the table. Silence for a speech from the squire! At once that jangle of voices dies away to a whisper, and all the red faces turn towards Squire Hanger.

The squire knuckles down his hand to the table, and looks hard and with extreme interest at a knot in the deal. Then all of a sudden, like half-dry powder, he blazes off and fires into a speech. He is happy to meet his tenants there that day. He is glad to see men helping themselves, remembering the good old proverb, "Who helps himself, God helps." He is glad, too, to hear that the club is flourishing, and that there have been fewer men on the sick-list this last year than the year before. He is glad to see round him faces to which he has been familiar from his boyhood, faces connected with his dearest memories of friends, and home, and native country. All he wishes is (here he took a sip of beer), that the gentlemen of England would oftener find opportunities to thus meet their poorer neighbours; as he is sure that such meetings tend to remove rankling feelings, to promote kindness and good will, and to draw closer the bonds that should unite neighbours and neighbours, landlord and tenant, master and servants.

The cheers are tremendous; the noise is like the springing of a mine; as for Farmer Hacker, he stoops nearly to the ground, and lading with his white hat as if he were baling out a boat, leads the cheering. Then Farmer Wilding rises and proposes the squire's health. Some other farmer proposes the landlord's health (him of the Dark Sun), and "thanks for a very good dinner," till at last nearly every one has risen and proposed somebody or something; and now, too, the treasurer begins to chink money together, and to pile little ominous heaps of half-crowns on the

table, and to rustle out papers, and, in fact, generally to intimate that the hour is come when the year's subscriptions ought to be paid. Honorary members must retire even from Royal Samaritan dinners, at some time or other, so I and Squire Hanger, with much hand-shaking and more cheering, mount our traps and roll homeward.

These solemn events take place in an hour or two. I am suddenly, as I sit at tea with my children, reminded of the existence of the Royal Samaritans, by a distant drumming scarcely louder than the drowsy buzz of the great orange-striped humble-bee, who frets in a large moss-rose that hangs against my window. But soon it widens out, and I gradually distinguish the wavering drone of the clarionets, the squeak of the "wry-necked" fifes, the blare of the sliding trombone, the "dub dub" of the baggy drum, and the blatant roar of the enormous serpent. Next I distinguish the top of the Royal Samaritan banner, and, through the laurels in the shrubbery, discern gleams of the well-known red and blue ribands. The sounds increase; the pleasant chatter and the cries of marshalling stewards draw nearer to the garden gate. It is flung open, and the Royal Samaritans enter. One or two have rather a fixed and watery stare about the eyes, which they attempt to turn into an expression of combined respect, wisdom, and admiration. The twos and twos widen out on the lawn, and the band begins to settle down to serious work. A grave barber runs up and down the flute; a blacksmith officiates at the clarionet, as like a blunderbuss as a harmless instrument can well be; the old serpent has a chair brought him, as his instrument is fatiguingly large, and requires support; the little drummer, with a slight aberration about the legs, plays with mechanical heedlessness, and perhaps with rather a want of force and emphasis in the staccato passages. The other performers have music-books held out before them by little country boys, who hold them above their heads with a fixed, religious, and undeviating care. Anon the gardener appears with a tray and glasses, a smiling handmaid follows with frothing jugs, and the aberrated eyes, *passim*, acquire for the moment a certain steadiness, and are fixed magnetically on the said jugs. I permeate among the crowd of Royal Samaritans and Royal Samaritans' wives and daughters, and talk about the dinner, and make conjectures about the weather, which is of a wintry-spring character, gusty and rainy, with a gleam of sunshine as brilliant and fitful as if it were turned on from a dark-lantern with the slide now pushed on and now pushed off; and all this time that I make great efforts to pump up small-talk, and show this Samaritan my cabbages, and that Samaritan my cabbages, a third Samaritan my cabbage-roses, and a fourth Samaritan my rosy-red cabbages, the treasurer pursues one traditional and unchanging line of patriotic action; he plants himself firmly with his heels screwed into my turf, and his back to my drawing-room window; he fixes the pole of the Royal Samaritan banner on his left hip, and then commences to wave the flag from left to

right as regular as a clock beats, whipping it round with a dexterous catch that so nearly resembles fly-fishing, that it might almost be mistaken for that amusement on a large scale, especially as the royal angler seems to exhaust all his skill in trying to fish off the tall white hat of an old shepherd who stands near him unmoved: efforts which at last are happily crowned with complete success.

Eventually, with three cheers and God save the Queen, the Royal Samaritans march off to supper at the Dark Sun. There, the wives and children join them, and there will be much jolting of skittles, great exhaustion of beer-casks, much ribanding of cold beef, much laughing, chattering, and fun; then, too, will come off the national dance of England, that tiresome heel-tapping shuffle of two rivals, who try to tire each other out, and who certainly tire out all but the most enthusiastic of the bystanders. Then, too, will take place a deal of ogling, and flirting, and heart-capturing, and jealousy, and sociability.

Nor will even this satisfy these untiring Royal Samaritans; for all to-morrow is to be holiday too, and to-morrow night there will be another supper, and after that, according to a curious old custom, the remainder of the meat will be put up to auction, and carried home for quiet and thoughtful discussion; and only, with the last mouthful of that meat, will end the Whitsuntide holiday at Chicklebury.

ITALIAN BRIGANDAGE.

THE ministerial papers, and indeed a large number of other journals, have uniformly asserted that this brigandage was fed, paid, and armed, from Rome; that Rome was its head-quarters and its refuge; that it was a Bourbonist scheme to maintain a state of trouble and disorder in the southern provinces of the kingdom, so that the scandal of this condition might serve to screen the iniquities of the past rule, and shame the severities of the present. They declared that the presence of the ex-king at Rome was a powerful support to this infamous warfare, and they more than hinted that the French garrison never lent that aid to its suppression which they might or could in their capacity of faithful allies of the kingdom of Italy.

This statement found its way into our own newspapers, and, indeed, figured in blue-books. Like most of such sweeping charges, it was a mixture of truth and falsehood. There was unquestionably imparted to the disturbances of the south such aid and encouragement as a baffled party and an exiled court could supply either in arms, money, or distinctive rewards. The Bourbonists saw very clearly that no more stunning refutation could be given to the boastful declarations of new Italy, than to point to the lawlessness of a vast region, and all the frightful cruelties practised to reduce it to obedience. If the press were to revert to the bygone atrocities of King Ferdinand, what answer could be so meet as to say, "Look at the Basilicata! Were whole villages

burned to the ground—were women and children massacred in *our* day? Which of us decreed that no peasant should go to his daily labour further than a certain distance from his dwelling, or that no peasant's wife, sister, or child, should carry to him the food for his humble meal?" With such rebutting charges as these did the exiled party meet all the accusations of their opponents.

To assert, however, that brigandage had its whole source or origin here, was totally untrue. Indeed, were it the fact, what would have been easier than repression? If the brigands issued from Rome, and Rome alone, an army of eighty thousand men could have drawn a cordon against them across the entire peninsula, where each sentinel would have been within hail of his neighbour. Eighty thousand soldiers might certainly have prevented the issue of four hundred ill-armed and undisciplined mountaineers. If Rome had been the centre of this insurrectionary movement, how was it that the whole Capitanata swarmed with brigands, and that Pillone carried his ravages to within a few miles of Naples? If, in a word, the movement were as despicable in numbers, organisation, and courage, as it was asserted to be, why could a larger army than Wellington led at Waterloo not suffice to crush it? These are questions which each Italian asked of his neighbour, and it was the difficulty thus indicated that called for this special commission.

Brigandage is a very ancient institution in the south of Italy. Every age and every government have known it. To a people estranged from intercourse with the civilised world, with few roads, and those of the very worst—indisposed to labour, reckless of lives that had little to cheer them, and credulously relying on the powers of the Church to absolve them from all consequences in the next world—such a mode of livelihood did not present many repugnant features. There was about it, too, a false air of heroism, which, to a highly imaginative and vainglorious race, has a great attraction. These same brigands exacted a deference from their honest equals, that recalls the habits of the mediæval barons. They were the terror of the country round them, and their black mail was paid with a punctuality unknown in the payment of government imposts. Their fondness for titles, and their assumption of military rank, show how these men prized social eminence, and what store they set upon those claims which exalted them above their fellows. Antonelli stipulated with the French general sent to confer with him, for the grade, and, stranger still, the uniform of a colonel! Chivavone, it is said, holds the commission of a major-general.

Brigandage, in a word, was a pursuit which offered very attractive and dazzling rewards, and no wonder is it that it should appeal successfully to those whose daily lives were lives of misery and want. Last of all, it brought no stigma of shame on those who followed it. They suffered nothing in fame or reputation. They lived heroes, and, if they died on the scaffold, they died martyrs. Brigandage en-

listed the bold, the daring, and the energetic; the men, in fact, who, under a happier system, would have constituted the distinguished persons of the neighbourhood. They were such as preferred peril to daily drudgery, and were willing to risk life, rather than lower it to the condition of a servitude. Such was the mode of reasoning, such the explanations, which every traveller in the Abruzzi will have heard over and over again from the lips of peasants. In the one single fact that it entailed no dishonour on him who followed it, no shame nor disgrace on his family or relations, lay its chief mischief. As in Ireland, where what are called agrarian crimes attach no infamy to him who commits them, the brigandage of Italy carries with it no legacy of discredit and dishonour. It is this which makes its suppression, not the act of an age nor an army, but the great political problem of regenerating a whole people. It is not that four hundred brigands have found occupation for an army of eighty thousand; but that a people who sympathise with brigandage, who submit with patience to its exactions, and who feel a sort of triumph in its successes—who regard its exercise as the struggle of poverty with riches—the duel between destitution and affluence—would rather aid it, succour it, and screen it, than help a government to suppress it. This is the reason why all attempts to exterminate it have proved failures. The State has not been able to bring that discredit on the crime which is the chief agent in repression. The Calabrese peasant screens the brigand, as the Tipperary man conceals the Whiteboy.

Probably no Italian government before the present day ever seriously contemplated dealing with brigandage. It is no part of our task to inquire whether, even now, the attempt would have been made if brigandage had not presented itself as the agent of a political party. As it is, the system has rendered Southern Italy ungovernable. Life and property are no longer secure, and Africa itself is a safer land for the traveller than certain districts of the Terra di Lavoro. The exactions of brigandage, not satisfied with contravening the law, have gone so far as to outrage and insult the law. But a few weeks ago, a person of high station and wealth was arrested within a few miles of Naples; and his ransom—fixed at the sum of nigh three thousand pounds sterling—was demanded formally at the bank, and paid over to one of the emissaries of the band, just as if the matter had been an ordinary commercial transaction.

It is absurd to speak of government where such atrocities exist unpunished. Proprietors in the south would no more presume to visit their estates than they would undertake an excursion among the Scioux or the Mandans. Only to the extent of a few leagues outside the capital, can safety be said to exist; and yet in the face of all this, we are gravely told that the brigands in the Neapolitan provinces are not over four hundred in number, and that even these are "as deficient in arms as in courage, and too con-

temptible to be called adversaries by the soldiers of the royal army."

It has been assumed from the first—it is not easy to say why—that the whole force and means of brigandage ought to be disparaged and ridiculed by the press. Instead of frankly declaring that the evil was one of magnitude, the journals have pretended to regard it as insignificant and contemptible, the passing manifestation of an interval of trouble and confusion, but no more. Let us, however, remember that brigandage is an old institution, with which successive governments have had to deal, some not very creditably, nor very loyally. Witness what occurred on the restoration of the Bourbons, when General Amato, sent to negotiate with Vanderelli, whose band at that time ravaged La Puglia, not only pledged himself that the past should be forgotten and pardoned, but that the band should be admitted into the king's service, and should have suitable pay, and be treated as a royal regiment. The terms were accepted, and Vanderelli, with his men, marched into Foggia to surrender and take the oath of allegiance. No sooner, however, had they piled their arms, than the troops opened a deadly fire upon them, and in a few minutes the ground was covered with their corpses—not a man escaped!

If the Bourbons, therefore, now employ the brigands as their partisans, it is not that the traditions of their own dealings with them are either honourable or very promising: but, on this head, perhaps the balance of treachery is pretty equal. The brigands have as often taken up arms against, as for, "their friends," the royalists. It is noteworthy, however, that when the country fell into the hands of France, the agents of the Empire were as much disposed "to treat" with brigandage as ever were the Italians themselves, of whatsoever party. Antonelli, a native of a little village not far from Lamiano, was held of consequence enough to be made the subject of negotiations in which all the rights of an equal were extended to him by the French envoy.

That it may not be supposed that the treachery of the Bourbons was a weapon peculiar to power, it is right to record how a celebrated band which long held the country between Serra and Aspromonte, intimated their wish for submission, only stipulating that, as their chiefs desired, it might be made at night, and not in the face of the assembled populace. A certain house was fixed on, and thither the syndic and the colonel of the gendarmerie, a Frenchman named Gérard, repaired at an appointed time. The four or five brigand captains were equally punctual, but instead of at once acceding to the terms of which they themselves had made the conditions, they entered into tedious and frivolous details, discussing a variety of matters purely hypothetical. The dispute, as was intended, waxed warm. At a signal given, the bandits, who were near, surrounded the house and massacred the syndic, the commander, and all his staff. This atrocity, be it remarked, was never punished. The terror it spread far and near paralysed every one, and, for a considerable time, made the brigands mas-

ters of the whole district. Manhès decreed that the house where the bloody treachery occurred should be razed to the ground, but he was not obeyed. He went to the king, and asked what penalty should be exacted from the population. "Do whatever you think fit," said Murat, "but do it in person, and after having yourself inquired into all the facts."

Manhès set out for the village, where the "fanfarre" of his trumpets alone gave token of his approach, and the trembling inhabitants saw him enter, stern and dark-browed as an avenging angel. As he traversed the piazza, he saw that there hung from the trees, several human heads, half blackened and bloody, and these, he was told, were the vengeance executed upon the family to whom the house had belonged. Manhès turned away in disgust, and for twenty-four hours shut himself up alone in his room to meditate on the punishment to be inflicted. He summoned next day the whole population to the piazza, and they came in vast numbers; scarcely a man was absent. He harangued them at length; and, in terms the most cutting and offensive, he arraigned them as men equally destitute of courage and honour. "Not one of you," he said, "is guiltless, not one shall be spared." The terror may be imagined that followed such words as these. And now he hit upon a penalty which not even the Pope himself would have dared to enforce. "I ordain," cried he, in a voice of thunder, "that every church in Serra be closed, and that every priest leave this village and retire to Maida! Your children shall be born and no baptism await them, and your aged shall die without the sacrament, neither shall you escape to other villages or other lands, you shall live on here isolated, outcasts of God and man, and that one of you who shall be seen beyond the bounds of this spot shall be shot down like a wolf!"

He left the city with his escort after this terrible denunciation; but he had not gone many miles, when he found the way beset by the whole population, who, dressed in white, barefoot, and kneeling, besought him, with cries of agony, to have pity on them. "Kill us if you will, but let us not perish everlastingly!" Manhès turned away, inexorable, and spurred his horse to the gallop. Strange as it may seem, notwithstanding the efforts of the very highest of the clergy, and the interference of even princes of the Church, the sentence was executed, and every priest left the village. The measure was, however, crowned with a complete success. The people of Serra rose en masse, and gave chase to the brigands. It was war to the knife, without pity and without quarter, and it never ceased until the last robber was slain or dead of hunger. The interdiction was then removed, and from that day forth these villagers have been their own defenders, nor has a soldier ever been sent to protect them.

There is a very remarkable similarity between the times and circumstances in which Manhès acted thus, and those of our own day, wherein Ciellini commanded in the south; and not less striking is the resemblance in the character of

the two men. Stern soldiers both of them—severe, pitiless, and immovable. It is only the scene of the brigandage that is changed, for when Ferdinand the First conspired in Sicily the war was in Calabria. Now that Francis the Second inhabits Rome, it is in the Terra de Lavoro and the Abruzzi that the scourge is to be found. Of how little progress Italy can boast in the road of civilisation and legality since the commencement of the present century, this very parallel is the proof; for here we have the self-same pestilence and the self-same repression that we witnessed more than fifty years ago. The same baseness and the same crime, the same insecurity, and the same severities. The frequent changes of government in Southern Italy have favoured this downward tendency; for, with the fall of each, came an interregnum of disorder and turbulence, when the jails gave up their prisoners, and the robber bands got recruited from the lowest classes of the people. In these struggles the party of least power never scrupled to avail itself of such aid as even brigandage could offer, and this alone served to elevate the brigand into a position of political importance, and to dignify him with a station to which he had no real pretension. Italy has many royalists—many faithful and attached friends of the old monarchy—many men of honourable fidelity to the throne, around which their fathers and grandfathers stood as defenders—but she has no *La Vendée*; that is to say, there is no vast region in which the sentiments of loyalty to a sovereign are as an element of faith and a religious belief. There is not in Italy, as there once was in France, a great area in which the exiled king was still recognised as the true sovereign, and where all the power of his enemies was deemed the accidental tyranny of usurpers. With all his remoteness from the great centre of political illumination, the Vendean peasant knew what he was fighting for, and felt that the blood of St. Louis demanded an expiation. It is not to be supposed that the Calabrian or Abruzzese does this. A few, and a very few, of those in arms affect to be partisans of the Bourbons; but the greater number are as indifferent who rules the realm as to whom may be the Tycoon of Japan.

A great impulse was unquestionably given to the latter brigandage of Italy by the difficulty in which the government succeeding to the Garibaldian expedition found itself with regard to the liberated prisoners. As Garibaldi advanced, the jails were all broken open, and the accused and the guilty were alike indiscriminately set free. The State could scarcely accept the services of such men, and yet what were the men to do? If honest labour were denied them, there was no other road but the road of crime. When Cipriano della Gala presented himself to the authorities—a well-known highwayman, and of proved courage—he asked to be employed against the brigands. The government officials, instead of employing him, re-conducted him to jail. From that hour forth, every escaped felon took to the high road.

Excluded from all hope of pardon, they accepted lives of peril, as the last and only issue left them.

For the disbanded soldiers of the late royal army no future was prepared; at least none that could in any way be palatable to them. Accustomed to lives of indolence and ease, either in distant detachments or garrison duty, they frankly owned that they had no fancy for service under a king so fond of fighting, and who was actually capable of “leading them against the Austrians;” not to add that the discipline of the northern army was more severe, and the pay smaller. To men of this stamp, brigandage appealed very forcibly. Of course it will always be a debatable question to what extent fidelity to the late king had a share in these motives, and one must expect two very different answers from the opposed partisans. The great probability, however, is, that very few thought of anything but subsistence.

To listen to the descriptions given of these wretched creatures by the officers of the royal army, is to believe them in the lowest state of destitution and want. Covered with rags, pale with famine, scarcely able to crawl from debility, it seems almost a barbarous cruelty to hunt down to death, objects so contemptible and so unequal to all resistance. This is not, however, the picture which the press presents of them; nor is it at all like the swaggering insolent-looking fellow who parades the streets of Rome to-day, and to-morrow is heard of in the *Terra di Lavoro*. The truth probably lies between the two statements, or rather it embraces both; brigandage has its well-fed, well-clothed, and well-equipped followers, as also its poor-looking, squalid, and starving followers. It is no more limited to a class than it is confined to one political party. The syndic of one village, the curate of another, the tax-collector of a third, will have a son, a brother, or a brother-in-law, a bandit, and will see the government proclamation denouncing him on the wall before his window. Familiarised to brigandage by long habit—with ears that have listened to bandit adventures from childhood—he has no very great horror of the career, though he has a lively fear of what it may lead to. When the ministerial despatch reaches him to say that the “Seventy-fourth Regiment of the Line will despatch Company B of eighty-eight men, under command of Captain Annibale Almaforte, for whose billet and rations he will duly provide in his village, giving them, besides, all such aid and assistance as lie in his power to discover the haunts and exterminate the persons who compose the band of brigands under a chief called Crocco, or Stoppa, or Ninco Nanco,” the zeal and alacrity he will lend to his task may be imagined if the aforesaid leader be his own brother or his son—ay, or even his cousin or his schoolfellow!

The unfortunate Piedmontese official sent down south to administer the affairs of some small town, to investigate its municipal accounts, and to restore some show of order to its finances, invariably writes back to Turin an entreaty that he may be recalled, and a representation that he is so thwarted, opposed, blinded, and deceived,

that he is sure to fail in his mission. The minister's table is said to be covered with such applications from men eager to get back to subordinate stations which they had filled with credit, rather than jeopardise character and reputation by the attempt to exercise authority where all around are pledged to mislead and betray them. It is, I am informed, to the wide prevalence of this spirit, irreconcilable with all law and order, that the report of the Commission on Brigandage is principally addressed. The fact that brigandage is not a disease, but the symptom of a disease, is now apparent enough; the root of the malady lies not in destitution, or poverty, or isolation, or ignorance, or disloyalty, but in the rottenness which all these corrupting influences have produced in a people whose civilisation was never so much as attempted, and whose Christianity never rose above a debtor and creditor account with their Creator—so many penances for so many peculations—so many masses for so many murders!

It is a slow process to change the hearts of a people. The commission hope much from railroads, from schools, and from general prosperity, and these are the only true and intelligent means of meeting the difficulty; but whether they will soon avail or not, Italy will indisputably have the benefit of a system which has abolished like evils elsewhere, and the time may not be remote when honourable labour will be found as profitable as highway robbery, and when even the Calabrian peasant may discover "honesty to be the best policy."

PARISH CHARITIES.

NEXT to the commandments, the huge oblong benefaction board occupies the most conspicuous position in our parish church. Painted black, and written in letters of dusty yellow, by the village painter and glazier of a great many years since, it commemorates at once the liberality and the orthography of bygone generations. Here we read how:

"Andreas Lovelace, gentleman, sometime High Sheriffe (with a long description of him and his belongings, that may be found in the county history), left to ye Poore of this Parish, x pounds lawfull coin of the realme, the interest of ye same to be yearly distributed by the Minister and Churchwardens in bread, on the feast of St. Andrewe."

"Dame Joanna Lovelace, by a Codicil to her will, did bequeathe certain money, the yearly interest of which is at present xviii. shillings, to be given on New Year's day to the most deserving Poore of this Parish, by ye Parson and Churchwardens of Grumbleton."

"The Rev. Anthony Thomas, M.A., Rector, did by his will, dated 1753, give and bequeath to poor Inhabitants of the said Parish, 200*l.*, the interest thereof to be annually given by the Minister and Churchwardens in wheat and wood on the Feast of All Saints."

On St. "Andrewe's Day," in accordance with the will of Andreas Lovelace aforesaid, the clergyman and churchwardens, with the parish

clerk, meet in the vestry, and count the loaves provided by this small charity, and the number of applicants who, old and young, are gathered around the door waiting the gift.

"Now, then," says the churchwarden, "who is the worst off among ye?"

"We's all pretty bad for the matter of that, sir," is the general response from the company, all smiling, however, as if it were, rather than otherwise, a blessed privilege to be distressed for the nonce. However, a little orphan girl receives one, and the oldest woman not in the almshouses gets the other. In this way one of the most cheerful but least in value of the Grumbleton charities is annually dispensed.

But Mr. Thomas's benefaction of wheat and wood was a sore place in Grumbleton, which became angry and as bad as ever when All Saints' day came. It is the first of November, 1862, and a fine cold morning, at nine o'clock. The trustees, who have long deviated from the donor's intention of bestowing wheat and wood, and who give all in flour, are met together in the old manorial mill, where all resident poor parishioners receive a quantity of flour, depending on the number in each family. Thus, adults receive a gallon and a half, children under fourteen half a gallon, but the young unmarried people receive nothing. The trustees have their list, and each family obtains its supply as name and quantity are called. But, first of all, three or four people whose names are not in the list come with sacks, looking wistfully at the trustees. They are parishioners, just over the parish boundary, and no more. They plead hard; it is a pity to refuse them; yet there is no help for it.

"Please, sir," says one, "how much for mother? Mother's sick, and can't come."

"Can't come!" says an indignant matron. "What was she a doing last night? Ain't she shamed of herself?"

"Sending *her*, too," chimes in another dame, in mighty scorn. "Git along with ye, hussy, ye're over the border."

So the poor girl retreats, with her empty bag and downcast countenance.

Meanwhile the weighing out continues, and few thanks are heard, though Grumbleton, like other places, has its cheerful folks, who can live and be thankful.

"Now, Mrs. Catkin," says the churchwarden, and young Mrs. C. steps forward to receive as much as she can carry.

"Please, sir," says Mrs. Catkin, "let me take my brother's."

"Your brother! What does he want with it? He's a gentleman."

"My brother," retorts Mrs. Catkin, in rising wrath, "has been married these three or four months, and his wife's confined this morning. I should think he has as good a right to it as anybody in the parish."

However, she is sent about her business somewhat curtly, and told that she ought to be thankful for what she has. The indignant hus-

band and father, nevertheless, quickly appears on the scene. He is a young man of thirty, well-dressed for his class, and in the receipt of some twenty-four shillings a week.

"So. I's a gentleman, is I?" he demands indignantly of the trustees. "You calls me a gentleman—that's the way you treats poor folk as wants to be respectable."

"Content yourself, my man," says the churchwarden, quietly; "nobody will call you a gentleman again. It was a mistake."

"And what for arn't I to have the same as the rest?"

Hereupon down comes the clergyman, and gives him a good (moral) thrashing on the spot, from which Catkin at length retires, the most injured and angry of men.

After the dole is over, the trustees balance accounts, and depart each his several way, the clergyman down-hearted.

From my experience of parish charities, I question much whether the results anticipated by the founders often are obtained. But it does not unfrequently happen that results never dreamt of by them have been realised. Our almshouses were founded for poor women, who, by the original intention of the foundress, were to receive two shillings a week, and be provided with comfortable furnished rooms, rent free. It was thought that such provision, together with parish relief, would secure a sufficient maintenance for the almswomen. But long before the death of the foundress a parochial difficulty occurred, and it was foreseen that the parish could not pay, or rather would not (for we did much as we liked in those times), the weekly allowance to old women, which was three shillings. Under this state of things, Elizabeth Brown munificently increased the charity to such an amount as to relieve the parish for ever of the cost of maintaining half a dozen of its matrons. When the plan for union rating shall have come in and put such matters on a broader basis than at present, this advantage will not be of the same value to us that it now is, and, doubtless, before that time comes, we shall have hatched a fresh charity grievance.

There have been cases in which overseers and churchwardens have stopped relief to the poor during the week that the small charities were dispensed, and thus meanly achieved a small reduction of outgoings.

Of all the commissions which affect our parish none are so beneficial as the Charity Commission. In some way or other the commissioners have secured many benefactions which were ready to perish under abuses, or in the grasp of unscrupulous purchasers of land made chargeable with them. It is certain that had the commission been earlier in the field, we Grumbletonians should have been wonderfully better off than we are now, as we have lost charities which would have almost kept our whole poor off the rate.

But is it not worth while to consider whether means could not be devised by which, in future, benefactions to a parish might be made more

serviceable than they are? Why, for example, might they not serve as encouragements and aids to provident exertion? It is worth remembering that the most squalid and wretched persons and homes do not represent necessarily the cases most suitable for special means of relief. Where the house and people are clean, the clothes well patched, and all things are kept as tidy as half a dozen young ones in a small room will allow—where the father is reputed sober and industrious, and clear of debt, the mother a keeper at home—the pinch of honest poverty is often sharper than the sufferer will tell, and neither alms nor pauper's allowance will be taken willingly. But in aid of all brave struggles something might be done. Where coal and clothing clubs are under the management of the body corporate of clergyman, churchwardens, and overseers, many benefactions might, and ought for their better administration, to be applied by way of aid to their bonus fund. A safe test is afforded by these clubs for ascertaining who are really the industrious and striving poor of the parish, and what hardships lie upon them. And aid thus afforded stimulates the custom of self-help.

It is still to be lamented that efficient legislation is yet to come to the rescue of provident societies, and that the subject is so little understood by those who wish to benefit the poor. There are safe societies in existence, which are certified to be solvent by the actuary, and these, though ousted as much as possible by the less trustworthy beer-house clubs, are, it is believed, gaining ground steadily. They secure to the bread winner support during illness, an annuity in old age, and a sufficient sum for a respectable funeral, with something to spare, without the humiliation of one farthing from the poor-rate. Such provision can be made for a sum little if at all exceeding the annual cost of the Brammagem club.

Parish benefactions, which would assist deserving men to pay their annual premiums in safe societies, would aid in a most important social work. And that they do this is more than can with truth be said on behalf of the bulk of parish charities as they are now administered.

SMALL-BEER CHRONICLES.

It was my duty as a chronicler of Small-Beer to record, some little time since, the death of the Legitimate Drama; I have now in like manner to announce the demise of the LEGITIMATE NOVEL.

The Legitimate Novel! Ah, volumes of the grease-stained covers—one, two, three, with marble sides and leather backs, with yellow leaves covered with marginal notes written in pencil, by such idiots as surely in these terribly wise times exist no longer—volumes of trash, volumes of rot, volumes now of impossible nonsense, now of inflated twaddle, now of inimitable merit, what delight have ye afforded to me, and to many another consumer of Small-Beer in this Vale of Tears. The Legitimate Novel, in three fat octavos, with three hun-

dred and twenty pages in each of the two first volumes, and three hundred and fifty at least in the last, and not many lines in any of the pages, and not many pages in any of the chapters!

For the matter contained in those volumes, it was generally adventurous, romantic, and full of love and persecution. There were prolonged and glowing descriptions of scenery, in which the words "towering" and "nestling" occurred very frequently. There were pages of reflection interspersed among other matters, the author pulling himself up when he had nothing more to add, stopping quite abruptly, and saying, as if it had just occurred to him, "But I am digressing." On the margin of the page which surrounded one of these splendid bits of description, would be written in pencil, "glowing," "life-like," "most graphic;" while by the side of the reflective page would be inscribed in the same hand—perhaps the author's—"great knowledge of life shown here;" or, "these are the words of one who has lived and suffered;" or, "how delightful to find one's own sentiments, as it were, reproduced." These descriptions and reflections were integral and indispensable parts of the legitimate book, and there were inevitable places where they were certain to come in. The ignoble race of skippers—by which I do not mean merchant captains, but persons who shrink from their duties, and pass over, perhaps, this very sentence which I am in the act of writing—the members of that dastard race knew at a single glance when a descriptive or reflective portion of the work under perusal was coming, and jumped off to the account of the duel in the next chapter most unremorsefully. For, there were always some incidents in the book, if you would wait long enough and take the author's way and time of letting you get at them.

Consider from how many things that were once valuable to him the novelist is now shut out. To take an instance or two. What a capital incident for the romance-writer was furnished by that once sufficiently common occurrence, an elopement. What a chance it was to describe all the circumstances connected with a runaway match! When Mr. Calverley discovered the retreat of Miss Beverley, and coming in disguise to the village near which was the residence of the young lady's maiden aunt, managed at last to establish relations with the lady's maid, and to convey a note to his mistress, how exciting the story became. And the preliminaries, the bribing of innkeepers, of post-boys, the meetings between Mr. Calverley's confidential man and Miss Beverley's confidential maid, to make the necessary arrangements; the breathless excitement, too, of the attempt itself, the description of how the evening passed inside the residence of the maternal aunt, how the beautiful heroine was unable to do justice to her meals, how her paleness and agitation were observed and commented on, and accounted for by a fictitious encounter with a mad dog in the course of the previous afternoon, the unusual determination on the part of the old lady to sit up later than usual that evening, telling long

stories of her youthful days, and breaking off from time to time to comment on the inattention of her auditor—was not all this "good business"? And then when the maiden aunt and her suspicious confidential servant were at length disposed of, how harrowing were the misgivings of Miss lest her lover should have abandoned all hope of her coming now that the hour appointed for their meeting was so long passed, how pathetic was her last glance round her innocent bedroom, and how breath-suspending the narrative of her passing along the corridor on tiptoe, of her dropping something outside her aunt's door, of her pausing to listen whether the noise had awakened the old lady, of her hastening on, of her safe passage through the pantry window, of the rain which beat in her face as she emerged into the garden, and of the long low whistle emanating from the windpipe of the confidential valet, announcing that he and his master were still there and on the look-out.

And the flight, all the incidents of that long and hurried post-chaise journey, there was a chance again; the headlong race when another post-chaise was seen in the distance; the having to wait for horses at the next stage, when the fugitives were overtaken by that dreadful post-chaise, which was found to contain—two gentlemen of the press hurrying off to attend a public meeting at Glasgow; the way, too, in which all difficulties were got over and all obstacles overcome by the dexterity and fidelity of that confidential valet, who was of course attached on his own account to the confidential maid, and by her egged on to all sorts of prodigious deeds of valour and cunning—is it not a terrible loss to have such resources as these withdrawn?

For who ever hears of elopements now?

Or, suppose the novelist to have mounted on a stronger pinion yet, and to have favoured us with an abduction instead of an elopement, what a pull *he* had over the modern author of romances. Suppose that the flight was compulsory instead of voluntary; suppose that the devoted damsel was walking with her maid with constitutional views, and that both were suddenly seized by men with black vizards over their faces and carried to a post-chaise—that vehicle being for ever in waiting in the legitimate time—to be joined at the first stage by the wicked gentleman who had planned the attack. Suppose the added excitement and compound interest—so to speak—of the maiden's misery, her indignant interviews with her captor, her cries of "unhand me," and her demands to be restored to her friends. Think, again, of all the secret plottings between mistress and maid in their determination to effect an escape or die, of the good-naured postboy who assists them, of the falling of the enterprise, of the discovery of the abduction by the maiden's real lover, of his pursuit with all its thrilling incidents, and of his final triumph over the abducting villain, whom he slays in fair combat outside his own castle gate.

Who ever hears of abductions now?

What a delightful thing a journey used to be in works of fiction. But even the journey by stage or

diligence is no longer left to the novelist, while, as to the old post-chaise of which he used to be so fond, he is turned clean out of it, and left sitting on his portmanteau at the door of a railway station, with a porter only waiting till he gets up, to stick a label on his luggage.

And then the Duello—there is a loss! What a means of getting rid of the bad character, and bringing the hero out in his true colours, was that hostile meeting at Wormwood Scrubs. "After what has occurred," says Calverley, in his calm clear voice, "but one course is left to persons calling themselves gentlemen." Then was the meeting between the seconds, themselves intimate friends but suspending their intimacy during the progress of this "unhappy affair," the arrangement of the place where the duel should be fought, and the hour when it could come off with the least chance of discovery. Then, came the scene in the apartments of the courageous Calverley, at two in the morning sealing a letter to his beloved, and enclosing a miniature—the miniature is obsolete too, now, mercy befriend us!—and a lock of his richly curling hair. He is perfectly calm, and, having finished his preparations, lies down to take a few hours' sleep, before his friend the colonel arrives at 5.30 (I mean half-past five, 5.30 was unknown in those glorious days), and carries him off to the field. The cloak too! He was shrouded in a cloak to escape observation. That garment—dark blue, with a cape, with velvet collar, and with cords and tassels like a curtain—has gone the way of the miniature, and of the case of duelling-pistols which used to be concealed under its ample folds. When in the early morning the party assembles on the Scrubs, the different members of it are all covered up in cloaks, except the surgeon, who wears a great-coat with the pockets full of surgical instruments, and lint. On the removal of his mantle the bad character is found to be still habited in the evening costume which he had worn the night before. The hero is dressed in a plain black surtout, buttoned closely up to the throat, and wears an appearance of entire calmness, while the looks of his opponent are ghastly and haggard in the last degree.

Who ever hears of duels in these days?

We were talking but now of the miniature. What an important part the miniature has played in its time. How it has been gazed at through tears, addressed in long speeches, sighed over. How it has been transmitted by faithful hands, and has administered comfort, and how it has been delivered into unfaithful hands and has led to the most disastrous discoveries conceivable—which was the more extraordinary, because I don't believe it was at all a good likeness, or likely to be recognised by any human creature. What a small head the subject of that miniature always had, what long and sloping shoulders. How his hair was piled up—and so was hers, if it was a lady's miniature—on the top of the head, and gracefully arranged to conceal the forehead and the corners of the eyes. And what a complexion the miniature

had, what lilies and roses for the ladies' cheeks, and what blue veins about their temples and their soda-water-bottle necks!

No more miniatures now, and the modern fictionist must pile up his effects as best he can, with the aid of cartes de visite and pistol-grams.

I cannot enumerate all our losses; but what a fearful thing it is to be no longer able to fall back upon the gaming-table as a last resource. We have lost the gambler, the man with pale set features, with dishevelled hair, and disordered dress. His trembling wife no longer sits up for him all through the long hours of the night and early morning. Nay, the occasional gambler, even, is gone from our grasp; the man who, having lost his patrimony, rushes out to the hell in St. James's-street and stakes his all upon one last chance. What a gallant rattle that was of the dice-box as it swept round our desperado's head. "It fell, and Delisle was a beggar!"

Where is the gaming now? I don't know where to ruin myself. Crockford's has ceased to exist, or is turned into an honourable eating-house. The rattle of the dice is heard there no longer. It is succeeded by the rattle of the knives and forks. If one of the desperate characters of the "good old times," awakening from a trance, were to rush off to that once terrible abode of excitement and crime, he would now be encountered by a harmless necessary waiter, who would inquire whether he "would please to take soup or fish," or whether he would content himself with "a cut off the joint."

The Legitimate Novel had its standard forms of expression. Here is a very favourite phrase: "Poor, but scrupulously clean." Who was it that first put this hideously absurd combination of incongruous words together? You might as well describe some piece of drapery as red, but inconceivably green, or speak of a house as small, but immeasurably large, or of a friend's character as deceitful, but scrupulously sincere. Had the inventor of the phrase ever paid a washing-bill? Had he ever had a shirt "got up?" Surely the phrase must have come originally, either from a millionaire who never inspected a washing-bill, or from a Capuchin Friar who never received one.

When the virtuous family, tyrannised over and deprived of their rights by a wicked relative, got into difficulties and retired to "a small town in the west of England," they always distinguished themselves by being poor "but scrupulously clean." Then it was that you heard of their frugal meal being spread upon a "board"—an inconvenient article of furniture, by-the-by, for the purpose—covered with a cloth of "snowy whiteness." The covering of that same board with a cloth of snowy whiteness, means that this distressed family indulged in seven tablecloths (independent of accidents) per week. Similarly, that inevitable "white dress"—that simple white dress of the heroine. There was a pathetic chapter comparing the past time when she was decked in silks and satins, with the present time, when, in her reduced circumstances, she contents herself with that plain white robe, so pure, so touching in its simplicity. In the name of the united clear-

starchers of Britain, I protest against such madness, and affirm that white is the most "expensive wear" known in the nineteenth century.

Then, there was the Scotch and Irish phraseology with which those legitimists who laid their scenes north of the Tweed, or in the Emerald Isle, indulged. "I dinna ken"—what a favourite expression that always was; we were in for it the moment our narrative skipped over the border. Yet, I have travelled two or three times in Scotland, and, in their own country and elsewhere, have conversed with plenty of Scots, but I never heard the expression. I doubt whether it would be understood in the land of cakes. This dinna ken was fearfully and wonderfully aggravating; but the Legitimate Novel was more to be dreaded when it crossed St. George's Channel. Nothing but "mavourneens," and "macushlas," and "machrees," and "bedads," and "at all at all." One gets at last sceptical about these matters, and I have been so long, and so entirely in vain, looking out for a case of "at all at all" in real life, that I have got at last to infidelity as to that form of words altogether.

The Legitimate work of fiction began in one of two ways: either by stating all the preliminary matter which it was needful for the reader to know—and sometimes a great deal more—in the first few chapters, dedicating them entirely to pedigrees, to biographies of the grandfathers and grandmothers of the characters; or else to pander to the impatience of the student by plunging at once into the middle of an interesting scene or conversation, without any preliminary explanation. At first sight this last mode of operating would seem to be the more delightful; but what was the use of beginning in this gay and sprightly manner in Chapter I., if the wretched reader caught sight of these awful opening words of the second chapter: "It is now needful that we should explain something of the history of the characters whom we have thus unceremoniously introduced to the reader"?

And there was another little trial. "We must now return to Lenora." Or, "the exigencies of our story now require that we should return to Lenora." What moments were chosen by the author for that return to Lenora! We were dragged back to that young woman just when we were bent on hearing the termination of that terrific adventure, in which the hero was involved. It was a breathless moment in the youth's fate. The sword was hanging over his head, the poison-cup was at his lips, the challenge was received, the dice were oscillating in the air, when we must now return to Lenora. And we didn't want to return to Lenora. And when we had returned to Lenora, and had got over the disgust of that blessed restoration, and had disciplined our minds to that degree that they were content to follow her fortunes instead of those of our fancy's hero—were we allowed to do so? No. We must then return to Edgar, and we were dragged away from her as we had previously been from him, and were whisked off again to some uncongenial region, where all was ice and desolation.

And the worst of it was that many of these tremendous adventures thus rudely arrested, were never finished; the hero of the situation being taken in hand again long afterwards in some altogether different part of his career, and, perhaps, merely alluding to the termination of that adventure in which you were once so madly interested, in a few cursory remarks addressed to his bosom friend, as the two "lounged together on the shores of Capri." Edgar having no business at Capri, observe, and no business to take you there, and not in the least accounting for himself even as to that inane passage of his existence.

The termination of the Legitimate Book was always expected to be very complete and full: disposing in a satisfactory manner of every one of the characters introduced, one after another, in the last chapter, just as in a Legitimate Play all the persons of the drama are ranged in the last scene before the audience, and each dismissed with some small and appropriate morsel of dialogue. "The old doctor remained to the last the friend and counsellor of all the poor and suffering people in the neighbourhood, he never married, and always retained his caustic humour, and that real spirit of benevolence, which lay concealed beneath it, and which caused him to be beloved by every one who knew him." "Giles the poacher—Giles the vagabond—Giles the convict—became at last a reformed character, and, obtaining the situation of teacher in the village school, inculcated with an earnestness which sprung from the remembrance of his own faults, the precepts of rectitude and morality. He was frequently the humble guest of our young couple, and a favourite always, both in the parlour and the kitchen."—"And Ellen—what of Ellen? Ellen remained single! Her life was devoted to the service of the poor. Often was her slight form to be seen flitting from cottage to cottage, or seated by the side of the aged and afflicted, listening to their complaints and assuaging their sufferings." And then came the lighter vein of wind-up. "The Widow Twostrings looked so well in her neat weeds, and was so frequently visited by her old lover Stephen Hardy, that rumours began soon to circulate that she was about to console herself, and that, nothing daunted by the unsatisfactory nature of her first matrimonial venture, she had it in contemplation to speculate in the marriage market once again. Of course these are only rumours, but rumours are not *always* false, and we can only say that if in this case report should speak correctly, we wish the lively widow a long life and a merry one."

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VERY HARD CASH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

CHAPTER X.

NORTH Latitude 23½, Longitude East 113; the time March of this same year; the wind southerly; the port Whampoa, in the Canton river. Ships at anchor reared their tall masts here and there; and the broad stream was enlivened and coloured by junks, and boats, of all sizes and vivid hues, propelled on the screw principle by a great scull at the stern, with projecting handles for the crew to work; and at times a gorgeous mandarin boat, with two great glaring eyes set in the bows, came flying, rowed with forty paddles by an armed crew, whose shields hung on the gunwale and flashed fire in the sunbeams: the mandarin, in conical and buttoned hat, sitting on the top of his cabin calmly smoking Paradise, alias opium, while his gong boomed and his boat flew fourteen miles an hour, and all things scuttled out of his celestial way. And there, looking majestically down on all these water ants, the huge Agra, cynosure of so many loving eyes and

loving hearts in England, lay at her moorings; homeward bound.

Her tea not being yet on board, the ship's hull floated high as a castle, and to the subtle, intellectual, doll-faced, bolus-eyed people, that sculled to and fro busy as bees, though looking forked mushrooms, she sounded like a vast musical shell: for a lusty harmony of many mellow voices vibrated in her great cavities, and made the air ring cheerily around her. The vocalists were the Cyclopes, to judge by the tremendous thumps that kept clean time to their sturdy tune. Yet it was but human labour, so heavy and so knowing, that it had called in music to help. It was the third mate and his gang completing his floor to receive the coming tea chests. Yesterday he had stowed his dunnage, many hundred bundles of light flexible canes from Sumatra and Malacca; on these he had laid tons of rough saltpetre, in 200lb. gunny-bags: and was now mashing it to music, bags and all. His gang of fifteen, naked to the waist, stood in line, with huge wooden beetles called commanders, and lifted them high and brought them down on the nitre in cadence with true nautical power and unison, singing as follows, with a ponderous bump on the last note in each bar.

Here goes one, Owe me there one, One now it is gone, There's a - nother yet to come, And a - way we'll go to Flan - ders, A - mongst our wood - en command - ers, Where we'll get wine in plen - ty, Rum, bran - dy, and ge - nã - vy.

Here goes two. Owe me there two, &c.

And so up to fifteen, when the stave was concluded with a shrill "Spell, oh!" and the gang relieved streaming with perspiration. When the saltpetre was well mashed, they rolled ton butts of water on it, till the floor was like a billiard table. A fleet of chop boats then began to arrive, so

many per day, with the tea chests. Mr. Grey proceeded to lay the first tier on his saltpetre floor, and then built the chests, tier upon tier, beginning at the sides, and leaving in the middle a lane somewhat narrower than a tea chest. Then he applied a screw jack to the chests on both

sides, and so enlarged his central aperture, and forced the remaining tea chests in; and behold the enormous cargo packed as tight as ever shopkeeper packed a box—nineteen thousand eight hundred and six chests, sixty half chests, fifty quarter chests.

While Mr. Grey was contemplating his work with singular satisfaction, a small boat from Canton came alongside, and Mr. Tickell, midshipman, ran up the side, skipped on the quarter deck, saluted it first, and then the first mate; and gave him a line from the captain, desiring him to take the ship down to Second Bar—for her water—at the turn of the tide.

Two hours after receipt of this order the ship swung to the ebb. Instantly Mr. Sharpe unmoored, and the *Agra* began her famous voyage, with her head at right angles to her course; for the wind being foul, all Sharpe could do was to set his topsails, driver, and jib, and keep her in the tide way, and clear of the numerous craft, by backing or filling as the case required; which he did with considerable dexterity, making the sails steer the helm for the nonce: he crossed the Bar at sunset, and brought to with the best bower anchor in five fathoms and a half. Here they began to take in their water, and on the fifth day the six-oared gig was ordered up to Canton for the captain. The next afternoon he passed the ship in her, going down the river to Lin Tin, to board the Chinese admiral for his chop, or permission to leave China. All night the *Agra* showed three lights at her mizen peak for him, and kept a sharp look out. But he did not come: he was having a very serious talk with the Chinese admiral; at daybreak, however, the gig was reported in sight: Sharpe told one of the midshipmen to call the boatswain and man the side. Soon the gig ran alongside; two of the ship's boys jumped like monkeys over the bulwarks, lighting, one on the main channels, the other on the midship port, and put the side ropes assiduously in the captain's hands; he bestowed a slight paternal smile on them, the first the imps had ever received from an officer; and went lightly up the sides. The moment his foot touched the deck, the boatswain gave a frightful shrill whistle; the men at the sides uncovered; the captain saluted the quarter deck, and all the officers saluted him, which he returned, and stepping for a moment to the weather side of his deck gave the loud command, "All hands heave anchor." He then directed Mr. Sharpe to get what sail he could on the ship, the wind being now westerly; and dived into his cabin.

The boatswain piped three shrill pipes, and "all hands up anchor," was three repeated forward, followed by private admonitions, "Rouse and bitt!" "Show a leg!" &c., and up tumbled the crew with homeward bound written on their tanned faces.

(Pipe.) "Up all hammocks!"

In ten minutes the ninety and odd hammocks were all stowed neatly in the netting, and covered with a snowy hammock cloth; and the hands

were active, unbitting the cable, shipping the capstan bars, &c.

"All ready below, sir," cried a voice.

"Man the bars," returned Mr. Sharpe from the quarter deck. "Play up, fifer. Heave away!"

Out broke the merry fife with a rhythmical tune, and tramp, tramp, tramp went a hundred and twenty feet round and round, and, with brawny chests pressed tight against the capstan bars, sixty fine fellows walked the ship up to her anchor, drowning the fife at intervals with their sturdy song, as pat to their feet as an echo:

Heave with a will ye jolly boys,

Heave around;

We're off from Chinee, jolly boys,

Homeward bound.

"Short stay apeak, sir," roars the boatswain from forward.

"Unship the bars. Way aloft. Loose sails. Let fall!"

The ship being now over her anchor, and the topsails set, the capstan bars were shipped again, the men all heaved with a will, the messenger grinned, the anchor was torn out of China with a mighty heave, and then run up with a luff tackle and secured; the ship's head cast to port:

"Up with the jib! man the tautsle halliards! all hands make sail!" Round she came slow and majestically; the sails filled, and the good ship bore away for England.

She made the Bogue forts in three or four tacks, and there she had to come to again for another chop, China being a place as hard to get into as Heaven, and to get out of as—Chancery. At three P.M. she was at Macao, and hove to four miles from the land, to take in her passengers.

A gun was fired from the forecabin. No boats came off. Sharpe began to fret: for the wind, though light, had now got to the N.W., and they were wasting it. After a while the captain came on deck, and ordered all the carronades to be scaled. The eight heavy reports bellowed the great ship's impatience across the water, and out pulled two boats with the passengers. While they were coming, Dodd sent and ordered the gunner to load the carronades with shot, and secure and apron them. The first boat brought Colonel Kenealy, Mr. Fullalove, and a prodigious negro, who all mounted by the side-ropes. But the whip was rigged for the next boat, and the Honourable Mrs. Beresford and poodle hoisted on board, item her white maid, item her black nurse, item her little boy and male Oriental in charge thereof, the strangest compound of dignity and servility, and of black and white, being clad in snowy cotton and japanned to the nine.

Mrs. Beresford was the wife of a member of council in India. She had been to Macao for her boy's health, intending to return to Calcutta; but meantime her husband was made a director, and went home: so she was going to join him. A tall, handsome lady, with too curved a nose.

Like most aquiline women, she was born to domineer a bit; and, for the last ten years, Orientals cringing at her knee, and Europeans flattering at her ear, had nursed this quality high, and spoiled her with all their might. A similar process had been applied to her boy Frederick from infancy; he was now nearly six: arrogance and caprice shone so in both their sallow faces, and spoke so in every gesture, that, as they came on board, Sharpe, a reader of passengers, whispered the second mate: "Bayliss, we have shipped the devil."

"And a cargo of his imps," grunted Mr. Bayliss.

Mr. Fullalove was a methodist parson—to the naked eye: grave, sober, lean, lank-haired. But some men are hidden fires. Fullalove was one of the extraordinary products of an extraordinary nation, the United States of America. He was an engineer for one thing, and an inventive and practical mechanic; held two patents of his own creating, which yielded him a good income both at home and in Great Britain. Such results are seldom achieved without deep study and seclusion: and accordingly Joshua Fullalove, when the inventive fit was on, would be buried deep as Archimedes for a twelvemonth, burning the midnight oil: then, his active element predominating, the pale student would dash into the forest or the prairie, with a rifle and an Indian, and come out bronzed, and more or less bepanthered or bebuffaloeed; thence invariably to sea for a year or two: there, Anglo-Saxon to the backbone, his romance had ever an eye to business; he was always after foreign mechanical inventions—he was now importing an excellent one from Japan—and ready to do lucrative feats of knowledge: thus he bought a Turkish ship at the bottom of the Dardanelles for twelve hundred dollars, raised her cargo (hardware), and sold it for six thousand dollars; then weighed the empty ship, pumped her, repaired her, and navigated her himself into Boston harbour, Massachusetts. On the way he rescued, with his late drowned ship, a Swedish vessel, and received salvage. He once fished eighty elephants' tusks out of a craft foundered in the Firth of Forth, to the disgust of elder Anglo-Saxons looking on from the shore. These unusual pursuits were varied by a singular recreation: he played at elevating the African character to European levels. With this view he had bought Vespasian for eighteen hundred dollars; whereof anon. America is fertile in mixtures: what do we not owe her? Sherry cobbler, gin sling, cocktail, mint julep, brandy smash, sudden death, eye openers. Well, one day she outdid herself, and mixed Fullalove: Quaker, Nimrod, Archimede, Philanthropist, decorous Red Rover, and What Not.

The passenger boats cast loose.

"All hands make sail!"

The boatswain piped, the light-heeled topsmen sped up the ratlines, and lay out on the yards, while all on deck looked up, as usual, to see

them work. Out bellied sail after sail aloft; the ship came curtseying round to the southward, spread her snowy pinions high and wide, and went like a bird over the wrinkled sea—homeward bound.

It was an exhilarating start, and all faces were bright; but one. The captain looked somewhat grave and thoughtful, and often scanned the horizon with his glass; he gave polite but very short answers to his friend Colonel Kenealy firing nothings in his ear; and sent for the gunner.

While that personage, a crusty old Niler, called Monk, is cleaning himself to go on the quarter deck, peep we into Captain Dodd's troubled mind, and into the circumstances which connect him with the heart of this story, despite the twelve thousand miles of water between him and the lovers at Barkington.

It had always been his pride to lay by money for his wife and children, and, under advice of an Indian friend, he had, during the last few years, placed considerable sums, at intervals, in a great Calcutta house, which gave eight per cent for deposits: swelled by fresh capital, and such high interest, the hoard grew fast. When his old ship, sore battered off the Cape, was condemned by the Company's agents at Canton, he sailed to Calcutta, intending to return thence to England as a passenger. But, while he was at Calcutta, the greatest firm there suspended payment, carrying astonishment and dismay into a hundred families. At such moments the press and the fireside ring for a little while with the common-sense cry,* "Good interest means bad security." As for Dodd, who till then had revered all these great houses with nautical, or childlike, confidence, a blind terror took the place of blind trust in him; he felt guilty towards his children for risking their money (he had got to believe it was theirs, not his), and vowed, if he could only get hold of it once more, he would never trust a penny of it out of his own hands again; except, perhaps, to the Bank of England. But should he ever get it? it was a large sum. He went to Messrs. Anderson and Anderson, and drew for his fourteen thousand pounds. To his dismay, but hardly to his surprise, the clerks looked at one another, and sent the cheque in to some inner department. Dodd was kept waiting. His heart sank within him: there was a hitch.

Meantime came a government officer, and paid in an enormous sum in notes and mercantile bills, principally the latter.

Presently Dodd was invited into the manager's room.

"Leaving the country, Captain Dodd?"

"Yes, sir."

"You had better take some of your money in bills at sight on London."

"I would rather have notes, sir," faltered Dodd.

* The Duke of Wellington (the iron one) is the author of this saying.

"Oh, bills by Oliveira upon Baring are just as good, even without our endorsement. However, you can have half and half. Calcutta does but little in English bank-notes, you know."

They gave him his money. The bills were all manifestly good. But he recognised one of them as having just been paid in by the civilian. He found himself somehow safe in the street clutching the cash, with one half of his great paternal heart on fire, and the other half freezing. He had rescued his children's fortune; but he had seen destruction graze it. The natural chill at being scraped by peril soon passed, the triumphant glow remained. The next sentiment was precaution; he filled with it to the brim; he went and bought a great broad pocket-book with a key to it; though he was on dry land, he covered it with oiled silk against the water; and sewed the whole thing to his flannel waistcoat, and felt for it with his hand a hundred times a day: the fruit of his own toil, his children's hoard, the rescued treasure he was to have the joy of bringing home safe to the dear partner of all his joys.

Unexpectedly, he was ordered out to Canton to sail the Agra to the Cape. Then a novel and strange feeling came over him like a cloud; that feeling was, a sense of personal danger: not that the many perils of the deep were new to him: he had faced them this five-and-twenty years: but till now they were little present to his imagination; they used to come; he encountered: he gone: but now, though absent, they darkened the way. It was the pocket-book. The material treasure, the hard cash, which had lately set him in a glow, seemed now to load his chest and hang heavy round the neck of his heart. Sailors are more or less superstitious: and men are creatures of habit, even in their courage. Now David had never gone to sea with a lot of money on him before. As he was a stout-hearted man, these vague forebodings would, perhaps, have cleared away with the bustle, when the Agra set her studding sails off Macao, but for a piece of positive intelligence he had picked up at Lin-Tin. The Chinese admiral had warned him of a pirate, a daring pirate, who had been lately cruising in these waters: first heard of south the line: but had, since, taken a Russian ship at the very mouth of the Canton river, murdered the crew in sight of land, and sold the women for slaves, or worse. Dodd asked for particulars: was he a Ladroner, a Malay, a Bornese? In what latitude was he to be looked for? The admiral on this examined his memoranda: by these it appeared little was known as yet about the miscreant, except that he never cruised long on one ground; the crew was a mixed one: the captain was believed to be a Portuguese, and to have a consort commanded by his brother: but this was doubtful; at all events the pair had never been seen at work together.

The gunner arrived and saluted the quarter deck; the captain on this saluted him, and

beckoned him to the weather side. On this the other officers kept religiously to leeward.

"Mr. Monk," said Dodd, "you will clean and prepare all the small arms directly."

"Ay, ay, sir!" said the old Niler, with a gleam of satisfaction.

"How many of your deck guns are serviceable?"

This simple question stirred up in one moment all the bile in the poor old gentleman's nature.

"My deck guns! serviceable! how the — can they, when that son of a sea cook your third mate has been and lashed the water butts to their breechings, and jammed his gear in between their nozzles, till they can't breathe, poor things, far less bark. I wish *he* was lashed between the devil's hind hocks with a red hot cable as tight as he has jammed my guns."

"Be so good as not to swear, Mr. Monk," said Dodd. "At your age, sir, I look to you to set an example to the petty officers."

"Well, I won't swear no more, sir: d—d if I do!" He added very loudly, and with a seeming access of ire, "and I ax your pardon, captain, and the deck's."

When a man has a deep anxiety, some human midge or mosquito buzzes at him. It is a rule. To Dodd, heavy with responsibility, and a dark misgiving he must not communicate, came delicately, and by degrees, and with a semigenuflexion every three steps, one like a magpie; and, putting his hands together, as our children do to approach the Almighty, delivered himself thus, in modulated tones, and good Hindoostanee, "The Daughter of Light, in whose beams I, Ramgolah, bask, glows with an amicable desire to see the lord commander of the ship resembling a mountain; and to make a communication."

Taught by sad experience how weighty are the communications the daughters of light pour into nautical commanders at sea, Dodd hailed Mr. Tickell, a midshipman, and sent him down to the lady's cabin. Mr. Tickell soon came back reddish, but grinning, to say that nothing less than the captain would do.

Dodd sighed, and dismissed Monk with a promise to inspect the gun deck himself; then went down to Mrs. Beresford and found her indignant. Why had he stopped the ship miles and miles from Macao, and given her the trouble and annoyance of a voyage in that nasty little boat? Dodd opened his great brown eyes, "Why, madam, it is shoal water off Macao; we dare not come in."

"No evasion, sir. What have I to do with your shoal water? it was laziness, and want of consideration for a lady who has rented half your ship."

"Nothing of the kind, madam, I assure you."

"Are you the person they call Gentleman Dodd?"

"Yes."

"Then don't contradict a lady! or I shall take the liberty to dispute your title."

Dodd took no notice of this, and with a patience few nautical commanders would have shown, endeavoured to make her see that he was obliged to give Macao shoals a wide berth, or cast away the ship. She would not see it. When Dodd saw she wanted, not an explanation, but a grievance, he ceased to thwart her. "I am neglecting my duties to no purpose," said he, and left her without ceremony. This was a fresh offence; and, as he went out, she declared open war. And she made it too from that hour: a war of pins and needles.

Dodd went on the gun deck and found that the defence of the ship had, as usual in these peaceful days, been sacrificed to the cargo. Out of twenty eighteen pounders she carried on that deck, he cleared three, and that with difficulty. To clear any more he must have sacrificed either merchandise or water: and he was not the man to do either on the mere chance of a danger so unusual as an encounter with a pirate. He was a merchant captain, not a warrior.

Meantime the Agra had already shown him great sailing qualities: the log was hove at sundown and gave eleven knots; so that with a good breeze abaft few fore and aft-rigged pirates could overhaul her. And this wind carried her swiftly past one nest of them, at all events; the Ladrone isles. At nine p.m. all the lights were ordered out. Mrs. Beresford had brought a novel on board, and refused to comply; the master-at-arms insisted; she threatened him with the vengeance of the Company, the premier, and the nobility and gentry of the British realm. The master-at-arms, finding he had no chance in argument, doused the glim—pitiable resource of a weak disputant—then basely fled the rhetorical consequences.

The northerly breeze died out, and light variable winds baffled the ship. It was the 6th April ere she passed the Macclesfield Bank in latitude 16. And now they sailed for many days out of sight of land; Dodd's chest expanded: his main anxiety at this part of the voyage lay in the state cabin; of all the perils of the sea none shakes a sailor like fire. He set a watch day and night on that spoiled child.

On the 1st May they passed the great Nantuna, and got among the Bornese and Malay islands: at which the captain's glass began to sweep the horizon again: and night and day at the dizzy foretop gallant mast-head he perched an Eye.

They crossed the line in longitude 107, with a slight breeze, but soon fell into the Doldrums. A dead calm, and nothing to do but kill time. Dodd had put down Neptune: that old black-guard could no longer row out on the ship's port side and board her on the starboard, pretending to come from ocean's depths; and shave the novices with a rusty hoop and dab a soapy brush in their mouths. But champagne popped, the sexes flirted, and the sailors span fathomless

yarns, and danced rattling hornpipes; fiddled to by the grave Fullalove. "If there is a thing I can dew, it's fiddle," said he. He and his friend, as he systematically called Vespasian, taught the crew Yankee steps, and were beloved. One honest saltatory British tar offered that western pair his grog for a week. Even Mrs. Beresford emerged, and walked the deck, quenching her austere regards with a familiar smile on Colonel Kenealy, her escort: this gallant good-natured soldier flattered her to the nine, and, finding her sweeten with his treacle, tried to reconcile her to his old friend Dodd. Straight she soured, and forbade the topic imperiously.

By this time the mates and midshipmen of the Agra had fathomed their captain. Mr. Tickell delivered the mind of the united midshipmen when he proposed Dodd's health in their mess-room, "as a navigator, a mathematician, a seaman, a gentleman, and a brick, with 3 times 3."

Dodd never spoke to his officers like a ruffian, nor yet palavered them: but he had a very pleasant way of conveying appreciation of an officer's zeal, by a knowing nod with a kindly smile on the heels of it. As for the men, they seldom come in contact with the captain of a well officered ship: this crew only knew him at first as a good tempered soul, who didn't bother about nothing. But one day, as they lay becalmed south of the line, a jolly foretopman came on the quarter deck with a fid of soup, and saluting and scraping, first to the deck, then to the captain, asked him if he would taste that.

"Yes, my man. Smoked!"

"Like — and blazes, your honour, axing your pardon, and the deck's."

"Young gentleman!" said Dodd to Mr. Meredith, a midshipman, "be so good as to send the cook aft!"

The cook came, and received, not an oath nor a threat, but a remonstrance, and a grim warning.

In the teeth of this he burnt the soup horribly the very next day. The crew sent the lucky foretopman aft again. He made his scrape and presented his fid. The captain tasted the soup, and sent Mr. Grey to bid the boatswain's mate pipe the hands on deck and bring the cook aft.

"Quartermaster, unslung a fire-bucket and fill it from the men's kids: Mr. Tickell, see the cook swallow his own mess. Bosen's mate, take a bight of the flying jib sheet, stand over him, and start him if he dallies with it!" With this the captain went below, and the cook, supping at the bucket, delivered himself as follows: "Well, ye lubbers, it is first—rate. *There's* no burn in it. It goes down like oil. Curse your lady-like stomachs; you ain't fit for a ship; why don't ye go ashore and man a gingerbread coach and feed off French frogs and Italian bacey pipe stems? (Whack.) "What the — is that for?"

Boatswain's mate. Sup more, and jaw less!

"Well, I am supping as fast as I can. (Whack, whack.) Bloody end to ye, what are ye about? (Whack, whack, whack.) Oh, Joe, Lord bless you I *can't* eat any more of it. (Whack.) I'll

give you my grog for a week only to let me fling the — stuff over the side. (Whack, whack, whack.) Oh, good, kind, dear Mr. Tickell, do go down to the captain for me." (Whack, whack.)

"Avast!" cried the captain, reappearing; and the uplifted rope fell harmless.

"Silence, fore and aft!"

("Pipe!")

"The cook has received a light punishment this time, for spoiling the men's mess. My crew shall eat nothing I can't eat myself. My care is heavier than theirs is; but not my work, nor my danger in time of danger. Mind that, or you'll find I can be as severe as any master afloat. Purser!"

"Sir!"

"Double the men's grog! they have been cheated of their meal."

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"And stop the cook's and his mate's for a week."

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"Bosen, pipe down!"

"Shipmates, listen to me," said the foretopman. "This old Agra is a d—d com-for-table ship."

The oracular sentence was hailed with a ringing cheer. Still it is unlucky the British seaman is so enamoured of theological terms; for he constantly misapplies them.

After lying a week like a dead log on the calm but heaving waters, came a few light puffs in the upper air and inflated the topsails only: the ship crawled southward, the crew whistling for wind.

At last, one afternoon, it began to rain, and after the rain came a gale from the eastward. The watchful skipper saw it purple the water to windward, and ordered the topsails to be reefed and the lee ports closed. This last order seemed an excess of precaution; but Dodd was not yet thoroughly acquainted with his ship's qualities: and the hard cash round his neck made him cautious. The lee ports were closed, all but one, and that was lowered. Mr. Grey was working a problem in his cabin, and wanted a little light and a little air, so he just drooped his port; but, not to deviate from the spirit of his captain's instructions, he fastened a tackle to it; that he might have mechanical force to close it with should the ship lie over.

Down came the gale with a whoo, and made all crack. The ship lay over pretty much, and the sea poured in at Mr. Grey's port. He applied his purchase to close it. But though his tackle gave him the force of a dozen hands, he might as well have tried to move a mountain: on the contrary, the tremendous sea rushed in and burst the port wide open. Grey, after a vain struggle with its might, snatched for help; down tumbled the nearest hands, and hauled on the tackle in vain. Destruction was rushing on the ship, and on them first. But meantime the captain, with a shrewd guess at the general

nature of the danger he could not see, had roared out, "Slack the main sheet!" The ship righted, and the port came flying to, and terror-stricken men breathed hard, up to their waists in water and floating boxes. Grey barred the unlucky port, and went aft, drenched in body and wretched in mind, to report his own fault. He found the captain looking grim as death. He told him, almost crying, what he had done, and how he had miscalculated the power of the water.

Dodd looked and saw his distress. "Let it be a lesson, sir," said he, sternly. "How many ships have been lost by this in fair weather, and not a man saved to tell how the craft was fooled away?"

"Captain, bid me fling myself over the side, and I'll do it."

"Humph! I'm afraid I can't afford to lose a good officer for a fault he—will—never—repeat."

It blew hard all night and till twelve the next day. The Agra showed her weak point: she rolled abominably. A dirty night came on. At eight bells Mr. Grey, touched by Dodd's clemency, and brimful of zeal, reported a light in Mrs. Beresford's cabin. It had been put out as usual by the master-at-arms; but the refractory one had relighted it.

"Go and take it away," said Dodd.

Soon screams were heard from the cabin. "Oh, mercy! mercy! I will not be drowned in the dark."

Dodd, who had kept clear of her so long, went down and tried to reassure her.

"Oh, the tempest! the tempest!" she cried.

"AND TO BE DROWNED IN THE DARK!"

"Tempest? It is blowing half a gale of wind; that is all."

"Half a gale! Ah, that is the way you always talk to us ladies. O, pray give me my light, and send me a clergyman!"

Dodd took pity, and let her have her light, with a midshipman to watch it. He even made her a hypocritical promise that, should there be one grain of danger, he would lie to; but said he must not make a foul wind of a fair one for a few lee lurches. The Agra broke plenty of glass and crockery though with her fair wind and her lee lurches.

Wind down at noon next day, and a dead calm.

At two P.M. the weather cleared; the sun came out high in heaven's centre; and a balmy breeze from the west.

At six twenty-five, the grand orb set calm and red, and the sea was gorgeous with miles and miles of great ruby dimples: it was the first glowing smile of southern latitude. The night stole on so soft, so clear, so balmy, all were loth to close their eyes on it: the passengers lingered long on deck, watching the Great Bear dip, and the Southern Cross rise, and over head a whole heaven of glorious stars most of us have never seen, and never shall see in this world. No belching smoke obscured, no plunging paddles deafened; all was musical; the soft air sighing

among the sails; the phosphorescent water bubbling from the ship's bows; the murmurs from little knots of men on deck subdued by the great calm: home seemed near, all danger far; Peace ruled the sea, the sky, the heart: the ship, making a track of white fire on the deep, glided gently yet swiftly homeward, urged by snowy sails piled up like alabaster towers against a violet sky, out of which looked a thousand eyes of holy tranquil fire. So melted the sweet night away.

Now carmine streaks tinged the eastern sky at the water's edge; and that water blushed; now the streaks turned orange, and the waves below them sparkled. Thence splashes of living gold flew and settled on the ship's white sails, the deck, and the faces; and, with no more prologue, being so near the line, up came majestically a huge, fiery, golden sun, and set the sea flaming liquid topaz.

Instant the look out at the foretop-gallant-masthead hailed the deck below.

"STRANGE SAIL! RIGHT AHEAD!"

The strange sail was reported to Captain Dodd, then dressing in his cabin. He came soon after on deck and hailed the look out: "Which way is she standing?"

"Can't say, sir. Can't see her move any."

Dodd ordered the boatswain to pipe to breakfast; and taking his deck glass went lightly up to the foretop-gallant-mast-crossrees. There, through the light haze of a glorious morning, he espied a long low schooner, latine-rigged, lying close under Point Leat, a small island about nine miles distant on the weather bow; and nearly in the Agra's course, then approaching the Straits of Gaspar, 4 Latitude S.

"She is hove to," said Dodd, very gravely.

At eight o'clock, the stranger lay about two miles to windward: and still hove to.

By this time all eyes were turned upon her, and half a dozen glasses. Everybody, except the captain, delivered an opinion. She was a Greek lying to for water: she was a Malay coming north with canes, and short of hands: she was a pirate watching the Straits.

The captain leaned silent and sombre with his arms on the bulwarks, and watched the suspected Craft.

Mr. Fullalove joined the group, and levelled a powerful glass, of his own construction. His inspection was long and minute, and, while the glass was at his eye, Sharpe asked him half in a whisper, could he make out anything?

"Wal," said he, "the varmint looks considerably snaky." Then, without moving his glass, he let drop a word at a time, as if the facts were trickling into his telescope at the lens, and out at the sight. "One—two—four—seven, false ports."

There was a momentary murmur among the officers all round. But British sailors are un-

demonstrative: Colonel Kenealy, strolling the deck with his cigar, saw they were watching another ship with maritime curiosity, and making comments; but he discerned no particular emotions nor anxiety in what they said, nor in the grave low tones they said it in. Perhaps a brother seaman would though.

The next observation that trickled out of Fullalove's tube was this: "I judge there are too few hands on deck, and too many—white—eyeballs—glittering at the portholes."

"Confound it!" muttered Bayliss, uneasily; "how can you see that?"

Fullalove replied only by quietly handing his glass to Dodd. The captain, thus appealed to, glued his eye to the tube.

"Well, sir; see the false ports, and the white eyebrows?" asked Sharpe, ironically.

"I see this is the best glass I ever looked through," said Dodd doggedly, without interrupting his inspection.

"I think he is a Malay pirate," said Mr. Grey.

Sharpe took him up very quickly, and, indeed angrily: "Nonsense! And if he is, he won't venture on a craft of this size."

"Says the whale to the swordfish," suggested Fullalove, with a little guttural laugh.

The captain, with the American glass at his eye, turned half round to the man at the wheel: "Star-board!"

"Starboard it is."

"Steer South South East."

"Ay, ay, sir." And the ship's course was thus altered two points.

This order lowered Dodd fifty per cent in Mr. Sharpe's estimation. He held his tongue as long as he could: but at last his surprise and dissatisfaction burst out of him. "Won't that bring him out on us?"

"Very likely, sir," replied Dodd.

"Begging your pardon, captain, would it not be wiser to keep our course, and show the black-guard we don't fear him?"

"When we *do*? Sharpe, he has made up his mind an hour ago whether to lie still, or bite. My changing my course two points won't change his mind: but it may make him declare it; and I must know what he does intend, before I run the ship into the narrows ahead."

"Oh, I see," said Sharpe, half convinced.

The alteration in the Agra's course produced no movement on the part of the mysterious schooner. She lay to under the land still, and with only a few hands on deck, while the Agra edged away from her and entered the Straits between Long Island and Point Leat, leaving the schooner about two miles and a half distant to the N.W.

Ah! The stranger's deck swarms black with men!

His sham ports fell as if by magic, his guns grinned through the gaps like black teeth; his huge foresail rose and filled, and out he came in chase.

The breeze was a kiss from Heaven, the sky a vaulted sapphire, the sea a million dimples of liquid, lucid, gold.

BIRD-GAROTTERS.

“SKUA! skui! skua! skui!” are the responsive cries, male and female, by which certain very singular sea-birds name and announce themselves in the world of water-fowl life. And, it may be remarked, that the best names of animals are those which they give themselves by their appearance or their voices when proclaiming their presence in their own circles. For the crakes concealed in the corn, the cock strutting in the farm-yard, the crow bustling in the tree-top, the mureoks running on the sand, and the kittiwakes arranged on the cliff, have named themselves better, more characteristically, more memorably, and more recognisably, than ever they have been designated by any of the naming Adams of systematic science. Language preserves and uses the terms of exploded theories and superstitions, and the universe of living creatures having been metaphorically called the wonderful chain of being, the skuas have been described as links between the gulls and the birds of prey. They indeed have some of the marks of the gulls, the petrels, and the falcons. Gulls hunt the fish-shoals of arctica, and petrels those of tropical seas; while the range of the skuas, hunting fish-hunters for fish, seems to make them free denizens of both hemispheres, and all oceans. Without any extravagant stretch of metaphor, they may be described as birds preying as garotters upon gulls, lyres, kittiwakes, cormorants, and terns. Indeed, I first heard of garotting as a Spanish mode of choking the life out of criminals; it is now used to describe how certain criminals choke honest people to rob them of their property; and it is literally by threatening them in a somewhat similar way that the skuas despoil their victims of the fish they have caught. The bird-wise hence call them *Lestrídae*—robbers or pirates.

Four British kinds or species are described in this group or genus, by Yarrell and Macgillivray. A specimen of what may prove to be a fifth—a dwarf species—has been shown to me, but until more is known about it, there would be little propriety in describing it here. As it is when the evenings are long and dark that the garotters prowl for prey, it is when the autumnal gales are whistling around houses, rattling in windows, and rumbling in chimneys, when waves are dashing about great boulders, thrashing down stone walls, and shattering stranded ships, that the storm circles sweep the skuas, which have obtained the attention of the students of birds, upon the coasts of Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, France, and the British islands. The earlier British describers, such as Willughby and Bewick, no doubt knew some individuals of the more common species; but it is only within the last forty years that the skuas have been

defined as a distinct group. They are, in fact, still so imperfectly known, that physiologists cannot fail to be rewarded for studying their structure, and observers for espying their habits, by discovering marvels. In all the seven or eight thousand kinds of recorded birds, vultures, perchers, climbers, fliers, walkers, waders, and swimmers, I wot not of a more singular group than these bold, strong, web-footed pirates.

In saying this, I do not forget the wonders of the bird kingdom, because they broaden themselves on the air in flying. The diornis must have been as tall as a graffe, and there are birds as small as a humble-bee. There are birds which run faster than a race-horse, and others which, in flying, double the speed of the fastest express train. There are birds insufferably ugly, and birds ravishingly lovely. Many birds make noises torturing to the ear; and not a few can enchant musicians with delight. Nothing is more astonishing than the powers of seeing of some birds, who can scarcely smell, except the faculty of smelling belonging to others who can scarcely see. The eagles fly up in spirals until lost in the blue; and the petrels sleep calmly in the deep ravines between the mountain waves. Birds sew and birds weave their nests; and there are birds which make bowers to play in. Certain birds live by grubbing up bulbous roots in the deserts; and, in strange contrast to them, the skuas obtain their food by forcing other marine birds to throw up the fish in their gullets. Birds are the only animals men have seriously envied. The wings of the dove were envied of old. An eloquent man, recently deceased, was once rowed in a boat under some rock ledges in the north inhabited by water-fowl, and he said: “I envy these birds. I envy their freedom of three elements—land, sea, and air; they walk, they fly, they swim, they dive, whilst I am confined to this wooden fabric with only the thickness of a half-inch board between me and drowning.”

Favourite British haunts of the skuas are the Faroe and Shetland islands and the Hebrides. Fowl island, or Foula, the ultima thule of Agricola, is noted for them. The skua is there called the bonxie. The bonxie is the terror and tyrant of all the birds of this bird island. From a basement of primitive rocks five conical hills rise towering up; the highest, called the Kaim, rising thirteen hundred feet sheer and straight up above the sea. The observer on the ridges of the rocks sees between him and the vast Atlantic, hovering in mid-air, clouds of maws, kittiwakes, lyres, sea-parrots, and cormorants. At rest, the cormorants occupy the lower ledges of the rocks, the kittiwakes whiten a cliff of their own, on one of the higher ledges are the gulls, on another are the lyres, and highest of all and surveying all are the bonxies. As when flying about they cloud the sky, when swimming they cover the sea. The welkin is often deafened with their screams. Among these swarms, gliding swiftly and pouncing unerringly, the skuas hunt the busiest of the busy, spoiling the

spoilers. But even amidst such scenes, man shows himself the most daring of all animals. The cragsman, or fowler, is let down from these tremendous precipices (thirteen times the height of Blondin's rope) by means of a rope tied round his waist and held by a comrade, risking his life on the chafing of a strand, the falling of a stone, or the steadiness of his mate's arm. An old saying proverbially connects death sooner or later with this perilous trade. "His gutcher" (grandfather), says the proverb of the Foula man, "guid (went) before, his father guid before, and he maun (must) expeet to gue over the sneug (cliff) too."

Such are some of the scenes on Fowl island from May to August. After August all the birds are fled. From August until May, during the long winter months, the rocks are deserted, the welkin is silent, and no fowl covers the sea, consisting then of rolling billows from one hundred to a hundred and fifty feet high, dashing against and leaping upon the towering rocks. It is during the intervening eight months that the skuas spreading their wings upon the currents of the winds range over all the shores of the globe.

About the middle of October the skuas and their associates may be seen at Torbay. If any one, curious in observing bird life, will beat about in a boat towards Berry Head on a fine afternoon, he will witness an interesting display of the instincts of the feathered fishers. The boat will sail near many flocks of guillemots, a group between the auks and the divers. They will scarcely heed the approach of the boat, for several kinds of these nonchalant birds indeed disturb themselves very little even after receiving discharges of small shot. I remember once seeing a row of them standing upon a rocky ledge on the coast of Sutherlandshire, and never attempting to get away, although a fowling-piece thinned their ranks half a dozen times. All they did, was to rid themselves of the plaintive squeaks of the wounded by cuffing them over the edge of the precipice and headlong down into the sea below. Kittiwakes, announcing themselves as kittiweea, a small white and grey bird of the gull tribe, are just as observant as the guillemots are heedless, and may be seen hovering over and watching the movements of the boat and its inmates. Speckled divers, red and black throated, busy, yet wary, may be seen every now and then coming up to the surface and shaking their wings ere they dive again. Those long dark-coloured lines of birds flying across the horizon evenly, if quickly, are shags and cormorants. They swim well, and never dive when flying, but dive when swimming, with a curving leap or spring out of the water. The dark little strange-looking birds skimming about all over the bay, and sousing themselves into the water for a moment or two, are the Manx shearwaters. When they see their prey they stop and pat the water with their feet, like petrels. Flocks of ducks and common scoters may be seen occasionally crossing the bay. You bird with wings expanding the length of the

stature of a man, is the Solan goose, or gannet. Prior to diving, he seems to throw himself upon his back in the air, and then plunges straight down, dashing the water into a mass of foam. He stays down about fifteen seconds. But these feathered fishers have not everything their own way. Large dark birds dash swiftly and glidingly among the gulls, kittiwakes, and cormorants, each of them selecting a victim with a well-filled gullet. These are skuas; generally of the Pomarine and Richardson kinds. Absentees from the labours of diving or fishing, they force the fishers to disgorge their fish, and on this account seafaring folks at Torbay give them a name with a spice of political satire in it, calling them "Irish lords." The Manx shearwaters they call "mackerel corks," because, like the corks of nets, they show the whereabouts of the shoals of fish. The food question, indeed, explains all these migrations and scenes of bird and fish life, for the feathered fishers follow the shoals of herring or mackerel fry. The skuas of Torbay are most frequently young birds, probably hatched in the Shetland islands, migrating southward, to set up for themselves in their hereditary trade in a milder climate.

Scarcely rather than rare birds, it is surprising the skuas have been so little known by the public, and so recently studied by the savans. However, the species called Buffon's, and the undescribed species already mentioned, are rare. A bird of Buffon's species was shot about the 20th of October, 1862, at Windmill-hill, near Henfield, Sussex. It had been blown inland by the hurricane, and when found floating on a flood it was so much exhausted that it allowed itself to be approached within four yards, and even then it was necessary to disturb it before it would rise. Very little is known of the habits of this skua. No doubt they are similar to those of the group, with differences corresponding to its specific characteristics. The length of Buffon's skua is about two feet from the point of the beak to the tip of the tail; the wings are each about a foot long from the bend, or flexure to the apex; and the length of the tail, which is formed chiefly by two long middle parallel feathers, is about twelve inches.

Richardson's skua is less rare than Buffon's. As the one has been specified by means of the name of the celebrated French animal painter in words, the other has received the name of a distinguished British Arctic traveller, Sir John Richardson. The length of this species is twenty-one inches, the spread of the wings is forty-two, the tail is eight inches long, and the middle tail-feathers are only three inches longer than the others. Richardson's skua breeds in the Shetland islands, on the islands of Noss, Unst, and Foula. Birds of this species breed socially, from fifty to sixty being found together at one breeding station. These breeding stations are sometimes on the tops of mountains, and sometimes on sequestered heaths. The nest is built of dry grass and moss, and contains two olive-brown

eggs with dark-brown spots. When men approach her nest, the mother will try to decoy them away from her eggs or young by pretending to be lame, and tumbling about as if her wing were broken. The eggs are four lines more than two inches long, and eight lines more than one inch broad. Even when newly hatched and only covered with down, the young have the characteristic blue legs and black toes of the species. They become of a beautiful brown colour, barred and spotted with black, ere the down has left their heads, which disappears gradually, leaving only a few brown marks discernible, when the tail-feathers begin to lengthen. After the second year the plumage becomes permanently of a greyish umber-brown, the neck, as age comes on, becoming white streaked with yellow. Specimens of Richardson's skua are somewhat numerous along the Firths of Forth, Tay, Cromarty, and Beaully.

Living by piracy, these skuas might be expected to breed near the sea; but a few miles are of no consequence to birds with such powers of rapid flight. Their breeding colonies are found some miles inland. They appear in the Orkneys regularly in May, and leave in August. "The female," says Mr. Dunn, "has recourse to the stratagem of the plover to lure intruders from the nest; but when stratagem fails, she waxes bold and fierce in defence of her eggs or her young. She strikes severely with feet and bill." On his first visit to a skua colony, he had a dog with him which had been so completely cowed by the blows of the skuas, that the moment he heard the well-remembered cry of one of them, he came crouching and skulking behind his master for protection, and could not be induced to hunt again until he was some distance from the colony. On the occasion of his second visit, Mr. Dunn had with him a dog of more courage and resource. After recovering his astonishment at the assault of the skua, this dog would watch the moment when the skua was about to pounce upon him, and by springing up to meet the attack escaped many severe blows.

Bold and familiar, with a swift, elegant, gliding flight, this skua calls to mind the kestrel, which it much resembles in its habits. Mr. Macgillivray has described the hunting of this sea-hawk, which he calls the pirate, as it may be seen upon the southern shore of the Firth of Forth in the end of the month of August. It is the season when flocks of gulls, sea-mews, and terns, are fishing the shoals of sand-eels and the fry of the coal-fish, which are sporting in the waters. With the freshness of a painter from nature, Macgillivray sketches the wavelets chasing each other, the sunbeams glittering upon them, and the gentle breezes tempering the heat of noontide. Sea-birds are hovering and wheeling about, with their screams blending into one harsh, but, for a time, pleasing noise. Every now and then a tern dips into the water, emerging with a fish in its bill, which it swallows without alighting. In the midst of all this bustle and merriment there comes

gliding from afar, with swift and steady motion, a dark and resolute-looking bird, which, as it cleaves a passage for itself among the terns, seems a messenger of death. But a few minutes ago he was miles away, and but a dim speck on the horizon; and now he is pursuing a victim. The light and agile tern mounts, descends, sweeps aside, glides off in a curve, turns, doubles, and shoots away, screaming incessantly the while. The skua with ease follows every movement. At length the tern, in fright, disgorges part of the contents of its gullet, and then the pursuer catches the falling fish, and flies off to attack another bird. He harasses the tern, the brown-hooded mew, and the kittiwake, but Mr. Macgillivray affirms the black-backed, yellow-footed, and herring gulls are not his tributaries. The skua never fishes himself, but hunts in this way until his appetite is satisfied. His wings are considerably curved, like those of the gulls and terns, his flight resembling that of the tern or sea-swallow, only being steadier and without undulations. When not hunting this skua flies about at some height in short curves. The skua can sit lightly upon the water, like the gull.

Unlike the others, the Pomarine skua is not known to breed in the British islands. The length of this species is about nineteen or twenty inches, and the spread of the wings no less than forty-five inches; and the tail is only six inches long. The inner webs and shafts of the middle tail-feathers to near the end are white underneath. During the autumn of 1862 many specimens of this skua were found on the coasts of the British islands, from Stromness, in the Orkneys, in the north, to Dublin Bay in the west, and Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight, in the south. The middle tail-feathers are only two inches longer than the others. The plumage is black brown. A variety of this species, with black and white bars across the breast, has been called *Lestris striatus*. The colour of the eggs of the Pomarine skua is green.

The common skua breeds in the British islands only in Shetland, it is believed, and there only on three of the highest mountains: the Snuke, Ronas, and Saxaford. The length of this species is about two feet, and the spread of the wings is fifty-five inches, the tail being rather more than seven inches long.

The savans are not agreed respecting the habits of this species. Mr. Yarrel says, like the other skuas, it makes the gulls disgorge; but he does not cite the testimony of any observer for his statement. Dr. Edmonston, on the contrary, who enjoyed excellent opportunities of watching the habits of the common skua, asserts that although occasionally attacking small birds, this species does not make other birds cater for it. Of all the group, this skua is the most daring in defending its young. As the Rev. Mr. Low approached the summits of the high mountains, he came near the skuas' quarters on the peaks. His dog was soon obliged to run in among the

legs of the party for shelter. Happening to separate from his party, Mr. Low was attacked by three skuas; who, only enraged the more by the discharges of his gun, inflicting severe blows, made him repent of his imprudence. When in search of their sleep on the hills, the Foula shepherds are often attacked by the skuas. They defend themselves by holding their cudgels above their heads, on which the skua often kills itself.

Mr. Dunn saw a pair of common skuas beat a large eagle completely off from their breeding place on Ronas lill. Immediately, indeed, that an eagle, a hawk, a raven, or an ox, or a horse, or a man is seen approaching their nests, the attack commences. The cock and the hen in rapid succession descend from a considerable height with startling fury and force, inflicting severe blows. All animals, except man, are beaten off, and even the most experienced fowlers cannot harry their nests without carrying off marks of war.

Yet the common skua is easily made tame and sociable. This species lives in pairs and not in flocks. They are protected by a penalty from being shot, because they are useful in protecting lambs from eagles. They accompany the fishing-boats to their fishing-stations for the sake of the refuse fish which are thrown to them. The penalty which a sportsman incurs for shooting one of them is sixteen shillings and eightpence. The popular name, bonxie, is applied to all the species of skuas in Shetland. Mr. Yarrel mentions a bonxie which was kept alive in captivity for no less a term than twenty-four years. Skuas are at home in both hemispheres, and the common skua is called a Port Egmont Hen in the Falkland islands; for these birds are denizens equally of Nova Zembla and the Straits of Magellan.

Ornithologists have been curious enough to inquire why the skuas prefer food obtained by piracy? Many gulls carry an oil in their gullets, and the disgorged fish, it has been suggested, are preferred because they have been half-cooked in oil!

This group of birds is easily distinguished from the gulls by their recalling to mind the hawks and the petrels. Neither is it difficult to remember the salient differences characteristic of the four or five species I have described. I have been inclined to fancy the undescribed dwarf species may only be a variety of the common skua, because they have both middle tail-feathers which taper to a point. These feathers in the Pomarine, Richardson's, and Buffon's skuas, are broad and rounded at the end. A striking peculiarity of the Pomarine is, that the middle tail-feathers are turned vertically, the webs, instead of being lateral, stand above and below each shaft. These two middle tail-feathers are a little longer than the other tail-feathers in the common skua; and they are longer in the Pomarine, still longer in Richardson's, and singularly elongated in Buffon's skua. As for the new skua, it resembles the Pomarine, but it is only half the size, and has

the central tail-feathers pointed instead of broad. Is it a cross between the Pomarine and Richardson's skua?

TO GLORIANA IN THE SOUTH.

APRIL.

THE Year is in its green bud,
And, oh! may its unsunned wealth
Come smiling forth for you, Lady,
All happiness and health!
May the Days throng round you with sweetness new,
Like Bees at the golden comb;
But come to the hearts that ache for You,
Dear my Lady come Home!

The Larch is snooding her tresses
In a twine of the daintiest green;
With the fresh spring-breath the Hawthorn heaves
His breast to the sunny sheen.
A shower of spring-green sprinkles the Lime;
A shower of spring-gold the Broom;
And each rathe tint of the tender time
Wakes the wish that my Lady were Home.

In the Coppice, the dear Primroses
Are the smile of each dim green nook,
Gravely gladsome; sunny but cool
With the sound of the gurgling brook.
And by the wayside, in a burst of delight,
From the world of fairy and gnome,
All the flowers are crowding to see the sight
At their windows. My Lady come Home!

The Country is growing glorious
Quietly, day by day;
The colour of April comes and goes
In a blush to meet the May.
And the spring-rains steal from their heaven of
shade,
In a veil of tender gloam,
With a splendid sparkle for every blade.
Dear my Lady come Home!

The Spirit of Gladness floating
Goes up in a sound of song:
Robin sings in the rich eve-lights;
The Thristle all day long:
The Lark in his heaven that soars above
Him, each morn with a distant dome;
All sweet! but sweeter the voice we love.
Come Home, my Lady, come Home!

Your Apple-blooms are fragrant
Beyond the breath of the South;
Every bud, for an airy kiss,
Is lifting a rosy wee mouth.
A greener glory hour by hour,
And a peep of ruddier bloom,
But the leafy world's waiting its human flower.
Dear my Lady come Home!

Our thoughts are as the Violets
Around the Ash-tree root,
That breathe the earliest hints of Spring
At their lofty lady's foot,
And wonder why she still delays—
When the sea life is a-foam
With flowers—to crown her in these glad days.
Come Home, my Lady, come Home!

Come! feel the deepening dearness
About the grand old place.
Come! let us see the cordial smile
Of your frank, magnificent face.
Winter was dreary: of waiting we weary:
Best of all joy-bringers, come!
Spread bonny white sails! blow balmy spring-gales!
Hasten my Lady Home!

SMALL-BEER CHRONICLES.

I SUPPOSE very few people will be inclined to deny that the changes which a score of years have worked in our manners have been remarkable. They are chiefly alterations for the better. The changes for the worse might be told in a dozen lines; those for the better might demand as many chapters. In one or two things only has society remained stationary, or very nearly so. The Peerage, for instance, is very nearly as much studied as ever. It has not quite the hold upon the community which it had, nor is that hold quite so wildly extended. Peerage-worship is shaken. The votaries are fewer, though as yet the number of them is only reduced infinitesimally. The ardour of their devotion is cooled, though only by the hundredth part of a degree. We are edging further and further away from the old Feudal Time—and that is enough.

How many affectations that used to obtain among us have fallen into desuetude; nay, to what a great extent is affectation itself out of fashion now! What a creditable thing it used to be considered once for a lady to live without food! To win a reputation for being a small eater, a young woman would formerly lay in large supplies of food in secret, consuming her natural nourishment in occult places and at unhallowed hours. Why? What additional attraction did it confer on any young person that she had lost her appetite? Here was a young woman, either damaging her health by abstinence, or fraudulently feeding at unsocial moments, to convince you—of what? that her stomach wanted tone. What a state of things was this! Hostesses would feel quite proud of one of these languid young ladies, and would say: "Oh, it's no use persuading her, Mr. Cropful; we all know that Miss Barebones lives upon air." We have got rid of this nonsense at any rate. The young ladies of the present time are not in the least ashamed of having good appetites. They take to their mutton kindly, as reasonable creatures should, and have no objection to beef when it comes in its turn.

The affectation of delicate health is also losing ground in these days. The sofa, the scent-bottle, the darkened room, what prodigious institutions those were! They are greatly out of fashion now. Fainting, too, and hysterics, we have less of: if people are subject to those terrible afflictions now, they say as little about them as possible. The fashion of ill health was a mighty convenient one, the fair invalid being generally strong enough to do anything she felt inclined for, but always plead-

ing, with a faint smile, her "wretched health" as an excuse for getting out of unpleasant engagements. "I must ask you not to discuss the question with me just now; my health will really not bear the slightest contradiction"—this was a very common state for these interesting creatures to get into. They must not be troubled about household affairs; they must be soothed by everybody who came near them; no unpleasant information must reach them; nor might any painful topic be discussed in their presence. Their digestive powers, too, were very remarkable. "I can't eat roast mutton," one of these delicate persons would say, faintly; "it is too much for me: it's that curious lobster-salad, or a little pickled salmon and cucumber, always agrees with me perfectly." Nor was it a small advantage enjoyed by these mysterious invalids that they had means at their disposal of avoiding all sorts of unpalatable social intercourse. "Tell dear Mrs. Boreham, with my kind love, that I feel unfortunately much too poorly to see her this afternoon."

The affectation of timidity and nervousness, again: those were the days when, if a young lady had to walk along a plank to get into a sailing-boat, the performance was attended with a little volley of screams, and was preceded by many announcements that nothing would induce her to attempt it. That same young lady would spoil all the arrangements of a pleasure-party in the country, if it were necessary that a harmless cow should be encountered. Whenever the timid one was asked to sing in company, she would spend half an hour in resisting all the combined entreaties of the society, pleading extreme nervousness, but always giving in at last, and managing, curiously enough, when once seated at the piano, to do her abilities, such as they were, the amplest justice. These wretched affectations are daily perishing away before modern good sense.

The affectation of melancholy, again, is going out of fashion. The poet Gray, in describing an individual for whom he seeks to clear our feelings of interest, says that "Melancholy marked him for her own." I am afraid this would not do now. Action, not melancholy, is what we admire. The man who should try the Edgardo business now, the man of cloaks, of pallor, the recliner against chimney-pieces in soft reverie, would in these days stand no chance. The blighted dodge was an excellent one in its time, but now, when young ladies are in the habit of taking the nonsense out of a leg of mutton, I am afraid Edgardo would be left with his elbow upon the chimney-piece, and his fine eyes suffused with melancholy, to waste his sweetness on dowagers and wall-flowers.

Men who are not near-sighted, no longer screw glasses into their eyes, to the imminent risk of their optical health. Men who are liable, as we all are—even Edgardo himself—to catch colds in their heads, no longer think it needful to wear thin boots, but don the Balmoral of stoutness and defy the puddles, as, indeed, the ladies do also. I remember when frock-coats were con-

structed with an inside band, with which the wearer girded himself well, before buttoning his coat, in order to get a waist. And I remember a pair of boots I was in the habit of wearing, which cause me to writhe now as I think of them, and the like of which I never see on the feet of my young friends of the present day. Truly those boots were excruciators: and when, after a day's intolerable anguish, they were, by more intolerable anguish, at length drawn off, the agony of the operation—which was not performed under chloroform—was so terrific that the patient used to remain for a considerable period pale and speechless—an inglorious martyr to the ruthless folly of the age.

But though we have got rid of many such ancient affectations, and many old forms of Humbug, the shapes assumed by Humbug still are multifarious. The fact is, that it is an extremely difficult thing to steer clear of Humbug. Let the reader consider in how many ways this vice may show itself, and he will own that it is difficult not to fall into some one or other of its developments. Think of the Humbug of Simplicity, the Humbug of Roughness, the Humbug of Sensitiveness, the Humbug of denying Humbug in others; consider the amount of Cordial Humbug, of Polite Humbug, of Refined Humbug, of Solemn Humbug, of Indignant Humbug, of Mystic Humbug. As to producing an analysis of this thing—as to supplying the world with an exhaustive treatise on Humbug—it would extend these Chronicles I don't know how far, to attempt it. But there are some great characteristics of Humbug that are worth noting down.

One of these is the determination of all Humbugs, rightly so called, to stand by all the Humbugs of their own class, though they are quite ready to be very hard upon all the Humbugs of another class. If, for instance, you were to call the attention of, let us say, a Sensitive Humbug, to a very flagrant act of sensitive imposture committed by some one else, it would be the tendency of the first Humbug to deny the guilt of the second, and to say—it is a favourite phrase with the tribe—"Well, you know it's not affectation in *him*." To this "Humbug, of denying Humbug in others," and to the Humbugs of Mystery, of Simplicity, and of Roughness, be these remarks confined. And now a question, in confidence.

Are you a Mysterious Humbug? If so, you are to be congratulated, for no kind of Humbug answers better. It is not very difficult—as I know by experience, having tried all sorts of Humbug in order to be able to write upon the subject—and it is vastly remunerative. It requires, as other forms of Humbug do, that he who devotes himself to its culture should have great self-control, and be quite sure of himself. He must not talk much, but at the same time he must, of course, not leave the field open to those who do talk; and he will do well to interrupt the conversation of others, if not by words, by action and by-play. If

some one be talking, for instance, to a room full of people, it would be a good thing to rise slowly, in the midst of a conversation, and, taking a photograph from the table, select a perfectly insignificant member of the company, place the same in the hands of this personage, crossing the room very slowly to do so, and then returning to your place as if this transaction had been a perfectly simple one, and done in entire good faith. If the refreshment of tea be under practical consideration at the moment, the same thing may be done effectively with a plate of bread-and-butter. Suppose, again, that you are at a wedding; it would be a very good thing to break off a very small crumb indeed of wedding-cake—selecting a moment when a speech was being made, and when plenty of public attention was to let—and cutting it into some very precise form, that of a die, for instance, place it in a piece of paper, wrap it up very carefully, write something outside the package with your pencil, and then consign it to the recesses of your purse or pocket-book. All this must be done with intense gravity and perfect unconsciousness that anybody is observing you, and you must be sure to be very particular and hard to please, about the shape and size of the piece. Such plain directions as these will enable you, if you are a discerning person, to seize such opportunities as may come in your way of distinguishing yourself on other occasions. You will see, for example, that at a pic-nic, it will be desirable for you, having undertaken the mixing of a salad, to pull off one of the leaves of a lettuce, to put down the salad-bowl, to pace very softly to the side of the stream near which the festival is held, and drop the leaf into the water. In the same way you are recommended, if assisting at a garden-party, to walk straight into a game of croquet, and, taking up one of the balls, which it is very important should be kept in its place, to begin playing a small game at bowls on your own account. All these things must be done very slowly, very solemnly, and quite unconsciously. And if you attain to be a master of this art of Mysterious Humbug, great will be the social success you will reap as a reward. No man of similar or even superior intellectual attainments to yours—no man, that is, who allows himself to appear plainly as he is—will be able to stand before you for a single moment. His gestures, his looks, his lightest word will never be canvassed and made the subject of discussion as yours are. He—poor man—if he be pleased, appears so. If he be interested, he shows his interest. While you, who keep everything—and especially the limited extent of your own capacity—to yourself, will find people occupying themselves for half an hour in speculating on what was the meaning of some look, some nod, some half-finished sentence of yours, as if the greatest importance attached to it. Whereas, you may be as clever as you like, as witty, as good humoured, but Grimshaw the mysterious will always beat you at a canter, and will get a character for great profundity, while you will be spoken of by the very people whom Grimshaw

takes in, as—"Shallow, sir; a good fellow, but shallow."

Closely allied to Mysterious Humbug are the Humbugs of Innocence, Simplicity, and Roughness. Perhaps, it is under the first of these headings that the Humbug of children should be dealt with, though there are plenty of adult Innocent Humbugs as well. Children are often terrible impostors, and are ever ready to add deceit to their other vices. "My dear Mr. Drivel," says a fond mother, "when my little boy heard you were coming to dine to-day he absolutely cried to be allowed to come down to dessert, that he might see the gentleman who had written that pretty book all about good little boys and girls." Now, how very few people there are who would not be taken in by this—Drivel certainly would be—the fact being that the boy had his mind's eye fixed upon the preserved apricots which he knew would appear at the dessert, and which, or perchance the figs, were the real objects of his longings; the desire to behold the countenance of Drivel, being assumed in order that the other and more rational passion might be freely indulged in. Saying startling things, or asking startling questions, is another form of Infant Humbug which is exceedingly common, and which is only to be checked by taking no notice of these brilliant sallies. The young gentleman who wanted to sit up in order to see the distinguished author, would be very likely to offend in this way, and Mr. Drivel would be very likely to hear some of his aphorisms repeated by his fond mamma. "You, Mr. Drivel, who are so fond of children"—this may rather be doubted, by-the-by, in Drivel's case—"will be amused and pleased by a thing my little boy said the other day. We were walking in Kensington Gardens and admiring the pink May, which was out in great profusion, when little Tommy said to me, quite suddenly, 'Mamma dear, are there any little boys and girls who never see this pretty pink May?' So I said, 'Yes, dear, a great many, I am sorry to say.' 'And were do they live?' he asked next. So I told him that they lived in a great many parts of London—in St. Giles's especially. After that, he walked along very quietly for some time, and seemed to be thinking very deeply about something, but he didn't say anything more till just as we were going to leave the gardens, when he stopped me and said, 'Mamma, is it far to St. Giles's?' 'Yes, dear,' I said, 'a long, long way.' 'Oh, mamma,' he cried, 'do let me gather some of the pretty pink May, and let us take it to St. Giles's in a cab, that those poor boys and girls may see it.' I thought it such a pretty idea, Mr. Drivel, that I determined I would tell you the very next time I had the opportunity."

Nor are these the only exploits of the Infant Humbug. He is the boy who, when he heard of the Manchester distress, came to his mamma for an envelope and a postage-stamp, and who, when the inquiry was made what he wanted with those articles, replied that "he would like so to send the eighteen-pence, which papa gave him, to the

poor people in Lancashire." Upon which papa presented him with half-a-crown on the spot. This, again, is the infant who, having got off learning his lessons by complaining of the headache, was found bathed in tears because of the thought that his governess would be distressed at his want of progress. And, lastly, this again is the boy who, having had six oranges given him, distributed them among six of his playfellows, and would have gone without any himself, but that his mamma, finding it out *quite by accident*, instantly sent out for more, lest his extraordinary generosity should go unrewarded.

Of course, this poor little scaramouch was not half so much to blame as those about him. Appealing to a child's vanity by repeating its sayings and doings, is the sure way to make an infant a Humbug: while the thing might easily be discouraged by passing over the child's precocious remarks in silence, and applying to its displays of generosity the only test which is of the slightest use—the test of suffering. If children, old or young, are to get half-a-crown as the reward of generosity in giving up eighteen-pence, I am afraid there will be found plenty of us, of all ages, ready to part with the smaller coins, in the hope of gaining the larger.

But Innocent Humbug is not entirely confined to children. Public characters, and persons distinguished by their talents, have been known to lapse into it. I heard not long since of a once celebrated singer with whose praises the very world was ringing, and who hearing in the course of conversation her name mentioned in connexion with some newspaper report, exclaimed, with a look of surprise, "What! Is it possible that I am spoken about in the newspapers?" This was a fair specimen of Innocent Humbug. It might happen to an Innocent Humbug to be addressed on some particular occasion by a total stranger. "How did you know me, now?" asks the simple one, with an artless smile. "I knew you," says the stranger, "by your portraits in the shop windows." "What!" cries Innocent Humbug, "do they put portraits of *me* in the shop windows?" I once knew a Humbug who walked into an assembly, with his shoes, which were of course very large and thick, tied with a piece of common string, such as worldlings tie up their parcels with. Instantly, another Humbug took me aside, and whispered in my ear, "Do look at dear Mr. Dodger's shoes; aren't they delightful? You know he hasn't the faintest idea that they are not like everybody else's." Now, here is a case illustrative of what I ventured to assert in an earlier part of this chronicle, namely, that Humbugs are in the habit of defending each other's interest, and shoring each other up with all their might, for I not only affirm that in this case the proprietor of these eccentric shoes was himself aware of their peculiarity, but I affirm, also, that that other Impostor who drew attention to the shoes was also partly aware that they were not put on in good faith. So that it will be seen that in this in-

stance we have at once illustrated Simple Humbug, and Compound Humbug, and the Humbug of Sustaining Humbug in others. It is not often that one kills so many birds with one stone.

Somewhat—one never can tell how—it does not happen that these extremely artless and simple personages show their simplicity in pecuniary transactions; they are never too innocent to look after the main chance. They know a florin from a half-crown, and a ten-pound note from a five; and this is the more remarkable, because as to all other matters they seem to live quite in the clouds.

It has been said that the Humbug, simple or innocent, is nearly allied to the Mysterious Humbug. In like manner are the Rough Humbug and the Simple Humbug intimately connected: the former being indeed only a Simple Humbug, who is grumpy instead of civil. The Humbug of roughness, like that of simplicity, is characterised by great unconscientiousness and ignorance of the ways of the world; but, unlike Simple Humbug, it is distinguished by an entire absence of courteousness and amiability. The Rough Humbug, too, is a ferocious denouncer of the world, and is a malignant despiser of the forms of society. He associates, however, with the people whom he despises. He abuses people openly, for this is part of his plan; but continues to mix with them. "What a humbug that man is," he will say of one of his toadies, "yet the creature has qualities for which one forgives him." Of course the Rough Humbug is a being much too sublime to know anything about costume, or what are the fashions of the period, and consequently he wears very often garments which are very unlike other people's. But this can hardly be done in pure unconsciousness and carelessness about appearances, because sometimes the cut of his clothing is quite peculiar to himself, so that it becomes a matter of certainty that he must go into minute explanations of what he requires, whenever he has to call in the services of a new tailor. There is no real indifference to appearances here. I suppose the first Rough Humbug of whom we have any knowledge was Diogenes; but who shall say when we may hope to commemorate the last? It is a rôle which may not be taken up by any man, unless he has got some position in the world, for otherwise it would not be tolerated; but having got the position, he may take up the part and stick to it. First of all, it is needful that he settle with himself comfortably, that all men, he excepted, are fools and idiots. He will decide that in every case the beaten track is to be avoided, and that what has been settled by all men, at all places, and of all times, to be right, is most probably wrong. He will hold that to enjoy the society of one's fellow-creatures is folly, unless, indeed, it be to make one of a group of satellites who sit at his feet, or at those of the one or two others of the same stamp whom he acknowledges to have a little gleam of something in them. He thinks that to have your clothes

cut after the fashion, is weakness; and that to dress for dinner is lunacy. He despises dinner-parties, balls, riding in the Park, field-sports, and race-courses; but yet will startle you by some tastes which he affects, and which you would have thought the least compatible with his character. Perhaps he will suddenly take to going to the Opera, though he will not know what is the right time to go there, or how he ought to dress, or the names of the different operas. He will say he likes the jingle and tinsel of the thing; and he will get hold of some man initiated in the ways of the world (generally pretty high up in it, too), and will walk off with him to a shop, and make him choose "the kind of thing that a man ought to twist about his neck, and the kind of foolish attire that he should thrust his legs into, in order to be allowed to go and listen in peace to the fiddling and the rest of it."

You have only to encourage the Humbug Rough sufficiently, by playing into his hands, to see how startlingly he will "come out." Perhaps you have asked him to dinner, and invited a number of friends to meet him. I wish you joy. It is two to one that he keeps you waiting an hour, and then, when you have at last sat down to dinner, and are half through the meal, walks in in a shooting jacket, and says he had forgot all about it, and had fallen asleep while sitting in his garden and listening to a cuckoo—which reminded him of the talk of a man whom he met the last time he dined out. Or, perhaps, when you have him fairly seated at your table, he will astonish your guests by requesting your servant not to bring him any of those kickshaw monstrosities, which are not fit for the stomach of a plain man, but to fetch him a plate of meat, if there is such a thing in the house, and to bring him a mug of beer. And all this time the Humbugs, who support Humbug in others, will nudge each other, and whisper "that Diogenes is in great force to-night."

I once knew a Humbug of this species who told me one day that he had had occasion that afternoon to walk through a certain part of the town, and that he had found himself in the midst of a mass of people dressed up in all sorts of outlandish costumes—men in black gowns, and with wigs on their heads, and men in red coats, and men in dresses like those worn by footmen, only with bits of black silk fastened to the backs of their coat-collars, and with swords hanging by their sides—and the street was full of soldiers on horseback, and crowded with a gaping mob looking on at it all with their mouths open. And seeing all this, Diogenes had selected one out of this gaping herd, and had asked him what all this might mean? Unto which question the man had replied indignantly: using some expression which D. could not remember, not being familiar with the same. I asked if the word in question were "gammon," and, curiously enough, my conjecture proved to be right. The man in the street had conceived it to be "gammon" that Diogenes

should pretend not to know from what he saw, that it was a Court-day at St. James's; and I must own that, for my part, I inclined to the opinion of that very low-minded individual.

There are no members of the tribe more surrounded by satellites than these Rough and simple Humbugs: nor is the "Humbug who sustains Humbug in others," ever seen in greater force than when attending on one of these Simple or Rough Gentlemen, drawing him out, playing into his hands, narrating his sayings and doings, and asking if you ever heard of anything so natural and delightful? It must be owned that these unfortunate jackals to the Lion Humbugs often get rather severely handled by their chiefs. There is no one on whom the Rough Humbug is more ready to display the quality he affects, than on the poor sycophant who is for ever at his heels. It is one of the Rough Humbug's proudest boasts, of course, that he always speaks his mind; and as it is necessary to give evidence of the fact, and as the satellite is quite safe to practise on, and is even most inclined to admire when most bullied, home-truths descend upon his devoted head in an avalanche. But it serves him right, and there is no occasion to pity him—or perhaps *her*, as the case may be.

And so, though we have got rid of many affectations of former times, and of many forms of cant and imposture, yet these villainies have left their successors still flourishing among us. The Mysterious and the Rough forms of Humbug are just now rather flourishing, and promise to continue so; and they are additionally objectionable, because they are put on in assumption of a quality which is as heavenly as it is rare, namely, SIMPLICITY: an adornment which, like genius, cannot be acquired, and which, when real, is rarely lost, no, not among the worldliest scenes and falsest company.

It is earnestly to be hoped that no one will go away with the impression that this Chronicle is written in an ill-natured spirit. Humbug is a disease; it must be written about, as diphtheria or neuralgia is written about. It is a disease which, in its milder forms, is not always inconsistent with mental health, and its attacks are not beyond the reach of remedy. The danger depends upon the degree of development. We all know people who are estimable and popular, but who are Mono-humbugs—Humbugs on some particular point, and only to a small extent. There are Harmless Humbugs and Dangerous Humbugs, just as is the case with lunatics. There are even Entertaining Humbugs. The Rough, the Simple, the Mysterious, and the Amiable, forms of Humbug are harmless enough; the three first are often amusing; as to the last, it is the most pardonable form of Humbug known to psychologists. This form of the disease generally attacks persons who have an inordinate love of approbation: which is in itself a defect to be regarded with considerable leniency. Indeed, it may be said that there are commonly, and the cases of utter criminals excepted, but two great sources of Humbug in our nature—Vanity, which leads

men to assume the Rough, Simple, Mysterious, and other disagreeable forms of the disorder, and—Love of approbation: which seduces them into the more amiable developments of it, such as the Humbugs of Cordiality, Politeness, and perhaps Sensibility.

AN OLD FOE WITH A NEW NAME.

FIRST, catch your coryza. Coryza being the subject of the present article, you are respectfully requested to catch your coryza. The capture is not difficult. There are various ways of effecting it. Only take care to get a gentle and mild one, and not to catch a tartar coryza; for coryzas differ greatly in malignity, violence, and obstinacy.

The habitats of coryzas are various; they comprise such widely distant localities, that coryzas may be said to be cosmopolite. From China to Peru, from Greenland to Cape Horn, they are to be met with. Nor is much seeking necessary; you have only to throw yourself in their way. And not only are they spread over a wide area of the earth's surface; they lurk deep under ground, as Siberian and other miners will tell you, and mount to the greatest attainable altitudes, as Messrs. Coxwell and Glaisher will testify. As high as the balloon can soar, so high soars the coryza.

Not that it shuns the haunts of men. Jackdaw-like, it often loiters about cathedral churches and other public buildings. It has even been taken in the neighbourhood of ball-rooms. It manifests a great attachment for certain classes of private dwellings, especially for those in which opposite doors and windows are frequently left open. There are also coryzas with aquatic habits. Many a water-party, out for the day, has brought back quite a cargo with them—not less than one coryza for each lady and gentleman, which is as liberal an allowance as any one can require. So aquatic, indeed, are their affinities, that they have no need of actual water for their development, but can attain their full growth on mist and steam; and, like the Will-o'-the-Wisp, can find ample nourishment in marshy exhalations. Nay, several remarkable specimens have been seen which have thriven on no more substantial fare than a liberal allowance of London fog. There are undoubted instances of coryzas having been fished up by a single plunge into a pond or river, by a few minutes' stay in the spray of a waterfall, or in the showers which diversify the sunshine of April.

As to seasons, all are more or less favourable. Exactly as a skilful gardener will force his flowers and fruits in spite of the weather, so a determined coryza-catcher will have something to boast of at any and every time of the year. He most easily shows you what he can do, when the most violent contrasts of temperature are attainable: In May for instance and the beginning of June, with a hot sun and a cold wind, when you are baked in one street, and pelted with frozen dust round the corner; or in nice

old-fashioned Christmas weather, when you can step out of a sultry dining-room into a world of Polar ice and snow. Coryzas delight in abrupt contrasts. They prefer a careless to a careful costume. If you seek them lightly clad, with uncovered head, open shirt-collar, and unbuttoned waistcoat, they will meet you half way.

You are notorious for the narrowness of your understanding—I mean for the smallness of your feet. Incase them, by all means, to show them off, with fine cotton stockings, in the tightest of boots with the thinnest of soles. Walk in them, through a sloppy thaw, from St. James's Park to Primrose-hill and back, and you may possibly bring home with you a very fair and promising coryza. Or, you are a boat-racer, pulling as no man of Cambridge or Oxford ever pulled before. After a longer pull than usual, retire to a meadow to refresh your blood. Lie down beneath a tree, stretching your stalwart length on the grass. Take particular care to go to sleep. When you wake, it will not be your fault if you have not a strong coryza. Once, on a hot summer's day, I climbed the Apennine on foot, starting from the Bologna side. On reaching the summit, I mounted the box of a carriage, to enjoy the more extensive view and admit the refreshing breeze to my open chest. I saw no coryza on the mountain-top; the thought of coryzas never entered my head. Nevertheless, I carried into Florence as charming a coryza as you would wish to have.

The presence of a coryza, when caught, is frequently betrayed by a convulsive cry or exclamation which no amount of self-restraint can suppress. When you hear repeated sounds resembling "Chishoh! chishoh!" be sure that a coryza is not far off. "Itch-ho!" is another orthographical mode of expressing the same thing. A Muscovite variety of the species modifies the above syllables into "Tchischoff! Tchischoff!" A Polish nobleman, who was never without a good coryza, was thence surnamed the Count Tchischoffinski, which made his wife the Countess Tchischoffinska. The cry may be mechanically imitated by introducing to the human nostril finely ground pepper, comminuted tobacco-leaves, or any other pulverulent stimulus. Some nostrils, however, have become so indurated and coriaceous—in trivial language, leathery—that no amount of powdery excitement is able to startle them from their propriety. They bid defiance to dusty provocation. Still the insensible proboscis may be made to give galvanic signs of life, if its proprietor will only throw back his head and look at the sun fixedly.

As the cuckoo is named after its cry, in all nations and languages, so by a pleasing onomatopoeia, in certain nurseries, coryzas are known by the sound they elicit. Biddy says to little Tom, "Oh! Master Tommy, you have caught a chisho." To which accusation Tommy replies, "Chisho! Yes, I have," or, "Chisho! No, I haven't," according to his habits of truth or untruth. The oldest inhabitant of Drafton Attics states that, in his young days, coryzas were called "the sneezums," and that it was cus-

tomary to exorcise the enemy thus made manifest, by a counter exclamation, viz. "God bless you!"

Coryzas have also a habit of imitating, and at the same time corrupting, human speech. They delight in abusing the etymological doctrine of the convertibility of certain letters. B. they make do duty for M. Biddy, under the influence of chisho, would say, "Oh, Tobby! Naughty Tobby! You bustn't bake bouths at your Babba!" A French savant, M. Edmond About, in his wonderful romance of *The Nose of a Notary*, publishes the discovery that coryzas speak pure Auvergnat—i.e. the patois of the province of Auvergne. In Great Britain, the coryza dialect has been held to bear a relationship to the modern Jewish. At the same time with the vitiation of speech, coryza's taste is vitiated. It cannot tell the difference between plum-pudding and toasted cheese. It takes roast pork for boiled veal, and curried fowl for harricoed mutton. By sight only can it differentiate fish from flesh, and flesh from fowl. The same of smells; it is equally insensible to the perfume of the rose and the odour of over-kept venison.

The reader has by this time guessed that what the Grecian gods call coryza, and humble men "a cold in the head," is no other than the Rhinitis of nosologists, the Rheum of our ancestors, the Nasal Catarrh of apothecaries, and the Gravedo of Latin authors. The very names by which it has been currently known—pose, mur, stuffing of the head, distillation into the eyes and nose, all producing unusual stolidity and heaviness in the bewildered patient—mark it as helplessly ridiculous and pitiable. The doctor despises it, as bringing neither glory nor profit to him, but as only increasing the figures which stand before "handkerchiefs" in the washer-woman's bill. Complainer to your medical man of a cold in the head, and what comfort will he give you? Pooh! It is a trifle. It is a common, temporary indisposition, of no importance in the world, except as a subject for jokes, to be cauterised with a caricature, or blistered with an epigram. Men are wicked enough to laugh at anything. Tie a tin kettle to a poor dog's tail, and you will see every individual passenger highly amused at the animal's fright; forgetting that he may go mad and give them a serious fright in turn. But imagine the position of the man who has to make a declaration of love, or his maiden speech in the House of Commons, or his first pleading at the bar, with his nasal appendage—I shudder to write it—"stuffed up" with a horrid coryza. Fancy the sufferings of the Japanese, with their pockets full of smooth paper wipers only; fancy the awful destitution of those to whom fortune refuses a kerchief of any kind!

You may get the master of a cramp, you may bear a toothache or have your tooth out, you may conquer a twinge of threatened gout, you may subdue your anger and other evil passions; but a well-established cold in the head, resisting your utmost efforts, makes you half stupid in spite of

yourself. Cardan, Rousseau, and Munaret assert that the susceptibility of the olfactory apparatus is in direct proportion to the educability of the individual: which has been confirmed by observation. Thick-skinned, obtuse, and unintellectual patients, will breathe through their mouth when they cannot breathe through their nostrils; a little tannin or camphor-snuff will cure their headache and console them for the rest. But artists, lawyers, and men of letters, become really objects of compassion. And if a derangement of the nasal crypts be an affliction when only temporary, what is it when it assumes the form of a coryza in permanence? Dr. Hare, of the University of London Hospital, defines it as the pains of purgatory; a proof that he has studied its symptoms elsewhere than in books and amongst his patients. To find a remedy for this affection is, therefore, a matter of vital importance to all who respect their human dignity. Man is certainly a creature of noble mien—particularly when he has the pip in his nose!

Coryzas are of two sorts: moist and dry. Which is preferable, is hard to tell. Those who have tried both, pronounce for neither. One practitioner, driven to despair, has hatched a frightful theory. He holds that coryza is neither more nor less than a sort of ringworm inside the nose, which must be burnt out with nitrate of silver. Others refer you to hydropathic treatment; others to the globules of the homœopathists. If neither of the above will cure you, go to Bath and try a sulphurated douche; or you may put yourself under a doctor who deals in hydro-thermal dust: namely, one who shuts you up in a box, and makes you breathe medicated hot water chopped up small. Or you may bleed, and blister, and dose well with aperients. Sub-nitrate of bismuth alone, or associated with iodide of sulphur, have been tried—as have cold water lotions applied to the face—in vain.

Your wisest plan will therefore be, to leave these learned prescriptions to their fate. Fortunately, you have left the choice whether you will treat your coryza at your cephalic or your pedal extremity. The latter will be a counter irritative application. You put your feet into water as hot as you can bear it, and keep them there as long as your patience lasts. The coryza is thereby coaxed downwards, and your nasal organ, consequently, restored to its normal sonority and permeability.

The most interesting style, however, of treating a coryza may be given under the formula, "Tie up your head, and take on." This is the favourite mode on the Continent. The little birds do it, poor things, when they tuck their heads under their wings. There is a historical anecdote—now first given to the world—known in the family where it occurred as "Le Combat des Bonnets de Nuit"—The Battle of the Night-caps. Two French émigrés were staying in the house of an English nobleman. Being both severely coryza-stricken, they retired early to their double-bedded room. On searching their

drawers they mustered altogether exactly thirteen nightcaps. They first put on six each in rapid succession, and then fought who should have the seventh.

In default of nightcaps, any other wrap whatever will serve as a caputular envelope, provided it be dense enough. The worsted stocking from your left leg is invaluable; be particular about the left, because the right is devoid of healing virtue. A flannel petticoat is not to be despised. Young ladies have shaken off coryzas by passing the night with that mysterious garment worn aloft, instead of in its usual and diurnal place. When the ostrich sticks his head in a hole, it may be not, as the vulgar suppose, to hide his body from the hunters, but more probably his peculiar and instinctive mode of dealing with a severe coryza.

Finally, the best advice may be, to cancel the opening sentence of this Article. All things considered, it ought to stand, "Don't catch a coryza—if you can help it."

THE SUB-SURVEYOR.

It was a provoking thing, in the first place, when young Parkes fell ill. We were weak-handed, so far as the staff was concerned, on our section, the Lublin section, of the new line. Those were the early days, too, of railways in Poland, and the life of an engineer was not exactly spent upon rose-leaves. Parkes was invalidated and went home to England, and for a good while the whole work devolved on me. I like work, and I did my best to work out the South Polish to the satisfaction of my employers; but it was really too much for one pair of eyes and one pair of hands. The native "navvies" required as much coaxing and attention as so many children. What with red letter days that were terribly frequent in their traditional almanack; what with wedding feasts, unlucky days, and so on, I could seldom reckon on downright labour in exchange for actual wages. They were strapping fellows, kind, polite, and full of winning ways and the petty courtesies of life, but sure to drop the spade and to light their smuggled cigars, unless they were watched. And who was to watch them? not John Shaw, civil engineer, at any rate. He had too much correspondence to conduct, since the line was partly paid for by a government subsidy, and the imperial bureaux kept up a heavy fire of letters, all of which had to be replied to categorically, in the best French at my disposal. There was other necessary labour than this pen and ink work. Even surveying was difficult, since the labourers crossed themselves at the proposal to assist me with my apparatus, and briefly gave me to understand that they regarded my instruments as "magical," and had rather, in consequence, refrain from meddling with them. But for a shrewd Armenian pedlar, who gave me some help, I should have been brought to a stand-still, and, as it was, my progress was slow.

It was with much satisfaction, therefore, that

I received a letter from the contractors in London, announcing that a fresh sub-surveyor was on his way to my assistance, and assuring me that Mr. Patrick O'Dwyer had been most highly recommended on the score of merit and experience. In a day or two Mr. O'Dwyer arrived, a well-built, well-looking, young fellow, with dark hair and eyes, and a blue scar across his right cheek that looked suspiciously like the mark of a sabre-cut. When he reached Podlowitz, the wretched hamlet where our huts were pitched, he alighted from the drosky, and came straight into the little wooden dwelling where I was paying wages to the men. He held out his hand to me, taking off his travelling cap with a frank bright smile. There was an "Obermann" present, a sort of sub-contractor, whom in England we should call a "ganger," and this man started forward with a smothered cry the instant his eyes lit on the young Irishman, and seemed about to kneel at his feet.

"Hilloa! Theodore, what on earth are you dreaming of?" cried I, in surprise; but the new comer looked at the peasant quite coldly, without moving a muscle of his face, and said something about the odd ways of the people. In an instant more, the ganger who had been so eager in his apparent recognition was as quiet and composed as before, humbly excusing his excitement as a Polish fashion of welcoming strangers.

Young O'Dwyer and I got on famously together. Whether the lad—he could not have been one-and-twenty—was quite as practised a hand with the instruments as the contractors had represented him to be, was not so certain, but he had wonderful quickness, energy, and an eager desire to please, which had something almost feminine in its vivacity. No trouble tired him, no difficulty daunted him, and I was often obliged to blame his rash recklessness of personal danger among those tenacious quagmires and deep streams over which we had to carry our works as best we might. In managing the labourers, my subordinate proved priceless. They would sooner go a league for him than a mile for me, and the very facility with which he conversed with them, speaking Latin at one moment, and some Slavonian dialect at another—his mother, he told me, had been a Hungarian—almost made me envy him.

Podlowitz was central in its situation, but it had few other merits. It was a mere hamlet, composed of eight or ten huts like monstrous beehives, the thatch of whose round roofs was black with soot and green with weeds. There were a few miserable fields, ill fenced, and full of stunted trees and patches of tall broom plants, where some hungry crops of oats were reared in good seasons. The lean cattle that browsed under the care of two or three half-clad children, the swine whose nutriment was picked up in the woods, and the potatoes raised in the patches of garden-ground, had all alike a look of poverty and neglect. Close up to the cultured land came the dark forest—pines, and sand, and heath, and then heath, pines, and sand, for verst after verst, to north and south.

Our hut was a double one, of good well-seasoned wood, warmed by a couple of iron stoves of Berlin manufacture. In addition to this, there was a house for the Ober Director of the workpeople, a clever Jew, with a considerable aptitude for accounts, but whose influence over the Poles was trifling, and four long sheds where the labourers dwelt. There was not a shop, nor a post-office, within miles. If one wanted so much as a ball of twine or a clasp-knife, it was necessary to ride all the way to Radom or Lublin to get it. As for a book in any intelligible language, that was not to be procured at any place nearer than Warsaw or Cracow.

In this banishment, in spite of all the gloomy influences of the scenery and surroundings, we were by no means unhappy. Our hands were too full for time to hang heavy on them; and even when the snow began to fall, sealing up the roads, and checking our progress for a time, we found new resources in the wild country about us. We had our guns, and made up heavy bags of winter hares and wild-fowl. There were wolf-hunts, in which all the peasants took a part, and these were the most picturesquely barbarous scenes imaginable, what with nets, and spears, yelping dogs, and shouting men, in every variety of semi-Oriental costume, more or less wild and shaggy according to the remoteness of the wearer's district from a great highway.

The long evenings were what I had dreaded the most, when making up my mind to a winter spent among the pine-woods of Poland. But O'Dwyer was a capital companion, able and ready to play at chess, cards, or, I believe, anything else, gifted with a store of amusing anecdotes, and no mean performer on flute and horn. Indeed, he was an enthusiast about music, and would play at my request the most difficult and scientific passages of the German masters, always straying at last into some wild, bold burst of simply sad melody—an old Irish tune, as he would tell me when questioned on the subject. He was always good humoured, but I fancy that he made an effort to keep his spirits when I was present; for it often happened that when I entered the hut unexpectedly, I found Patrick sitting with his head resting on his hand, eyeing the fire with moody thoughtfulness; and once I am certain that I saw him hastily slip into the breast of his coat the miniature of a girl, at which he had been gazing when my step was heard on the threshold.

Much older and more experienced in worldly matters than my assistant could well be, I felt a strong liking for the lad, and would have been glad to win his confidence, in hopes of being able to give advice that might prove useful, but no such opportunity occurred. O'Dwyer was not happy or at ease, that was plain; but there was something about him which made it impossible to force counsel or help upon him. With all his easy gentleness of bearing, the sub-surveyor had a quiet dignity that instinctively re-

pelled whatever might have savoured of intrusion. Thus it came about, that beyond the fact that his mother had been from Hungary, I knew little or nothing about my new friend's antecedents. He had, I gathered from various hints, been bred up in some foreign university—a fact which perhaps accounted not only for his slight accent in speaking English, but for the scar on his cheek; some relic, doubtless, of a student's duel among the Burschen of Germany.

The long winter was nearly over, and our body of workmen, reduced as soon as the hard frost and deep snow had put an end to our operations, was being daily recruited. I noticed, however, that most of the men who came, sometimes from a long distance, to join our band of pioneers, preferred to attach themselves to the gang directed by Theodore, the tall Obermann. Since that first night of young O'Dwyer's arrival, I had never seen anything peculiar in Theodore's manner. A sensible, trustworthy person, he was the most useful of the native workmen, but he was, as a rule, singularly free from the exuberant vivacity and fiery emotions of his countrymen. He and his men were in constant communication with O'Dwyer, of course, and sometimes it happened that a Pole who was missing for a couple of days was said to have been despatched as a messenger by the latter. But as the errand was always plausibly accounted for by the truant's return with writing-paper, iron chain, a new spade, or the like, I disturbed myself little on the subject.

About this time, rather a startling incident occurred. One of our labourers, who had been sent to Lublin to buy something or other of which we were in need, came into camp wounded, and with ugly stains of blood on his sheepskin pelisse. Luckily the blood flowed from nothing worse than a smart flesh wound in the arm, and the hurt was soon bandaged, while a notable crone from the village, famous for her cures of sick cattle and bruised human patients, undertook to make "an eight-day job of it." But the man's story was alarming. It seems that he had met, half way towards Lublin, with a party of Russian light horse; that they had shouted to him to stop; and, on his appearing to hesitate, had galloped towards him, recklessly firing off their pieces, one ball from which had taken effect. But the wounded man, with a sort of instinctive distrust of Muscovite mercy, had plunged into the thorny thicket, where even Cossacks could not follow, and had made his way, groaning and faint, to the sheds of his own people.

On inquiry, I learned that the Russian troops were scouring the country, arresting travellers, searching for arms among the villages and châteaux, and doing considerable mischief on those estates whose owners were under suspicion. Thus much the peasants knew from the personal testimony of those of their own class, but there were dark and half-defined rumours of detected conspiracies in the towns, of widespread projects for revolt, and of corresponding severities on the part of the government.

All this was very disagreeable news to me.

Tranquillity is, as I well knew, the vital atmosphere of commercial success, and our line, the South Polish, depended to no small extent for its funds upon the guaranteed subsidy of the imperial authorities. An outbreak in Poland would injure my employers' interests, and would probably put an immediate stop to my own salary. Yet, as I said to O'Dwyer, I could not find it in my heart to blame the people, should they resolve at any risk to fling off the dominion of the Muscovites. During the fifteen months I had spent in Poland, I had seen so many petty acts of dull tyranny and cruel persecution directed against those who dared to speak or think contrary to the usages of Holy Russia, that I half despised the Poles for their long submission.

"You see," remarked I to O'Dwyer, as we went down together to examine a bridge, the wooden piers of which had been overturned by the sudden freshet of thawed snow—"you see, these folks have not the sturdy independence of John Bull. How they stand the sway of the grey-coated bullies for one day puzzles me. A clever race, too, with brave hearts and quick wits, if they had but common sense—yet they let the Czar treat them like cattle in a pen, and their spirit seems broken. Ah, if they were but English!"

"Yes, as you say, if they were but English!" exclaimed O'Dwyer, so passionately that his voice actually quivered with emotion; "if they were English, there would be no slaves among them to look with jealous dislike upon the noble; all, then, would be free-born men alike, ready to win or die for their country, and—Who fired?"

For a gun was suddenly discharged from the thicket hard by, and the sharp report sent the dead leaves swirling down from a dusky-red beech beside me. The first idea which suggested itself was, that some prowling Cossack had fired at us, moved by the desire of plunder, but we soon saw a stout-made man in a black coat, and wearing tinted spectacles, come pushing his way through the brambles, and eagerly pick up a dying bird which his shot had brought down.

"Passer rubicellus! the red-throat sparrow," he exclaimed, with exultation; "a male bird, and a noble specimen."

I nudged O'Dwyer's elbow, and whispered that the stranger was, no doubt, a naturalist.

M. Prevoust, the owner of the gun and slayer of the unfortunate red-throated sparrow, soon became on very friendly terms with us. He was, indeed, an agreeable, well-informed person, a Frenchman, and one of the most active enthusiasts for science that I have ever met with. He had, I gathered from his discourse, been head clerk of some firm in the wine trade at Bordeaux; but, on coming into possession of some small inheritance, had abandoned the desk to devote all his time to his cherished pursuits. With his hammer, his gun, and his blowpipe, he had wandered over Europe, geologising in one district, collecting birds and reptiles in a second, and in a third performing

feats of analytical chemistry. He was, indeed, he told me, glad to earn a few score of florins by occasional assays at the mines, or by testing soils in which the presence of certain minerals was suspected, since he had only a *rente viagère* of eighteen hundred francs to live on, and travelling, even on foot, was expensive.

I was pleased with the man, his learning, his gay good humour, and the simple ardour with which he pursued his researches after fossils and rare lizards, over hill and dale, at an age when most of us prefer the chimney-corner. O'Dwyer, I imagined, liked him less than I did, and withdrew rather coldly from his frank advances towards friendship, well meant, but clumsily made, for the fat Gaul was a blundering, awkward creature, and singularly devoid of tact. It was curious to see his neat little geological cabinet of stained wood, with a label to every pebble or lump of ore, or to watch the quiet dexterity with which he manipulated the birds he was stuffing, and then to listen to the quaint bonhomie of his conversation. No one laughed more heartily at his frequent mistakes or queer speeches than the ex-clerk of Grandbouchon et Fils, Quai de l'Orfèvre.

"What would you?" said the philosopher, pleasantly, looking up from his needles and stuffing cotton. "I was taught to read, write, and cipher. The best years of my life were spent in ruling the books of Grandbouchon. I made shift, in my evenings, to study Audubon and Cuvier. For society I had never the taste. Parbleu! I am no Richelieu, no Lauzun; and it is probably because I am a stupid *bête* of an honest man that your compatriot gives me the cold shoulder."

It was true, and I was vexed by it, that O'Dwyer grew colder and more reserved towards the Frenchman as time wore on, and I feared that some pitiful pride of his own superior birth or breeding must be the cause.

About this time a misfortune occurred, which threatened for a time to stop our works altogether. A débâcle somewhere on the headwaters of the river swept away our half-finished bridges, tore up the rails, and carried away not only piles of sleepers, ballast, bricks, and other materials, but seriously damaged our forge and carpenter's shed, burying the tools deep in sludge and ice. We worked hard to save as much property as possible, and from the effects of wetting and excitement O'Dwyer caught the fever of the country, and was soon prostrate and helpless.

Either the attack was not very severe, or the patient's strength of constitution, aided by the herbs administered by the old Polish crone, fought successfully against the disease, for the poor lad was soon pronounced convalescent. He had plenty of volunteer nurses, for the only difficulty was to keep the hut clear of the Poles, and the simple fellows would trudge for unheard-of distances through the woods, to bring back some rustic dainty which might tempt, as they said, the "English lord" to eat. If on any sunny bank a few stray violets or snowdrops peeped

shyly out, the village children were sure to espy them, and the village girls to bring them to our settlement, tied in bunches with the gayest ribbons they could find in their scanty store, to please the sick man. I watched over him a good deal while the fever was at its worst, and Prevoust would willingly have given his services too, but O'Dwyer, with an invalid's peevishness, could not endure the Frenchman's presence.

One day—I remember it well—the morning had been warm and dry, and O'Dwyer, with the help of my arm, had taken a short walk, to try his strength; I invited the naturalist to share my now solitary meal. Prevoust, I should have said, was lodged in the Ober Director's hut; the worthy Jew having a spare room, and being glad to earn a few florins by entertaining so easily-pleased a guest. Prevoust was in excellent spirits. There was a childish good humour about him, which contrasted singularly with his patient pursuit of science, and his unwearied industry. He talked, as usual, of a thousand things—indeed, he would generally converse with zest on all topics save one—but for politics he had a rooted aversion. On other points, as he said, laughingly, he could trust to his *gros bon sens* not to lead him into quicksands. But politics bewildered and confused him, and the ex-clerk absolutely declined to speak on that tabooed subject.

"What are kings or kaisers to me, Jean Paul Prevoust?" he asked in his cheery way. "Of tare and tret, or double entry, I know something; but I am stupid as a sheep when state affairs are discussed. Parbleu! it is enough for me to stuff my birds and keep my minerals in order."

He then proceeded, in his artless fashion, to make a number of remarks on the petty events that had lately occurred. He had found an old book at the bottom of his trunk, and, perhaps, as books were scarce, it might amuse the sick man. I thanked the good fellow; it was creditable on his part, I thought, to be so well disposed towards one who had so plainly taken a dislike to himself. Prevoust seemed to know by intuition what was passing in my mind.

"Sapristi!" said he, "people's fancies are their own property, hein? If your young countryman, who is beau garçon, if ever there was one, does not get on well with a dull bourgeois like me, he cannot make me ass enough to take offence thereat. *Foi de Prevoust*, I think him a fine lad, and if I cannot be his friend, still he is welcome to the book I spoke of. It is a novel, I believe, though how I got it I can't think." Then, striking his forehead, he added, with a vexed air, "Blockhead that I am! I forgot that the book is in German, and, no doubt, as useless to him as to me."

"Is that all?" said I, smiling. "O'Dwyer speaks German fluently. Indeed, he is a remarkable linguist. His mother was a Hungarian, and——"

I stopped short, for the ex-clerk's bushy eyebrows were suddenly arched, and I fancied—it must have been fancy—that his eyes

sparkled tigerishly behind the blue spectacles. For a moment, a certain feeling of distrust crept over me like a sickly chill, but one more glance at the broad honest face of the naturalist made me ashamed of my suspicion.

"Another glass of wine?" said he, gaily. "Trinquons! so! ah! this Menescher grape reminds me of my native Gironde! Shall I ever see it again, I wonder? My faith! if I had but a few thousand livres de rentes—say four—I would make my way back there, marry, and settle. Yes, range myself, as the word is, and die where I was born."

And he leaned back in his chair, and sipped his wine in sentimental meditation, while every shadow of distrust passed away from my mind.

Two days after this I mentioned casually that I was, on the morrow, to visit Lublin, whither I had to convey a number of documents of various natures, certificates, vouchers, receipts, letters from officials, and so on, all of which had to go to London for inspection. I did not care to entrust the posting of these important packets to any other hands than my own or O'Dwyer's, and, as the latter was still off duty, my intention was to do my own errand. Then it was that Prevoust, in the simplest manner possible, begged me to do him a favour:

It seemed that one of our Polish labourers had lately brought a letter addressed to our French ally, by an old acquaintance of his, the curator of the Museum at Prague, who was staying for a few days at Lublin, awaiting the sale by auction of some deceased nobleman's cabinet of medals. Now, this very curator was in the habit of purchasing, for the Museum, such specimens of Prevoust's collecting as were adapted for its glass cases, and the Frenchman had expended much pains on a little collection of stuffed birds, in their winter plumage, expressly for sale to this patron.

"The rather," said he, with his usual laugh of absolute good humour, "that I am nearly au sec just at present, and these pert little tits and wrens are worth a good many gulden in convention money. There is one golden crest—But, bah! I shall bore you if I get on my hobby of rare birds. Will you kindly carry the case—it is not very heavy—to Lublin for me, and bring back the cash? I would go myself, but the roads are only passable by horsemen, and as for trusting my precious neck on the back of one of these kicking Polish nags, I might as well jump off a steeple at once—eh? eh?"

I joined in the laugh. It was an absurd idea, that of the elderly corpulent Frenchman, who had never, probably, backed a horse in his life, making his way through drift and mire on one of our half-broken, long-maned steeds. Polish horses are famed for their fire and skittishness, and I should have been sorry to see our bulky friend trust himself to their tender mercies.

Thus it occurred that when I rode into Lublin, about noon on the following day, I carried Prevoust's little green case of daintily prepared birds before me on the saddle. Excepting this

small box, I was encumbered by no luggage, for the papers were in the pocket of my overcoat, and I fully intended to ride back and reach our huts before supper. My horse, I knew, was capable of doing the distance with ease. I went first to the post-office, and having deposited the letters, I put up my horse at the sorry inn that was somewhat magniloquently called the Royal Hotel, and ordered some refreshment for myself. While it was getting ready, I resolved to call on the curator of the Prague Museum, and execute the ex-clerk's commission without delay. The box was carefully addressed to "Herr Fischer, Turken-strasse, Number 18."

The house was a large one, but it had an air of neglect and dingy gloom; grass grew between the stones of its court-yard, the armorial bearings of some noble Polish family, wantonly defaced by some sportive Russian soldier, were faintly visible over the low-browed arch, and the few windows that faced the street were dirty and broken. I hesitated, I knew not why, as I pushed open the heavy gate, which closed after me with a sullen clang. In the porter's lodge was an old woman, crouched beside a smoky peat fire, and peeling some vegetables. She merely nodded, and pointed with her skinny finger to the house, when I asked for Herr Fischer.

I entered, finding the front door unlatched, and making my way up a dusty staircase, tapped at the door of a room on the first floor.

"Entrez!" called out a deep voice, speaking in guttural French.

I turned the handle, and found myself in a large chamber, meanly furnished, but littered with books and papers, and in the presence of a high-shouldered, grizzly-headed man in a scull-cap and dressing-gown—the curator, doubtless.

"Have I the pleasure to address Herr Fischer?" said I, with a bow.

The German showed his yellow teeth in rather an ugly smile as he replied in the affirmative, and then begged me to be seated, and received from me the valuable case of birds, and also the letter of the ex-clerk of Grandbouchon et Fils. As the curator read the letter, I had leisure to observe him, and I cannot say that his large head, grey as a badger's and cropped like a convict's, his bull-neck, beetling brows, and saturnine cast of features, impressed me very favourably. Still, it is not necessary that a scientific man should have the graces of Apollo, and I had seen too much sterling excellence under a rough husk to be hasty in my judgments.

The curator read the letter very slowly, and with something like a sneer contorting the muscles of his coarse mouth, but he seemed in no hurry to inspect the stuffed birds. He finished the perusal at last, and rubbed his fat hands together with a chuckle of not over-pleasant mirth. Then he turned his green eyes on my face, and stared at me with much the same expression—half jocular, half ferocious—with which a cat watches a mouse lying crushed beneath its paw. I felt annoyed at so singular a reception.

"If you are at leisure, Herr Fischer," I began, "to examine the specimens which——"

"Hold your tongue!" thundered the man of science. "It will be your duty to give respectful answers to the interrogations which I shall presently put to you, and fortunate will you be if by obedience and respect you can get your name off my list!"

So saying, he caught up a hand-bell, and rang it furiously. I started up, imagining that the curator had suddenly become insane; but in the next moment there was a tramp of heavy boots and a clanking of steel scabbards, and four or five Russian gendarmes, followed by a greffier, or clerk, in professional black, hurried into the room.

"Arrest him!" said the curator of the Prague Museum; and I found myself a prisoner in the grasp of two of the policemen.

"There is some mistake!" cried I, struggling. "I came to see Herr Fischer, of Prague, and I have no doubt intruded upon——"

"Colonel Stronow, of the imperial Russian service, Prefect of Police for Poland, very much at your service," said the pretended German. "But console yourself; you have done your errand faithfully, and Lieutenant Gregovitch will not fail to thank you for the care you have taken of his invaluable birds."

"Gregovitch!" I gasped out, with a sickly feeling of dismay.

"Yes, Lieutenant Alexis Gregovitch, better known to you as Prevoust, the wine merchant's clerk," coolly returned the dreaded chief of the police; and then harshly added, "The examination will now begin. Greffier, note his replies. Prisoner, your wisest course will be to tell all you know of the plots and projects of Prince Adam Sapieha."

"I never heard of such a person!" said I, indignantly; "your spy, if Prevoust be really the rascal you represent him, might have informed you——"

"That your assistant-surveyor, Monsieur—Monsieur—ah! M. O'Dwyer, was no other than that audacious young rebel and traitor to the emperor, and that his secret presence in Poland is connected with the conspiracy for a general rising against my imperial master's authority. This young man has a daring and adroitness unusual at his years, and to convict him of treason will prove a service which——Greffier, are you ready?"

I felt stunned, bewildered. In what an atmosphere of deception had I been living for months, and how keenly I felt my own blindness in not penetrating the disguise of those who had been my constant companions. I now remembered the Obermann's agitation on first catching sight of my newly-arrived assistant—an agitation explicable enough when I recollected that the man had been born on the Sapieha estates, which lay within a few miles of Sandomir. I remembered O'Dwyer's wonderful influence over the workmen, his knowledge of their language, his frequent confabulations with them, and much more. Him I could not blame, for his pur-

pose had been a noble one, and its objects pure and sacred in my English eyes, but as for the treacherous naturalist——

But here a hearty shake from the hard-listed gendarmes put an end to my reverie, and I found that the Russian prefect was shouting forth angry questions, and foaming with rage at their remaining unanswered.

I never hope to pass such a half-hour again as the one that followed. Colonel Stronow could make nothing of me, for my very soul within me was stirred into indignant resistance against the vile system and its villanous tools, and I refused to give the slightest information regarding O'Dwyer—or, more accurately, the young Prince Adam Sapieha. I said boldly that I was an Englishman, guilty of no offence, and bade him remember that my country had both the will and the power to avenge any maltreatment of even one so humble as I was. Stronow bullied and blustered, cajoled and promised, by turns. He loaded me with abuse and curses, shook his fist in my face, and swore that I should be subjected to the "stick," ironed, flung into a dungeon, fed on black bread, sent to Siberia, even shot. I have no doubt that he would willingly have put in force every one of these menaces had he but dared, and sometimes I half fancied his rage would master his reason, and that I should pay dearly for my stubbornness.

The matter ended in my being hustled out of the room and locked up in another apartment, the prefect's last words being a savage assurance that my contumacy should not protect my "Polish accomplice," who would be brought into Lublin, tied neck and heels, before sundown, and who was known to be too feeble after his recent fever for flight or resistance.

"And he," snarled out Stronow, with the grin of a vicious dog—"he, at least, has no British government to back his insolence. Martial law has been proclaimed, and a garrison court-martial can be summoned at any hour. Half a dozen cartridges have seldom been bestowed to better purpose. Remove the Englishman."

The room into which I was now thrust was a comfortless chamber on the second story, absolutely bare of furniture, and of wretched appearance. The plaster of the ceiling had fallen away through damp, the boards of the floor were loose and imperfect, and the rat-gnawed wainscot was breached and rotten. But the door had a strong lock, and after satisfying themselves that the drop from the window was such as no man could take without certain injury to neck or limbs, my escort left me to my own reflections.

Sad enough were these. My own plight, to do myself justice, by no means engrossed my thoughts. The scrape in which the scoundrel Gregovitch had involved me was disagreeable, but not dangerous. My release was certain, though, during my detention of a few days or weeks, according to the temper and prudence of the authorities, I should probably have to suffer many insults and petty annoyances. But I could not but feel the utmost concern for the poor lad I had left, weak and suffering, at Podlowitz, and

whose danger surpassed mine a thousand-fold. I remembered fifty little kindnesses that O'Dwyer had done me, many and many a glimpse which his conversation or conduct had afforded, of a generous and noble disposition. By the new light of this grim police revelation I could trace much which had puzzled me before, and I knew that the brave boy's natural frankness had chafed at the concealment his position demanded, and that he had been more than once on the point of admitting me into his confidence.

And now, now that he was ill, feeble, betrayed, and that a remorseless and stealthy spy was at his elbow, what hope was there for the banished man who had dared to come back and beard the tyrants of his native land? My heart grew sick within me as I remembered that Stronow's threat about the cartridges and the court-martial was no idle boast. Russian tribunals of this sort were not too prone to mercy, confident that their rough and bloody acts would be called zeal and energy by courtiers and bureaucrats.

A sudden clang of hoofs and neighing of horses called me to the window, and in the street below I saw a party of Cossacks, mounted, gathering into a troop before the door, while their trumpeter sounded a call. They were chatting and laughing in their uncouth way, crouched on the backs of their wiry steeds, and shaking their long lances at intervals with a significant gesture. A strong charger, well caparisoned, was led up and down by a gendarme, and presently Colonel Stronow, in uniform, but with a grey capote over his green cloth and glittering decorations, came out and mounted. He had been, no doubt, unwilling to trust the captain of so important a prisoner as young Sapieha to other hands. The trumpet sounded shrilly, and off went the wild riders, taking the direct course towards the gate that faced Podlowitz. I watched till the last spear-head vanished in the distance, and then turned away with a groan.

A few minutes later I returned to the window, and caught sight of a man leading a saddled horse to and fro. The horse was my own, and I knew the man well, a certain Karel, who had been in our employ, and was now stableman at the hotel, a lively fellow, and one who had often done errands for myself and O'Dwyer. No doubt he had heard me say I was going to the Turken-strasse, and had brought my horse thither, as I did not return to the inn. A new idea, a new hope, dawned in my mind, and I cautiously lifted the window.

"Karel!"

"My lord——" the poor fellow paused, perplexed at seeing my head thrust from a window in that apparently deserted house.

"Karel, I am a prisoner. But never mind that. Others are worse off. The police and Cossacks have just started for Podlowitz to capture Mr. O'Dwyer—Prince Adam Sapieha—ah! I see you know who he is."

For Karel, a slim, fiery-eyed young Pole, had

turned white with anger and fear at the news, and seemed like one at whose feet lightning had fallen.

Meanwhile I tore a leaf out of my pocket-book, pencilled a few words, twisted up the paper, and tossed it out to Karel, who still stood like one in a dream.

"Quick!" I cried; "jump on my horse. He is a swift one, as you know. Take the path through the woods, outstrip the bloodhounds if you can—warn O'Dwyer—warn the men. Prevoust, the Frenchman, is a Muscovite officer, and has betrayed——"

"I go, English lord!" cried the Pole, as he snatched up my scrap of paper, leaped into the saddle, and rode off like one possessed. In an instant horse and man had vanished.

I passed many weary hours in expectation, and it was not till long past midnight that Colonel Stronow and his soldiers came back, baffled and furious, cursing the evil fortune that had saved the prey from the hunter.

I was set at liberty on the fourth day, but was conducted to the frontier by the police, and forbidden on any pretext to return to Russian soil. My employment was therefore forfeited, but I found work elsewhere, and have never regretted my share in the prince's escape, a suspicion of which had so embittered the authorities against me.

Karel arrived only just in time, and the workmen, headed by the Obermann, and carrying with them their young chief, as yet too weak to sit a horse, made their retreat into morasses too difficult for even Cossack horsemen. As for Prevoust, or Gregovitch, a timely flight saved him, and scarcely saved him, from the just wrath of the Poles whose lives he had betrayed, and who would have torn him to pieces in their anger. Prince Adam Sapieha, after great hardships and perils, lurking in the woods like a hunted animal, and with a price on his head, was fortunate enough to cross the Austrian frontier, thanks to the devotion of his followers. I afterwards saw him when he was in the Turkish service, and I an engineer on the Smyrna and Aidin line. But he is now, I believe, in Poland, and once more risking his life for the cause to which his best years and best faculties were freely given.

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VERY HARD CASH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

CHAPTER XII.

AMONGST the curiosities of human reasoning is this: one forms a judgment on certain statements; they turn out incorrect, yet the judgment sound.

This occurs oftenest, when, to divine what any known person will do in a case stated, we go boldly by his character, his habits, or his interest: for these are great forces, towards which men gravitate through various and even contrary circumstances.

Now women, sitting at home out of detail's way, are somewhat forced, as well as naturally inclined, to rely on their insight into character; and, by this broad clue, often pass through false or discoloured data to a sound calculation.

Thus it was Mrs. Dodd applied her native sagacity to divine why Richard Hardie declined Julia for his son's wife, and how to make him withdraw that dissent: and the fair diviner was much mistaken in detail, but right in her conclusion; for Richard Hardie *was* at that moment the unlikeliest man in Barkington to decline Julia Dodd—with Hard Cash in five figures—for his daughter-in-law.

I am now about to make a revelation to the reader, that will incidentally lead him to Mrs. Dodd's conclusion, but by a different path.

The outline she gave her daughter and my reader of Richard Hardie's cold and prudent youth was substantially correct; but something had occurred since then, unknown to her, unknown to all Barkington. The centuries had blown a respectable bubble. About two hundred and fifty years ago, some genius, as unknown as the inventor of the lathe, laid the first wooden tramroad, to enable a horse to draw forty-two cwt. instead of seventeen. The coalowners soon used it largely. In 1738, iron rails were invented; but prejudice, stronger than that metal, kept them down, and the wooden ones in vogue, for some thirty years. Then iron prevailed.

Meantime, a much greater invention had been creeping on to join the metal way; I mean the locomotive power of steam; whose history is not needed here. Enough that in 1804 took place as

promising a wedding as civilisation ever saw; for then an engine built by Trevethick, a great genius frittered for want of pluck, drew carriages, laden with ten tons, five miles an hour on a Welsh railway. Then stout Stephenson came on the scene, and insisted on benefiting mankind in spite of themselves, and of shallow legislators, à priori reasoners, and a heavy Review, whose political motto was "Stemus super antiquas vias;" which may be rendered, "Better stand still on turnpikes than move on rails."

His torments and triumph are history.

Two of his repartees seem neat: 1. To Lord Noodle, or Lord Doodle, which was it? objecting haughtily, "and suppose a cow should get in the way of your engine, sir?" he replied, "Why, then it would be bad—for the coow." The objector found he had overrated the obstructive power of his honoured parent.

2. To the à priori reasoners, who sat in their studies and demonstrated with complete unanimity that uncogged wheels would revolve on a smooth rail, but leave the carriage in statu quo, he replied by building an engine with Lord Ravensworth's noble aid, hooking on eight carriages, and rattling off up an incline. "Solvitur ambulando," quoth Stephenson the stout-hearted to Messrs. A Priori.

Next a coach ran on the Stockton and Darlington rail. Next the Liverpool and Manchester line was projected. Oh then what bitter opposition to the national benefactors, and the good of man.

Awake from the tomb echoes of dead Cant!

"The revolving wheels might move the engine on a rail; but what would that avail if they could not move them in the closet, and on a mathematical paper. Railways would be bad for canals, bad for morals, bad for highwaymen, bad for roadside inns: the smoke would kill the partridges ('Aha! thou hast touched us nearly,' said the country gentlemen), the travellers would go slowly to their destination, but swift to destruction."

And the Heavy Review, whose motto was "Stemus super turnpikes," offered "to back old Father Thames against the Woolwich railway for any sum." And Black Will, who drove the next heaviest ephemeral in the island, told a schoolboy, who now writes these pages, "there's nothing can ever be safe at twenty miles an hour,

without 'tis a bird in the air!" and confirmed it with an oath. Briefly, buzz! buzz! buzz!

Gray was crushed, Trevethick driven out of the country, stout Stevie thwarted, badgered, taunted, and even insulted, and bespattered with dirt, I might say with dung; since his opponents discharged their own brains at him by speech and writing. At last, when after the manner of men they had manured their benefactor well, they consented to reap him. Railways prevailed, and increased, till lo and behold a prime minister with a spade delving one in the valley of the Trent. The tide turned; good working railways from city to city became an approved investment of genuine capital; notwithstanding the frightful frauds and extortion to which the projectors were exposed in a parliament, which, under a new temptation, showed itself as corrupt and greedy as any nation or age can parallel.

When this sober state of things had endured some time, there came a year that money was loose, and a speculative fever due in the whirligig of time. Then railways bubbled.

New ones were advertised, fifty a month, and all went to a premium. High and low scrambled for the shares, even when the projected line was to run from the town of Nought to the village of Nothing, across a goose common. The flame spread, fanned by prospectus and advertisement, two mines of glowing fiction, compared with which the legitimate article is a mere tissue of under statements; Princes sat in railway tenders, and clove the air like the birds whose effigies surmount their armorials; some stiffish Peers relaxed into Boards; Bishops warned their clergy against avarice, and buttered Hudson an inch thick for shares; and turned their little aprons into great pockets; men, stainless hitherto, put down their infants, nurses included, as independent subscribers, and bagged the coupons, capturi tartaros: nearly every thing, that had a name, and, by some immense fortuity, could write it, demanded its part in the new and fathomless source of wealth: a charwoman's two sons were living in a garret on fifteen shillings apiece per week; down went their excellencies' names for 37,000*l.* worth of bubbling iron; another shareholder applied imperiously from a house in Grosvenor-square; he had breakfasted on the steps. Once more, in Time's whirligig, gentlemen and their footmen jostled one another on the exchange, and a motley crew of peers and printers, vicars and admirals, professors, cooks, costermongers, cotton-spinners, waiters, coachmen, priests, potboys, bankers, braziers, dairy-men, mail-guards, barristers, spinsters, butchers, beggars, duchesses, rag merchants; in one word, of Nobs and Snobs; fought and scrambled pell mell for the popular paper; and all to get rich in a day.*

* For the humours of the time see the parliamentary return of Railway Subscribers, published 1846: Francis's British Railway: Evans's Commercial Crisis: and the pamphlets and journals of the day.

Richard Hardie had some money in existing railways; but he declined to invest his hard cash upon hypotheticals. He was repeatedly solicited to be a director; but always declined. Once he was offered a canny bribe of a thousand pounds to let his name go on a provisional committee. He refused with a characteristic remark; "I never buy any merchandise at a fancy price, not even hard cash."

Antidote to the universal mania, Barkington had this one wet blanket: an unpopular institution; but far more salutary than a damp sheet; especially in time of Bubble.

Nearly all his customers consulted Richard Hardie, and this was the substance of his replies: "The Bubbles of History, including the great one of my youth, were national, as well as individual, follies. It is not so now: the railways, that ruin their allottees and directors, will be pure additions to the national property, and some day remove one barrier more from commerce. The Dutch tulip frenzy went on a petty fancy; the Railway fury goes on a great fact. Our predecessors blew mere soap bubbles; we blow an iron bubble: but here the distinction ends; in 1825 the country undertook immediate engagements, to fulfil which a century's income would not have sufficed: to-day a thousand railway companies are registered, requiring a capital of six hundred million; and another thousand projected, to cost another five hundred million. Where is the money to come from? If the world was both cultivated and civilised (instead of neither), and this nation could be sold, with every building, ship, quadruped, jewel, and marketable female in it, it would not fetch the money to make these railways: yet the country undertakes to create them in three years *with its floating capital*. Arithmetic of Bedlam! The thing cannot last a year without collapsing."

Richard Hardie talked like this from first to last.

But, when he saw that shares invariably mounted; that even those who, for want of interest, had to buy them at a premium, sold them at a profit; when he saw paupers making large fortunes in a few months, by buying into every venture and selling the next week; he itched for his share of the booty, and determined to profit in act by the credulity of mankind as well as expose it in words. He made use of his large connexions to purchase shares; which he took care to part with speedily; he cleared a good deal of money; and that made him hungrier: he went deeper and deeper into what he called Flat catching, till one day he stood to win thirty thousand pounds at a coup.

But it is dangerous to be a convert, real or false, to Bubble: the game is to be rash at once, and turn prudent at the full tide. When Richard Hardie was up to his chin in these time bargains, came an incident not easy to foresee: the conductors of the Times, either from patriotism, or long sighted policy, punctured the bladder, though they were making thousands weekly by

the railway advertisements. The time was so well chosen, and the pin applied, that it was a death-blow: shares declined from that morning, and the inevitable panic was advanced a week or two. The more credulous speculators held on in hopes of a revival; but Hardie, who knew that the collapse had been merely hastened, saw the gravity of the situation, and sold largely at a heavy loss. But he could not sell all the bad paper he had accumulated for a temporary purpose: the panic came too swiftly, and too strong: soon there were no buyers at any price. The biter was bit: the fox who had said "this is a trap; I'll lightly come and lightly go," was caught by the light fantastic toe. In this emergency he showed high qualities; vast financial ability, great fortitude, and that sense of commercial honour, which Mrs. Dodd justly called his semi-chivalrous sentiment. He mustered all his private resources to meet his engagements, and maintain his high position.

Then commenced a long and steady struggle, conducted with a Spartan dignity and self-command, and a countenance as close as wax. Little did any he in Barkington guess the doubts and fears, the hopes and despondencies, which agitated and tore the heart and brain that schemed, and throbbed, and glowed, and sickened by turns, beneath that steady modulated exterior. And so for months and months he secretly battled with insolvency; sometimes it threatened in the distance, sometimes at hand, but never caught him unawares; he provided for each coming danger, he encountered each immediate attack.

But not unscathed in morals. Just as matters looked brighter, came a concentration of liabilities he could not meet without emptying his tills, and so incurring the most frightful danger of all. He had provided for its coming, too; but a decline, greater than he had reckoned on, in the value of his good securities, made that provision inadequate. Then it was he committed a faux pas. He was one of his own children's trustees, and the other two signed after him like machines. He said to himself: "My honour is my children's; my position is worth thousands *to them*. I have sacrificed a fortune to preserve it; it would be madness to recoil now."

He borrowed three thousand pounds of the trust money, and, soon after, two thousand more: it kept him above water; but the peril, and the escape on such terms, left him gasping inwardly.

At last, when even his granite nature was almost worn down with labour, anxiety, and struggling all alone without a word of comfort—for the price of one grain of sympathy would have been "Destruction"—he shuffled off his iron burden, and breathed again.

One day he spent in a sort of pleasing lethargy, like a strong swimmer who, long and sore buffeted by the waves, has reached the shore at last.

The next day his cashier, a sharp-visaged, bald-headed old man called young Skinner, invited his attention rather significantly to the high amount

of certain balances compared with the cash at his (Skinner's) disposal.

"Indeed!" said Hardie, quietly; "that must be regulated." He added graciously, as if conferring a great favour, "I'll look into the books myself, Skinner."

He did more; he sat up all night over the books; and his heart died within him. Bankruptcy seemed coming towards him, slow perhaps, but sure. And meantime to live with the sword hanging over him by a hair!

Soon matters approached a crisis; several large drafts were drawn, which would have cleaned the bank out, but that the yearly rents of a wealthy nobleman had for some days past been flowing in.

This nobleman had gone to explore Syria and Assyria. He was a great traveller, who contrived to live up to his income at home, but had never been able to spend a quarter of it abroad, for want of enemies and masters—better known as friends and servants—to help him. So Hardie was safe for some months, unless there should be an extraordinary run on him, and that was not likely this year; the panic had subsided, and, nota bene, his credit had never stood higher. The reason was, he had been double-faced; had always spoken against railways: and his wise words were public, whereas his fatal acts had been done in the dark.

And now came a change, a bitter revulsion, over this tossed mind; hope and patience failed at last, and his virtue, being a thing of habit and traditions, rather than of the soul, wore out; nay more, this man, who had sacrificed so nobly to commercial integrity, filled with hate of his idol, and contempt of himself. "Idiot!" said he, "to throw away a fortune fighting for honour, —a greater bubble than that which has ruined me—instead of breaking like a man, with a hidden purse, and starting fair again as sensible traders do."

No honest man in the country that year repented of his vices so sincerely as Richard Hardie loathed his virtue. And he did not confine his penitence to sentiment; he began to spend his days at the bank poring over the books, and to lay out his arithmetical genius in a subtle process, that should enable him by degrees to withdraw a few thousands from human eyes for his future use, despite the feeble safeguards of the existing law. In other words Richard Hardie, like thousands before him, was fabricating and maturing a false balance sheet.

One man in his time plays many animals. Hardie, at this period, turned mole. He burrowed darkling into æs alienum. There is often one of these sleek miners in a Bank: it is a section of human zoology the journals have lately enlarged on, and drawn the painstaking creature grubbing and mining away to brief opulence; and briefer penal servitude than one could wish. I rely on my reader having read these really able sketches of my contemporaries; and spare him minute details, that possess

scarcely a new feature, except one: in that Bank was not only a mole; but a mole catcher: and, contrary to custom, the mole was the master, the mole catcher the servant. The latter had no hostile views; far from it: he was rather attached to his master: but his attention was roused by the youngest clerk, a boy of sixteen, being so often sent for into the Bank parlour, to copy into the books some arithmetical result, without its process. Attention soon became suspicion; and suspicion found many little things to feed on, till it grew to certainty. But the outer world was none the wiser: the mole catcher was no chatter-box; he was a solitary man; no wife nor mistress about him; and he revered the mole, and liked him better than anything in the world—*except money*.

Thus the great Banker stood, a colossus of wealth and stability to the eye, though ready to crumble at a touch; and indeed self-doomed; for bankruptcy was now his game.

This was a miserable man; far more miserable than his son whose happiness he had thwarted: his face was furrowed, and his hair thinned by secret struggle: and of all the things that gnawed him, like the fox, beneath his Spartan robe, none was more bitter than to have borrowed five thousand pounds of his children, and sunk it.

His wife's father, a keen man of business, who saw there was little affection on his side, had settled his daughter's money on her for life, and, in case of her death, on the children upon coming of age. The marriage of Alfred or Jane would be sure to expose him; settlements would be proposed; lawyers engaged to peer into the trust, &c. No; they *must* remain single for the present, or else marry wealth.

So, when his son announced an attachment to a young lady living in a suburban villa, it was a terrible blow, though he took it with outward calm, as usual. But if, instead of prating about beauty, virtue, and breeding, Alfred had told him hard cash in five figures could be settled by the bride's family on the young couple, he would have welcomed the wedding with great external indifference, but a secret gush of joy; for then he could throw himself on Alfred's generosity, and be released from that one corroding debt; perhaps allowed to go on drawing the interest of the remainder.

Thus, in reality, all the interests, with which this story deals, converged in one point; the fourteen thousand pounds. Richard Hardie's opposition was a mere misunderstanding; and, if he had been told of the Cash, and to what purpose Mrs. Dodd destined It, and then put on board the Agra in the Straits of Gaspar, he would have calmly taken off his coat, and helped defend the bearer of It against all assailants as stoutly, and, to all appearance, imperturbably, as he had fought that other bitter battle at home. For there was something heroic in this erring man; though his rectitude depended on circumstances.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE way the pirate dropped the mask, showed his black teeth, and bore up in chase, was terrible: so dilates and bounds the sudden tiger on his unwary prey. There were stout hearts among the officers of the peaceable Agra; but danger in a new form shakes the brave; and this was their first pirate: their dismay broke out in ejaculations not loud but deep. "Hush!" said Dodd, doggedly; "the lady!"

Mrs. Beresford had just come on deck to enjoy the balmy morning.

"Sharpe," said Dodd, in a tone that conveyed no suspicion to the new comer, "set the royals, and flying jib.—Port!"

"Port it is," cried the man at the helm.

"Steer due South!" And, with these words in his mouth, Dodd dived to the gun deck.

By this time elastic Sharpe had recovered the first shock; and the order to crowd sail on the ship galled his pride and his manhood; he muttered, indignantly, "the white feather!" This eased his mind, and he obeyed orders briskly as ever. While he and his hands were setting every rag the ship could carry on that tack, the other officers, having unluckily no orders to execute, stood gloomy and helpless, with their eyes glued, by a sort of sombre fascination, on that coming fate: and they literally jumped and jarred, when Mrs. Beresford, her heart opened by the lovely day, broke in on their nerves with her light treble.

"What a sweet morning, gentlemen. After all a voyage is a delightful thing: oh, what a splendid sea! and the very breeze is warm. Ah, and there's a little ship sailing along: here, Freddy, Freddy darling, leave off beating the sailors' legs, and come here and see this pretty ship. What a pity it is so far off. Ah! ah! what is that dreadful noise?"

For her horrible small talk, that grated on those anxious souls like the mockery of some infantine fiend, was cut short by ponderous blows and tremendous smashing below. It was the captain staving in water casks: the water poured out at the scuppers.

"Clearing the lee guns," said a middy, off his guard.

Colonel Kenealy pricked up his ears, drew his cigar from his mouth, and smelt powder. "What, for action?" said he, briskly. "Where's the enemy?"

Fullalove made him a signal, and they went below.

Mrs. Beresford had not heard, or not appreciated the remark: she prattled on till she made the mates and midshipmen shudder.

Realise the situation, and the strange incongruity between the senses and the mind in these poor fellows! The day had ripened its beauty; beneath a purple heaven shone, sparkled, and laughed, a blue sea, in whose waves the tropical sun seemed to have fused his beams; and beneath that fair, sinless, peaceful sky, wafted by a balmy breeze over those smiling, transparent, golden

waves, a bloodthirsty Pirate bore down on them with a crew of human tigers; and a lady babble babble babble babble babble babbled in their quivering ears.

But now the captain came bustling on deck, cyed the loftier sails, saw they were drawing well, appointed four midshipmen a staff to convey his orders; gave Bayliss charge of the carronades, Grey of the cutlasses, and directed Mr. Tickell to break the bad news gently to Mrs. Beresford, and to take her below to the orlop deck; ordered the purser to serve out beef, biscuit, and grog to all hands, saying, "Men can't work on an empty stomach: and fighting is hard work;" then beckoned the officers to come round him. "Gentlemen," said he, confidentially, "in crowding sail on this ship I had no hope of escaping that fellow on this tack, but I was, and am, most anxious to gain the open sea, where I can square my yards and run for it, if I see a chance. At present I shall carry on till he comes up within range: and then, to keep the Company's canvas from being shot to rags, I shall shorten sail; and to save ship and cargo and all our lives, I shall fight while a plank of her swims. Better be killed in hot blood than walk the plank in cold."

The officers cheered faintly; the captain's dogged resolution stirred up theirs.

The pirate had gained another quarter of a mile and more. The ship's crew were hard at their beef and grog, and agreed among themselves it was a comfortable ship; they guessed what was coming, and woe to the ship in that hour if the captain had not won their respect. Strange to say, there were two gentlemen in the Agra to whom the pirate's approach was not altogether unwelcome. Colonel Kenealy and Mr. Fullalove were rival sportsmen; and rival theorists. Kenealy stood out for a smooth bore, and a four ounce ball; Fullalove for a rifle of his own construction. Many a doughty argument they had, and many a bragging match; neither could convert the other. At last Fullalove hinted that by going ashore at the Cape, and getting each behind a tree at one hundred yards, and popping at one another, one or other would be convinced.

"Well, but," said Kenealy, "if he is dead, he will be no wiser; besides, to a fellow like me, who has had the luxury of popping at his enemies, popping at a friend is poor insipid work."

"That is true," said the other, regretfully. "But I reckon we shall never settle it by argument."

Theorists are amazing creatures: and it was plain, by the alacrity with which these good creatures loaded the rival instruments, that to them the pirate came not so much as a pirate as a solution. Indeed, Kenealy, in the act of charging his piece, was heard to mutter, "Now, this is lucky." However, these theorists were no sooner loaded, than something occurred to make them more serious. They were sent for in

haste to Dodd's cabin; they found him giving Sharpe a new order.

"Shorten sail to the tautpsles and jib, get the colours ready on the halyards, and then send the men aft!"

Sharpe ran out full of zeal, and tumbled over Ramgolam, who was stooping remarkably near the keyhole. Dodd hastily bolted the cabin door, and looked with trembling lip and piteous earnestness in Kenealy's face and Fullalove's. They were mute with surprise at a gaze so eloquent yet mysterious.

He manned himself, and opened his mind to them with deep emotion, yet not without a certain simple dignity.

"Colonel," said he, "you are an old friend; you, sir, are a new one; but I esteem you highly, and what my young gentlemen chaff you about, you calling all men brothers, and making that poor negro love you, instead of fear you, that shows me you have a great heart. My dear friends, I have been unlucky enough to bring my children's fortune on board this ship: here it is, under my shirt. Fourteen thousand pounds! This weighs me down. Oh, if they should lose it after all! Do pray give me a hand apiece, and pledge your sacred words to take it home safe to my wife at Barkington, if you, or either of you, should see this bright sun set to-day, and I should not."

"Why Dodd, old fellow," said Kenealy, cheerfully, "this is not the way to go into action."

"Colonel," replied Dodd, "to save this ship and cargo, I must be wherever the bullets are, and I will, too."

Fullalove, more sagacious than the worthy colonel, said earnestly: "Captain Dodd, may I never see Broadway again, and never see Heaven at the end of my time, if I fail you! There's my hand."

"And mine," said Kenealy, warmly.

They all three joined hands, and Dodd seemed to cling to them.

"God bless you both! God bless you! Oh, what a weight your true hands have pulled off my heart. Good-by, for a few minutes. The time is short. I'll just offer a prayer to the Almighty for wisdom, and then I'll come up and say a word to the men, and fight the ship; according to my lights."

Sail was no sooner shortened, and the crew ranged, than the captain came briskly on deck, saluted, jumped on a carronade, and stood erect. He was not the man to show the crew his forebodings.

(Pipe.) "Silence fore and aft."

"My men, the schooner coming up on our weather quarter is a Portuguese pirate. His character is known; he scuttles all the ships he boards, dishonours the women, and murders the crew. We cracked on to get out of the narrows, and now we have shortened sail to fight this blackguard, and teach him to molest a British ship. I promise, in the Company's name, twenty

pounds prize money to every man before the mast if we beat him off or outmanœuvre him; thirty if we sink him; and forty if we tow him astern into a friendly port. Eight guns are clear below, three on the weather side, five on the lee; for, if he knows his business, he will come up on the lee quarter; if he doesn't, that is no fault of yours or mine. The muskets are all loaded, the cutlasses ground like razors——"

"Hurrah!"

"We have got women to defend——"

"Hurrah!"

"A good ship under our feet, the God of justice over head, British hearts in our bosoms, and British colours flying—run 'em up!—over our heads." (The ship's colours flew up to the fore, and the Union Jack to the mizen peak.) "Now lads, I mean to fight this ship while a plank of her (stamping on the deck) swims beneath my foot, and—WHAT DO YOU SAY?"

The reply was a fierce "hurrah!" from a hundred throats, so loud, so deep, so full of volume, it made the ship vibrate, and rang in the creeping on pirate's ears. Fierce, but cunning, he saw mischief in those shortened sails, and that Union Jack, the terror of his tribe, rising to a British cheer; he lowered his mainsail, and crawled up on the weather quarter. Arrived within a cable's length, he double reefed his foresail to reduce his rate of sailing nearly to that of the ship; and the next moment a tongue of flame, and then a gush of smoke, issued from his lee bow, and the ball flew screaming like a seagull over the Agra's mizen top. He then put his helm up, and fired his other bow-chaser, and sent the shot hissing and skipping on the water past the ship. This prologue made the novices wince. Bayliss wanted to reply with a carronade; but Dodd forbade him sternly, saying, "If we keep him aloof we are done for."

The pirate drew nearer, and fired both guns in succession, hulled the Agra amidships, and sent an eighteen pound ball through her foresail. Most of the faces were pale on the quarter deck; it was very trying to be shot at, and hit, and make no return. The next double discharge sent one shot smash through the stern cabin window, and splintered the bulwark with another, wounding a seaman slightly.

"LIE DOWN FORWARD!" shouted Dodd, through his trumpet. "Bayliss, give him a shot."

The carronade was fired with a tremendous report, but no visible effect. The pirate crept nearer, steering in and out like a snake to avoid the carronades, and firing those two heavy guns alternately into the devoted ship. He hulled the Agra now nearly every shot.

The two available carronades replied noisily, and jumped, as usual; they sent one thirty-two pound shot clean through the schooner's deck and side; but that was literally all they did worth speaking of.

"Curse them!" cried Dodd; "load them with grape! they are not to be trusted with ball. And all my eighteen-pounders dumb! The

coward won't come alongside and give them a chance."

At the next discharge the pirate chipped the mizen mast, and knocked a sailor into dead pieces on the forecastle. Dodd put his helm down ere the smoke cleared, and got three carronades to bear, heavily laden with grape. Several pirates fell, dead or wounded, on the crowded deck, and some holes appeared in the foresail; this one interchange was quite in favour of the ship.

But the lesson made the enemy more cautious; he crept nearer, but steered so adroitly, now right astern, now on the quarter, that the ship could seldom bring more than one carronade to bear, while he raked her fore and aft with grape and ball.

In this alarming situation, Dodd kept as many of the men below as possible; but, for all he could do, four were killed and seven wounded.

Fullalove's word came too true: it was the swordfish and the whale: it was a fight of hammer and anvil; one hit, the other made a noise. Cautious and cruel, the pirate hung on the poor hulking creature's quarters and raked her at point blank distance. He made her pass a bitter time. And her captain! To see the splintering hull, the parting shrouds, the shivered gear, and hear the shrieks and groans of his wounded; and he unable to reply in kind! The sweat of agony poured down his face. Oh, if he could but reach the open sea, and square his yards, and make a long chase of it; perhaps fall in with aid. Wincing under each heavy blow, he crept doggedly, patiently, on, towards that one visible hope.

At last, when the ship was cloved with shot, and peppered with grape, the channel opened: in five minutes more he could put her dead before the wind.

No. The pirate, on whose side luck had been from the first, got half a broadside to bear at long musket shot, killed a midshipman by Dodd's side, cut away two of the Agra's mizen shrouds, wounded the gaff: and cut the jib stay; down fell that powerful sail into the water, and dragged across the ship's forefoot, stopping her way to the open sea she panted for; the mates groaned; the crew cheered stoutly, as British tars do in any great disaster; the pirates yelled with ferocious triumph, like the devils they looked.

But most human events, even calamities, have two sides. The Agra being brought almost to a standstill, the pirate forged ahead against his will, and the combat took a new and terrible form. The elephant gun popped, and the rifle cracked, in the Agra's mizen top, and the man at the pirate's helm jumped into the air and fell dead: both Theorists claimed him. Then the three carronades peppered him hotly; and he hurled an iron shower back with fatal effect. Then at last the long 18-pounders on the gun-deck got a word in. The old Niler was not the man to miss a vessel alongside in a quiet sea; he sent two round shot clean through him; the third splintered his bulwark, and swept across his deck.

"His masts! fire at his masts!" roared Dodd to Monk, through his trumpet; he then got the jib clear, and made what sail he could without taking all the hands from the guns.

This kept the vessels nearly alongside a few minutes, and the fight was hot as fire. The pirate now for the first time hoisted his flag. It was black as ink. His crew yelled as it rose: the Britons, instead of quailing, cheered with fierce derision; the pirate's wild crew of yellow Malays, black chinless Papuans, and bronzed Portuguese, served their side guns, 12-pounders, well and with ferocious cries; the white Britons, drunk with battle now, naked to the waist, grimed with powder, and spotted like leopards with blood, their own and their mates', replied with loud undaunted cheers, and deadly hail of grape from the quarter deck; while the master-gunner and his mates, loading with a rapidity the mixed races opposed could not rival, hulled the schooner well between wind and water, and then fired chain shot at her masts, as ordered, and began to play the mischief with her shrouds and rigging. Meantime, Fullalove and Kenealy, aided by Vespasian, who loaded, were quietly butchering the pirate crew two a minute, and hoped to settle the question they were fighting for; smooth bore *v.* rifle: but unluckily neither fired once without killing; so "there was nothing proven."

The pirate, bold as he was, got sick of fair fighting first; he hoisted his mainsail and drew rapidly ahead, with a slight bearing to windward, and dismounted a carronade and stove in the ship's quarter-boat, by way of a parting kick.

The men hurled a contemptuous cheer after him; they thought they had beaten him off. But Dodd knew better. He was but retiring a little way to make a more deadly attack than ever: he would soon wear, and cross the Agra's defenceless bows, to rake her fore and aft at pistol-shot distance; or grapple, and board the enfeebled ship two hundred strong.

Dodd flew to the helm, and with his own hands put it hard a weather, to give the deck guns one more chance, the last, of sinking or disabling the Destroyer. As the ship obeyed, and a deck gun bellowed below him, he saw a vessel running out from Long Island, and coming swiftly up on his lee quarter.

It was a schooner. Was she coming to his aid?

Horror! A black flag floated from her foremast head.

While Dodd's eyes were staring almost out of his head at this death blow to hope, Monk fired again; and just then a pale face came close to Dodd's, and solemn voice whispered in his ear: "*Our ammunition is nearly done!*" It was the first mate.

Dodd seized his hand convulsively, and pointed to the pirate's consort coming up to finish them; and said, with the calm of a brave man's despair, "Cutlasses! and die hard!"

At that moment the master gunner fired his

last gun. It sent a chain shot on board the retiring pirate, took off a Portuguese head and spun it clean into the sea ever so far to windward, and cut the schooner's foremast so nearly through that it trembled and nodded, and presently snapped with a loud crack, and came down like a broken tree, with the yard and sail; the latter overlapping the deck and burying itself black flag and all in the sea; and there, in one moment, lay the Destroyer buffeting and wriggling—like a heron on the water with his long wing broken—an utter cripple.

The victorious crew raised a stunning cheer.

"Silence!" roared Dodd, with his trumpet. "All hands make sail!"

He set his courses, bent a new jib, and stood out to windward close hauled, in hopes to make a good offing, and then put his ship dead before the wind, which was now rising to a stiff breeze. In doing this he crossed the crippled pirate's stern, within eighty yards; and sore was the temptation to rake him; but his ammunition being short, and his danger being imminent from the other pirate, he had the self-command to resist the great temptation. The pirates, though in great confusion, and expecting a broadside, trained a gun dead aft.

Dodd saw, and hailed the mizen top: "Can you two hinder them from firing that gun?"

"I rather think we can," said Fullalove, "eh, colonel?" and tapped his long rifle.

The ship's bows no sooner crossed the schooner's stern than a Malay ran aft with a linstock. Pop went the colonel's ready carbine, and the Malay fell over dead, and the linstock flew out of his hand. A tall Portuguese, with a movement of rage, snatched it up, and darted to the gun: the Yankee rifle cracked, but a moment too late. Bang! went the pirate's gun, and crashed into the Agra's side, and passed nearly through her.

"Ye missed him! Ye missed him!" cried the rival theorist, joyfully. He was mistaken: the smoke cleared, and there was the pirate captain leaning wounded against the mainmast with a Yankee bullet in his shoulder, and his crew uttering yells of dismay and vengeance. They jumped, and raged, and brandished their knives, and made horrid gesticulations of revenge; and the white eyeballs of the Malays and Papuans glittered fiendishly; and the wounded captain raised his sound arm and had a signal hoisted to his consort, and she bore up in chase, and jamming her fore latine flat as a board, lay far nearer the wind than the Agra could, and sailed three feet to her two besides. On this superiority being made clear, the situation of the Merchant vessel, though not so utterly desperate as before Monk fired his lucky shot, became pitiable enough. If she ran before the wind, the fresh pirate would cut her off: if she lay to windward, she might postpone the inevitable and fatal collision with a foe as strong as that she had only escaped by a rare piece of luck; but this would give the crippled pirate time to refit and unite to

destroy her. Add to this the failing ammunition, and the thinned crew!

Dodd cast his eyes all round the horizon for help.

The sea was blank.

The bright sun was hidden now; drops of rain fell, and the wind was beginning to sing; and the sea to rise a little.

"Gentlemen," said he, "let us kneel down and pray for wisdom, in this sore strait."

He and his officers kneeled on the quarter deck. When they rose, Dodd stood rapt about a minute; his great thoughtful eye saw no more the enemy, the sea, nor anything external; it was turned inward. His officers looked at him in silence.

"Sharpe," said he, at last, "there *must* be a way out of them with such a breeze as this is now; if we could but see it."

"Ay, if," groaned Sharpe.

Dodd mused again.

"About ship!" said he, softly, like an absent man.

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Steer due north!" said he, still like one whose mind was elsewhere.

While the ship was coming about, he gave minute orders to the mates and the gunner, to ensure co-operation in the first part of a delicate and dangerous manœuvre he had resolved to try.

The wind was W.N.W.: he was standing north: one pirate lay on his lee beam stopping a leak between wind and water, and hacking the deck clear of his broken masts and yards. The other fresh, and thirsting for the easy prey, came up from the N.E., to weather on him and hang on his quarter, pirate fashion.

When they were distant about a cable's length, the fresh pirate, to meet the ship's change of tactics, changed his own, put his helm up a little, and gave the ship a broadside, well aimed but not destructive, the guns being loaded with ball.

Dodd, instead of replying, as was expected, took advantage of the smoke and put his ship before the wind. By this unexpected stroke the vessels engaged ran swiftly at right angles towards one point, and the pirate saw himself menaced with two serious perils; a collision, which might send him to the bottom of the sea in a minute, or a broadside delivered at pistol-shot distance, and with no possibility of his making a return. He must either put his helm up or down. He chose the bolder course, put his helm hard a lee, and stood ready to give broadside for broadside. But ere he could bring his lee guns to bear, he must offer his bow for one moment to the ship's broadside; and in that moment, which Dodd had provided for, Monk and his mates raked him fore and aft at short distance with all the five guns that were clear on that side; the carronades followed and mowed him slantwise with grape and canister; the almost simultaneous discharge of eight guns made the ship tremble, and enveloped her in thick smoke; loud shrieks and

groans were heard from the schooner: the smoke cleared; the pirate's mainsail hung on deck, his jib-boom was cut off like a carrot and the sail struggling; his foresail looked lacerated, lances of dead and wounded lay still or writhing on his deck, and his lee scuppers ran blood into the sea.

The ship rushed down the wind, leaving the schooner staggered and all abroad. But not for long; the pirate fired his broadside after all, at the now flying Agra, split one of the carronades in two, and killed a Lascar, and made a hole in the foresail; this done, he hoisted his mainsail again in a trice, sent his wounded below, flung his dead overboard, to the horror of their foes, and came after the flying ship, yawing and firing his bow chasers. The ship was silent. She had no shot to throw away. Not only did she take these blows like a coward, but all signs of life disappeared on her, except two men at the wheel, and the captain on the main gangway.

Dodd had ordered the crew out of the rigging, armed them with cutlasses, and laid them flat on the forecabin. He also compelled Kenealy and Fulllove to come down out of harm's way, no wiser on the smooth bore question than they went up.

The great patient ship ran environed by her foes; one destroyer right in her course, another in her wake, following her with yells of vengeance, and pounding away at her—but no reply.

Suddenly the yells of the pirates on both sides ceased, and there was a moment of dead silence on the sea.

Yet nothing fresh had happened.

Yes, this had happened: the pirates to windward, and the pirates to leeward, of the Agra, had found out, at one and the same moment, that the merchant captain they had lashed, and bullied, and tortured, was a patient but tremendous man. It was not only to rake the fresh schooner he had put his ship before the wind, but also by a double, daring, masterstroke to hurl his monster ship bodily on the other. Without a foresail she could never get out of his way. Her crew had stopped the leak, and cut away and unshipped the broken foremast, and were stepping a new one, when they saw the huge ship bearing down in full sail. Nothing easier than to slip out of her way could they get the foresail to draw; but the time was short, the deadly intention manifest, the coming destruction swift.

After that solemn silence came a storm of cries and curses, as their seamen went to work to fit the yard and raise the sail; while their fighting men seized their matchlocks and trained the guns. They were well commanded by an heroic able villain. A stern the consort thundered; but the Agra's response was a dead silence more awful than broadsides.

For then was seen with what majesty the enduring Anglo-Saxon fights.

One of that indomitable race on the gangway, one at the foremast, two at the wheel, coned and steered the great ship down on a hundred match-

locks and a grinning broadside, just as they would have conned and steered her into a British harbour.

"Star-board!" said Dodd, in a deep calm voice, with a motion of his hand.

"Starboard it is."

The pirate wriggled ahead a little. The man forward made a silent signal to Dodd.

"Port!" said Dodd, quietly.

"Port it is."

But at this critical moment the pirate astern sent a mischievous shot, and knocked one of the men to atoms at the helm.

Dodd waved his hand without a word, and another man rose from the deck, and took his place in silence, and laid his unshaking hand on the wheel stained with that man's warm blood whose place he took.

The high ship was now scarce sixty yards distant; *she seemed to know*: she reared her lofty figure-head with great awful shoots into the air.

But now the panting pirates got their new-foresail hoisted with a joyful shout: it drew, the schooner gathered way, and their furious consort close on the Agra's heels just then scoured her deck with grape.

"Port!" said Dodd, calmly.

"Port it is."

The giant prow darted at the escaping pirate. That acre of coming canvass took the wind out of the swift schooner's foresail; it flapped: oh, then she was doomed! That awful moment parted the races on board her; the Papuans and Sooloos, their black faces livid and blue with horror, leaped yelling into the sea, or crouched and whimpered; the yellow Malays and brown Portuguese, though blanched to one colour now, turned on death like dying panthers, fired two cannon slap into the ship's bows, and snapped their muskets and matchlocks at their solitary executioner on the ship's gangway, and out flew their knives like crushed wasp's stings. CRASH! the Indian's cut-water in thick smoke beat in the schooner's broadside: down went her masts to leeward like fishing-rods whipping the water; there was a horrible shrieking yell; wild forms leaped off on the Agra, and were hacked to pieces almost ere they reached the deck—a surge, a chasm in the sea, filled with an instant rush of engulfing waves, a long, awful, grating, grinding noise, never to be forgotten in this world, all along under the ship's keel—and the fearful majestic monster passed on over the blank she had made, with a pale crew standing silent and awestruck on her deck; a cluster of wild heads and staring eyeballs bobbing like corks in her foaming wake, sole relic of the blotted-out destroyer; and a wounded man staggering on the gangway, with hands uplifted and staring eyes.

Shot in two places, the head and the breast!

With a loud cry of pity and dismay, Sharpe, Fullalove, Kenealy, and others, rushed to catch him; but, ere they got near, the captain of the triumphant ship fell down on his hands and

knees, his head sunk over the gangway, and his blood ran fast and pattered in the midst of them, on the deck he had defended so bravely.

BEHIND THE SCENES AT VESUVIUS.

WHEN I first began what proved to be a long and intimate acquaintance with Mount Vesuvius, its condition and general appearance were very different from what they now are. It was in continuous but very harmless action. For more than two years, during which I lived in full view of the volcano, there was never, so far as I know, a pause of more than five minutes between its eruptions. A jet of red-hot stones sprung gracefully from the topmost peak, most part of which fell back into the capacious throat from which they had issued, while the few which escaped never came far enough to reach a visitor. Constant processions of chair-bearers, carrying male and female Guy Fawkeses, had worn a firm staircase upon the extreme edge of an old lava-stream, up which they proceeded safely and easily, not forgetting, however, so soon as they had reached the edge of the cone, to throw themselves down in well-studied attitudes of exhaustion, mutely appealing to the sympathies of their burdens. A descent of some ten feet led into the crater, which was entirely floored with lava, blue and brown rock, everywhere at the same level, save at one point where it rose into a mass of magnificent precipices, gorgeously coloured in all hues of green, brown, and orange. Close against these precipices stood the central chimney of soft hot black ashes, in shape a gigantic tile-kiln, continually self-augmented by the stones flung from its own throat. The circumference of the crater was, at that time, about a mile and a half, the edge tolerably horizontal, excepting on the left of the ascent, where it rose into a high peak, higher even than the central chimney or than the adjacent mountain of Somma, which is the broken shell of the old Vesuvius, destroyer of the buried cities. Across the field of lava a path had been formed by piling on each hand any inconvenient block, and along this path the refreshed chairmen used to trot to the opposite edge of the cone, whence a perfectly map-like view of Pompeii is attained, the streets, squares, temples, and amphitheatre looking like an architectural toy.

A descending path through the soft grey ash of the cone having been also established, the whole arrangement of the volcano as a show-place seemed perfect, and looked to the casual visitor as satisfactory and as likely to last as the institutions of the country looked to the same visitor. Yet a steady and very gradual process of change was going on all the while. From time to time along the surface of the lava-field would be seen a line of smoke, looking by day exactly like burning peat on a moor, but at night a streak of fire, a streamlet of burning lava, which flowing—as lava almost always does—along the top of a self-made ridge, usually expended its force after a course of eighty or a

hundred yards, and in a day or two ceased flowing entirely, to be succeeded by a similar rivulet in another part of the crater. Small as were these streams, being rarely above three feet diameter, their constant incursions began to produce a visible augmentation in the rocky mass, which approached gradually to the trodden pathway, and at length pushing before it the boulders, which had been used as bourne-stones, compelled the chair-bearers to move closer to the foot of the Palo precipice. The phenomena, too, were more threatening and more fantastic. One night it was a brilliant river of fire in a trench, a furlong in length, some ten feet wide, perfectly straight, and with banks as well "pionied and twilled"—if that be the right reading—as could have been done by the most accomplished navvy. The stream ran fiercely enough where visible, but vanished mysteriously under a precipice, even as it had emerged. Some days later, I found it—dry, I was going to say, but I mean no longer flowing, and what had been liquid was now a well-laid street of blue pavement, of which I more than once gladly availed myself to relieve "uneasy steps over the burning marl." Another time we came suddenly upon an oval gap, surrounded by perpendicular rocks, at the bottom of which the lava rolled in steady solemn billows. The glare and the sound of the fiery lake were singularly awful. In a few days this likewise vanished, leaving a gaping irregular hole too precipitous and sulphur-stained for safe access. By this time the field of lava had swelled in dimensions till the whole crater was brimmed with rock. The butterflies, I noticed, had disappeared, and the ants who, on anti-vegetarian principles, had established their colonies in the utterly arid dust of the mountain, had all departed. The mountain was evidently "niching mallichio," but the old breathing-place above went on with its accustomed regularity, and there were no signs of a great outbreak. Even when the lava stream at length poured over the edge towards Torre del Annunziata, the process was so gradual that we could watch with safety the ground behind us covered by the hot stream, conscious that, by a very small exertion, we could outstrip the descending mass, and, passing safely in front of it, regain our former position. The fact is, that lava, though irresistible, is a very slow-moving foe. Certain poetic descriptions of heroes chased hard by the fast-flowing fire are sadly at variance with truth. Nor is it easy to imagine human life in danger from a lava-stream, unless in the improbable case of a very sound sleeper finding his house surrounded during the night. Boiling water and mephitic gases are the more rapid and deadly weapons of the volcanic arsenal, and these are happily rare.

All matters being now duly disposed in order for attack, it was not wonderful that the general and his staff should appear on the field, and on the same afternoon our small party, as we returned round the edge of the crater, in the direction of Pompeii, met with a startling apparition. A brisk wind from the sea carried

before it the vapours from the central mouth towards the jagged and saw-like edges of Somma, when, looking in that direction, we suddenly observed a human figure of gigantic size. The giant strode along the crumbling and perpendicular cliffs, and was followed by two others, one a youthful monster not above forty feet high.

Whether the Titans escaped from Zeus's prison-chambers beneath our feet were taking an evening walk, or whether the Broken spectre, accompanied by his family, had indulged himself with a trip to Naples, we could not decide, but the spectres kept side by side with us as we walked on, and soon began their old game of mimicry just as I remembered to have read of the Hartz giant in that darling of my childhood, the Hundred Wonders. The practical, optical, and altogether irreverential spirit of the age now seized on us, and urged us to make fun of the poor monsters by jumping and gesticulating, thereby compelling the ghosts to leap forty feet high, and wrestle with the sulphurous smoke on which their shapes were visible. This phenomenon may tend to explain in some degree a puzzling circumstance in the recorded history of Old Booty, which was the origin of the "pull devil pull baker" slide of the old galante-shaw lantern. It may be remembered that the captain of a schooner declared that he had seen the broad-brimmed ship chandler, under whose regimen he and his crew had pined, "go to the devil," and, being brought before a magistrate by the relatives of the deceased Quaker, supported himself by the testimony of his crew, who one and all deposed to having actually seen the Quaker's image pursued round the crater of Stromboli by certain horned and tailed gentry of ominous aspect. Admitting the graminivorous appendages and the identity of the sufferer to be the work of imagination, it is still difficult to account for the optical delusion, unless by supposing that a somewhat similar combination to that described above had enabled the crew to witness the spectres of some men then actually on the mountain. The exclamation of the skipper, "Why, that's old Booty!"—expletives omitted—acting on imaginations sharpened by tough junk and weevilly biscuit, will explain their conviction that they had witnessed the condign punishment of the purveyor of these dainties.

An equally striking and less amusing apparition was witnessed at a later period. When dressing, in the calm spring mornings before the sea-breeze had set in, my attention had been often drawn to a curious appearance at the mouth of the volcano. Instead of the ordinary cloudy pennant which by floating landwards indicated fine weather, or by clinging to and rolling down the sea-face of the volcano gave token of rain, a thin rod of smoke would at times project perpendicularly upwards, surmounted by a small disk apparently spinning round. Was, then, Typhoeus proposing to set up as a street juggler? The Terraqueous Titans of Tartarus would look well in the bill. If so, his skill or his extensive chin gave him superhuman advantages, for I have seen three and even four plates at once spinning on their respective sticks.

The mystery was at length cleared up, and that in a manner which at first was really startling. I was sitting alone on the edge of the crater, sketching the sulphury precipices previously mentioned, as the most picturesque object then offered by the volcano. The utter silence of a calm hot noon prevailed; save my comrade (out of sight somewhere) there was not a soul on the mountain, and the usual sea-breeze had either not set in or not reached to that height. The only sound which broke, or rather intensified, the silence was the occasional pant from the mountain followed by its harmless jet of stones, to which custom had rendered us so indifferent as that we never raised our heads from our paper. Suddenly a wild and wailing sound as of tortured spirits filled the whole air around and above me, dying gradually away through the atmosphere. The effect on the nerves in the midst of this total solitude may be fairly deemed the reverse of agreeable. I rose hastily, and went in search of my friend, whom I met returning towards me, equally surprised, and I may honestly say equally alarmed, with myself. Various conjectures, all equally unsatisfactory, were propounded, when again the wild yell filled the air, and died out as before. It undoubtedly proceeded from the sky, but in the vicinity of the central orifice, and we accordingly set ourselves to watch steadily the phenomena of eruption. Our pains were soon rewarded. The regular process was an explosion which, from its sound, appeared to originate not more than twenty or thirty feet below the volcano's mouth, accompanied by a slight concussion of the ground, and followed in a few seconds by the jet of stones and ashes. It now appeared that occasionally, instead of the usual shower, a huge smoke-globe, filling the whole gaping mouth, was vomited forth, and hurled upward to a far greater height than the stones attained. This globe appeared in violent agitation, which I can describe only by saying that every particle of smoke seemed anxious to hide itself in the centre of the mass. In a few seconds the struggle resulted in the disruption of the globe, which then assumed the form of a ring, such as may often be seen in the smoke of a discharged cannon, or can be produced in cigar-smoke by skilful artists, and floated gradually away, the edges still retaining their self-rotatory motion. The formation and disappearance of the ring were accompanied by the impressive wail which had so startled us; and further investigation convinced us that to these smoke-globes were due the phenomena of plate-spinning described above, although when close to the crater, as we now were, it was difficult to trace the thin line of smoke representing the stick.

The last of our experiences is worth recording, as it gave us as close an insight into Vulcan's forge as is ever granted to mortals. It was a fine afternoon, and the mountain was gay with visitors. One, an American, I had previously met at the table d'hôte of the Hôtel des Bergues in Geneva. At that time he had begun conversation by informing me that, from my appearance, he had supposed me to be

American, but that my pronunciation of the *English* language soon showed him that I was English. Naturally I said, "Just as your pronunciation showed me that you were American." "Well now!" with an air of simple wonderment, "haow was that?" He then went on to ask if our stores in London were as handsome as the stores in Paris? I confessed with some humility that our shops scarcely equalled in brilliancy those of the Boulevards and the Rue de Rivoli. Ah, well! so he had heard. In that case he shouldn't think much of them: the Paris stores were noway to be compared to the stores in New York. In fact, everything in Europe (he had landed at Havre a fortnight ago) seemed worn out; he had been disappointed with everything he had seen, and expected he should be disappointed in everything he did see. I looked sheepishly for support towards Mont Blanc, which was fast fading from rose-tint to ghostly grey, and endeavoured feebly to cover my (and Europe's) defeat by a metaphysical cobweb, as to whether he thought it possible for a man "to expect to be disappointed." On recognising here in the south the stern critic of European institutions, I did not venture to bring forward Vesuvius as a champion for the old hemisphere, for the mountain was on that day as lazy as Neapolitans are said to be, and as Romans really are. Not a particle of lava was in motion, and the breathings of the monster were like the tranquil puffs of a meditative smoker. So remarkable, in fact, was the quiet, that an ascent of the central mount was voted practicable, and was attempted by most of our party. The American went silently on in search of disappointment; an enthusiastic Englishman was convinced he should find "fun" up there; the inevitable English girl was there—where is she not? If we had had but a French painter to shame us all, by saving the "jeune miss" from some fearful peril, the cast would have been complete. The mount, though steep, was easy of access, being entirely coated with soft black ashes, quite as hot as was agreeable, but offering a firm foothold, so that in a few minutes we reached the summit. The scene was curious rather than terrific. A narrow ridge of soft ash encompassed a basin, or rather saucer—for it was apparently very shallow—the bottom of which was concealed from us by a mass of small pebbles glowing and shimmering with intense heat, blazing with rays brilliant as diamonds and carbuncles. The effect was truly gorgeous; such, at least, seemed to me the proper epithet. The Englishman pronounced it "Jolly." "Hallo! what's that? why, it's a shoe! Here, you chap—Bastony!" and, catching hold of his guide's stick, he tried to fish out a mysterious object which lay about ten feet distant, very close to the fire. The stick was too short, "a step would make it longer," said the Roman mother, and he was about to take that step, when the guide, with earnest gesticulations, pointed out the startling fact that the whole jewelled floor was in constant motion:—not merely an illusion caused by the hot air, but a veritable dancing of

each separate pebble. The mass of matter stood upon nothing, and we were actually on the edge of the bottomless pit! Even our energetic friend was calmed, and made no further attempt to draw from its dread abode what, if it were really a shoe, must have been either the glass slipper of Cinderella, or the *other* brass one of Empedocles, for no mere leather and prunella could endure that vitrifying heat.

"By Jove! Isn't it like beer?" said a voice at my side. The national simile was not ill chosen: the heaving of the mass of glowing embers, and the slight cracks which from time to time permitted the escape of gas, were strikingly like the movement observable in the scum of a fermenting vat. The feeling of insecurity, and the consciousness that we were there upon very uncertain sufferance, induced us to retreat; and the party were at various stages of the descent, when we received a fearful warning that the patience of the mountain had been tested too long. A loud roar, followed by the screams of those who, seated below, were watching our descent, caused us all to look upward. The scene was frightful. The whole sky seemed filled with fiery projectiles of all sizes and of fantastic shapes. Even at that moment I distinctly remember thinking how like one mass was to a Hansom:—a sort of visible embodiment of Mr. Carlyle's holocaust of all the gigs in creation. It was the affair of a moment. Instinctively I threw myself down, so as in some degree to shelter the little girl who was with me, when, right, left, in front, behind, came the hammer-like blows of the falling stones—a howling Neapolitan tumbled against and over us—a number of red-hot balls bounded past us—and we were safe. I rose to my feet and looked round. The American and a comrade were plunging rapidly down the slope, closely pursued by a huge blazing rock which ricocheted past in terrible proximity to their flying forms. I hope, this time at all events, the American's disappointment was an agreeable one. The enthusiastic Englishman was binding up his hand, at once bruised and burnt by a stone, while another had lamed him, though not seriously. His first thought was to offer a "skewdy" (meaning a scudo) to any one who would ascend and bring down the young lady who was still on the edge of the pit's mouth. But his good-natured energy was needless; her guide, a steady old hand, had purposely kept his ground, wisely judging that from falling stones there was no escape, while by staying at the summit they avoided the dangers of the *ricochet*. We were soon reunited, glad to have got off so cheaply, and warned by the strong hint we had received, not to pry too closely into Nature's secrets. My story must stop here. I pretend to describe merely the preliminary rehearsals; not the grand performance which followed some months later, accompanied with an earthquake, which shook all the seaboard of Tuscany. It transcends my graphic skill.

Since that time, Vesuvius has undergone many changes, ominous of approaching dissolution. The crater has lost much of its picturesqueness,

and is now a yawning gulf, surrounded by crumbling precipices, which have accumulated in ill-compacted masses higher even than the Punta del Palo, which for many years has been the highest peak. Lava-streams flow now—when they flow at all—not from the crater, but from the base of the cone; and the mephitic fissures which lately opened at the foot of the mountain near the sea, seem to point to a time when a further encroachment to seaward on the part of the volcano shall take place, and the present Vesuvius be left an empty shell, like Somma, the Solfatara, or the mob of nameless volcanoes which crowd the gigantic base of Etna.

THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

It came into my mind that I would recalcitrant these notes a few of the many hostelries I have rested at in the course of my journeys; and, indeed, I had taken up my pen for the purpose, when I was baffled by an accidental circumstance. It was the having to leave off, to wish the owner of a certain bright face that looked in at my door, "many happy returns of the day." Thereupon a new thought came into my mind; driving its predecessor out, and I began to recalcitrant—instead of Inns—the birthdays that I have put up at, on my way to this present sheet of paper.

I can very well remember being taken out to visit some peach-faced creature in a blue sash, and shoes to correspond, whose life I supposed to consist entirely of birthdays. Upon seed-cake, sweet wine, and shining presents, that glorified young person seemed to me to be exclusively reared. At so early a stage of my travels did I assist at the anniversary of her nativity (and become enamoured of her), that I had not yet acquired the recondite knowledge that a birthday is the common property of all who are born, but supposed it to be a special gift bestowed by the favouring Heavens on that one distinguished infant. There was no other company, and we sat in a shady bower—under a table, as my better (or worse) knowledge leads me to believe—and were regaled with saccharine substances and liquids, until it was time to part. A bitter powder was administered to me next morning, and I was wretched. On the whole, a pretty accurate foreshadowing of my more mature experiences in such wise!

Then came the time when, inseparable from one's own birthday, was a certain sense of merit, a consciousness of well-earned distinction. When I regarded my birthday as a graceful achievement of my own, a monument of my perseverance, independence, and good sense, redounding greatly to my honour. This was at about the period when Olympia Squires became involved in the anniversary. Olympia was most beautiful (of course), and I loved her to that degree, that I used to be obliged to get out of my little bed in the night, expressly to exclaim to Solitude, "O, Olympia Squires!" Visions of Olympia, clothed entirely in sage-green, from which I infer a defectively educated taste on the part of her respected

parents, who were necessarily unacquainted with the South Kensington Museum, still arise before me. Truth is sacred, and the visioæ are crowned by a shining white beaver bonnet, impossibly suggestive of a little feminine postboy. My memory presents a birthday when Olympia and I were taken by an unfeeling relative—some cruel uncle, or the like—to a slow torture called an Orrery. The terrible instrument was set up at the local Theatre, and I had expressed a profane wish in the morning that it was a Play: for which a serious aunt had probed my conscience deep, and my pocket deeper, by reclaiming a bestowed half-crown. It was a venerable and a shabby Orrery, at least one thousand stars and twenty-five comets behind the age. Nevertheless, it was awful. When the low-spirited gentleman with the wand said "Ladies and gentlemen" (meaning particularly Olympia and me), "the lights are about to be put out, but there is not the slightest cause for alarm," it was very alarming. Then the planets and stars began. Sometimes they wouldn't come on, sometimes they wouldn't go off, sometimes they had holes in them, and mostly they didn't seem to be good likenesses. All this time the gentleman with the wand was going on in the dark (tapping away at the Heavenly bodies between whistles, like a wearisome woodpecker), about a sphere revolving on its own axis eight hundred and ninety-seven thousand millions of times—or miles—in two hundred and sixty-three thousand five hundred and twenty-four millions of something else, until I thought if this was a birthday it were better never to have been born. Olympia, also, became much depressed, and we both slumbered and woke cross, and still the gentleman was going on in the dark—whether up in the stars, or down on the stage, it would have been hard to make out, if it had been worth trying—cyphering away about planes of orbits, to such an infamous extent that Olympia, stung to madness, actually kicked me. A pretty birthday spectacle when the lights were turned up again, and all the schools in the town (including the National, who had come in for nothing, and serve them right, for they were always throwing stones) were discovered with exhausted countenances, screwing their knuckles into their eyes, or clutching their heads of hair. A pretty birthday speech when Doctor Sleek of the City-Free bobbed up his powdered head in the stage-box, and said that before this assembly dispersed he really must beg to express his entire approval of a lecture as improving, as informing, as devoid of anything that could call a blush into the cheek of youth, as any it had ever been his lot to hear delivered. A pretty birthday altogether, when Astronomy couldn't leave poor small Olympia Squires and me alone, but must put an end to our loves! For, we never got over it; the threadbare Orrery outwore our mutual tenderness; the man with the wand was too much for the boy with the bow.

When shall I disconnect the combined smells of oranges, brown paper, and straw, from those other birthdays at school, when the coming

hamper cast its shadow before, and when a week of social harmony—shall I add of admiring and affectionate popularity—led up to that Institution? What noble sentiments were expressed to me in the days before the hamper, what vows of friendship were sworn to me, what exceedingly old knives were given me, what generous avowals of having been in the wrong emanated from else obstinate spirits once enrolled among my enemies! The birthday of the potted game and guava jelly, is still made special to me by the noble conduct of Bully Globson. Letters from home had mysteriously inquired whether I should be much surprised and disappointed if among the treasures in the coming hamper I discovered potted game, and guava jelly from the Western Indies. I had mentioned those hints in confidence to a few friends, and had promised to give away, as I now see reason to believe, a handsome covey of partridges potted, and about a hundred-weight of guava jelly. It was now that Globson, Bully no more, sought me out in the playground. He was a big fat boy, with a big fat head and a big fat fist, and at the beginning of that Half had raised such a bump on my forehead that I couldn't get my hat of state on, to go to church. He said that after an interval of cool reflection (four months) he now felt this blow to have been an error of judgment, and that he wished to apologise for the same. Not only that, but, holding down his big head between his two big hands in order that I might reach it conveniently, he requested me, as an act of justice which would appease his awakened conscience, to raise a retributive bump upon it, in the presence of witnesses. This handsome proposal I modestly declined, and he then embraced me, and we walked away conversing. We conversed respecting the West India islands, and in the pursuit of knowledge he asked me with much interest whether in the course of my reading I had met with any reliable description of the mode of manufacturing guava jelly; or whether I had ever happened to taste that conserve, which he had been given to understand was of rare excellence.

Seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty; and then with the waning months came an ever augmenting sense of the dignity of twenty-one. Heaven knows I had nothing to "come into," save the bare birthday, and yet I esteemed it as a great possession. I now and then paved the way to my state of dignity, by beginning a proposition with the casual words, "say that a man of twenty-one," or by the incidental assumption of a fact that could not sanely be disputed, as, "for when a fellow comes to be a man of twenty-one." I gave a party on the occasion. She was there. It is unnecessary to name Her, more particularly; She was older than I, and had pervaded every chink and crevice of my mind for three or four years. I had held volumes of Imaginary Conversations with her mother on the subject of our union, and I had written letters more in number than Horace Walpole's, to that discreet woman, soliciting her daughter's hand in marriage. I had never had

the remotest intention of sending any of these letters; but to write them, and after a few days tear them up, had been a sublime occupation. Sometimes, I had begun "Honoured Madam. I think that a lady gifted with those powers of observation which I know you to possess, and endowed with those womanly sympathies with the young and ardent which it were more than heresy to doubt, can scarcely have failed to discover that I love your adorable daughter, deeply, devotedly." In less buoyant states of mind I had begun, "Bear with me, Dear Madam, bear with a daring wretch who is about to make a surprising confession to you, wholly unanticipated by yourself, and which he beseeches you to commit to the flames as soon as you have become aware to what a towering height his mad ambition soars." At other times—periods of profound mental depression, when She had gone out to balls where I was not—the draft took the affecting form of a paper to be left on my table after my departure to the confines of the globe. As thus: "For Mrs. Onowenever, these lines when the hand that traces them shall be far away. I could not bear the daily torture of hopelessly loving the dear one whom I will not name. Broiling on the Coast of Africa, or congealing on the shores of Greenland, I am far far better there than here." (In this sentiment my cooler judgment perceives that the family of the beloved object would have most completely concurred.) "If I ever emerge from obscurity, and my name is ever heralded by Fame, it will be for her dear sake. If I ever amass Gold, it will be to pour it at her feet. Should I on the other hand become the prey of Ravens—" I doubt if I ever quite made up my mind what was to be done in that affecting case; I tried, "then it is better so;" but not feeling convinced that it would be better so, I vacillated between leaving all else blank, which looked expressive and bleak, or winding up with "Farewell!"

This fictitious correspondence of mine is to blame for the foregoing digression. I was about to pursue the statement that on my twenty-first birthday I gave a party, and She was there. It was a beautiful party. There was not a single animate or inanimate object connected with it (except the company and myself) that I had ever seen before. Everything was hired, and the mercenaries in attendance were profound strangers to me. Behind a door, in the crumby part of the night when wine-glasses were to be found in unexpected spots, I spoke to Her—spoke out to Her. What passed, I cannot as a man of honour reveal. She was all angelical gentleness, but a word was mentioned—a short and dreadful word of three letters, beginning with a B—which, as I remarked at the moment, "scorched my brain." She went away soon afterwards, and when the hollow throng (though to be sure it was no fault of theirs) dispersed, I issued forth, with a dissipated scornee, and, as I mentioned expressly to him, "sought oblivion." It was found, with a dreadful headache in it, but it didn't last; for, in the shaming light of

next day's noon, I raised my heavy head in bed, looking back to the birthdays behind me, and tracking the circle by which I had got round, after all, to the bitter powder and the wretchedness again.

This reactionary powder (taken so largely by the human race that I am inclined to regard it as the Universal Medicine once sought for in Laboratories) is capable of being made up in another form for birthday use. Anybody's long-lost brother will do ill to turn up on a birthday. If I had a long-lost brother I should know beforehand that he would prove a tremendous fraternal failure if he appointed to rush into my arms on my birthday. The first Magic Lantern I ever saw, was secretly and elaborately planned to be the great effect of a very juvenile birthday; but it wouldn't act, and its images were dim. My experience of adult birthday Magic Lanterns may possibly have been unfortunate, but has certainly been similar. I have an illustrative birthday in my eye: a birthday of my friend Flipfield, whose birthdays had long been remarkable as social successes. There had been nothing set or formal about them; Flipfield having been accustomed merely to say, two or three days before, "Don't forget to come and dine, old boy, according to custom;"—I don't know what he said to the ladies he invited, but I may safely assume it *not* to have been "old girl." Those were delightful gatherings, and were enjoyed by all participants. In an evil hour, a long-lost brother of Flipfield's came to light in foreign parts. Where he had been hidden, or what he had been doing, I don't know, for Flipfield vaguely informed me that he had turned up "on the banks of the Ganges"—speaking of him as if he had been washed ashore. The Long-lost was coming home, and Flipfield made an unfortunate calculation, based on the well-known regularity of the P. and O. Steamers, that matters might be so contrived as that the Long-lost should appear in the nick of time on his (Flipfield's) birthday. Delicacy commanded that I should repress the gloomy anticipations with which my soul became fraught when I heard of this plan. The fatal day arrived, and we assembled in force. Mrs. Flipfield senior formed an interesting feature in the group, with a blue-veined miniature of the late Mr. Flipfield round her neck, in an oval, resembling a tart from the pastrycook's: his hair powdered, and the bright buttons on his coat, evidently very like. She was accompanied by Miss Flipfield, the eldest of her numerous family, who held her pocket-handkerchief to her bosom in a majestic manner, and spoke to all of us (none of us had ever seen her before), in pious and condoning tones, of all the quarrels that had taken place in the family, from her infancy—which must have been a long time ago—down to that hour. The Long-lost did not appear. Dinner, half an hour later than usual, was announced, and still no Long-lost! We sat down to table. The knife and fork of the Long-lost made a vacuum in Nature, and when the champagne came round for the first

time, Flipfield gave him up for the day, and had them removed. It was then that the Long-lost gained the height of his popularity with the company; for my own part, I felt convinced that I loved him dearly. Flipfield's dinners are perfect, and he is the easiest and best of entertainers. Dinner went on brilliantly, and the more the Long-lost didn't come, the more comfortable we grew, and the more highly we thought of him. Flipfield's own man (who has a regard for me) was in the act of struggling with an ignorant stipendiary, to wrest from him the wooden leg of a Guinea-fowl which he was pressing on my acceptance, and to substitute a slice of the breast, when a ringing at the door-bell suspended the strife. I looked round me, and perceived the sudden pallor which I knew my own visage revealed, reflected in the faces of the company. Flipfield hurriedly excused himself, went out, was absent for about a minute or two, and then re-entered with the Long-lost.

I beg to say distinctly that if the stranger had brought Mont Blanc with him, or had come attended by a retinue of eternal snows, he could not have chilled the circle to the marrow in a more efficient manner. Embodied Failure sat enthroned upon the Long-lost's brow, and pervaded him to his Long-lost boots. In vain Mrs. Flipfield senior, opening her arms, exclaimed, "My Tom!" and pressed his nose against the counterfeit presentment of his other parent. In vain Miss Flipfield, in the first transports of this re-union, showed him a dint upon her maidenly cheek, and asked him if he remembered when he did that with the bellows? We, the bystanders, were overcome, but overcome by the palpable, undisguisable, utter, and total break-down of the Long-lost. Nothing he could have done would have set him right with us but his instant return to the Ganges. In the very same moments it became established that the feeling was reciprocal, and that the Long-lost detested us. When a friend of the family (not myself, upon my honour), wishing to set things going again, asked him, while he partook of soup—asked him with an amiability of intention beyond all praise, but with a weakness of execution open to defeat—what kind of river he considered the Ganges, the Long-lost, scowling at the friend of the family over his spoon, as one of an abhorrent race, replied, "Why a river of water, I suppose," and spooned his soup into himself with a malignancy of hand and eye that blighted the amiable questioner. Not an opinion could be elicited from the Long-lost, in unison with the sentiments of any individual present. He contradicted Flipfield dead, before he had eaten his salmon. He had no idea—or affected to have no idea—that it was his brother's birthday, and on the communication of that interesting fact to him, merely wanted to make him out four years older than he was. He was an antipathetical being, with a peculiar power and gift of trading on everybody's tenderest place. They talk in America of a man's "Platform." I should describe the Platform of the Long-lost as a Platform composed of other people's corns,

on which he had stumped his way, with all his might and main, to his present position. It is needless to add that Flipfield's great birthday went by the board, and that he was a wreck when I pretended at parting to wish him many happy returns of it.

There is another class of birthdays at which I have so frequently assisted, that I may assume such birthdays to be pretty well known to the human race. My friend Mayday's birthday is an example. The guests have no knowledge of one another except on that one day in the year, and are annually terrified for a week by the prospect of meeting one another again. There is a fiction among us that we have uncommon reasons for being particularly lively and spirited on the occasion, whereas deep despondency is no phrase for the expression of our feelings. But the wonderful feature of the case is, that we are in tacit accordance to avoid the subject—to keep it as far off as possible, as long as possible—and to talk about anything else, rather than the joyful event. I may even go so far as to assert that there is a dumb compact among us that we will pretend that it is *not* Mayday's birthday. A mysterious and gloomy Being, who is said to have gone to school with Mayday, and who is so lank and lean that he seriously impugns the Dietary of the establishment, at which they were jointly educated, always leads us, as I may say, to the block, by laying his grisly hand on a decanter and begging us to fill our glasses. The devices and pretences that I have seen put in practice to defer the fatal moment, and to interpose between this man and his purpose, are innumerable. I have known desperate guests, when they saw the grisly hand approaching the decanter, wildly to begin, without any antecedent whatsoever, "That reminds me——" and to plunge into long stories. When at last the hand and the decanter come together, a shudder, a palpable perceptible shudder, goes round the table. We receive the reminder that it is Mayday's birthday, as if it were the anniversary of some profound disgrace he had undergone, and we sought to comfort him. And when we have drunk Mayday's health, and wished him many happy returns, we are seized for some moments with a ghastly bliteness, an unnatural levity, as if we were in the first flushed reaction of having undergone a surgical operation.

Birthdays of this species have a public as well as a private phase. My "boyhood's home," Dullborough, presents a case in point. An Immortal Somebody was wanted in Dullborough, to dimple for a day the stagnant face of the waters; he was rather wanted by Dullborough generally, and much wanted by the principal hotel-keeper. The County history was looked up for a locally Immortal Somebody, but the registered Dullborough worthies were all Nobodies. In this state of things, it is hardly necessary to record that Dullborough did what every man does when he wants to write a book or deliver a lecture, and is provided with all the materials except a subject. It fell back upon Shakespeare.

No sooner was it resolved to celebrate Shakespeare's birthday in Dullborough, than the popularity of the immortal bard became surprising. You might have supposed the first edition of his works to have been published last week, and enthusiastic Dullborough to have got half through them. (I doubt, by the way, whether it had ever done half that, but this is a private opinion.) A young gentleman with a sonnet, the retention of which for two years had enfeebled his mind and undermined his knees, got the sonnet into the Dullborough Warden, and gained flesh. Portraits of Shakespeare broke out in the book-shop windows, and our principal artist painted a large original portrait in oils for the decoration of the dining-room. It was not in the least like any of the other portraits, and was exceedingly admired, the head being much swollen. At the Institution, the Debating Society discussed the new question, Was there sufficient ground for supposing that the Immortal Shakespeare ever stole deer? This was indignantly decided by an overwhelming majority in the negative; indeed, there was but one vote on the Poaching side, and that was the vote of the orator who had undertaken to advocate it, and who became quite an obnoxious character—particularly to the Dullborough "roughs," who were about as well informed on the matter as most other people. Distinguished speakers were invited down, and very nearly came (but not quite). Subscriptions were opened, and committees sat, and it would have been far from a popular measure in the height of the excitement, to have told Dullborough that it wasn't Stratford-upon-Avon. Yet, after all these preparations, when the great festivity took place, and the portrait, elevated aloft, surveyed the company as if it were in danger of springing a mine of intellect and blowing itself up, it did undoubtedly happen, according to the inscrutable mysteries of things, that nobody could be induced, not to say to touch upon Shakespeare, but to come within a mile of him, until the crack speaker of Dullborough rose to propose the immortal memory. Which he did with the perplexing and astounding result that before he had repeated the great name half a dozen times, or had been upon his legs as many minutes, he was assailed with a general shout of "Question!"

THE SOUP QUESTION.

We eat and drink at once when we take soup; that is to say, we supply at once the daily waste of solids and of fluids. Eating and drinking are two names for the one act of feeding. Soup is above the arbitrary distinction between food that is thin and food that is thick. We drink water, we eat porridge. But soup we eat, and soup we drink, soup we take, and soup we have. It is the greater that contains the less. Soup contains all sorts of meat, soup contains also vegetables of every kind, soup contains pepper and salt and all condiments, soup contains water, and soup often contains wine. Soup is meat and a

great deal more, vegetables and a great deal more, the refreshing draught and a great deal more; at once the whet and satisfaction to the appetite. It is the elixir of life, rich creative essence of man's flesh and blood. Always upon condition that it be good soup.

Good catholic victual should contain not merely one or two of the constituents of solid humanity, but as nearly as possible all of them, many as they are, and soup can do that. Let the chemist whisper to the cook, and every element of man's substantial life can be provided in this palatable brew, that has the very name of deglutition given to it, as a thing not to be conceived apart from the enjoyment of it, as that which we sup or swallow. In Wiclif's Bible, death is said to be not swallowed, but souped or supen up in victory.

But some of the old Germans, like Geheimrath Hofmann of Halle, saw with regret the soup-eating of their countrymen. Soup, they said—warm soup—is expanded with hot air, it distends the stomach, it dilutes the gastric juice. If you must eat soup, take it for supper, but don't fill your stomach with it, and then drop into it salt meat, tough relishes, sauerkraut, and over-baked solids. Soup has possession of the stomach, and soup cannot digest them. Nonsense, said the German householder, who took his couple of plates of soup as preface to a savoury substantial dinner. Nonsense, look at the French, how they make everything into soups, and flourish thereupon. Ah, yes, replied the warning doctors; look at the French, indeed; but they almost live on their soups, and have accordingly soup-eating stomachs. They don't want such masses of hard stimulating food as we hungry Germans do, and French gastric juice isn't equal to the digestion of such victuals. Once soup-eaters, always soup-eaters. The elderly Frenchman who should put a pound of German sausage into his stomach, would have to go down with it into his grave, unless it were extirpated by an operation. Avoid soup, ye full blooded, said, also, the German Geheimrath, for it makes rich blood very fast, and you'll soon have excess of it. German gastric juice is very good and strong, and it wants something tough and hard at mid-day, to occupy it well, and keep it out of mischief. That is the true theory of sauer-kraut and sausage. Without some such inward bolstering, every man would be devoured by his own stomach in course of time. The German people would disappear, and there would remain covering the ground, like leeches in a tropical forest, millions of hungry stomachs gaping for their food. The Geheimrath Hofmann recommended tough hard meat for dinner, and a lump of butter sent after it to grease its passage out of the stomach, when the strong German gastric juice had settled with it. Something to that effect is the old theory of butter after dinner, but the theory of after-dinner cheese is wholly different. The practice of cheese after dinner began in the opinion that cheese stopped at the entrance of the stomach. The final piece of cheese was the stopper put

into the retort while its contents were undergoing an alchemical digestion and change.

But what soups can they make who add borage and chickory to chicken broth, make a beer soup of powdered bread and beer with cumin-seeds, a couple of eggs, and a bit of butter, or of beer and milk equally mixed with yolk of egg and butter? Who make a soup stock of meal fried brown in butter, who make soup with help of butter and egg, with water, milk, or butter-milk, out of green grapes, grated cheese, or parsley-roots? Two or three eggs, a bit of butter, and an onion, with plenty of hot water, will make a family soup over which many a German peasant has said grace with true thanksgiving before cutting his bread into it, and accounting himself well fed. The ingenious Count Rumford—so true to principles that he wore in winter a white hat and white coat to economise the heat of his person by saving the difference of radiation between white and black—tells us, in his essay on Food, that after an experience of more than five years in feeding the poor at Munich, during which time every experiment was made that could be devised, in choice of articles and in their combinations and proportions, it was found that the cheapest, most savoury, and most nourishing food that could be procured, was a soup composed of pearl barley, peas, potatoes, cuttings of fine wheaten bread, vinegar, salt, and water in certain proportions. The pearl barley was first boiled in the water, then the peas were added, and the boiling continued over a gentle fire for about two hours; then the peeled potatoes were added, and the boiling went on for another hour, with frequent stirring to reduce the mixture to one uniform pulp; vinegar and salt were added last, and the mixture was then, immediately before being served, poured on the cuttings of bread. The bread used at Munich was the stale unsaleable bread given by the bakers. The staler, the better, it was found. For, staleness makes some mastication necessary, and mastication seems very powerfully to assist in the promoting of digestion. It likewise prolongs the enjoyment of eating—a matter in itself of great importance. The allowance of such soup to each person, bread included, was about a pound and a quarter, and this proved to be a sufficient meal for a healthy person, though it contained only six ounces of solid matter. Even from this the potatoes might be omitted, leaving less than five ounces of solid, but the barley was, of all its ingredients, the most essential. “No substitute,” says the philosopher, “that I could ever find for it among all the varieties of corn and pulse of the growth of Europe, ever produced half the effect; that is to say, half the nourishment at the same expense. Barley may, therefore, be considered as the rice of Great Britain. It requires, it is true, a great deal of boiling; but when it is properly managed, it thickens a vast quantity of water, and, as I suppose, prepares it for decomposition. It also gives the soup into which it enters as an ingredient a degree of richness which nothing else

can give. It has little or no taste in itself but when mixed with other ingredients which are savoury, it renders them peculiarly grateful to the palate. It is a maxim as ancient, I believe, as the time of Hippocrates, that ‘whatever pleases the palate nourishes;’ and I have often had reason to think it perfectly just. Could it be clearly ascertained and demonstrated, it would tend to place cookery in a much more respectable situation among the arts than it now holds.” Agriculturists, it is urged, have found how, in the feeding even of cattle, nourishing power is increased by cookery. “There is some undiscovered secret of nature in all this,” Count Rumford said, “and it seems to me to be more than probable that the number of inhabitants who may be supported in any country upon its internal produce, depends almost as much upon the state of the art of cookery as upon that of agriculture.” Now the cook approaches nearest to the poet, the true maker or original producer, when his soul is expressed in soup. He is a Shakespeare of the kitchen who, mastering the subtleties of animal nutrition, and penetrating as by inspiration to the deepest mysteries of food, can produce new forms in infinite diversity of palatable soup that feeds flesh, bone, and nerve.

All food should be very palatable, and nothing is easier than, by flavouring a tasteless basis, to make soup very grateful to the taste. Nothing, also, can be cheaper. By reducing indefinitely the size of the flavouring particles, they are made to act upon the palate over a wide surface, and if we can only prevent a soup thus flavoured, say with a morsel of meat, from being swallowed too soon, as by mixing it with some hard tasteless substance, such as morsels of bread toasted dry, which compel mastication, the enjoyment of eating may be very much prolonged. Enjoyments of life are few to the poor; eating was meant to be a common pleasure, and is unwholesome when it is unpleasant. Even the glutton is the better for it, if he can be shown how to gormandise for two hours upon two ounces of meat. Count Rumford was led to consider this subject, by observing, when he was with their army, how the gormandising Bavarian soldiers were stout, strong, and healthy upon twopence a day, or but half their pay, spent for the food of each. For this money they not only throve on savoury food, but procured themselves, to a surprising degree, the prolonged pleasure of eating.

The first soup contrived by Count Rumford for the Munich House of Industry, of pearl barley and peas without potatoes, cost a trifle more than a third of a penny for each of one thousand two hundred persons fed, including payment of cooks and all expenses of the kitchen. This cost was reduced by the introduction of potatoes. But against potatoes prejudice was so strong, that they were at first smuggled into a secret chamber and there boiled into a pulp which contained no evidence of their identity, before they were carried into the public kitchen and mixed with the soup. The wonderful improvement of the soup was applauded so loudly, that at last the secret was disclosed, and the potatoes got the credit due to them.

Made then with one proportion of pearl barley and one of peas to four of potatoes, bread, salt, vinegar, and water as before, the cost of each portion of soup was reduced to a farthing; or, strictly, the cost was forty-one farthings for forty dinners. The same soup in London would now cost, perhaps, a halfpenny a pint. A morsel of strong well-flavoured cheese grated and sprinkled over this soup adds to its relish. If any meat, or salt fish, or other such flavouring matter be added, it should be cut, after boiling, into pieces as small even as barleycorns, for the diffusion of its flavour, and all boiling should be very gentle, and all coppers would be the better for having double bottoms. In the Munich kitchen it was found that six hundred pints of soup could be made with only forty-four pounds of pine wood, for the philosopher attended not more carefully to the economy of food than to the economy of fuel, of which commonly one-half is wasted that is burnt in every kitchen. For the cheapest soup he can suggest, Count Rumford's receipt is, "Take of water eight gallons, and, mixing it with five pounds of barley-meal, boil it to the consistency of a thick jelly. Season it with salt, pepper, vinegar, sweet herbs, and four red herrings pounded in a mortar. Instead of bread, add five pounds of Indian corn made into samp, stir together with a ladle, and serve up in portions of twenty ounces." Samp is Indian corn deprived of its husks by ten or twelve hours' soaking in water and wood-ashes, the kernels being afterwards simmered for a couple of days, until they swell to a great size and burst. The proper cost of a portion of this soup and samp would be something less than the third of a penny, if the Indian corn were obtained at its fair price of five farthings a pound.

There was lately left with us "for conscientious consideration," together with a newspaper cutting in evidence that death by starvation is no unknown horror amidst the wealth of London, a small packet of greasy powder, labelled "Count Rumford's Soup improved." The benevolent idea was, that in all impoverished districts there should be sold such packets professing to give the substance of a pint of good soup for a halfpenny. We conscientiously followed the directions, which were simply to boil for three minutes in a pint of water over a moderate fire. The result was a thin brown liquid, by no means palatable. We boiled on for twenty minutes, stirring most assiduously, for the powder had a suspicious resemblance to a halfpenny-worth of groats seasoned with a dash of meat grease, and a sprinkling of caraway-seeds. But the soup, though improved by more boiling, did not thicken, and although one might conceive it welcome to one perishing from hunger, starvation must, we thought, have set in very decidedly before any one could be persuaded to gulp down a pint of it. The dry groats of which gruel is made, or Indian meal, might, of course, cunningly mixed with pea-powder, burnt onion, dried celery, a pinch of dried and pounded herring, or other cheap flavourings, be sold in halfpenny packets,

which would make a pint of thin but wholesome brown soup-flavoured gruel, and the honest manufacture and sale of such soup-powders would, as our correspondent rightly feels, be of unquestionable advantage to the very poor.

But it is hard to say who should despair of food who can compass the three requisites for soup-making—fire, water, and an iron pot. In this noble form of soup, cookery seems actually to create food. The waste bread and scrapings of the rolling-pin and pasteboard, the refuse cabbage-leaves and stalks, and turnip-parings, pea-shells, and discarded outside bits of celery, the rind of bacon, fish-bones, and the meat-bones of London, would, rightly economised in every house, feed a small army of poor. There should be no kitchen without its pot-au-feu constantly simmering, into which is cast, not without strict regard to cleanliness, every rejected scrap that contains nourishment, and out of which can be drawn daily liquor of life, which a slight touch of the cook's skill makes into palatable soup either for the household itself, or for the poorer households that are brought into a right social relation with its inmates. In the Crimea, before English soldiers knew how to turn their food to account, every knot of French privates had its pot-au-feu, or black pot, into which the men clubbed to throw their inferior rations with what few vegetables they could get, and even sorrel and nettles gathered on the spot: thus getting quarts of good soup and savoury stews out of the most unpromising materials. When poor Soyer, who taught some of this lesson to us in the Crimea, and well understood, with all his pleasant vanities, the highest social function of a cook, went to instruct the Irish, he found very unwilling pupils. They said, "It's making pigs of us he is, to tell us to stew offal and scrapings." And yet, how nourishing and palatable is the food thus scorned.

Look at the sturdy Norman peasant who is half built out of cabbage soup. You see in his poor cottage the clean brass soup-pan filled with fresh water from the spring, and kept under a close wicker cover that looks like a flat beehive. A string from the cover passes through a pulley on the ceiling, and the other end hangs ready to the hand of the housewife when she shreds her cabbage-leaves and other vegetables. By a pull at the string she lifts the cover as she tosses the cut leaves into her pan, then dropping it immediately, to keep the flies and dust out of the food. The bright soup-pan remains under the basket until it is placed over the fire, and when the soup is made, it is replaced under the same cover until the soup is served on the table. In no duke's kitchen is there a nicer sense of cleanliness. Now, many a strong fellow eats nothing but this soup and bread. After the cabbage has been boiled some time, there are added a few bits of bread and onion fried in butter or fat. Or, the good Norman housewife begins with the grease and onions, adds the cabbage and water, boils for a long time, and throws in the bread just before serving.

By our sea-shore, we might imitate the Norman method of reducing little white fish in the stew-pot with a few herbs into a sort of water souchi called bouillabaise, which is capital eating, cools into a clear and very firm jelly, and, if kept hot, with water added, remains good for a long time. Of all this, and of much else in French cottage cookery, delightful accounts will be found in a couple of recent volumes entitled *Life in Normandy*, showing how a genial and accomplished Highland laird, now dead, made himself at home by the Bay of Cancale, and cleverly observed and recorded what he saw with an especial eye to the better feeding of the poor in his own land, for "it was suggested that ingenious foreign devices and engines for ensnaring, growing, and gathering food, and for making it eatable, might be so described as to benefit the poor at home, whose single dish of potatoes might easily be varied at a small cost." It was argued that a good cheap dinner at home would tempt a poor man from bad dear drink abroad, and that a poor Scotchman's wife might be taught to do that which poor wives do elsewhere. Enlivening the execution of his main purpose with a pleasant setting of the incidents of life in Normandy, the Scotch laird made a broth of a book, wholesome victual and good entertainment, as all wholesome victual ought to be.

A curious passage in this gentleman's experience, backed by what he was told in Normandy, raises the question of snail-soup. We do eat sea-snails, periwinkles, but we leave the land-snails and slugs to consume our fruits, hearing only with a shiver that in other lands they have been found eatable. Now it is said that soup made of the common black slug is one of the lightest and most nutritious kinds of food that can be given to an invalid.

In a gravel-pit near Sydenham an Irishman and his family once squatted. They built a hovel near the side of the pit, and the man earned large wages as a gravel-digger, till he was one day killed by the fall of a bank he was cutting. The widow and children continued to live in the hut, and it was remarked that although they had no visible means of subsistence, she and her children were more fat and rosy than any labourer's family in the parish. Hen-roosts having been robbed, and sheep stolen, suspicion of course fell on the widow, a search-warrant was obtained, and the constables, finding a good-sized cask, containing what they took to be the stolen meat cut into little morsels, wheeled the cask off on a hand-barrow, and carried the woman off with it to the magistrate, her children following her, weeping bitterly. "Oh, darling," she said to a friendly youth who passed, "spake for me and the children; it's not mutton, though it's their meat and mine, and has kept death from our door this bitter winter!" What it was she would not tell before "them blackguards" the constables. But when the magistrate had inspected the barrel, and also declaring its contents not to be mutton, asked her to tell what it did contain, in order to clear herself of all suspicion, she replied, "Send them fellows away,

and I will tell your honour." To the magistrate's private ear she accordingly confided that she and her children were living on salted slugs. She had seen them given to a young man in Ireland sick of consumption, and he throve and got quite fat upon them. When destitute, she thought that what had been so good for him might feed her children. First, she tried them fresh, and finding that the children throve, she took to salting them. Her way was to drop them into boiling water, and afterwards lay them with salt in a cask. She and her children had prepared two casks full, which had fed them all the winter, and the cask now seized contained the remainder of her store. The poor woman's secret was kept from the constables, but told to a few neighbouring gentry, who subscribed that the widow might in future not want bread.

A Norman landlady was asked whether the people in her part of the world ever ate snails? "Yes," she said, "they are sometimes used here, but only as a medicine. In La Vendée, and some other parts of France, they are eaten (the Lord defend me!) from taste. When my husband was on service in the army, he was a sous-officier, and was caterer for their mess. Among the sous-officers there was a sergeant who belonged to La Vendée, with whom he had a quarrel, and they fought with sabres. Their dispute was about snails, for this man would always bring a capful of these creatures, which he cooked and ate at the table with my husband, though it made him sick to see them. Well, my husband desired him to give up such nasty tastes, which interference he took much amiss, so they fought, and gave each other some very pretty blows with the edge, and then they were good friends again, only the Vendéan agreed to eat his snails at another mess. After this, you would hardly believe that it was my husband whom I first saw cooking snails; yet so it was. A girl who was in our house as servant, had a very bad illness of the chest; she was constantly spitting blood, and all the doctors said she must die. We were very sorry, for she was a good girl and pleased us, when my husband remembered that he had heard of such wonders being done for illnesses of the chest by soup au Limosin; so he set to work to prepare some for the poor girl as he had seen it made by the sergeant in La Vendée. He gave it to her, and she had faith, for she got better. She then learnt to cook it for herself, and took it twice a day, and she got quite well and fat, and now she is married and has two fine boys."

If any of our readers wish to try slug or snail soup, here is the Vendéan recipe for making it: In summer take of slugs—in winter, when no slugs are to be found, take of snails—a sufficiency. Snails with stripes on their shells have a bad taste, and are to be rejected; use only those having their shells all of one colour. Put them for a minute in boiling water, and they will come out of their shells quite easily. A little bit of hard matter is taken from the head, and afterwards they are stewed for a long time in milk. This is winter soup. But in summer

you use slugs, which have to be freed of their slime. They are first plunged, therefore, in boiling water, to kill them; then they are washed in cold water, when a great deal of slime comes off, after which they are stewed in water for a long time, and milk and seasoning added; or they are stewed in milk in the same way as the snails.

The Chinese, who waste no victuals, of course have recognised the worth of slugs.

In meat soups, the delight of the palate is supplied by osmazome, which forms the brown upon roast meat, and is that sapid portion which is soluble in cold water. The merit of a good soup is its osmazome. It is the groundwork of all great soups, and its removal by cooks, who withdrew the first bouillon or soup, led Abbé Chevrier to invent caldrons with lock and key.

The object of soup-making from meat is to dissolve as much as possible in the water of the soup, the sapid and nourishing contents of the solid meat. For this purpose the meat should be finely divided, minced, or even pounded. Except in the hottest weather, it is of advantage to let the meat soak in cold water for from four to eight hours, then warm slowly, and simmer for a long time without letting the heat rise to bubbling point. Another cardinal point in soup-making of more than one ingredient is the necessity of remembering that each article takes its own time for fit cookery, and that to put them all at once into a pot and boil away is barbarism. The Spaniard, with his puchero cookery, boils each variety of meat or other raw material for its own time in its own pipkin, and then contrives that they shall all be ready for mixture at the instant when the cookery of each is in its perfection. As Count Rumford began with his barley, and, at a certain stage in the cooking of that, added his potatoes, leaving to the last his bread—so the thoughtful soup-maker in the poorest or the richest household must time seasonably each addition to the brew. With discretion in this matter, time, patience, and not too much fire, it needs only pepper, salt, and a few herbs or scraps of vegetable, to get good soup out of anything in which the elements of food exist.

BOYS RUN WILD.

THE nearest approach to a wild boy, says Mr. Burnet Tylor—in the amusing new journal, the *Anthropological Review*, which is the source of all this information—was to be found in Germany, after the desolating spirit of Napoleon had breathed over the land. The countries ravaged by his armies fell into utter misery. Children without parents and friends, destitute and homeless, were quite common in Germany. Several of them were brought to the shelter of Count von der Reche's asylum at Overdyke, and two of these had fallen more nearly into the condition of wild animals, were more nearly beast children, than any others of whom there is unquestionable record. One

of these children was brought in ragged and bleeding. Unable to tell his name, he was called Clemens, since he was received upon St. Clement's day. With a power of speech almost as limited as Caspar Hauser's when first found, nearly all that he could make intelligible was, that he came "from the other side of the water." He had also a large vocabulary of frightful curses. He had been set to keep a peasant's swine, had lived with them, and been shut up with them at night. Scantily fed, he used to suck the milch sow, and eat with the little pigs. When first received at Overdyke he had to be kept out of the salad-beds as if he were himself a pig, for in the garden he would go down on all fours, and grub among the growing vegetables with his projecting teeth. He retained also a brotherly regard for the whole race of pigs, and understood them so well that they would let him ride upon their backs. His pleasantest memories were incidents of his life among them as a child. This Clemens, who had a narrow head and a low forehead, was of imperfect intellect, though not an idiot. Given to laughter, and open to kindness, he was liable also to uncontrollable fits of passion. Once, when he had tried to murder his benefactor with a woodcutter's axe that he held in his hand, he was carried away laughing to confinement.

The other wild boy at the Overdyke asylum, had learnt to live as the beasts of the forest, only prowling about villages of nights to steal food. He climbed trees for eggs and birds, that he ate raw, and had extraordinary knowledge of birds and their habits. To each that he knew, he gave a name of its own, and it is said that the birds seemed to recognise the names he whistled after them.

Sir William Sleeman, in his narrative of a journey through the kingdom of Oude, gives a very curious account of a boy, said to have been taken when running on all fours with a she-wolf and her three cubs. They were all seen coming down to the river to drink when the boy was caught. The wolves, left to themselves, are very numerous among the ravines which run down to the banks of the Goomtee river. They are wolf preserves, for the Hindoo belief, that a drop of wolf's blood spilt within the bounds of any village dooms the village to destruction, acts more powerfully for wolf protection than a game law. The vagrants, with whom no conscience pleads for the protection of the wolves, are said to divide spoil with them after this fashion: Very young children go about with costly ornaments upon them. Wolves carry off and eat the children, but reject the ornaments among their refuse, and for the chance of finding these, the vagrants patronise the wolves, and are on visiting terms with them.

Getting more apocryphal as it proceeds, the native account of the habits of wolves goes on to say that a he-wolf always eats the children he gets, and so does a she-wolf, except when she is suckling; in that case she rears with her own young the stolen baby. Now as to the particular boy whom Sir William Sleeman found at

Sultanpoor, and who was said to have been caught when trotting down on all fours with the wolf foster-mother, and his three cubs of foster-brothers, to the river to drink. When first caught, he had to be tied, that he might not run off into holes and dens. He ran away from adults, but ran at children, snarling like a dog, to bite them. He ate his meat raw, dog fashion, using his hands as forepaws; would let a dog share with him, but snarled if a man came near. The boy was sent to Captain Nicholetts, commanding the First Oude Local Infantry, with whom he became tamer; but he growled when teased, ran to his food on all fours, and ate whatever was thrown to him, preferring raw meat and bones to gnaw. He could eat half a lamb at a time, drink a pitcher of buttermilk without drawing breath, and would pick up and eat earth and small stones. He delighted in food, but he detested clothing. In cold weather they gave him a quilt, but he tore it up and ate it bit by bit with his bread. This boy was of repulsive aspect; he shunned human society, preferring that of dogs, but when his favourite, a pariah dog that came and helped him off with his dinners, was shot because he was depriving the young foundling of his food, the boy showed no concern whatever at his loss. This "beast child," who was supposed to have been taken from the she-wolf at nine or ten years old, lived three years among men, signifying wants by a few signs—when hungry he pointed to his mouth—and was never known to speak till a few minutes before his death, when he put his hand to his head and said it ached, asked for some water, drank it, and then died. These few words spoken before death might have been the return of an old childish impression.

Another of Sir William's stories is of a boy said to have been carried off by a wolf when three years old, and while his parents were working in the fields at Chupra. Six years afterwards he was caught when going down to the river with three wolf cubs, and recognised by a birth-mark, as well as by the scar of a scald and the marks of the wolf's teeth in his loins; for she had been seen to take him and carry him off by his loins. This boy was alive at the time of Sir W. Sleeman's visit. He could not articulate words, his knees and elbows were hardened with going on all fours. He followed his mother about for what he could get, but at night, he would make off to the jungle. He also liked his meat uncooked. The village boys threw frogs to him, and he ate them. When a bullock died and its skin was taken off, he would go and eat it like a village dog.

The unproved fact in the case of both these idiot boys, who had been outcasts in the woods, is the wolf-nursing. The notion of wolf-rearing is commonly attached in India to the outcast idiot children, who are sometimes found living, like the beasts, upon what garbage they can find.

In Poland the same belief once gave to such unhappy children credit or discredit for having been reared among the bears. Of one such boy, caught two centuries ago in a bear hunt, it is

said that he appeared to be eight or nine years old, went on all fours, and ate greedily such things as bears love—raw flesh, apples, and honey. He was taken to the king at Warsaw and baptised Joseph. With difficulty he was taught to walk upright. He never could learn Polish, but expressed his views of life with an ursine growl. The king gave him to a vice-chamberlain, who employed him to carry wood for his kitchen. He never lost his wildness, and sometimes escaped into the woods, where the bears never molested him.

Such stories are not more credible, though more honestly set forth, than that of the Irish boy exhibited at Amsterdam, as having been reared by a sheep, so that he ran upon all fours, cropped grass, and bleated.

MARVELLOUS LIGHTNING.

THUNDER-CLOUDS have been described as fermenting; having really an appearance recalling that of fermentation. A learned observer has likened these clouds to a cheese full of mites, agitated in every part, and yet never changing place. Although everybody knows thunder-clouds when they see them, very few persons have watched their formation. The thunder-cloud is composed of different kinds of clouds. At some of the points of the horizon clouds arise like heaped up masses of cotton or dome-shaped mountains covered with snow; and these clouds are seen swelling and stretching until they unite, and make one vast cloud: then another very thick or black cloud appears as if resting on the earth, which is seen spreading until it reaches the other cloud, and sends its darkness through it or over it; the whole mass may be observed shooting forth branches, and overspreading the sky, and blending with the little scattered cloudlets like tufts of wool floating hurriedly towards it, until the louring whole blackens with a purple or inky black the heavens from the welkin to the horizon, and the commotions or fermentations, or rather the million-fold rubbings and collisions going on within it, announce the gathering together of the elements of thunder and lightning. The storm is brewing. Franklin long ago remarked that a single cloud could not become a thunder-cloud. Thunder-storms are battles of the clouds. Saussure said he had never seen a thunder-storm except from a conflict of clouds. But storms may come from the battles of clouds lying in layers above each other, and coming into collision not horizontally, but perpendicularly, from the clouds of the plains and valleys going up to fight the clouds hanging upon the mountains—their collisions announcing themselves by gusts of wind, by lightning and thunder, hail and rain.

Yet, Arago has exhumed records to the contrary purport. If these recorded observations have been made by careful and competent witnesses, lightning and thunder have, contrary to what all the theories would lead us to expect, issued from solitary and isolated clouds. On the 12th of September, 1747, a small and perfectly round cloud, about a foot and a half

across, darted forth suddenly a thunderbolt which killed a woman of the name of Bordenave by burning her bosom without injuring her clothes. According to the statement of Duhamel du Monceau, on the 30th of July, 1764, there issued from a small solitary cloud, in bright sunshine, a thunderbolt which struck an elm-tree very near the château Denainvilliers, tearing off a strip of bark. Bergman saw the lightning dart to a church steeple from a very small cloud in a very clear sky. Captain Hossard saw a small cap of cloud forming around a mountain-top called the Colombier de Gex, five thousand two hundred and fifty feet high, which in a few seconds afterwards sent forth a clap of thunder. These singular cases require to be explained by further and more complete observations.

The smoke of volcanoes is often corruscated by serpentine fires or long furrows of flames, resembling zigzag flashes of lightning. These flames are sometimes accompanied with thunder-claps. Science may learn something, I submit, by directing attention to these thunder-storms in volcanic clouds. Assuming their flashes to be electric, may they not be similar to the sparks which issue from the steam of locomotive boilers?

Scarcely less remarkable than the volcanic lightnings, are the vitrifications from lightning observable on the rocks of lofty mountains such as Mont Blanc. But the greatest heights of thunder-clouds is said to occur above plains. Fatal thunder-storms have burst forth above plains, the estimated elevation of which, so high were they, was not less than twenty-six thousand feet; and fatal thunder-storms have raged in valleys the upper surface of which was not more than ninety-two feet.

Forked or zigzag lightning has been observed describing the track of a V and of a reversed A. Trident or three-pronged lightnings have been seen within the volcanic dust clouds of Mont Etna. Kaemtz, the German meteorologist, saw a flash of lightning split into three forks. A three-pronged flash of lightning struck at Freiburg on the 25th of June, 1794: the middle point struck a house near the cathedral, the southern prong set fire to a house near a mill in the suburb, and the northern prong or flash set fire to a cottage near an adjoining village. The ancients called fork lightning, when it struck the ground, the thunderbolt. In sheet lightnings the clouds seem to rend their black veil and reveal their inward brightness.

Lightning often resembles balls of fire differing in size from the size of bullets, to that of eggs, bombshells, globes, casks, and balloons.

Lightning has been known to strike upwards. An astonishing instance of this occurrence is recorded by Arago. Upon the top of Mount St. Ursula, a lofty mountain in Styria, there is a church. On the 1st of May, 1700, Jean Baptiste Werloschnigg, Doctor in Medicine, and a group of other persons, were standing in the porch of this church upon the top of the high mountain. Down the mountain, and half way towards the bottom of the valley, black clouds were gathering, and soon they displayed

all the grandeur and terror of a great thunder-storm. The spectators in the porch of course deemed themselves quite safe where they were, the air being serene around them and the sun shining on them brightly, yet seven of them were struck down dead. Lightning darted suddenly up from the upper surface of the cloud, and killed them by Dr. Werloschnigg's side, on whose testimony the extraordinary fact is recorded by M. Arago.

Professor Charles Wheatstone, by curious calculations and ingenious machines, found out how to estimate the duration of a flash of lightning. This is not the place to explain how time can be calculated to the thousandth part of a second. But it may be stated here that he ascertained from his experiments, and competent men accepted his results, that the most brilliant fork and the widest sheet lightnings endure less than the thousandth part of a second of time. But I have to state a greater wonder still. The duration of the spark of the electrical machine is not the millionth part of a second, and yet I have seen Mr. Talbot produce photographs by its transient light!

Thunder-clouds occur which are continuously luminous. The sky at Beziers, says M. Rozier, on the 15th of August, 1781, became, after sunset, quite dark, and whilst he was watching the lightnings, a band appeared about three feet wide, and stretching an angle of about sixty degrees. Then, there came another above it about half the length with a space of equal length between them. These luminous zones were nearer the earth than the storm-clouds, and lasted nearly a quarter of an hour.

Beccaria of Turin records having seen in very dark winter nights, and during the intervals between falls of snow, clouds emitting red light sufficiently bright to enable him to read ordinary print. The phosphorescence of clouds must not be confounded with the aurora borealis. General Sabine, and President of the Royal Society, when engaged in determining the lines of magnetic force, remained some time at anchor in Loch Scavig, in the Isle of Sky. This loch is surrounded with high mountains of bare rock, one of which is almost always in a cloud of vapours, brought by south-westerly winds from the Atlantic. Streamers ascended from it. But although they resembled auroras, they proceeded from the cloud itself, and were not auroras seen through it. Irish fogs are sometimes phosphorescent.

The "corn-bleck" of the Swedish and Scottish peasants, is silent lightning which is accused of blighting barley. There have been many records made of silent lightning. In some instances the lightnings flashed for a long time without any thunder having been heard. Thunder, on the contrary, has issued from clear, cloudless, and serene skies, in which no lightning was seen. Volney, to say nothing of more ancient instances, has recorded that on the 13th of July, 1788, he heard at eight and three-fourths geographical miles from New Orleans four or five thunder-claps, the sky being without clouds. These thunderings of serene skies have occurred in countries in which they

could not be referred to the subterranean noises of volcanic countries—which, by an acoustic illusion not yet, says M. Arago, satisfactorily explained—and appear to issue from the air.

The sulphur-like odour of lightning has been often described. This smell has been so strong that it has sometimes almost suffocated travellers. When Boyle, author of a General History of the Air, was residing upon the borders of the Lake of Geneva, the sulphureous smell of lightning almost overpowered a sentry. After the British ship *Montague* was struck in 1749 by a globe of fire, the smell seemed to be nothing but sulphur. At three in the afternoon of the 31st of December, 1778, the East India Company's ship *Atlas* was struck by lightning, and a sailor killed at the cross-trees, whilst a sulphurous smell was developed which lasted throughout all that day and the whole of the following night. The French ship of the line *Golymin* was struck in 1812; "and in going," says an eye-witness, "through the ship after the accident, I was accompanied by an officer and the master gunner. On arriving at the great powder magazine in the after-part of the ship I found it untouched, but when I had the adjoining bread-room opened there issued from it a thick and black smoke, and sulphureous smell, which nearly suffocated us, although the master gunner had opened the door a very little way, and instantaneously reclosed it. We directly afterwards entered the place and found no trace of fire, but a complete overturning of its contents; more than twenty thousand biscuits had been tossed about without our being able to find any traces of the path which the fulminating matter must have followed to arrive at the spot."

Liebig found nitric acid combined with lime or ammonia in rain-water which had fallen during a thunder-storm. And it was in nitric acid that Priestly, Cavendish, and Lavoisier reunited the azote and oxygen gases of which the atmosphere is compounded.

Lightning fuses metals. Aristotle, in his Meteorology, says the coppering upon a shield has sometimes been melted without the wood on it having been injured. "Silver money," says Seneca, "is melted without the purse which contains it being injured; the sword is fused in the scabbard, which remains unhurt; and the iron of the javelin flows down the wood, and the wood does not catch fire." Pliny says "that gold, silver, and copper contained in a bag, may be melted by lightning without the bag being burnt, and without the wax upon the seal of it being softened." In 1781, two French gentlemen, M. de Gautran and M. d'Aussac, were riding together in the neighbourhood of Castres, when they were caught in a storm. A flash of lightning at the same instant killed both their horses and M. d'Aussac. The sword which M. d'Aussac wore having been carefully examined, it was found that an upper and a lower part of the shell of the silver hilt, and about half an inch of the point of the blade, were superficially fused; and an oblong hole was pierced through the piece of iron forming the end of the scabbard. About thirteen inches from the hilt, a

small bit of the upper edge of the sword was fused, and opposite this fusion the scabbard was perforated. M. de Gautran, who was at the side of M. d'Aussac, carried a large hunting-knife, and the small silver chain which hung from the hilt to the guard of this knife, was found to be fused and detached. Fusion was observable, also, on the silver mounting of the hilt, on the silver end of the scabbard, and at the end of the blade; but, unlike the scabbard of the sword, the scabbard of the knife was not burnt at the corresponding places. Most singular are these cases, in which in apparently identical circumstances one man is killed and the other at his side is unhurt, or one scabbard burnt through, and the other unscorched. Lightning has been known to fuse the links of a chain without leaving a trace of the fusion, or of the fused links. In 1825, a gold chain was broken by lightning while it was around the neck of a lady, and the fragments were given to M. Arago, who, however, could not discover any trace of fusion upon them. The probability is, that the lost links had been volatilised by the lightning. For, when threads of gilt silk are subjected to a strong current of electricity, the gilt is volatilised, the silk threads remaining unbroken. When ships have been struck by lightning, bits of melted iron have sometimes been found burnt into the deck. And a similar thing once happened in Southwark. In the month of June, 1759, a house was struck by lightning, and the servants in one of the rooms said "they saw it raining fire." The cause of this appearance was the melting of a bell-wire, which fell down in roundish drops, burning their way into the wooden floor. Cases have occurred in which lightning has not fused metallic rods, but has softened or shortened them.

However wonderful these effects of lightning upon metals may be deemed, the effects of lightning upon stones are surpassingly wonderful. Lightning vitrifies not merely exposed rocks, but stones in the earth. In July, 1725, a flash of lightning at Mixbury, in Northamptonshire, struck upon a flock of sheep, killing five of them and their shepherd. Near the feet of the shepherd, two holes were observed, almost round for half their depth, about three or four inches across, and about three feet deep. The Rev. Dr. Joseph Wasse examined these holes, digging carefully on every side of them. Half way down, each hole forked into two branches. In the direction of one of these branch holes there was found a very hard stone, about a quarter of a yard long, five or six inches wide, and four inches thick; and this stone was divided by a recent crack, and its surface was vitrified.

A tower having been struck by lightning at Bologna, Beccaria found that the mortar, of lime and sand, had been fused into a greenish vitrification. A man taking shelter under an oak in Lord Aylesford's park, on the 3rd of September, 1789, was killed by lightning, which struck the oak. When killed, the man held a stick in his hand, and down this wet stick the lightning descended into the ground, making a hole five

inches deep, and two and a half wide. Dr. Withering, examining the spot only a few minutes after the accident, saw only in the hole some burnt roots of grass. Lord Aylesford ordered a small pyramid to be built upon the spot, with an inscription warning passers-by not to seek shelter in thunderstorms under trees. When digging for the foundation, the workmen observed that the soil forming the sides of the perforation was blackened to a depth of ten inches; and two inches lower the quartzose soil was fused. Dr. Withering sent to the Royal Society, with a memoir, specimens consisting of a quartzose stone, one of the corners of which had been completely fused, a block of sand agglutinated by the heat, there being no calcareous or limy matter among the grains, smaller pieces, all having some hollow part, and a mass having a hollow part so perfectly fused that the quartzose matter, after having flowed along the cavity, presented at the bottom of it a globular appearance.

Lightning sometimes fuses quartz sand into the form of large vitreous tubes, called fulgurites. There need be no discussion respecting this fact, for lightning has been caught in the act of making its way through sand, of fusing the sand instantly, and of forming it into long hollow vitreous tubes, sometimes thirty or forty feet long. On the 17th of July, 1823, near the village of Rauschen, in the province of Samland, near the Baltic, lightning struck a birch-tree and set fire to a juniper-bush. Several persons ran to the spot, and observed two deep and narrow holes, one of which felt warm to the touch. Professor Hagan, of Königsberg, had the holes carefully dug round. Nothing particular was observed in the first, the one which had felt warm, notwithstanding the rain, nor in the other, until they had dug more than a foot down, where a vitrified tube began. The walls of tube being extremely thin, it was fragile, and could be taken out only in fragments an inch or two long. The vitreous surface was inside, was very shining, of a pearl-grey colour, and speckled throughout its whole length with brown spots. But Boyle has recorded a fact quite as remarkable as any of these cases of vitrification. "Two large drinking-glasses, exactly alike, stood side by side upon a table. Lightning entered the apartment, and appeared to dart so directly to the glasses that it seemed as if it must have passed between them. Neither of them, however, was broken. In one, Boyle noticed a very slight alteration of the form; but the other had been so very much bent (which necessarily implies softening), that it could hardly stand upright on its base.

The holes which lightning pierces in the objects it strikes are sometimes very curious. In August, 1777, lightning struck the church of the Holy Sepulchre, at Cremona. The iron cross on the top of the church was broken, and the weathercock thrown some distance. This weathercock was made of tinned copper, and covered with a coat of oil paint. When picked up and examined, the weathercock was found to

be pierced by eighteen holes, and, what was most singular, there were nine edges of the holes standing out at each of the opposite sides! And yet the opinion of very eminent students of electricity is, that in this, as in other similar cases, the whole of the holes were pierced by a single stroke of lightning!

There is a very singular case on record of lightning doing precisely the same damage in the same church in the same month of two successive years. This occurred to the church of Antrasme, near Laval. On the 20th of June, 1763, lightning struck the steeple, fused the gilding of pictures, blackened the decorations of niches, blackened and half burnt two pewter sacramental wine-flasks, and drilled two holes in the credence-table. Of course all these injuries were repaired; the picture-frames were re-gilt, the holes were plugged, and the paint-work repainted. On the 20th of June in the following year, lightning again struck the steeple and again entered the church, re-blackening the gilt, re-burning the flasks, and driving out the plugs.

That lightning can throw heavy bodies considerable distances with great force is well known, but few persons have any adequate idea of the weight of the bodies transported, or of the force with which they are projected. Two instances will suffice to show that this power of lightning is immense. The Rev. George Low, of Fetlar, in Scotland, says that "at Funzie, in the parish of Fetlar, about the middle of the last century, a rock of mica schist, one hundred and five feet long, ten feet broad, and in some places four feet thick, was in an instant torn from its bed and broken into three large and several lesser fragments. One of these fragments, twenty-six feet long, ten feet broad, and four thick, was simply turned over. The second and larger fragment, twenty-eight feet long, ten feet broad, and five feet thick, was projected over an elevated point a distance of fifty yards. And the largest mass of the three, about forty feet long, was sent still further, but in the same direction, and right into the sea. Lesser fragments were scattered up and down. Scarcely less surprising was the force with which lightning split the mizenmast of the *Patriote* during the night of the 11th of July, 1852, in the port of Cherbourg. The mast was split eighty feet down, and one fragment, six and a half feet long and about eight inches square at the thicker end, was driven two hundred and sixty-two feet and a half, the thick end foremost, nearly half its length through an oaken plank one inch thick until stopped by a knot.

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VERY HARD CASH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

CHAPTER XIV.

IN the narrative of home events I skipped a little business, not quite colourless, but irrelevant to the love passages then on hand. It has however a connexion with the curious events now converging to a point: so, with the reader's permission, I will place it in logical sequence, disregarding the order of time. The day Dr. Sampson splashed among the ducks, and one of them hid till dinner, the rest were seated at luncheon, when two patients were announced as waiting—Mr. and Mrs. Maxley. Sampson refused to see them, on this ground: "I will not feed, and heal." But Mrs. Dodd interceded, and he yielded. "Well, then, show them in here; they are better cracters than pashints." On this, a stout fresh-coloured woman, the picture of health, was ushered in, and curtseyed all round.

"Well, what is the matter now?" inquired Sampson, rather roughly.

"Be seated, Mrs. Maxley," said Mrs. Dodd, benignly.

"I thank ye kindly, ma'am;" and she sat down. "Doctor, it is that pain."

"Well, don't say 'that pain.' Describe it. Now listen, all of ye; ye're goen to get a clinical lecture."

"If *you* please, ma'am," said the patient, "it takes me here under my left breast, and runs right to my elbow, it do: and bitter bad 'tis while it do last; chokes me, mostly; and I feel as I *must* die: and if I was to move hand or fut, I think I *should* die, that I do."

"Poor woman," said Mrs. Dodd.

"Oh, she isn't dead yet," cried Sampson, cheerfully. "She'll sell addled eggs over all our tombstones: that is to say, if she minds what I bid her. When was your last spasm?"

"No longer agone than yestereen, ma'am; and so I said to my master, 'the doctor he is due to-morrow Sally up at Albion tells me; and—'"

"Whisht! whisht! who cares what you said to Jack, and Jill said to you? What was the cause?"

"The cause! What, of my pain? He says, 'what was the cause?'"

"Ay, the cause. Just obsairve, jintlemen," said Sampson, addressing imaginary students, "how startled they all are, if a docker deviates from professional habits into scieince, and takes the right end of the stick for once b' asking for the cause."

"The cause was the will of God, I do suppose," said Mrs. Maxley.

"Stuff!" shouted Sampson, angrily. "Then why come to mortal me to cure you?"

Alfred put in his oar. "He does not mean the 'final cause,' he means the 'proximate cause.'"

"My poor dear creature, I baint no Latiner," objected the patient.

Sampson fixed his eyes sternly on the slippery dame. "What I want to know is, had you been running up-stairs? or eating fast? or drinking fast? or grizzling over twopence? or quarrelling with your husband? Come now, which was it?"

"Me quarrel with my man! We haven't never been disagreeable, not once, since we went to church a pair and came back a couple. I don't say but what we mayn't have had a word or two at odd times, as married folk will."

"And the last time you had a word or two—y' infairnal quibbler—was it just before your last spasm, eh?"

"Well, it might; I am not gainsaying that: but you said quarrel, says you; 'quarrel' it were your word; and I defy all Barkton, gentle and simple, to say as how me and my master—"

"Whisht! whisht! Now, jintlemen, ye see what the great coming scieince—the scieince of Healing—has to contind with. The dox are all fools; but one: and the pashints are lyres, ivery man Jack. N' listen me; y' have got a disease that you can't eradicate; but you may muzzle it for years, and die of something quite different when your time's up."

"Like enough, sir. If *you* please, ma'am, Dr. Stephenson do blame my indigestion for it."

"Dr. Stephenson's an ass."

"Dear heart, how cantankerous you be. To be sure Dr. Osmond he says no: it's muscular, says he."

"Dr. Osmond's an ijjit! List me! You mustn't grizzle about money; you mustn't gobble, nor drink your beer too fast."

"You are wrong, doctor; I never drink no beer: it costs."

"Your catlap, then. And, above all, no griz-

zling! Go to church whenever you can without losing a farthing. It's medicinal; soothes the brain, and takes it off worldly cares. And have no words with your husband: or he'll outlive you; it's his only chance of getting the last word. Care killed a cat, a nanimal with eight lives more than a chatterbox. If you worry or excite your brain, little Maxley, you will cook your own goose—by a quick fire."

"Dear heart, these be unked sayings. Won't ye give me nothing to make me better, sir?"

"No; I never tinker; I go to the root: you may buy a viler of chlorofin, and take a puff if ye feel premonory symps; but a quite brain is your only real chance. Now slope! and send the male serew."

"Anan?"

"Your husband."

"That I will, sir. Your sarvant, doctor; your sarvant, ma'am; sarvant all the company."

Mrs. Dodd hoped the poor woman had nothing very serious the matter.

"Oh, it is a mortal disease," replied Sampson, as cool as a cucumber. "She has got angina pictoris, or brist-pang, a disorder that admirably exemplifies the pretinsions of medicine t' a sceince." And with this he dashed into a long monologue.

Maxley's tall gaunt form came slouching in, and traversed the floor, pounding it with heavy nailed boots. He seated himself gravely at Mrs. Dodd's invitation, took a handkerchief out of his hat, wiped his face, and surveyed the company, grand and calm. In James Maxley all was ponderous; his head was huge; his mouth, when it fairly opened, revealed a chasm, and thence issued a voice naturally stentorian by its volume and native vigour. But when the owner of this incarnate bassoon had a mind to say something sagacious, he sank at once from his habitual roar to a sound scarce above a whisper; a contrast mighty comical to hear, though on paper nil.

"Well, what is it, Maxley? Rheumatism again?"

"No, that it ain't," bellowed Maxley, defiantly.

"What then? Come, look sharp."

"Well, then, doctor, I'll tell you. I'm sore troubled—with—a—mouse."

This malady, announced in the tone of a proclamation, and coming after so much solemn preparation, amused the party considerably, although parturient mountains had ere then produced museipular abortions.

"A mouse!" inquired Sampson, disdainfully.

"Where? up your sleeve? Don't come to me: go t' a sawbones and have your arm cut off. I've seen 'em mutilate a pashint for as little."

Maxley said it was not up his sleeve, worse luck.

On this, Alfred hazarded a conjecture. Might it not have gone down his throat? "Took his potato-trap for the pantry-door. Ha! ha!"

"Ay, I hear ye, young man, a laughing at your own sport," said Maxley, winking his eye; "but 'tain't the biggest mouth as catches the most:

you sits yander fit to bust: but (with a roar like a lion) ye never offers me none on't, neither sup nor bit."

At this sudden turn of Mr. Maxley's wit, light and playful as a tap of the old English quarter-staff, they were a little staggered, all but Edward, who laughed and supplied him zealously with sandwiches.

"You're a gentleman, you are," said Maxley, looking full at Sampson and Alfred to point the contradistinction.

Having thus disposed of his satirists, he contemplated the sandwiches with an inquiring and philosophic eye. "Well," said he, after long and thoughtful inspection, "you gentles folks won't die of hard work; your sarvants must cut the very meat to fit your mouths." And not to fall behind the gentry in a great and useful department of intelligence, he made precisely one mouthful of each sandwich.

Mrs. Dodd was secretly amazed, and taking care not to be noticed by Maxley, said confidentially, "Monsieur avait bien raison; le souris a passé par là."

The plate cleared, and washed down with a tumbler of port, Maxley resumed, and informed the doctor that the mouse was at this moment in his garden eating his bulbs. "And I be come here to put an end to her, if I've any luck at all."

Sampson told him he needn't trouble. "Nature has put an end to her as long as her body."

Mr. Maxley was puzzled for a moment, then opened his mouth from ear to ear, in a guffaw that made the glasses ring. His humour was perverse: he was wit-proof and fun-proof; but at a feeble jest would sometimes roar like a lion inflated with laughing gas. Laughed he ever so loud and long, he always ended abruptly and without gradation; his laugh was a clean spadeful dug out of Merriment. He resumed his gravity and his theme all in an instant, "White arsenic she w on't look at, for I've tried her; but they tell me there's another sweetmeat come up: which they call it strick-nine."

"Hets! let the poor beastly alone. Life's as sweet tit as us."

"If you was a gardener, you'd feel for the bulbs, not for the varmin," remonstrated Maxley, rather arrogantly.

"But bein a man of sceince, I feel for th' higher organisation. Mice are a part of Nature; as much as market gardeners."

"So be stoats; and adders; and doctors."

Sampson appealed; "Jintlemen, here's a pretty pashint: reflects on our lairned profession, and it never cost him a guinea; for the dog never pays."

"Don't let my chaff choke ye, doctor! That warn't meant for you altogether. So if ye have got a little bit of that ere about you—"

"I'm not a rateatcher, my man: I don't go with dith in my pocket, like the surgeons that carry a lancet. And if I had Murder in both pockets, you shouldn't get any. Here's a greedy dog! got a thousand pounds in the bank; and

grudges his Healer a guinea, and his mouse a stand up bite."

"Now, who have been a telling you lies?" inquired Maxley, severely. "My missus, for a farthing. I'm not a thousand pound man; I'm a nine hundred pound man: and it's all safe at Hardie's:" here he went from his roar to his whisper, "I don't hold with Lunnon banks; they be like my missus's eggs: all one outside, and the rotten ones only known by breaking. Well (loud) I *be* pretty close, I don't deny it; but (confidentially) my missus beats me. I look twice at a penny; but she looks twice at both sides of a halfpenny before she will let him go: and it's her being so close have raised all this here bobbery; and so I told her; says I, 'Missus.—If you would but leave an end of a dip, or a paring of cheese, about your cupboard, she would bide at home; but you hungers her so, you drives her afield right on atop o' my roots.' 'Oh,' says my missus, 'if I was to be as wasteful as *you* be, where should *we* be, come Christmas day? Every tub on its own bottom,' says she; 'man and wife did ought to keep themselves *to* themselves, she to the house, and I to the garden;' 'so be it,' says I, and by the same token, don't let me catch them "Ns" in my garden again, or I'll spoil their clucking and scratching,' says I, 'for I'll twist their dalled necks: ye've got a yard,' says I, 'and a roost, and likewise a turpuke, you and your poultry: so bide at home the lot; and don't come a scratching o' me!' and with that we had a ripput; and she took one of her pangs; and then I behaved to knock under; and that is allus the way if ye quarrel with women folk; they are sworn to get the better of ye by hook or by crook, now dooee give me a bit of that ere, to quiet this here, as eats me up by the roots and sets my missus and me by the ears."

"Justum ac tenacem propositi virum," whispered Alfred to Edward.

Sampson told him angrily to go to a certain great personage.

"Not afore my betters," whispered Mr. Maxley, smit with a sudden respect for etiquette. "Won't ye now?"

"I'll see ye hanged first, ye miserly old assassin."

"Then I have nothing to thank *you* for," roared Maxley, and made his adieux, ignoring with marked contempt the false physician who declined to doctor the foe of his domestic peace and crocuses.

"Quite a passage of arms," said Edward.

"Yes," said Mrs. Dodd, "and of bludgeons and things, rather than the polished rapier. What expressions to fall from two highly educated gentlemen! Slope—Potato-trap—Sawbones—Catlap—je n'en finirais pas."

She then let them know that she meditated a "dictionary of jargon;" in hopes that its bulk might strike terror into honest citizens, and excite an anti-jargon league to save the English language, now on the verge of dissolution.

Sampson was pleased with this threat. "Now, that is odd," said he. "Why I am compilin a vocablary myself. I call 't th' ass-ass-ins' dickshinary; showing how, by the use of mealy mouthed an d'exotic phrases, knaves can lead fools by th' ear t' a vilent dith. F'r instance; if one was to say to John Bull, 'Now I'll cut a great gash in your arm and let your blood run till ye drop down senseless,' he'd take fright, and say, 'Call another time!' So the professional ass-ass-in words it thus; 'I'll bleed you from a large orifice till th' occurrence of syncope.' All right, sis John: he's bled from a lar j'orifice and dies three days after of th' assassin's knife hid in a sheath o' goose grease. But I'll blow the gaff with my dickshinary."

"Meantime *there* is another contribution to mine," said Mrs. Dodd.

And they agreed in the gaiety of their hearts to compare their rival Lexicons.

CHAPTER XV.

THEY got to the wounded captain, and raised him: he revived a little: and, the moment he caught sight of Mr. Sharpe, he clutched him, and cried, "Stunsels!"

"Oh, captain," said Sharpe, "let the ship go, it is you we are anxious for now."

At this Dodd lifted up his hands and beat the air impatiently, and cried again in the thin, querulous, voice of a wounded man, but eagerly, "STUNSELS! STUNSELS!"

On this, Sharpe gave the command. "Set to-gallant stunsels! All hands set stunsels! low and aloft!"

While the unwounded hands swarmed into the rigging, the surgeon came aft in all haste; but Dodd declined him till all his men should have been looked to: meantime he had himself carried to the poop, and laid on a mattress, his bleeding head bound tight with a wet cambrie handkerchief, and his pale face turned towards the hostile schooner astern. She had hove to, and was picking up the survivors of her blotted out consort. The group on the *Agra's* quarter deck watched her to see what she would do next; flushed with immediate success the younger officers crowed their fears she would not be game to attack them again; Dodd's fears ran the other way: he said, in the weak voice to which he was now reduced, "they are taking a wet blanket aboard; that crew of blackguards we swamped won't want any more of us: it all depends on the Pirate Captain; if he is not drowned, then blow wind, rise sea: or there's trouble ahead for us."

As soon as the schooner had picked up the last swimmer, she hoisted foresail, mainsail, and jib, with admirable rapidity, and bore down in chase.

The *Agra* had, meantime, got a start of more than a mile, and was now running before a stiff breeze with studding sails aloft and aloft.

In an hour the vessels ran nearly twelve miles, and the pirate had gained half a mile.

At the end of the next hour they were out of sight of land; wind and sea rising; and the pirate only a quarter of a mile astern.

The schooner was now rising and falling on the waves; the ship only nodding, and firm as a rock.

"Blow wind, rise sea!" faltered Dodd.

Another half-hour passed without perceptibly altering the position of the vessels. Then, suddenly, the wounded captain laid aside his glass, after a long examination, and rose unaided to his feet in great excitement, and found his manly voice for a moment: he shook his fist at the now pitching schooner, and roared, "Good-by! ye Portugeese lubber; outfought—outmanœuvred—AND OUTSAILED!"

It was a burst of exultation rare for him; he paid for it by sinking faint and helpless into his friend's arms; and the surgeon, returning soon after, insisted on his being taken to his cabin, and kept quite quiet.

As they were carrying him below, the Pirate Captain made the same discovery; that the ship was gaining on him: he bore up directly, and abandoned the chase.

When the now receding pirate was nearly hull down, the sun began to set; Mr. Tickell looked at him, and said, "Hallo! old fellow, what are you about? Why, it isn't two o'clock!"

The remark was quite honest: he really feared, for a moment, that orb was mistaken and would get himself—and others—into trouble. However, the midgy proved to be wrong, and the sun right to a minute; Time flies fast, fighting.

Mrs. Beresford came on deck with brat and poodle: Fred, a destructive child, clapped his hands with glee at the holes in the canvas: Snap toddled about smelling the blood of the slain, and wagging his tail by halves; perplexed. "Well, gentlemen," said Mrs. Beresford, "I hope you have made noise enough over one's head: and what a time you did take to beat that little bit of a thing: Freddy, be quiet; you worry me; where is your bearer? will anybody oblige me by finding Ramgolam?"

"I will," said Mr. Tickell, hastily, and ran off for the purpose; but he returned after some time with a long face. No Ramgolam to be found.

Fullalove referred her—with humour—twinkling eye—to Vespasian. "I have a friend here who says he can tell you something about him."

"Can you, my good man?" inquired the lady, turning haughtily towards the negro.

"Iss, Missy," said Vespasian, showing his white teeth in a broad grin, "dis child knows where to find dat ar nigger, widout him been and absquatulated since."

"Then go and fetch him directly."

Vespasian went off with an obedient start.

This annoyed Fullalove; interfered with his system: "Madam," said he, gravely, "would you oblige me by bestowing on my friend a portion of that courtesy with which you favour me, and which becomes you so gracefully?"

"Certainly not," replied Mrs. Beresford. "Mr. Fullalove, I am out of patience with you: the idea of a sensible intelligent gentleman, like you, calling that creature your friend! and you an American; where they do nothing but whip them from morning till night. Who ever heard of making friends with a black?—Now what is the meaning of this? I detest practical jokes." For the stalwart negro had returned, bringing a tall bread bag in his arms: he now set it up before her, remarking, "Dis yar bag white outside, but him nation black inside." To confirm his words, he drew off the bag, and revealed Ramgolam, his black skin powdered with meal. The good-natured negro then blew the flour off his face, and dusted him a bit: the spectators laughed heartily, but Ramgolam never moved a muscle: not a morsel discomposed at what would have made an European miserably ashamed, even in a pantomime, the Caucasian darkie retained all his dignity, while the African one dusted him; but, being dusted, he put on his obsequiousness, stepped forward, joined his palms together to Mrs. Beresford—like mediæval knights and modern children at their devotions—and addressed her thus:

"Daughter of light, he who basks in your beams, said to himself, 'The pirates are upon us, those children of blood, whom Sheitan their master, blast for ever! They will ravish the Queen of Sunshine and the ayahs, and throw the sahibs and sailors into the sea; but, bread being the staff of existence, these foxes of the water will not harm it, but keep it for their lawless appetites; therefore Ramgolam, Son of Chittroo, Son of Soonarayan, will put the finger of silence on the lip of discretion, and be bread in the day of adversity: the sons of Sheitan will peradventure return to dry land, and close the eye of watchfulness; then will I emerge like the sun from a cloud; and depart in peace.'

"Oh, very well," said Mrs. Beresford; "then you are an abominable egotist, that is all: and a coward: and thank Heaven Freddy and I were defended by English: and Americans, and—hem!—their friends; and not by Hindoos." She added charmingly, "this shows me my first words on coming here ought to have been to offer my warmest thanks to the brave men who *have* defended me and my child:" and swept them so queenly a courtesy, that the men's hats and caps flew off in an instant. "Mr. Black," said she, turning with a voice of honey to Vespasian; but aiming obliquely at Fullalove's heart, "*would* you oblige me by kicking that dog a *little*; he is always smelling what does not belong to him; why it is blood; oh!" and she turned pale in a moment.

Sharp thought some excuse necessary. "You see, ma'am, we haven't had time to clean the decks since."

"It is the blood of men; of the poor fellows who have defended us so nobly!" faltered the lady, trembling visibly.

"Well, ma'am," said Sharpe, still half apologetic.

tically, "you know a ship can't fight all day long without an accident or two." He added with nautical simplicity, and love of cleanliness, "however the deck will be cleaned, and holy-stoned, to-morrow, long before you turn out."

Mrs. Beresford was too much overcome to explain how much deeper her emotion was than a dislike to stained floors. She turned faint, and on getting the better of that, went down to her cabin crying. Thence issued a royal order that the wounded were to have wine and every luxury they could fancy, without limit or stint; at her expense.

The next day a deep gloom reigned in the ship; the crew were ranged in their Sunday clothes, and bare-headed: a grating was rigged; Sharpe read the burial service; and the dead, each man sewed up in his hammock with a 32 lb. shot, glided off the grating into the sea with a sullen plunge; while their shipmates cried so, that the tears dripped on the deck.

With these regrets for the slain, too violent to last, were mingled a gloomy fear that Death had a heavier blow in store. The surgeon's report of Captain Dodd was most alarming; he had become delirious about midnight; and so continued.

Sharpe commanded the ship; and the rough sailors stepped like cats over that part of the deck, beneath which their unconscious captain lay. If two men met on the quarter deck, a look of anxious, but not hopeful, inquiry, was sure to pass between them.

Among the constant inquirers was Ramgolam. The grave Hindoo often waylaid the surgeon at the captain's door, to get the first intelligence. This marked sympathy with a hero in extremity was hardly expected from a sage, who at the first note of war's trumpet had vanished in a meal-bag. However, it went down to his credit. One person, however, took a dark view of this innocent circumstance. But then that hostile critic was Vespasian, a rival in matters of tint. He exploded in one of those droll rages darlies seem liable to: "Massa cunnel," said he, "what for dat yar niggar always prowling about the capn's door? What for he ask so many stupid questions? Dat ole fox arter no good; him heart so black as um skin: dam old niggar!"

Fullalove suggested slyly that a person with a dark skin might have a grateful heart: and the colonel, who dealt little in innuendo, said, "Come, don't you be so hard on jet; you ebony!"

"Bery well, gemmen," replied Vespasian, ceremoniously, and with seeming acquiescence. Then, with sudden ire, "Because Goramighty make you white, you tink you bery wise without any more trouble. Dat ar niggar am an abomnable egotisk."

"Pray what does that mean?" inquired Kenealy, innocently.

"What him mean? what him mean? Yah! yah!"

"Yes. What does it mean?"

"What him mean? Yah! What, dinnt you hear Missy Besford miscal him an abomnable egotisk?"

"Yes," said Fullalove, winking to Kenealy; "but we don't know what it means. Do you, sir?"

"Iss, sar. Dat ar expression he signify a darned old cuss dat says to dis child, 'My lord Vespasian, take benevolence on your insidious slave, and invest me in a bread-bag; instead of fighting for de ladies like a freemindpendum citizen. Now you two go fast asleep; dis child he shut one eye and open de oder bery wide open on dat ar niggar.' And with this mysterious threat he stalked away.

His contempt for a black skin, his ebullitions of unexpected ire, his turgid pomposity, and love of long terms, may make the reader smile; but they could hardly amuse his friends just then: everything that touched upon Dodd was too serious now. The surgeon sat up with him nearly all night: in the daytime these two friends sat for hours in his cabin, watching sadly, and silently moistening his burning brow and his parched lips.

At length, one afternoon, there came a crisis, which took an unfavourable turn. Then the surgeon, speaking confidentially to these two staunch friends, inquired if they had asked themselves what should be done with the body? "Why I ask," said he, "we are in a very hot latitude; and, if you wish to convey it to Barkington, the measures ought to be taken in time: in fact, within an hour or two after death."

The poor friends were shocked and sickened by this horrible piece of foresight. But Colonel Kenealy said with tears in his eyes that his old friend should never be buried like a kitten.

"Then you had better ask Sharpe to give me an order for a barrel of spirits," said the surgeon.

"Yes, yes, for two if you like. O don't die, Dodd, my poor old fellow. How shall I ever face his wife—I remember her, the loveliest girl you ever saw—with such a tale as this? She will think it a cruel thing I should come out of it without a scratch, and a ten times better man to be dead: and so it is; it is cruel, it is unjust, it is monstrous; him to be lying there, and we muffs to be sitting croaking over him and watching for his last breath like three cursed old ravens." And the stout colonel groaned aloud.

When the surgeon left them, they fell naturally upon another topic: the pledge they had given Dodd about the 14,000*l*. They ascertained it was upon him: next his skin: but it seemed as unnecessary as it was repugnant, to remove it from his living person. They agreed, however, that instantly on his decease they would take possession of it, note the particulars, seal it up, and carry it to Mrs. Dodd, with such comfort as they could hope to give her by relat-

ing the gallant act in which his precious life was lost.

At nine p.m. the surgeon took his place by Dodd's bedside; and the pair, whom one thing after another had drawn so close together, retired to Kenealy's cabin.

Many a merry chat they had had there: and many a gasconade; being rival hunters: but now they were together for physical companionship in sorrow; rather than for conversation. They smoked their cigars in moody silence; and at midnight shook hands with a sigh, and parted. That sigh meant to say that in the morning all would be over.

They turned in: but, ere either of them was asleep, suddenly the captain's cabin seemed to fill with roars and shrieks of wild beasts, that made the whole ship ring in the silent night; the savage cries were answered on deck by shouts of dismay and many pattering feet making for the companion ladder: but the nearest persons to the cabin, and the first to reach it, were Kenealy and Fullalove, who burst in, the former with a drawn sword, the latter with a revolver, both in their night-gowns; and there saw a sight that took their breath away.

The surgeon was not there: and two black men, one with a knife, and one with his bare claws, were fighting, and struggling, and trampling all over the cabin at once, and the dying man sitting up in his cot, pale, and glaring at them.

UNDEVELOPED IMPRESSIONS.

BEYOND the region of positive ideas and emotions, there lies, in the minds of all persons who have any sensitiveness of perception, a strange ghostly tract of unexplored country, full of shadowy suggestions of thoughts and feelings, and lit by the faint, spectral light of what may perchance be the Aurora of some higher knowledge now on its way to us. Debased by charlatanism and absurdity as the so-called "spiritualism" of the present day undoubtedly is, some service may be done by hinting to the thoughtless that there may be possible associations which give an apparently supernatural colour to the ordinary transactions of life.

Has the reader never experienced the strange tricks which memory occasionally plays with him? He is engaged on something which utterly engrosses his mental powers. Perhaps it is a very serious subject, such as necessarily precludes any levity of ideas; perhaps he is working, and thinking of nothing but his work; perhaps he is writing, with a concentration of intellect. Suddenly there bursts into the middle of his thoughts some recollection of an incident that happened five-and-twenty or thirty years ago; a reminiscence of his childhood; a trivial circumstance, which was forgotten the day after it happened, and which has never once crossed his mind since. It may be said that a connect-

ing link exists between the subject occupying the mind at the time, and the recollection which suddenly arises out of the long sealed-up vaults and catacombs of the past. But, if so, the link is of such exquisite fineness as to defy detection. No analogy of the most distant or fantastic kind can be traced between the two sets of ideas. The unbidden recollection starts up with a sort of goblin wilfulness and inappropriateness. It is wonderful that you should think of the circumstance at all; still more wonderful that you should think of it at that particular moment. Yet there it is; unaccountably obtruding itself into the midst of thoughts to which it bears no relationship, or none which can be traced by mortal wit.

Analogous to this is that freak of the brain which probably all of us have experienced, when, after vainly endeavouring for a long while to recollect some tune, we wake in the middle of the night with the whole of it, from the first note to the last, "running in our heads." Persons have been known to remember facts in their sleep which they had tried hard to recover when awake, but had never succeeded in doing. Coleridge composed a poem in his sleep, and Tartini a piece of music, which he conceived was far superior to anything he had written or heard at other times; so that it would appear that the state of somnolency has sometimes a stimulating, as well as a sedative, effect on the mental powers. But this is not so astonishing and beyond explanation as the sudden and gratuitous recollection of events which have long passed out of view, and which are in themselves too unimportant to have made any deep impression at the time of their occurrence. Is it that every experience in life, even the most frivolous, leaves an indelible print on the mental organism, and that, although this print may seemingly fade out, it is still there, like writing in invisible ink, and only awaits some exciting cause to bring it out clearly and legibly? But, if so, what is the exciting cause, none being cognisable? What mysterious hand touches the spring that opens those forgotten doors?

That every impression remains, seems certain, if we can depend on what is recorded of the experiences of persons on the threshold of death. Those who have been recovered from drowning or hanging say that, previous to the advent of unconsciousness, they have seen a species of panorama of their whole previous existence, of which not the smallest incident, thought, or feeling has been lost; and it is thence inferred that all human beings at the moment of dissolution experience this awful resurrection of the dead past. Yet that the phenomenon does not invariably attend the act of drowning, is manifest from the very interesting and detailed account left us by Dr. Adam Clarke, in his Autobiography, of his narrow escape from death in the river Ban, when a boy. He states that his feeling was simply one of intense happiness and placidity, combined with "a general impression of a green colour, such as of fields or gardens," and that his first and only pain was when he was taken out of the

water, and his lungs were once more inflated with atmospheric air. But he may not have reached the point at which the memory is preternaturally excited. It is not difficult to believe that the last action of the brain may be a supreme resumption of its own impressions. The concentration of a whole life in a single moment or two is indeed marvellous; but the *sense* of time seems to have very little to do with the actual *duration* of time. The idea of eternity, or of the lapse of infinite ages, is often experienced in the course of a dream which can only have lasted a very short period. This is especially the case with opium-eaters; but it will occur even to those who never indulge in that perilous narcotic. Moslem writers affirm that the miraculous journey of Mahomet from Mecca to Jerusalem, and thence through the whole of the Seven Heavens, was performed in so infinitesimal a fraction of time, that the Prophet, on awaking from his trance, was able to arrest the fall of a water-jar which the angel Gabriel had knocked over with his wing in the act of their departure. Another Oriental legend tells of an infidel Caliph, who, doubting the truth of this relation, was directed by a certain conjuror to plunge his head in a bucket of water, and withdraw it with the greatest speed possible. He did so, and in that momentary interval had a dream or vision of a long life abounding in vicissitudes and extraordinary incidents. These, of course, are fables; but they are based upon psychological mysteries such as are known to exist.

Hardly less wonderful is the connexion between particular odours and specific recollections or trains of ideas. Thousands have felt this, and it is one of the most beautiful instances of what may be called the magic of memory. Hazlitt used to refer to a remark made by Mr. Fearn, a metaphysical writer of his time, to the effect that certain associations of ideas always brought back to him, with the vividness of an actual impression on the sensorium, the smell of a baker's shop in Bassora. This is just the reverse of the ordinary experience; but we can readily understand it. The late Mr. P. G. Patmore, who records this circumstance in his work entitled *My Friends and Acquaintance*, avers that, in his own case, tastes were even more powerful than smells in producing similar effects. "I could never taste green mustard and cress," he writes, "without its calling up to my mind, as if by magic, the whole scene of my first school-days, when I used to grow it in my little bit of garden in the inner playground; that every individual object there present used to start up before me with all the distinctness of actual vision, and to an extent of detail which no effort of memory could accomplish without this assistance; and that nothing but the visible objects of the scene presented themselves on these occasions." As the flavour died away, the vision would fade from the mental sight, but would be instantly renewed by tasting the herb once more. It is easy to refer the explanation of such facts to mere association of ideas.

An unhealthy or depressed bodily condition has doubtless much to do with mystical impressions. To the man who goes to bed early and rises early, the time of sunrise is invigorating and inspiring; but to him who has been up all night, especially when pursuing intellectual work, the return of light is often peculiarly mournful, oppressive, and spectral. It is the true ghost season—far more than midnight; and especially so in the hushed and empty thoroughfares of a great city, with its vast circles of suspended life. The empty street, stretching before you in dim perspective, is a phantom land at such moments; the familiar holds strange intercourse with the unfamiliar, and is weirdly suggestive. We have known an instance of a man who, returning home early one summer morning from a night of mental labour, was oppressed by an intense and preternatural sense of a hundred years in advance; that is to say, by some singular, unbidden trick of the mind, he seemed to contemplate the existing time—himself and all—as something that had passed for a century. Fatigue was the cause of this; but the fancy opens a strange glimpse into the vague and shadowy regions of morbid experience.

The most astounding and solemn feeling of this nature is the impression, amounting at the moment to conviction, that we have lived before in some remote age, and that all the circumstances and accessories now surrounding us, even to the most minute and insignificant, surrounded us at that former period. Lord Lindsay, in his *Letters from the East*, describes this feeling with a literal exactness which will be at once recognised by all who have ever undergone it. He says: "We saw the river Kadisha, like a silver thread, descending from Lebanon. The whole scene bore that strange and shadowy resemblance to the wondrous landscape delineated in Kubla Khan that one so often feels in actual life, when the whole scene around you appears to be reacting after a long interval; your friend seated in the same juxtaposition, the subjects of conversation the same, and shifting with the same 'dream-like ease' that you remember at some remote and indefinite period of pre-existence. You always know what will come next, and sit spell-bound, as it were, in a sort of calm expectancy." It would have been more correct to say that we *seem* to know what will come next, for it is certainly doubtful whether we *really* know it. But the effect on the mind is that of an absolute foreknowledge, so that, when anything is said, it appears to be precisely what was anticipated. The feeling is, in truth, as Lord Lindsay admirably expresses it, one of "calm expectancy," and, apart from the sense of strangeness, is rather soothing and agreeable than unpleasant. This, however, is supposing that it be not prolonged. When it continues to haunt the mind, it becomes horribly oppressive, and is a clear sign that cerebral disorder has set in. Sir Walter Scott was thus troubled towards the latter end of his life, when he was overworked and harassed by difficulties. He states in his

diary for February, 1828, that he was afflicted one day at dinner-time by a sense of pre-existence so strong as to resemble a mirage or a caleurete; and he adds: "There was a vile sense of want of reality in all I did and said." The mind was evidently overtaken, and, had it been less strong, might have broken down altogether.

Tennyson, in one of his earlier volumes, has a sonnet, in which he describes this singular mental condition with the finely organised apprehension of a poet:

As when with downcast eyes we muse and brood,
And ebb into a former life, or seem
To lapse far back in a confused dream
To states of mystical similitude;
If one but speaks, or hems, or stirs his chair,
Ever the wonder waxeth more and more,
So that we say, "All this hath been before,
All this *hath* been, I know not when or where:"
So, friend, when first I look'd upon your face,
Our thought gave answer, each to each, so true,
Oppos'd mirrors, each reflecting each,—
Although I knew not in what time or place,
Methought that I had often met with you,
And each had liv'd in the other's mind and speech.

Wordsworth refers to the belief in pre-existence in his magnificent Ode on Immortality; and the opinion is one which runs through the whole philosophy and religion of the world, especially of the Eastern races. The Brahmins and Buddhists teach that the soul has already passed through many previous conditions, and will pass through many more ere it attains the blissful state of absolute repose and personal non-existence resulting from its re-absorption into the Deity, from whom it emanated. The more philosophical among the ancient Greeks held the same view. Pythagoras professed to have a distinct recollection of his former lives; and Plato said that the knowledge which we seem to acquire for the first time is only the recollection of what the soul knew before its submersion in matter, and its assumption of the human form. Some of the Hellenic philosophers contended that the endless repetition of the same mode of existence, though at vast intervals of time, is an absolute necessity, because, there being only a certain number of things in the universe, there can only be a certain number of combinations, and, when those are exhausted, the same course must begin over again. After this theory, the apparent recollection of what is passing around us may be no delusion, but a genuine, though abnormal, exercise of the memory.

A wonderful instance of apparent recollection of a previous life is related of himself by William Hone, the author of the *Every-day Book*. He says that one day he had to make a call in a part of London which was quite unknown to him. He was shown into a room to wait, and, on looking round, remarked, to his astonishment, that every object appeared familiar. It then occurred to him that there was a very peculiar knot in the shutter; and he determined to test the reality of the impression by examining into the fact. He therefore turned back the shutter, and found the knot.

Previously to this, he had been a materialist; but the incident impressed him with the belief that there must be something beyond matter, and he finally became a member of a religious sect.

The reduplication of this world is another strange speculation that has from time to time appeared on the intellectual horizon. Pythagoras and various ancient writers affirmed that there was a globe resembling our earth, and called Antichthon, which was constantly moving round the sun, though always invisible to us, because invariably on the opposite side of the solar orb to ourselves. A few years ago, we came across a singular book professing to give an account of the Neo-Christian religion, which is shortly to supplant the older form; and we there discovered this old tradition of Antichthon reproduced on a larger and still more amazing scale. The anonymous writer says that the whole solar system is repeated at a distance from us in space so enormous that, "to express it with ordinary arithmetical figures, the writing would occupy a line twenty miles long." He goes on to say, that "the earth of that distant system has a surface divided, as ours is, into five parts, called Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Oceania. There is also a Rome, a London, a Paris, a New York, a Pekin; all the cities, towns, and villages, inhabited by us here below. The very houses are made after the same architectural pattern, and of the same size as ours: so are the animals, the trees, the stones. In that remote world there is a man of my name, of my age, with my moral and intellectual character, with my own physical features. The other men there resemble also on all points my fellow-men here below. There is, indeed, some exceedingly small difference between them and us, which the All-seeing Deity can perceive; but they resemble us more perfectly than the reflected image in the looking-glass resembles our face. And, although our reflected image is a vain appearance, they are a living reality. At the very moment that thou art reading this volume, thy namesake too is reading these very words in the same book, published there by another mysterious Man like me, even by my very Self, existing there under the same form. Thy living portrait there is now thinking of thee with the same stupid levity, or with the same awful impression—in the same manner, whatever it is—as thou art thinking of him." The writer gives us no reason for believing this wild and spectral dream: we are simply to take it on faith. It is certainly a bewildering idea.

The same author adopts the old opinion that the soul of man is embodied several times in different individualities. Thus, Napoleon the Third has been Lycurgus, Aristotle, St. Paul, Odin, Haroun-al-Raschid, Roger Bacon, Mahomet (the Turkish Sultan who took Constantinople), Descartes, William the Third of England, Robespierre, &c.—altogether a very illustrious line. Our own Queen was formerly Andromache, Hector's wife. And the Conductor of this Journal has already appeared on the stage of the world as Nahum, Seleucus Nicator,

Catullus, Theodoros Duca, Boleslaus, Edward the Third of England, and Rembrandt. These, however, are the fancies of a single mind, and cannot claim the serious investigation due to impressions, however vague, which are common to a considerable proportion of the human race.

THE DIRTY DERBY.

WHEN I think that this is written with unshackled hands in a pleasant library instead of a padded cell, that I am as much in possession of my senses as I ever was, and that I acted under no constraint or obligation—I feel that the world will be naturally incredulous when I record the fact that I went to the last Derby. I blush as I make the statement; but if I had not gone, what could I have done with O'Hone, who had come over from Ballyblether expressly for the event, who had been my very pleasant guest for the three previous days, and who would have been grievously disappointed had he not put in an appearance on the Downs? For O'Hone is decidedly horsey. From the crown of his bell-shaped hat to the sole of his natty boots, taking in his cutaway coat, his long waistcoat, and his tight trousers, there is about him that singular flavour, compounded of stables, starting-bells, posts and rails, trodden grass, metallic memorandum-books, and lobster-salad, which always elings to those gentry whom the press organs are pleased to describe as "patrons of the turf." Since O'Hone has been with me, the stout cob whose services I retain for sanitary purposes, and who is wont to jolt me up the breezy heights of Hampstead or through the green lanes of Willesden, has been devoted to my friend, has undergone an entirely new phase of existence, has learnt to curvet and dance, and has passed a considerable portion of each day in airing himself and his rider in the fashionable Row. For I find it characteristic of all my visitors from the country that while they are in town not merely should they see, but also that they should be seen; there is generally some friend from their country town staying in London at the same time, to whom they like to exhibit themselves to the best advantage, and there is always the local member of parliament, who is called upon and catechised, and whose life, from what I can make out, must be a weary one indeed.

For O'Hone to miss seeing the race would have been wretched, though even then he would not have been worse off than an American gentleman who crossed the Atlantic expressly to attend the Epsom festival, and who, being seized with the pangs of hunger at about half-past two on the Derby Day, entered Mr. Careless's booth and began amusing himself with some edible "fixings" in the way of luncheon, in which pleasant task he was still engaged when shouts rent the air, and the American gentleman rushing hatless out of the booth, and finding that the race had been run and was over, burst into the piercing lamentation: "Oh, Jérusalem! To

come three thousand miles to eat cold lamb and salad!" But for O'Hone to miss being seen at the race, being recognised by the member, by Tom Durfy now sporting reporter on the press, but erst educated at the Ballyblether Free School, and by the two or three townsmen who were safe to be on the Downs, that would be misery indeed. Moreover, I was dimly conscious of a white hat, and a singular alpaca garment (which gave one the idea that the wearer's tailor had sent home the lining instead of the coat), which I knew had been specially reserved by my friend for the Derby Day; so I determined that, so far as I was concerned, no overt objection to our going to Epsom should be made.

I still, however, retained a latent hope that the sense of impending misery, only too obvious from the aspect of the sky during the two previous days, would have had its natural effect in toning down my impulsive guest; but when I went into his bedroom on the morning of the fatal day, and when I pulled up the blind and made him conscious of the rain pattering against his window, he merely remarked, that "a light animal was no good to-day, anyhow," and I, with a dim internal consciousness that I, albeit a heavy animal, was equally of no good under the circumstances, withdrew in confusion. At breakfast, O'Hone was still appallingly cheerful, referred in a hilarious manner to the "laying of the dust," borrowed my waterproof coat with a gentlemanly assumption which I have only seen rivalled by the light comedian in a rattling farce, and beguiled me into starting, during a temporary cessation of the downfall, after he had made a severe scrutiny of the sky, and had delivered himself of various meteorological observations, in which, when they come from persons residing in the country, I have a wild habit of implicitly believing.

We had promised, the night before, to call for little Iklass, an artist, and one of the pleasantest companions possible when all went well, but who, if it rained, or the cork had come out of the salad dressing, or the salt had been forgotten on a pie-nic, emerged as Apollyon incarnate. Little Iklass's greatest characteristic being his generous devotion to himself, I knew that the aspect of the morning would prevent him from running the chance of allowing any damp to descend on that sacred form. We found him smoking a pipe, working at his easel, and chuckling at the discomfiture outside. "No, no, boys," said he, "not I! I'll be hanged—"

"Which you weren't this year at the Academy!" I interrupted, viciously; but you *can't* upset Iklass with your finest sarcasm!

"The same to you, and several of them—no—which I was not—but I *will* be, if I go to-day! It'll be awfully miserable, and there are three of us, and I dare say you won't always let me sit in the middle, with you to keep the wind off on either side. And I won't go!" And he wouldn't, so we left him, and saw him grinning out of his window, and pointing with his mahl-stick at the skies, whence the rain began to descend again, as we got into the cab.

We went on gloomily enough to the Waterloo station, we passed the Regent Circus and saw some very shy omnibuses with paper placards of "Epsom" on them, empty and ghastly; there was no noise, no excitement, no attempt at joyousness! I remembered the Derbys of by-gone years, and looked dolefully at O'Hone, but he had just bought a "c'ret card," and was deep in statistical calculations.

There was no excitement at the station; we took our places at the tail of a damp little crowd, and took our tickets as though we were going to Birmingham. There *was* a little excitement on getting into the train of newly varnished carriages destined for our conveyance, for the damp little crowd had been waiting some time, and made a feeble little charge as the train came up. O'Hone and I seized the handle of a passing door, wrenched it open, and jumped in. We were followed by an old gentleman with a long stock and a short temper, an affable stockbroker in a perspiration, and two tremendous swells: in one of whom I recognised the Earl of Wallsend, the noble colliery proprietor. Our carriage is thus legitimately full, but a ponderous woman of masculine appearance and prehensile wrists, hoists herself on to the step, and tumbles in among us. This rouses one of the swells, who remonstrates gently, and urges that there is no room; but the ponderous woman is firm, and not only takes 'vantage-ground herself, but invites a male friend, called John, to join her. "Coom in, Jan! Coom in, tell ye! Coom in, Jan!"—but here the swell is adamant. "No," says he, rigidly, "I'll be deed if John shall come in! Police!" And when the guard arrives, first John is removed, and then the lady, and then the swell says with an air of relief, "Good Heaven! did they think the carriage was a den of wild beasts?"

So, through a quiet stealing rain, the train proceeded, and landed us at last at a little damp rickety station: an oasis of boards in a desert of mud. Sliding down a greasy clay hill we emerged upon the town of Epsom, and the confluence of passengers by rail and by road. We, who had come by the rail, were not lively, we were dull and dreary, but up to this point tolerably dry: in which we had the advantage of those who had travelled by the road, and who were not merely sulky and morose, but wet to their skins. At the Spread Eagle, and at the King's Head, stood the splashed drags with the steaming horses, while their limp occupants tumbled dismally off the roofs and sought temporary consolation in hot brandy-and-water. A dog-cart with two horses driven tandem-fashion, and conveying four little gents, attempted to create an excitement on its entry into the town. One of the little gents on the back seat took a post-horn from its long wicker case and tried to blow it, but the rain, which had gradually been collecting in the instrument, ran into his mouth and choked him, while the leading horse, tempted by the sight of some steaming hay in a trough, turned sharp round and looked its driver piteously in the face, refusing to be comforted,

or, what was more to the purpose, to move on, until it had obtained refreshment. So, on through the dull little town, where buxom women looked with astonishment mixed with pity at the passers-by, and where, at a boot-shop, the cynical proprietor stood in the doorway smoking a long clay pipe, and openly condemned us with a fiendish laugh as "a pack of adjective jackasses;" up the hill, on which the churned yellow mud lay in a foot-deep bath, like egg-flip, and beplastered us wretched pedestrians whenever it was stirred by horses' hoofs or carriage-wheels; skirting the edge of a wheat-field (and a very large edge we made of it before we had finished), the proprietor whereof had erected a few feeble twigs by way of barriers here and there—a delusion and a mockery which the crowd had resented by tearing them up and strewing them in the path; across a perfect Slough of Despond situated between two brick walls, too wide to jump, too terrible to laugh at, a thing to be deliberately waded through with turned-up trousers, and heart and boots that sank simultaneously; a shaking bog, on the side of which stood fiendish boys armed with wisps of straw, with which, for a consideration, they politely proposed to clean your boots.

I didn't want my boots cleaned. I was long past any such attempt at decency. O'Hone was equally reckless; and so, splashed to our eyes, we made our way to the course. Just as we reached the Grand Stand, a rather shabby carriage dashed up to the door, and a howl of damp welcome announced that Youthful Royalty had arrived. Youthful Royalty, presently emerging in a Mackintosh coat, with a cigar in its mouth, proved so attractive that any progress in its immediate vicinity was impossible; so O'Hone and I remained tightly jammed up in a crowd, the component parts of which were lower, worse, and wickeder than I have ever seen. Prize-fighters—not the aristocracy of the ring; not those gentry who are "to be heard of," or whose money is ready; not those who are always expressing, in print, their irrepressible desire to do battle with Konky's Novice at catch-weight, or who have an "Unknown" perpetually walking about in great-coat, previous to smashing the champion—not these, but elderly flabby men with flattened noses and flaccid skins and the seediest of great-coats buttoned over the dirtiest of Jerseys;—racing touts, thin wiry sharp-faced little men with eyes strained and bleary from constant secret watching of racers' gallops;—dirty, battered tramps, sellers of cigar-lights and c'rect cards;—pickpockets, shifty and distrustful, with no hope of a harvest from their surroundings;—and "Welshers," who are the parody on Tattersall's and the Ring, who are to the Jockey Club and the Enclosure what monkeys are to men—poor pitiful varlets in greasy caps and tattered coats, whose whole wardrobe would be sneered at in Holywell-street or Rag Fair, and who yet are perpetually bellowing, in hoarse ragged tones, "I'll bet against the field!" "I'll bet

against Li-bellous!" "I'll bet against the Merry Maid!" "I'll bet against any one, bar one!" Nobody seemed to take their bets, nobody took the slightest notice of their offers, and yet they bellowed away until the race was run, in every variety of accent—in Cockney slang, in Yorkshire harshness, in Irish brogue. These were the only members of the crowd, thoroughly intent on their business; for all the rest Youthful Royalty had an immense attraction.

Sliding and slithering about on the sloping ground where turf had been and where now mud was, they pushed, and hustled, and jumped up to look over each other's heads. "Vich is 'im? Vich is 'im?" "Not 'im! That's the late Duke o' Vellinton! There's the Prince a blowin' his bacca like a man!" "Ain't he dry, neither?" "Ain't I? Vonder vether he'd stand a drain?" "He wouldn't look so chuff if he vos down here, vith this moisture a tricklin' on his 'ed?" "Who's the hold bloke in barnacles?" "That—that's Queen Hann!" No wet, no poverty, no misery, could stop the crowd's chaff; and amidst it all still rang out the monotonous cry of the "Welshers"—"I'll bet against Li-bellous?" "I'll bet against the field!"

A dull thudding on the turf, a roar from the neighbouring stand, and the simultaneous disappearance of all the "Welshers," tells us—for we can see nothing—that the first race is over, and that we can move towards the hill. Motion is slow; for, the crowd surging on to the course is met by a crowd seething off it, and when I do fight to the front, I have to dip under a low rail, and come out on the other side, like a diver. The course was comparatively dry, and just as we emerged upon it a large black overhanging cloud lifted like a veil, and left a bright, unnatural, but not unpromising, sky. O'Hone brightened simultaneously, and declared that all our troubles were over; we gained the hill, worked our way through the lines of carriages, received a dozen invitations to lunch, took a glass or two of sherry as a preliminary instalment, and settled down for the Derby. The old preparations annually recurring—the bell to clear the course, the lagging people, the demonstrative police, the dog (four different specimens this year at different intervals, each with more steadfastness of purpose to run the entire length of the course than I have ever seen previously exhibited), the man who, wanting to cross, trots half way, is seized and brought back in degradation; the man who says or does something obnoxious (nobody ever knows what) to his immediate neighbours just before the race, and is thereupon bonneted, and kicked, and cuffed into outer darkness; the yelling Ring; the company on the Hill, purely amateurish, with no pecuniary interest beyond shares in a five shilling sweepstakes, and divided between excitement about the race and a desire for lunch; the entrance of the horses from the paddock, the preliminary canter—all the old things, with one new feature—new to me at least—**THE RAIN!** No mistake about it;

down, down it came in straight steady pour; no blinking it, no "merely a shower," no hint at "laying the dust;" it asserted its power at once, it defied you to laugh at it, it defied you to fight against it, it meant hopeless misery, and it carried out its meaning. Up with the hoods of open carriages, out with the rugs, up with the aprons, unfurl umbrellas on the top of the drags; shiver and crouch Mousieur Le Sport, arrived via Folkestone last night—poor Monsieur Le Sport, in the thin paletot and the curly-brimmed hat down which the wet trickles, and the little jean boots with the shiiny tips and the brown-paper soles, already pappy and sodden; cower under your canvas wall, against which no sticks at three a penny will rattle to-day—O, gipsy tramp, run to the nearest drinking-booth—O, band of niggers, piebald with the wet! For one mortal hour do we stand on the soaked turf in the pouring rain, with that horrid occasional shiver which always accompanies wet feet, waiting for a start to be effected. Every ten minutes, rises a subdued murmur of hope, followed by a growl of disappointment. At last they are really "off," and for two minutes we forget our misery. But it comes upon us with redoubled force when the race is over, and there is nothing more to look forward to.

Lunch? Nonsense! Something to keep off starvation, if you like—a bit of bread and a chicken's wing—but no attempt at sociality. One can't be humorous inside a close carriage with the windows up and the rain battering on the roof! Last year it was iced champagne, claret-cup, and silk overcoats; now, it ought to be hot brandy-and-water, foot-baths, and flannels. Home! Home, across the wheat-field, now simple squash; down the hill, now liquid filth; through the town, now steaming like a laundress's in full work; home by the train with other silent sodden miserable wretches; home in a cab, past waiting crowds of jeering cynics, who point the finger and take the sight, and remark, "Ain't they got it, neither!" and "Water-rats this lot!"—home to hot slippers, dry clothes, a roaring fire, and creature-comforts, and a stern determination never again to "do" a dirty Derby.

PERSIAN MANNERS.

THE manner of conducting business generally among the Persians is childish and dilatory. No man sets the smallest value on his own words, or on those of anybody else. They look upon words as playthings. Their conversation with equals and superiors is usually dictated by a desire to please, and they will utter anything which they consider most likely to attain this object, entirely regardless of fact. If convicted of a direct lie, they say with a shrug, "I have eaten dirt," which merely means "I have been found out," and there's an end of it.

In every transaction of life, the same insincerity is observable. A tradesman will coolly ask twenty times as much for his wares as he would be really glad to take, and this does not

at all surprise the customer; who, in turn, offers a twentieth part of the price he is willing to pay. Both parties then begin to make the bargain the principal object of their lives, and will invent the most extraordinary stories to avoid concluding it. They will hide away from each other for days to obtain better terms, or in mere wantonness. No transaction can be ended without a large concourse of people being mixed up in it, and oceans of talk and manoeuvring. The Persians have no idea of the worth of time. Nobody ever dreams of keeping an appointment.

The Persians are, moreover, a remarkably impudent people—of a naïve and simple kind of impudence very provoking. A short time ago they had just found out an odd trick of answering diplomatic correspondents on every subject by sending them literal word for word translations out of Vattel and Martens. For a long time foreigners could not understand where upon earth this light-headed people obtained the dreary erudition which they so ostentatiously displayed upon all occasions. But at last it was discovered that there was an obscure meerza (scribe) then employed in their Foreign Office who was entrusted with the task of puzzling their correspondents. His method was simple and effective. Whenever foreign diplomatists sent a despatch, this person referred to one of the old French or German casuists for anything which might directly or indirectly be construed into language having reference to the subject upon which they had written, and then he came down upon them with a bulky essay which was of course no answer at all. They had also a certain childish craft in their dealings with foreigners, and were in the habit of menacing Europeans in any difficulty with the anger of the mob, referring to the massacre of the Russian embassy, in 1828, with open triumph. They kept this threat in constant readiness for them as a kind of bogey.

Business of all kinds is of course much impeded by the general want of education and the difficulty of correspondence. The meerzas are a class apart, and pursuing a distinct and recognised profession—the immemorial Oriental calling of the scribe. Letters and other documents, instead of being folded for transmission, are closely rolled and are sealed by means of a narrow strip of strong paper like a piece of ribbon or tape wound tightly around the middle of the roll and attached by a species of wax or gum. A seal bearing the name or titles of the writer is sometimes impressed with ink upon the roll where it is fastened. The superscription is written with the pen near one end. The seal with ink is used within, instead of the written signature of the author; though sometimes both are inserted. The extensive use and high importance of the seal in the East forcibly illustrates the figures of Scripture, which attach to it such sacred solemnity and authority. The profession of the meerzas is an important one, the higher classes in Persia disliking the drudgery of using the pen, and the

lower orders being too ignorant to do their own writing. The lower class of merchants usually keep their accounts, write their own letters, and use their own seal; but all the large traders employ meerzas.

The principal merchants carry on their business with a cypher, and every person has a different one. For in a country where there are no regular posts, their letters must be trusted to couriers, who might be easily bribed by a small sum to betray their secrets to commercial rivals; and it is of great consequence that they should have the first intelligence of political changes about which they would fear to write openly. The authenticity of a merchant's letters, as of his bills, depends entirely upon the seal. It is not usual to sign either; and they are not often written in the hand of the person who sends them, so that it is the seal only which is of importance. Engraven upon it is the name and the title, if he has one, of the person it belongs to, and the date when it was cut. The occupation of seal-cutter is one of much trust and some danger. The seal-cutter keeps a register of every seal he makes, and if one is stolen or lost by the party to whom he sold it, his life would answer for the crime of making another exactly the same. The person to whom it belongs, if in business, is obliged to take the most respectable witnesses of the occurrence, and to write to his correspondents declaring all accounts and business with his former seal null from the day upon which it was lost.

Copying manuscripts also opens a wide field of labour for the meerzas, as well as for the lower orders of the mollahs. The Persian pen is a small hollow reed instead of a quill; the latter would be likely to cut the paper in the heavy hand of Eastern penmen.

The beauty of Persian manuscripts has long been celebrated. Sir William Jones was so enraptured with them that he almost wished the art of printing had never been invented. The Persians are able to write with a fineness and distinctness that utterly defy imitation with type. I have seen the whole of the Koran written on two strips of fine Chinese paper three inches wide, and perhaps ten feet long, written not "within and without," but only on one side, which, when rolled up, made a roll a little larger than the finger. Still every letter was fully formed and perfectly legible. The Persians now usually write their manuscripts in the form of volumes rather than rolls. And the art of printing is rapidly superseding the profession of copyists. Some of the Nestorians are also able to use their pen with elegance, and the bolder stroke and square form of the Syriac character which they use, appear in even finer relief than the Persian letters. It would need good paper and good type to compete with these copyists in matters of taste sufficiently to meet the fastidiousness of "old school" men, and particularly of the copyists themselves; whose business is so much endangered by the innovation of printing. The process of writing by hand in this elegant style is of course very slow; and

manuscripts so written are highly prized and very difficult to be procured.

In addition to writing, the meerzas perform other important services. They stand before their master during his daily levee, and when not engaged in writing, echo his oracular sayings, or lead a chorus in doing it; which is made up usually of a train of dependents that come to make their bow to their superior, and give him their selâm. I never understood the full import of sycophancy until I witnessed it in these Persian meerzas, most obsequiously nodding at every word their master utters, and interposing once or twice in the course of every sentence, "Beyley" (to be sure), "Albetdeh" (of course). To pronounce an opinion themselves, before it had come from his lips, would be the height of arrogance and presumption. The meerzas have also in general the responsibility of communicating intelligence to their master. If this happens to be of an unpleasant nature, the announcement of it is no welcome or easy task, and must be palliated by all the rhetorical skill which the practised sycophant can command. On extraordinary occasions, men of the highest rank, as well as the most celebrated for eloquence, are employed for this purpose. When the late war was concluded between Russia and Persia, the heir apparent, who had the management of the foreign relations of the country, engaged to pay to the Russian government several kroor of tomauns. I forget the number, but believe the amount to have been nearly two millions sterling, to induce that government to recall its troops from Persia, and accede to the conditions of peace. It was some time a question who could go and report these terms to the king, the impression being general, that whoever should bear such tidings to his majesty would lose his head on the spot. The governor of Tabreez, a celebrated orator, was at length appointed to the perilous service. He approached the old Shah with all due courtesy and ceremony, and told him that "he was commissioned by his exalted son, the Naib-Sultan, to propose to his majesty, the admiration of the world, that he should throw out a trifle, say perhaps two millions sterling or so, from his inexhaustible treasury, to those poor miserable hungry Russian infidels, and let them go home." The herald was dismissed without harm or disgrace, though the "inexhaustible treasury" was soon emptied in meeting the demand. One instalment, a fifth of the whole sum, remained long unpaid, and the Russians held the fertile district of Khoy in pledge as security for it.

Sometimes unwelcome intelligence is announced to the king through the medium of emblems, as well as by exalted personages. Such was the case in communicating to the Shah news of the death of his favourite brother, Kahraman-Meerza. A painting was made representing the deceased prince in as perfect likeness as possible, in the habiliments of death. This picture was carried by the English and Russian ambassadors, and laid before the king, not a word being spoken. It is said that the

Shah at once took the hint (he had heard of his brother's illness before), that he swooned, and was carried into his anderoon (harem), where he remained, not appearing in public for three days.

The death of friends is often kept studiously concealed by the meerzas and others from their masters as long as possible. The governor of Oroomiah once returned from a journey three months after the death of a favourite son. After being greeted on his arrival by the rest of his family, he inquired for the little boy, and a violent burst of grief from all present was the first intimation he had that the child was dead. On asking his meerza, who had regularly written to him, and reported his family as well, why he had not told him the truth? the latter replied that he was reluctant to give the bereaved father pain; and the benevolence of his motives excused him for the concealment. It is often very affecting to witness the efforts in Persia to keep from sick friends the extent of their danger. They are always assured that they are in a fair way to recover, and are lulled in security until the lamp of life actually expires; when a scene of raving lamentations ensues among the relatives and connexions that proclaims with awful emphasis the entire absence of that hope, which blunts the sting of death, and sheds light and solace around the darkness of the tomb.

Unbusiness-like as they are in every transaction of life, vain, ostentatious, and lavish, yet the Persian's love of money amounts almost to a mania, and they resort to the oddest devices to gratify it. Everything in Persia, even human life, has a money value. The prince-governor of Kermanshah got into a scrape, and a deputation succeeded, after much difficulty, in finding their way to Tehran to complain of him. Fearing the interest against him was too strong to be trifled with, he sent fifteen thousand tomauns as a bribe to the prime minister. The minister put aside ten thousand for himself, and then went with the remaining five thousand to the king. "The governor of Kermanshah," said the covetous old man to his sovereign, "has sent five thousand tomauns here as a present, two thousand for your majesty, two thousand for me towards the expenses of the state, and a thousand for my son, to whom he is indebted. He is a poor man, however, and Kermanshah is a poor government. So I have returned my two thousand, and I have ordered my son to return the money which has been repaid to him. What! are the remaining two thousand for the centre of the universe? Will your majesty not send back your two thousand also?"

"Belli! belli!" (yes, yes!) said the king, kindly, and the Sadr-azem got for himself the whole fifteen thousand. He then caused the deputation to be bastinadoed for making frivolous complaints against the best of governors, and dismissed them with a terrible countenance. It would seem at first sight that he might have appropriated the fifteen thousand tomauns without any artifice at all; but this would not have been in accordance with the peculiar genius of

his countrymen, who love intrigues and round-about ways, whether necessary or not. A little management in such a case was also not unadvisable, lest the king should hear that money had been sent, and make some inquiry about it.

Presents, however, may go too far for prudence, and governors who send the revenues of their provinces in advance, are apt to be displaced. Presents may also be too few; the governor of a province was reminded of this once rather roughly. He was sent for to court and beaten.

"Why," asked the prime minister of the smarting wretch—"why have you not sent the taxes of your province?"

"I have sent them," replied the governor, moaning piteously.

"But your own tax," replied the minister, "you have not sent."

The giving of presents is so much a part of the manners and customs of the Persians, that they sometimes offer very strange gifts indeed. Among other things, a man once brought to a member of the English embassy his son, whom he wished to confer as a present, with great formality. He seemed quite surprised when the gift was declined.

Amidst all this rapacity the public revenue is really loosely collected and extravagantly and foolishly wasted. For instance, a *barat* is a bill issued by the government and drawn on the governor of a province. It is supposed to be drawn for a portion of the revenue then due from that province. Of course many more *barats* are issued than the amount of revenue available at the time to meet them. These *barats* are, therefore, passed usually to persons of influence, at a depreciation of seventy to eighty per cent. They are then forced on the small officials at their full value, in payment for salaries, and pensions, and public creditors, and ultimately find their way into the hands of the Armenian bankers, who buy them up for a mere nothing, and wait for a favourable opportunity to obtain their nominal worth.

But no matter how a Persian gets his money, or how much he gets, he is sure to squander it. His love of fine clothes and silly trinkets is a passion, and his ostentation is only equalled by his meanness. The greatest princes in the land asked Malcolm the value of the magnificent presents which he brought from India; returned them publicly, lest they should be obliged to share with anybody, and then privately asked for them back again. A Persian magnate loads his wives and concubines with jewels,* he covers the trappings of his horse with solid gold and gems. His pipe is of gold and jewels. His very walking-stick, on state occasions, is covered with diamonds. He keeps numbers of servants; and, although they are content to serve him, like the Roman client, for his protection, yet he must generally feed and clothe them. Though he is lavish, yet he is avaricious and cruel. The tor-

tures used by government to wring money from people suspected of being rich are sometimes horrible, and the devices to which they resort for the same purpose are almost comic. Of the latter, take the following for an example. After the late war, the Persian government, desiring to annoy us, secretly forbade the merchants in the interior to supply the English with money, and an official party passing through Meshed was likely to have been much inconvenienced, had not the cupidity of an Armenian prevailed over his fear, and induced him to cash a bill on the Indian government. He was of course found out. The petty local tyrant immediately sent for him, and demanded one hundred tomana, saying, dryly, that "as he was rich enough to supply the English with money, he could of course relieve the wants of a countryman."

There is really very little wealth left in the East in comparison with the poorest of European countries. Even that which does exist is unproductive. Most of the money is buried in holes and secret hiding-places; whence, if the owner dies suddenly, it perhaps never returns to the light of day, for it would hardly be safe for a man to trust his nearest relative with the secret of his hiding-place; there being little enough of affection or confidence in families. The fear of tyranny which prompts the concealment of property, must have lost immense sums for ever in this way. So common is the practice of burying money and valuables, that there exists a class of persons who prowl all their lives about mountains and strange out-of-the-way places in search of hidden treasure, and often a poor man grows suddenly rich, who has stumbled on a forgotten hiding-place of money. Of the floating wealth, much is spent on toys, or personal adornment, on horses, on women. The Persian is not a trader. The Parsees of India, the Armenians, and a few Greeks, have all the trade of the country in their hands. The foreign trade has been for years in the hands of the great Greek house of Ralli. Fortunes are, however, to be made in a petty way by shrewd people. Money bears an immense interest. Twelve per cent per month is not at all uncommon. But then money cannot be lent in large sums, for no Persian can offer satisfactory security. For instance, a mortgage on land would have no value whatever in Persia. Mortgages of houses, even at Tehran, would be doubtful. For no debt could be recovered under any circumstances from a person who had a friend in the prime minister, or the high priest. The creditor would be put off with some high-sounding phrase, and sent about his business. If he made himself troublesome he would be bastinadoed, and the fact of his having lent money pointing him out as a rich man, would probably awaken the cupidity of the authorities; who would take away anything he had left. Thus even banking and money-lending is but a huckster's trade in Persia. Those who drive it, contrive, in the first place, to get the ear of the minister. Then they cautiously

* The weight of gold and silver coins on a woman's person is sometimes worth ten or twelve pounds.

advance loans on the deposit of jewels, which they take without giving any receipt for them. This being portable property, which can be carried away or hidden, does very well. Many of the finest jewels of the Kajar family, the reigning dynasty, have been pawned and lost in this way. There is another trade more venturesome, chiefly managed by Armenians, as in Turkey. They lend money to persons about the court to enable them to purchase governorships of provinces, and the fearful exertions we often hear of in the East are practised chiefly for the emolument of these terrible usurers. There is no escape from them; for they contrive by judicious presents, and crafty management, to render all who can be of use to them their protectors; and the haughtiest of the Oriental satraps is usually but a mere puppet in the hands of some Armenian pawnbroker, to satisfy whose demands gold is wrung out of the blood and sweat of the miserable population inhabiting countries which a good government might render an earthly paradise. In the reign of Mahomet-Shah a firman was issued limiting interest on money to twelve per cent per annum, but nobody paid attention to it.

It is still customary to weigh money in Persia. The nominal value and the real worth of coins often differing very widely, from the practice of clipping and defacing. Russian gold coins, in many parts of Persia, are more numerous than tomanas, although the Russian gold is of an inferior quality to the Persian toman, which is, when undefaced, a very pretty and a very pure piece of money. As no reliance can be placed on the value of any coin after it has once been put in circulation, and as some of the devices for sweating it are too ingenious for discovery except by the test of actual weights and scales, accounts are involved in much confusion, and there is great trouble in effecting a just settlement with anybody. Shawls, which are usually given as presents, are a kind of currency, the seller binding himself to take them back at a fixed price.

THUNDER.

JOHN MILTON, in his description of the opening of the gates of Pandemonium, says, they "on their hinges grate harsh thunder that the lowest bottom shook of Erebus," and so limited is the geographical range of thunder when compared with the range of English literature, that his poem of Paradise Lost is now read in countries, the untravelled natives of which have no idea, from their personal observation or experience, of the nature of the sound called thunder. The aerial clothing, in which the planet earth travels in space, differs so vastly in different regions, that there are climates in which the sound of thunder is never heard, and climates in which, on the contrary, listening ears may hear the celestial bass continually and perpetually. Like the song of a bird, thunder has its range.

The traveller due north, when he crosses the border between England and Scotland, leaves the songs of the nightingales behind him; and when he passes Labrador, where the shore larks breed among the stones and lichens, Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, or from the sixty-fifth degree to the parallel of the seventy-fifth degree north latitude, the clouds cease to growl forth their grand old melodies. And it is not only in the coldest northern latitudes that the clouds become dumb. Modern observations have not confirmed the statements of Pliny in reference to Egypt, nor of Plutarch respecting Ethiopia; but the inhabitants of Lima, in Peru, never hear thunder nor see lightning. "If I cannot name," says M. Arago, "any place within the warm or temperate regions of the old continent where thunder is never heard, it is quite otherwise in America. The untravelled inhabitants of Lima, in Peru, can, from their own experience, form no idea of thunder. And they are equally unacquainted with lightning, for even noiseless and sheet lightnings never appear in the atmosphere of Lower Peru, which, although often misty, never shows true clouds." A consideration which makes the limitations of the range of thunder and lightning appear more wonderful is the fact that, wherever there is rubbing there is electricity, or the pushings and pullings of invisible influences, observed first by the ancient Greeks as characteristics of amber or electron. Whenever matter is disturbed, mechanically, chemically, or calorically, repulsions and attractions occur; and yet, on the east coast of Peru, and in the Arctic regions, friction in the air never produces thunder and lightning, whilst the name of the Acroceraunian mountains signifies the mountains of the thunder-storms. And such is the variety of nature, that the colour of lightning is different in different atmospheres. The colour is generally dazzling white, and is often yellow or blue in our summer skies, whilst in thin pure hot air it is violet or rose colour. During the trade-winds thunder-storms are almost unknown.

Local causes determine greatly the geography of storms. At Paris, the mean number of thundery days is fourteen, and at Denainvilliers it is twenty-one, a year. I know not whether or no recent observations have confirmed the opinions of Mr. Dillwyn, who, in the beginning of this century, maintained that where there were many metallic mines, as at Swansea and in North Devonshire, storms are very rare, and where there occurred few or no mines, storms were comparatively frequent. He was also of opinion that storms were more frequent in limestone than in other countries. Where there is iron in the rocks, as in greenstone, it has been supposed to have some effect in dispersing thunder-clouds. M. Arago, who thought the neighbourhood of mountains a cause of storms, was of opinion that their frequency lessens as we sail from land until a certain distance is reached, far out at sea, where they never occur.

From personal experience, I can testify that lightning travels in what may be called currents of air, or drafts. Lightning and thunder are visible and audible effects, which occur in crowds of differing gaseous or aerial globules. They are lights and sounds elicited by the crush of globules. Lightning, it has been recorded, has been known to go in a straight line a distance of three miles, and a person was once killed by what is called the "back stroke," at a distance of twenty miles from the explosion. But this expression—the back stroke—is, I submit, a misleading metaphor, for we all know that there is nothing in storms like the back stroke of an oar, a hammer, sword, or arm. During the last three or four years, the theory that lightning is an effect of aerial friction has been gaining ground, for we find Mrs. Somerville, in the edition of her *Physical Geography*, published in 1862, saying: "Electricity of each kind is probably elicited by the friction of currents of air." The lines, forks, zig-zags, sheets, or balls of lightning, mark, therefore, the course or direction of the crushings, rubbings, and squeezeings in the crowds of igniting and exploding globules. The "back stroke" ought, therefore, to be sent with the "electric fluid," "the charge," the "thunderbolt of Jupiter," and the "hammer of Thor," into the museum of scientific antiquities; which contains "flogiston" and "the philosopher's stone." Some seven years ago I was standing for shelter from a storm of thunder and rain in a coach entry near the Elysian Fields in Paris. The gate of the entry was folded and fastened back, and the wind blew very fiercely through it. Out of each side of the entry were doors admitting to the staircases of the houses. Other persons who sought shelter along with myself got out of the strong wind blowing through the coach entry as quickly as possible, and remained inside the doors of the houses. But I remained right in the middle of the entry, sometimes at the street end and sometimes at the court end, watching the clouds and the lightning, and counting the seconds between the flash and the report. The storm seemed everywhere. I was in the midst of it, and expected to have an opportunity of seeing a tree struck by lightning, when I observed the persons clustered on one of the door-steps observing me and talking seriously. Presently a young artisan stepped out and up to me, risking, as he knew and was soon proved, his own life to warn me, and explained that lightning frequently passed through the coach entries of Paris. We had scarcely both got inside a door in the side of the entry, when an oblong square of lightning, the shape of the entry, reduced greatly, was borne by the wind swiftly through it. A tree was shattered by that storm within fifty yards of where I stood; but, as I escaped a manifest danger, I have been consoled by this reflection for the loss of the opportunity of witnessing the thunder-stroke. Another experience furnishes still more decisive proof of the fact that the course of lightning is along the line

of globular crowding produced by drafts. On the 20th May, 1859, a memorable thunder-storm burst on Brighton, and destroyed Streeter's windmill on the Dyke Road. The east and west cliffs of Brighton are divided by a valley running north and south, and along the northern end of this valley runs the London Road. I then lived in the tallest house of this road. The southerly winds blew the clouds along this road, and where the obstacles were, at the Lion mansion, at my residence, and at Streeter's mill, the lightnings were most notable. This was the line of the crowding from the confining of the globules. The drawing-room of the house in question has two tall windows, and against the wall between them I had placed my upright desk, and at this desk I was standing writing, my attention being occasionally distracted from my work by the flashes of lightning, by the rattling peals of thunder, and by seeing the road turned into a river. Two ladies were also in the room, one reading at the table, and the other sewing on the sofa. It was then that a flash or ball of lightning came down the chimney, grazed close by my right shoulder, and leapt out at the top of the window. For the sake of ventilation, the mouth of the chimney was not stopped up, and this window was drawn down from the top. The ladies who saw the lightning issue from the chimney, said it had then the form of the aperture through which it came, and I who saw it leave, observed it assume the form of the aperture through which it went.

These personal observations of mine leave no doubt in my mind that one of the things which determine the course of lightning is the crowding, cramming, squeezeing, crushing, and rubbing of the thick-packed and close jammed globules. Poets are not philosophers, nor are they always observers, but they are, when good poets, the repeaters of philosophy and observation, the melodious echoes of thought and insight; and in one of his couplets I find Mr. Alfred Tennyson, when describing the gathering of a thunder-storm, using the word cramming:

Comes a vapour from the margin, blackening over
 heath andholt,
Cramming all the blast before it; in its breast a
 thunderbolt.

Now that we know that thunder has no bolt, the word "thunderbolt" is as disagreeable to the mind as the word "cramming" is pleasing to it, a fact which shows that truth is as important to the pleasures of literature as to the satisfaction of science. A quotation from one poet is apt enough to suggest another. Shakespeare makes King Lear say

Yon sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
 'Vaunt couriers of oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
 Singe my white head! and then all shaking
 thunder,
 Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world.

Knowing, as we do, that lightning leaves a sulphureous smell behind it, and that it cleaves trees and singes hair, and that thunder, by the power

of its vibrations, shakes all things, these phrases have the force and the felicity of truth; which the other phrases have not.

Nothing is more curious in the phenomena of lightning than its effects on hair. Lear invokes the lightning to singe his white hairs, and whether Shakespeare knew the fact or not, lightning is influenced by colour, and singes by preference white hair. An ox of a reddish colour spotted with white, was struck by lightning, and not the slightest injury was done to the red hair, whilst not a hair was left upon the white spots. These singular effects occurred twice to two separate oxen, at Swanborough, in Sussex, in the years 1772 and 1774. On the 20th September, 1773, at Glynd, a horse was struck by lightning. He was a dappled horse. When his owner examined him, after the attack, all his hair of every other hue remained fast, while the hair on the white streaks and spots came clean off at a touch. May not this difference be caused by the absence of the colouring matter, or oil, making white hairs drier and more easily burnt than coloured hair? There is a case mentioned by Knuemann of a young girl, the brass bodkin in whose hair was fused by lightning, and yet her hair was not burnt.

Captains Peytier and Hossard were, on the 15th June, 1825, in a thunder-storm on the Pyrenees, which lasted six hours. For a short time, the tassels in their caps and their hair stood on end. And on the 31st of August, 1826, they were in a storm in which lightning struck a ptarmigan hung by one of their guides by a string upon a wooden pole: the top of the pole was charred, and the feathers of the bird were stripped off from the beak to the tail. Residents in Brighton are not likely soon to forget the storm which flooded Pool Valley in 1850. The lightning of that storm burnt a hole, such as a red-hot rifle bullet might burn, through the bushy whisker of a man who was out in the storm. I record this fact on the testimony of the late Dr. Williamson, from whom I had it, and to whom the man went immediately with his scathed cheek.

Father Feyjoo relates, in the *Cartas Eruditas*, that lightning passed near a young man named Juan Francisco Menandez Miranda. He was not in the least hurt, yet his hair began falling off immediately afterwards, and in a few days none remained upon his body.

One more example of the effects of lightning upon hair. The particulars were supplied by the sufferer himself to M. Arago. Captain Rihouet was the second in command of the frigate *Golymin*, on the 21st February, 1812, when she was sailing out of the harbour of L'Orient. The vessel was struck by lightning, and the captain received several injuries on the head. "The next day," he says, "when I wished to shave, I found that my razor, instead of cutting my beard, pulled the hairs out by the roots, and since then I have had no beard. The hair on my head, on

my eyebrows, and on my eyelashes, all the hair on my body, in fact, came gradually away by the roots, and did not grow again. The nails on my fingers scaled away during the following year (1813), but those on my feet underwent no change."

Thus without the invocation of any Lear, lightning singes white hair. There is indeed no reason for supposing that the hair of the young Juan Miranda was white; but there are young people who inherit a predisposition to baldness, while the captain was no longer young, and the red oxen and the dappled horse lost none but the hairs on their white spots. It is scarcely, moreover, necessary to remind the reader of the physiological analogy between feathers and hairs; or that the winter plumage of the ptarmigan is pure white. Belonging to the grouse, partridge, and quail group, this bird is called the "white grouse."

These facts point to a most interesting and enchanting region of scientific research, into which I cannot enter the chemistry of lightning. Chemists can produce, whenever they choose, substances, one of which shines with a pale and almost perpetual light, another of which needs only to be exposed to the air to glow brilliantly, and a third which flames forth the moment it touches water or ice; and the preferences or apparent caprices of lightning, the selection of metals and colours or a colour, seem to be analogous phenomena. Chemistry, electricity, and caloric touch each other so closely, that there can be no difficulty in admitting the common belief that certain trees are more liable to be struck by lightning than others, but what these trees are is still an unsettled question. Men who fell forest timber, from the splits they find, infer that trees of all kinds are much more frequently struck by lightning than is generally supposed. The Chinese deem the mulberry and the beech good preservatives against lightning. The epithet "oak-cleaving," which Shakespeare applies to the thunderbolt, has been supported by observers, who have said that the oak, the elm, the pine, and the chestnut are often, the ash rarely, and the beech, birch, and maple never, struck. The laurel, it was believed, was never scathed by lightning. Tiberius, on this account, wore a laurel crown, and no doubt found it cooler and safer than any metal one would have been. Modern observation, however, supplies us with no reasons for believing that any tree whatever is absolutely safe from lightning.

Most of the trees and shrubs which I have examined, after they have been struck by lightning, have been cleft or shattered by it, but in a garden at Preston, near Brighton, I saw in 1850 certain shrubs, some nailed up against the wall and others alone, which seemed blighted, shrivelled, withered, scorched, as if the lightning had dried up their sap or cambium. The effects have generally been merely mechanical, but in this instance they were chemical. The shrubs had not been struck, they had been blasted. The

lightning-cleft trees were merely dismembered, but the shrubs were killed. Was it by the sudden destruction of their leaves, their respiratory organs? Or was it by decomposing their sap, or their cambium? The poison of serpents, it has been ascertained, acts by dissolving the blood, and it may be that lightning has similar effects upon the vegetable and animal victims it kills.

As yet we know nothing satisfactory respecting the nature of death by lightning. Physiologists present us with nothing better than guesses. A story has been imported into books of a case in which a man, struck by lightning, appeared to have had his skull crushed in, as if by a blow from a bludgeon; but the liabilities to error are too great for such a statement to be received without strong proofs. Trees are cleft, because whilst the globules are close packed and jammed together, the rubbing amongst them causes a sudden explosion or expansion of them. After this kind of death, decomposition, it has been said by some, takes place slowly; and others say it appears rapidly. One of the more probable of the guesses is the notion that death is caused by the burning of the oxygen in the lungs. I may throw out another: paralysis is one of the most frequent effects of lightning. These strokes of paralysis affect not merely legs and arms, they attack the nerves of hearing and seeing. The shock of the lightning has only, then, to paralyse the respiratory nerves and reach the spot of grey matter, which is their centre (but the size of a pin's head), and which is called upon the Continent the vital knot, to produce instant death.

Many cases have occurred of persons being struck by lightning without their being aware of it. Thomas Oliver, a Cornish farmer, being thrown down upon the ground, in 1752, after lying insensible for a quarter of an hour, on coming to himself, asked, "Who knocked me down?" "I heard nothing, and I saw nothing," has been the testimony of many persons of different periods and nations on recovering from their swoon. Nor is the explanation of this strange fact far off. Light, it has been ascertained, travels eighty thousand leagues per second; and lightning much faster. Measured by the musical notes its vibrations produced, Professor Wheatstone's wheel performed eight hundred revolutions per second, and, of course, to the eye, its spokes were invisible; but an electric flash revealed them as if standing still! The result of philosophical experiments respecting the time which sensations take on their way along the nerves to the brain, although we say "quick as thought" show that they are comparatively very slow. The experiments are far from being satisfactory, owing to the shortness of the nerves; but there can be no doubt of the relative results: that sensation travels six or eight times more slowly than sound, which is seventy or eighty times slower than light, the vastly swift one far outsped by lightning. When, therefore, lightning kills, it strikes unscen, and

the sound following it, the thunder, may, without any stretch of imagination, be deemed the requiem of its victims.

THE LAST OF THE ALCHEMISTS.

"HE a making of gold! well, I'm sure; but it's always the way; them as has orchards has apples given 'em. A dean making gold! plague take him! I wonder if good luck ever came to a poor verger? I wonder how many years I might have sat puffing at fires and holding up bottles to the light before I had found out how to make gold? And won't the dean's daughter queen it now? Get off the grass there, you brats!"

These words issued from the mouth of a crabbed verger of Salisbury Cathedral, one March day, in the year 1787, about half an hour before the bell sounded for afternoon service. The envious verger's mind ran on a tavern rumour he had just heard that Dean Price had, after years of chemical experiments, at last actually hit upon the way of making gold, and indeed had even been lately summoned to London to explain to King George himself the extraordinary and invaluable discovery. He had been shaking up his rusty black-tufted gown on his shoulders as he passed through a low battlemented gateway, and as he entered the quiet cathedral close he half unconsciously uttered these expressions of querulous envy, ending abruptly with that denunciation of some playing children that served as an outvent of his spite.

Yet it was a tranquil spot, full of sleepy happiness, that gardened square that girded round that monument of a dead world's adoration—the old cathedral. If the red brick houses, bound with white limestone, had been embalmed, they could not have looked more still and dead. The soft sunshine lay asleep on the broad squares of close-cropped and orderly grass; no breeze stirred the young leaves in the canon's gardens, or shook down a pink leaf from the apricot bloom. The feet of the awestruck children in a distant corner of the cathedral gravel-walk yielded no sound, or one so soft that it was overpowered by the cawing of the rooks, as in the fussy agitation of nest-building time they fluttered and toppled about the budding boughs of the great elms, with a ceaseless noise that had for many a year lulled fat canons to after-dinner naps, sounder even than those of their Sunday congregations.

High up in the soft warm spring air, above the high grey roof of the nave, rose the spire, like a fountain that some magic had petrified and fixed there for ever. In foreign cities, cathedrals might be found more loaded with grotesque ornament, more beautiful in detail, more abounding in architectural ingenuities and eccentricities, but nowhere a spire so exquisite in proportions, or a Christian temple with which time and man had dealt so gently. Clean cut and sharp as a casket rose the grey walls of the choir from the fresh green turf. One might

almost, in a flight of fancy, have supposed that an immense glass case had been kept over the building for centuries, and had only just been removed.

The same almost Dutch spirit of neatness that pervaded the cathedral and its circumjacent lawn, pervaded also the canons' residences that hemmed in the close. No future martyrs, or confessors, or anchorites, or St. Jeromes, or St. Anthonys, lived there, but the snug, portly, high feeding, well-intentioned, not too over-zealous clergy of the early part of George the Third's reign. The dean's house, that larger one on the extreme right of the close, just where the verger stood, was a special and crowning instance of this luxurious neatness. The old red brick gleamed of a pleasant colour in the sun, heightened as beauty spots heighten a complexion by the dazzling yellow and brown shadows of the budding vine-leaves that clustered over them. The brass knockers and ornaments of the door shone in the sun like gold. The door-steps and the stones leading up the walk from the door to the garden gate were white as milk, and untarnished by a footstep. The very blackbirds seemed to sing softer in the dean's garden.

To any but the heart of a crabbed and soured verger, hurried from his ale at the Blue Dragon, in Bishop-street, such a calm scene would have brought peace and awoke pleasant memories. But the verger was inexorably hard and soured, so he spent twenty minutes bitterly ruminating over the disgraceful injustice of Providence in teaching a wealthy dean how to make gold, when he (Fulham) had been verger of Salisbury Cathedral eighteen years, man and boy, at a paltry salary of only five-and-twenty shillings per week. Fulham was one of those untoward natures that cannot enjoy even venison at his own table if the man at the next table is taking turtle.

The dean was in London, and in the absence of that dreaded disciplinarian the verger has been more than usually neglectful of the hours of the daily services, and more than usually punctual at the Blue Dragon. No wonder, therefore, that on the present occasion, though it only wanted ten minutes to three, and the bell ought by this time to have begun sounding to call together the scattered choristers from different parts of the town, to warn the precentor from his studies, and to summon the old half-pay captain, the dean's daughter, and the three old maiden sisters who formed the habitual congregation, the unfaithful verger, who knew that no one but the dean cared much for punctuality, stopped at the dean's door, and rang the servants' bell, just to hear from Bessy, his pretty little daughter, when the dean was expected.

A moment after he pulled the shining bell knob, the door opened, and pretty Bessy appeared, nervous, hurried, and alarmed.

"I thought it was you, father," she said, in answer to his question; "but don't stop, for Heaven's sake; we expect master directly. He wrote yesterday to say he should post back, and

be here, if possible, by the afternoon service, and Miss Bertha has been complaining of your never ringing the bell at the proper time. Come to-night; don't stop now, there's a dear father."

The verger turned sulkily away, and scuttled sulkily across the gravel walk leading to the west door. He was just turning the huge key in the lock, when he felt a hand placed on his shoulder. Had it been the guardian genius of the cathedral, or the dean's ghost, or a more terrible and less respectable spirit than either of these, the old verger could not have been more startled when he looked round. A resurrection-man disturbed prizing open a coffin, or a robber of churches detected at the very moment of beating flat a sacramental cup, could scarcely have looked whiter or more alarmed.

Yet it was only a spare tall man, in a mahogany-coloured coat, and an unpowdered scratch wig, a hard, dry-fleshed looking man, with cold keen eyes, heavy grey eyebrows, and a close pinched biting kind of mouth. With his hands behind him, and his severe detective glance fixed on the verger, he looked at that moment for all the world like a lawyer bent on untangling the knots of a puzzling and difficult case. Indeed, but for his rather massive silver shoe-buckles, and a heavy gold ring on one of his fingers, the stranger might have passed for a well-to-do London apothecary travelling on business.

The conversation that followed took almost the shape of a legal examination, and ran thus:

"You are a verger of this cathedral?"

"I am. Yes, sir, I am."

"You have a daughter, maid-servant at the dean's yonder?"

"I have."

"Are you rich?"

"Who can be rich on twenty-five shillings a week, and a sick wife to find for besides?"

"You are therefore, I presume, not unwilling to earn a guinea or two with no great trouble?"

"You need scarcely ask it."

"Does the dean rise early?"

"No, sir, he sits up too late for that; he's down about nine."

"Very well; to-morrow morning, at six o'clock, when your daughter is cleaning the house, induce her to let me in for five minutes. I mean no harm. I am simply a great but unknown admirer of the dean, who would have one look before I leave Salisbury at his celebrated laboratory. For that moment's look I will pay you two guineas."

"I daren't."

"Three."

"I don't think I could."

"Five."

"I will try; be at this west door to-morrow, at six. I can see by your face you're a gentleman. It's nothing to me what you want, so you don't do no harm."

"I will be there," said the stranger; and passing into the cathedral as the door creaked open, took his seat in one of the stalls the most hidden from the dean's seat.

A moment or two more, and the bell, in a

hasty querulous way, began to chide in the white-gowned choristers, who soon appeared simultaneously in different parts of the close, like a scattered flock of pigeons reuniting at feeding-time.

The verger, armed with a badge of power, something resembling an apothecary's pestle, preceded the precentor to his seat, and after that dignitary, who carried his square Oxford trencher-cap in his hand, came the rosy-faced boys two and two, with difficulty restraining their mischief before the dreaded eyes of the organist, who was watching them malignly from the oaken battlements of the organ-loft.

Just as the bell ceased, and the great clock vibrated out the hour, with the tremulous solemnity of pompous age; just as the counter, tenor, and bass, with looks of mutual defiance, had ruffled themselves into their places, the dean entered, and strode to his canopied seat. There was a strange brightness about his eyes, a hot feverish hectic flush upon his cheeks. In his every gesture and look, and even in the tones of his deep voice, there was a perceptible triumph that did not escape his congregation.

"Do you dine with the dean to-morrow?" said the precentor to the eldest canon, as they strolled homewards together. "The dean has had great triumphs in London. His majesty has expressed his approbation of his experiments, and Oxford has granted him special honours."

"It is the most wonderful discovery of the age," replied the canon. "Yes, I'm glad to say I shall meet you to-morrow at our dean's hospitable table."

"Are the great experiments to be made to-morrow?"

"O, of course. Why, I wouldn't miss them for twenty pounds."

"Did he meet with any opposition among London scientific men, do you know?"

"Well, only from one, Mr. Harding, the secretary of the Royal Society, an illiberal-minded man, who insolently and enviously calls our worthy dean a knave, and the spectators of his experiments fools. Ha, ha! How these birds of prey do always collect round great men."

"It is the penalty of success," replied the other, taking a huge pinch of snuff, and leading his friend by the arm, to show him some marvellous engravings by Marc Antonio.

In the great room, with the oriel-window looking out on the lawn, where the cedar-tree stood, was Bertha, holding her father's hand fondly between hers, and kissing him at every sentence, as if to assure herself of his actual bodily presence.

"O, do tell me about the king, dear papa. How was he dressed?—how did he look?—what did he say?—and was the queen there? Tell us all."

"The king, Bertha, wore a dark red coat, embroidered with small gold strawberries, and a deep-flapped white satin waistcoat, trimmed with broad gold lace. He was full of amiable condescension, and asked a great many questions,

half of which, good man, he answered himself, in his usual quick, abrupt, good-humoured way. He examined the gold with great interest, and expressed to me his full approbation."

"Victory! victory! dear papa," said the enthusiastic girl, leaping up and clapping her hands. "Did I not always say that you would be a great man, and triumph over everybody? Shan't I crow over that spiteful Miss Flicker, who used to sneer at you for sitting up half the night over your furnaces, boiling away your money, and your time and health, as she used to say. O, only fancy, making gold!"

"Pray for me, my dear Bertha. Do not forget to pray for me, that I keep humble, lest it be said of me as of Benjamin, that I turned back in the day of battle. I trust no one has been in my laboratory in my absence."

With an air of smiling vigilance Bertha drew the key of the dean's laboratory from her bosom.

At that moment the door opened, and Bessy looked in.

"If you please, sir, there's a gentleman wants to see you."

"Show him in," said the dean.

In a moment Bessy returned and ushered in the stranger, whose interview with the verger we have already reported.

He bowed and took the chair proffered by the dean.

"I am," he said, "a medical man from a distant part of England, attracted here by the fame of your recent chemical discoveries, and more especially by the pamphlet recently published by you on some remarkable experiments on mercury. I agree with you that there is more beyond, and feel with the great Boyle that we scientific men are unwise and hasty in putting limits to the power of nature and art, and in deriding all who believe in uncommon things."

The dean smiled. He was evidently pleased at this harangue, although the oration was uttered in a very set and mechanical way, and the stranger's eyes looked cold and lifeless, as if they were jet beads, and the words came through his small pinched lips one by one as a schoolboy lets out wasps from a phial-bottle.

"You are on the brink of great discoveries," he went on, with the same dry, monotonous voice. "You are a Columbus about to set foot on a vast auriferous continent: the greatest of secrets is, I may say, all but within your reach."

The doctor bowed, smiled, and bent his powdered head deprecatingly. "You rate my discoveries, my dear sir, too highly. I am sorry that my account, and to which I myself insisted on giving merely the humble title of 'Experiments on Mercury,' should have been held out to the world as announcing the actual discovery of the philosopher's stone, which in the usual (mark me)—I say the *usual*—sense of the word, I perhaps, as well as others, think merely chimerical."

The stranger's eyelids compressed till his eyes became almost invisible. A hard smile, such as you see on the mouth of a bronze faun, re-

laxed his face, as he replied, "Exactly; not a word more, my dear sir. We understand each other."

"To-morrow afternoon I exhibit some experiments to our leading people here. Will you dine with me at four o'clock to-morrow, and afterwards witness them?"

"You have anticipated my dearest wish; but I did not dare to intrude such a request."

"A most gentlemanlike man, and of great attainments," said the dean to his daughter, as the stranger bowed himself out.

"Well, I don't like him, papa," said Bertha, making a face of dislike; "his look reminds me of the look a cat gives to a bird it is just going to pounce on."

"Don't be prejudiced, dear. Evidently a keen, clever, hard-headed man, and a great mathematician, I warrant."

As the stranger passed through the gateway of the close, he broke suddenly into a mechanical, hard laugh, and said aloud, "The fox got the cheese by praising the blackbird's voice. Fool and cheat, he has taken me behind the scenes. Let him beware."

That same night, in the deep dark, towards midnight, and all in the cold drifting rain, that hard mysterious man was standing in the close opposite the dean's house, watching the window of the laboratory. There was no moon and no stars, and the wind howled round the corners of the cathedral as if all the dead abbots were hurrying to some ghostly conclave. The only light in the whole four sides of the close came from the dean's window, the blind of which was golden and semi-transparent with the inner lamp-light that shone through it.

Suddenly a dark shadow was visible upon the blind; it held up a crimson bottle to the light. Then the light faded out, and all was dark and still.

The stranger strode away to his inn. Ordering the landlord to call him before five, he bit at a crust and tossed off two glasses of wine. Then, having first made a note in his pocket-book, he threw himself without undressing on the bed, and fell asleep in his grave imperturbable way.

The next morning, just before daybreak, in the cold, comfortless, curdling light, the stranger was at the gate of the dean's house. The verger was on the door-steps talking in a low voice to Bessy, who looked frightened and troubled.

Presently the verger returned to the stranger and said, "Bessy won't do it, sir; she can't do it. The key is in the dean's room, by his bedside. She is afraid you want it for no good."

"Ha!" said the stranger, in his usual quiet bitter way; "the girl's a fool; give her this guinea. Tell her it is mere curiosity; five minutes will do. As for the key, she can go into the room as if to get the dean's clothes to brush. Five guineas for five minutes—not bad pay!"

"And Bessy's guinea included?"

"Not included."

That last guinea turned the scale, still more the assurance that Bessy might be present while

the stranger walked round the laboratory and merely saw and handled the dean's chemical apparatus.

On tiptoe the stranger went, not thievishly or timidly, but still with a cold Satanic malice and heedfulness. Yet all he got for his five guineas, Bessy told her father, was that he felt inside six crucibles, examined six pieces of charcoal that lay on the dean's desk, smelt a bottle containing a red powder, and looked carefully at a pestle and mortar, and a small iron rod that stood near the furnace. All the reply the verger made was, that

"A fool and his money, Bessy, are soon parted."

Five hours later, the close, usually so quiet, was alive with carriages. Two peers, a magistrate, and five clergymen had arrived to witness the experiments. They only now waited for the stranger, who had been so silent and grave at the dinner the day before.

At last there came a knock, and in a moment after he was ushered in by Bessy. He appeared firm, calm, and precise as ever. He shook the dean warmly by the hand, and apologised for being so late. He had had an important letter to despatch by the post.

The dean ushered his guests into his laboratory; the fires burnt clear and bright, the crucibles, the charcoal, all was ready. A shorthand writer was present to note the proceedings. The company having taking their seats with mutual looks of expectation and delight, the dean addressed them. He said that a chance study of the works of Paracelsus had led him to curious chemical experiments; but what he had to show were facts about which he would not theorise. It had been foolishly said that only chemists could judge of such things, but surely the senses of touch and sight were not confined to chemists. To prejudice, avarice, and illiberality no answer would seem satisfactory; but he might ask what trick could prevent mercury boiling at a red heat, or what substance could be found to instantly check it when boiling? How could he introduce gold into a crucible before twelve intelligent and watchful spectators, or what could induce him to seek such modes of acquiring a sinister fame? He was too well aware of the virulence of envy and the strength of prejudice to expect to obtain universal credit; but the curiosity of the public had been so strongly excited, and his character so rigorously examined, that in justice to himself and the approbation of his sovereign (here the dean drew himself erect), he felt proud to make a final series of experiments before spectators of rank and discernment, of liberality, learning, and endurance, not from vanity, but from a sincere desire to place his scientific and moral character beyond the limits at least of vulgar curiosity.

The stranger smiled approval, the peers took snuff, and the experiments commenced.

I will recapitulate the chief of them.

The dean first took two ounces of mercury from a cistern full of quicksilver, rubbed it with

ether in a Wedgwood mortar, and then with a grain of a certain white powder. In pouring out the mercury it grew black and clotted. This obtained, the amalgam was subjected to the blow-pipe, and left a bead of fine white metal, which remained fixed in a strong red heat. This bead was pure silver. The applause was tremendous.

Five drachms of mercury were then taken and rubbed up with ether and a quarter of a grain of red powder, and the mercury being driven from it by the blowpipe, left a bead of yellow metal, which proved to be pure gold, which resisted aquafortis or the touchstone. A small quantity dissolved in aqua regia produced a purple precipitate in a solution of tin, and in one of green vitriol a brownish precipitate. The cheers were redoubled. The peers grew quite red and fatigued with applauding with two fingers—and standing over the fire.

The final experiment was still more curious, valuable, and convincing. In all these experiments it was delightful to see the deep interest the stranger took in everything, and the calm candour of the dean, and his anxiety that the company should inspect his apparatus.

He now placed half an ounce of mercury in a small Hessian crucible, on a flux of borax, a piece of charcoal, and a piece of nitre. These, being first handed round, were pounded in a mortar, and then pressed down into the crucible, and on this flux was placed half a grain of a certain deep red powder. The crucible was then placed on the fire; but the mercury showed no signs of evaporation or even of boiling. In a small dip taken with a clean iron rod, and in the scorix, when knocked off, were found whitish globules. After keeping the crucible in a strong red-white heat for twenty minutes, it was carefully taken out and gradually cooled; on breaking it, a globe of yellow metal, weighing nearly three grains, was formed at the bottom. This metal was placed in a sealed phial to be assayed, being evidently, however, in the opinion of all, pure gold.

Every one was in raptures. The peers shook hands with the dean. The clergy chukled and rubbed their hands. All that Newton and Bacon had done and thought did not approach the material grandeur of the dean's discovery.

"The world," said one enthusiastic canon, "will soon be ringing with your name."

"It will, indeed," said the stranger, in his dry hard way; and turned rather abruptly to beg the dean to give them some statement of his alchemical theories.

The dean at once plunged into all the wildest dreams and rhapsodies of Paracelsus. He explained that the words "mercury" and "sulphur," so common in the writings of that strange fanatic, were merely cyphers to express the hidden qualities of certain bodies. All his discoveries pointed to some universal base, the existence of which his recent experiments went to prove. By the red man and white woman, Paracelsus meant sulphur and mercury; by chasing the red dragon, he meant seeking the philosopher's stone. The white lily and the swan were

only other words for mercury. By the hatching of the basilisk he merely meant the production of a certain subtle poison, known only to alchemists, the very smell of which would destroy life.

"Gracious!" said the brother peers, their gooseberry eyes growing rounder and paler than ever.

The stranger, drier and colder than before, was now taking notes, apparently of the experiments he had seen. When he looked up, it was to ask in what degree of heat the transmutation generally took place.

The dean was apparently rather too elated with his triumph to satisfy the purposeless curiosity of an unknown stranger. He answered rather oracularly and from the clouds, and with a slight tinge of contempt in his manner for less successful seekers of the great secrets of science:

"Your question," he said, "my dear sir, is a wide one. Fire itself is a mystery, and is a mere generic name for a thousand stages of the combustion of the universal sulphur."

It was a familiar feature of the two peers that the more incoherent and mysterious the oracle was, the more they seemed to admire his utterances. So this time, being completely in the dark, they stared, simpered at each other, and repeated the dean's words:

"Universal sulphur!"

"There is the saffron fire, the ashen grey, the crimson, and the azure, each with its own properties, powers, and influences. Now just as the Arabian sun will not ripen the apple, or the Irish sun the palm fruit, so will the azure fire not perform the part of the saffron."

"These are great secrets, indeed," said the stranger, turning his eyes devoutly up to heaven

"Fire is a living thing with an organisation of its own," continued the dean; "only when you cease to feed it does it die. The fire which I use for transmutation is the lion's rage, the most quenchless of all fires, the white fire, the royal fire that is used at iron foundries."

"The Royal Society should know of these extraordinary discoveries which have at last blessed our age," said the stranger, warming up suddenly to quite an enthusiasm. "That great society watches all sciences and rewards all real discoverers. Its approbation is a European guarantee. Already his majesty has approved and honoured you; you now need only the Royal Society to place its seal on your almost miraculous experiments."

The stranger uttered this glowing exhortation in an elevated yet mechanical voice, but his cold, steely eyes did not warm up or brighten with a smile, and he kept them fixed on the dean's face, which had now assumed its old pale and careworn expression.

"You are very kind," he said, "very kind; but I shall not repeat my experiments before so sceptical and worldly a body of men as the Royal Society. I do not claim any great secret. I merely show men facts; I leave them to draw

their own inferences. A person of my position is surely above suspicion. The intelligence of the present company needs, I think, no further guarantee. Besides, Mr. Harding, the Secretary of the Royal Society, is a personal enemy of mine, ever since I refuted his interpretation of a passage in Boyle. No, I will not expose myself to pain and annoyance from that mischievous man's malice."

The stranger bowed and was silent, but a strange scowl came over his hard features.

The next morning, the dean walked up and down the gravel walk of his garden, his daughter's hand resting fondly on his shoulder. If ever a man was happy, the dean was that bright spring morning. A loving daughter to share his hopes and triumphs; a home beautified by art and luxury. He had wealth, social position; and, to crown all, the fame of an unexpected and almost unprecedented discovery. Can you write a prouder epitaph on any man's grave than this? "He succeeded in all he had ever undertaken."

"How happy I am, dear papa," said Bertha, "to see you at last victorious, after your long hunt for this secret;" and, as she said this, her large brown eyes glowed with pure unselfish love; "you are the great discoverer of the age. They will erect statues to you."

"I am, indeed, happy; God be thanked!" replied the dean, stooping to kiss his daughter's forehead.

The sound of footsteps caused both the dean and Bertha to look round. It was Bessy, rosier than ever with running; her white apron fluttering in the wind, her little feet tripping over the grass. She bore a large official-looking letter in one hand, its broad red seal uppermost.

"What can it be, papa?" said Bertha, her eyes expanding with surprise; "it wants an hour to post time."

"The letter has come, miss," said Bessy, "from that gentleman who was here yesterday. He left it to be brought up here to your papa an hour after the coach started for London."

The dean took it, and nervously broke the seal, as Bessy ran back to the house, gaily as she had come. It ran thus:

"The President of the Royal Society requests the honour of the Dean of Salisbury's presence on Tuesday, the first of April, the next general meeting of the Society, several of the members desiring to witness his remarkable experiments in chemistry both in fixing mercury and producing metals.

"Signed, JOSEPH BANKS, Knt., President,
"Somerset House.

"P.S. Mr. James Harding, the Secretary of the Society, is the bearer of this letter."

The letter dropped from the dean's hand, the colour left his face, a cold dew broke out on his forehead, he staggered to a garden-seat, and sat down with his head bent. Bertha was alarmed; she sat down by his side, and seized his hand.

The dean picked up the letter, and showed it to her.

"Are you ill, dear papa?" she said.

"No, darling—it's the letter, the letter," he murmured.

"Why, it's brave, good news, dear papa—more honours for the great genius in chemistry—the great Royal Society want to bestow its honours upon you."

The dean was silent; he sighed, and still kept his head hung down. He looked now more like a convicted criminal than a genius or discoverer whom the world was eager to honour.

Bertha looked at her father for a moment; then, with the quick insight of a woman, she saw that some great blow, whence or how she could not understand, had fallen upon him. She suddenly threw her arms round his neck, and kissed him several times; then she said,

"Oh, dear papa, tell me what has happened. Something dreadful has happened, I know; but you will not keep it from Bertha, who loves you so much."

The dean was silent; he still kept his eyes fixed on the ground. He was crushed to the earth.

"Oh, dear, dear papa, do tell me—you terrify me with this frightful silence. What can there be so terrible in exhibiting those wonderful experiments of yours before the Royal Society? Will they not be wonderstruck like every one else, and acknowledge you the great genius of the age, as every one else does? They must—they shall. Dear, dear papa, do look up and tell me what has happened."

There was a long interval of silence; then the dean gently and fondly removed his daughter's arms from his neck, and looked up. He appeared in that short time to have grown older. His voice was low and tremulous. His eyes seemed to have lost part of their colour, and to have shrunk into their sockets. He pressed his daughter's hands between his own, which trembled as if they were palsied.

"Dear daughter," he said, "what I tell you will give you great pain. It will give me greater pain to tell you. You will have to listen to the story of your father's shame and guilt. I am a self-deceived man, and, what is worse, the deceiver of others. I can no more make gold than the poorest apothecary in the town. I had for years dreamt over books of alchemy, till a wicked longing for power and wealth dominated over my mind. I began to believe in the possibility of making gold, yet never could attain the secret. I still believe in the possibility; but, alas! I am no nearer the secret than I was twenty years ago. I may never discover it—indeed, I fear, greatly fear, I never shall—some one link is wanting, and that one link wanting, all the other links of the great chain are useless. My child, a year ago, as I sat at my furnace, Satan tempted me—a voice seemed to say from the centre of the flame, 'Fool! why try and discover the inscrutable? Pretend to discover it, and you will gain by that pretence the very power you crave.' Bertha, darling, I wickedly and basely

yielded to that voice. I used mercury with gold dust poured into it. I hollowed out holes in the crucibles, hid gold in them, and waxed the surface over—the trick succeeded, the world hailed me as a genius. I had an interview with the king, and my triumph was complete. But the devil, when he promises reward to his slaves, pays them only with phantom and dissolving fame. That cold reserved man who came yesterday has at last fathomed my imposture, and now I am summoned before the Royal Society, not as a discoverer to receive honours, but as a criminal to be tried, found guilty, punished, and disgraced. There is no escape for me. I am a ruined and degraded man; God help me.”

Tears sprang to the unhappy man's eyes, and he clasped his daughter in his arms, crying:

“Bertha, Bertha, do not despise and hate your father.”

“Father, I pity you, I do not despise you. O who can tell how great and terrible was the temptation! I, too, am a sinner; we are all sinners. Do but repent, dear father, and believe that I love you as much as ever. I know that to such a mind as yours, failure alone is a great punishment. Refuse to accept the decision of these self-elected judges.”

“My child, I do repent,” said the dean, replying not to Bertha's last advice, but to her first words of consolation. “A cloud has passed from me, I see my sin in all its blackness; but I have to meet these men, and divert the suspicion that this emissary of theirs will arouse, and I dare not face the public shame; no, I dare not be pointed out as a detected trickster.” The dean shuddered as he spoke.

“Why not be brave, dear father?” said Bertha; “why not strip yourself of this false distinction! Confess the tempting hopes that led you to anticipate discovery by a false claim. Urge with all your natural eloquence the certainty you still entertain of the discovery, and throw yourself on their mercy to guard your secret.”

The dean shuddered again, this time more perceptibly than before. “No, Bertha,” he said, speaking between his teeth. “No. I have not the moral courage to bear such a degradation. You do not know the scorn of rivals, the flinty hardness of the angry fanatics of science, vexed at even the hint of discoveries that shall supersede their own. They are cruel and envious, and they call their envy justice. No, my child, I must save myself in another way.”

Tuesday, the first day of April, had arrived, and the members of the Royal Society were assembled in the great wainscoted room in Somerset House. The president sat in his emblazoned chair in almost regal dignity. The row of faces around him were the faces of the wisest and most learned men of the day. They looked awful as an immense jury in their close-cropped wigs. One of the members had left his seat, and was talking to the secretary, whose face was radiant with a cold sunshine.

“He will not come,” said the member. “It is five minutes past the time; I told you he would not come.”

“I tell you he *will* come,” said the secretary. At that moment one of the porters came in, and announced the arrival of the Dean of Salisbury.

The secretary hastened to the door to receive the visitor. The dean was in the waiting-room, seated. He rose and started when the secretary entered to ask him into the council-room. One glance at each other's eyes was sufficient to inform the enemies of each other's meaning.

The dean was the first to speak. He owned himself vanquished; he affected no concealment. “Mr. Harding,” he said, solemnly, “we have been long rivals, and you have at last triumphed. You see me helpless, disarmed, and at your mercy; use that triumph generously. You have unmasked my supposed discoveries; do not push your victory further.”

The dean spoke with flushed face and with a feverish light in his eyes; but Mr. Harding remained icy as before. Nothing could distract him from his position of a scientific constable—a fanatical imperturbable spy and detective.

He merely said, coldly, in the old dry unchangeable voice,

“Mr. Dean, you do yourself a grievous wrong; all the world is talking of you as the greatest discoverer of the age. Our great society is waiting to crown you with honour. Let no false humility render you reluctant to accept these well-earned honours. I go to inform the president of your arrival.” There was a smile of triumph in the secretary's eye as he bowed and left the room.

In three minutes he returned.

“Mr. Dean,” he said, “the president is ready to receive you.”

No one answered. He looked. The dean was not there. He looked again. He then saw in a dark corner of the room a prostrate body. It was the dean's. He felt his heart. He was dead. A smell of bitter almonds rose from the corpse. The dean had swallowed poison.

“I knew the rogue would not face inquiry,” was the secretary's only comment.

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VERY HARD CASH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

CHAPTER XV.

THE two supple dusky forms went whirling so fast, there was no grasping them to part them. But presently the negro seized the Hindoo by the throat; the Hindoo just pricked him in the arm with his knife, and the next moment his own head was driven against the side of the cabin with a stunning crack; and there he was, pinned, and wriggling, and bluish with fright, whereas the other swart face close against his was dark grey with rage, and its two fireballs of eyes rolled fearfully, as none but African eyes can roll.

Fullalove pacified him by voice and touch: he withdrew his iron grasp with sullen and lingering reluctance, and glared like a disappointed mastiff. The cabin was now full, and Sharpe was for putting both the blacks in irons. No splitter of hairs was he. But Fullalove suggested there might be a moral distinction between things that looked equally dark to the eye.

"Well, then, speak quick, both of you," said Sharpe, "or I'll lay ye both by the heels. Ye black scoundrels, what business have you in the captain's cabin, kicking up the devil's delight?"

Thus threatened, Vespasian panted out his tale: he had discovered this nigger, as he persisted in calling the Hindoo, eternally prowling about the good captain's door, and asking stupid questions: he had watched him, and, on the surgeon coming out with the good news that the captain was better, in had crawled "this yar abommable egotisk." And he raised a ponderous fist to point the polysyllables: with this aid the sareasm would doubtless have been crushing: but Fullalove hung on the sable orator's arm, and told him dryly to try and speak without gesticulating. "The darned old euss," said Vespasian, with a pathetic sigh at not being let hit him. He resumed; and told how he had followed the Hindoo, stealthily, and found him with a knife uplifted over the captain—a tremor ran through all present—robbing him. At this a loud murmur filled the room; a very ugly one, the sort of snarl with which dogs fly at dogs' throats with their teeth, and men fly at men's throats with a cord.

"Be quiet," said Sharpe, imperiously. "I'll have no lynching in a vessel I command. Now then, you sir, how do you know he was robbing the captain?"

"How do I know? Yah! yah! Cap'n, if you please you tell dis unskeptical gemman whether you don't miss a lilly book out of your bosom!"

During this extraordinary scene, Dodd had been looking from one speaker to another, in great surprise and some confusion: but, at the negro's direct appeal, his hand went to his breast and clutched it with a feeble but heartrending cry.

"Oh, him not gone far. Yah! yah!" and Vespasian stooped, and took up an oilskin packet off the floor; and laid it on the bed: "dis child seen him in dat ar nigger's hand: and heard him go whack on de floor."

Dodd hurried the packet into his bosom, then turned all gratitude to his sable friend: "Now God bless you! God bless you! Give me your honest hand! You don't know what you have done for me and mine."

And, sick as he was, he wrung Vespasian's hand with convulsive strength, and would not part with it. Vespasian patted him soothingly all over, and whimpered out: "Nebber you mind, cap'n! You bery good man: dis child bery fond of you a long time ago. You bery good man, outrageous good man, dam good man! I propose your health: invalesee directly!"

While Dodd was speaking, the others were silent out of respect: but now Sharpe broke in, and, with the national desire to hear both sides, called on Ramgolam for his version. The Hindoo was now standing with his arms crossed on his breast, looking all the martyr, meek and dignified. He inquired of Sharpe, in very broken English, whether he spoke Hindostance?

"Not I: nor don't act it neither," said Sharpe.

At this confession Ramgolam looked down on him with pity and mild contempt.

Mr. Tickell was put forward as interpreter.

Ramgolam (in Hindostance.) He, whom Destiny, too strong for mortals, now oppresses with iron hand, and feeds with the bread of affliction—

Mr. Tickell (translating.) He, who by bad luck has got into trouble—

Ramgolam. Has long observed the virtues that

embellish the commander of this ship resembling a mountain, and desired to imitate them—

Tickell. Saw what a good man the captain is, and wanted to be like him—

Vespasian. The darned old cuss.

Ramgolam. Seeing him often convey his hand to his bosom, I ascribed his unparalleled excellence to the possession of some sovereign talisman. (*Tickell* managed to translate this sentence all but the word talisman, which he rendered—with all a translator's caution—"article.") Finding him about to depart to the regions of the blessed, where such auxiliaries are not needed, and being eager to emulate his perfections here below, I came softly to the place where he lay—

Tickell. When I saw him going to slip his cable, I wanted to be as good a fellow as he is, so I crept alongside—

Ramgolam. And gently, and without force, made myself proprietor of the amulet, and inheritor of a good man's qualities—

Tickell. And quietly boned the article, and the captain's virtues. I don't know what the beggar means.

Ramgolam. Then a traitor with a dark skin, but darker soul—

Tickell. Then another black hearted nigger—

Ramgolam. Came furiously and misappropriated the charm thus piously obtained—

Tickell. Ran in and stole it from me.

Ramgolam. And bereft me of the excellences I was inheriting: and—

Here *Sharpe* interrupted the dialogue by putting the misappropriator of other men's virtues in irons: and the surgeon insisted on the cabin being cleared. But *Dodd* would not part with the three friends yet; he begged them to watch him, and see nobody else come to take his children's fortune.

"I'll sink or swim with it; but, oh, I doubt we shall have no luck while it is aboard me. I never had a Pirate alongside before, in all these years. What is this?—here's something *in* it now; something hard—something heavy: and—why, it is a bullet!"

On this announcement, an eager inspection took place: and, sure enough, a bullet had passed through *Dodd's* coat, and waistcoat, &c., and through the oilskin, and the leather pocket-book, and just dented the "Hard Cash;" no more.

There was a shower of comments and congratulations.

The effect of this discovery on the sick man's spirits was remarkable. "I was a villain to believe it," said he. "It is my wife's, and my children's; and it has saved my life for them.

He kissed it, and placed it in his bosom, and soon after sunk into a peaceful slumber. The excitement had not the ill effect the surgeon feared: it somewhat exhausted him; and he slept long: but, on awakening, was pronounced out of danger. To tell the truth, the tide had turned in his favour overnight; and it was to con-

vey the good news on deck the surgeon had left him.

While *Dodd* was recovering, the *Agra* was beating westward, with light but contrary winds: and a good month elapsed without any incident affecting the *Hard Cash*, whose singular adventures I have to record. In this dearth please put up with a little characteristic trifle, which did happen one moonlight night. *Mr. Fullalove* lay coiled below decks in deep abstraction meditating a patent: and, being in shadow and silent, he saw *Vespasian* in the moonlight creeping on all fours like a guilty thing into the bedroom of Colonel *Kenealy*, then fast asleep. A horrible suspicion thrilled through *Fullalove*: a suspicion he waited grimly to verify.

The transatlantic Mixture, *Fullalove*, was not merely an inventor a philanthrope a warrior a preacher a hunter a swimmer a fiddler a sharp fellow a good fellow a Puritan and a Bohemian; he was also a Theorist: and his Theory, which dub we

THE AFRICAN THEORY,

had two branches. 1. That the races of men started equal: but accident upon accident had walked some tribes up a ladder of civilisation, and kicked others down it, and left others standing at the foot.

2. That the good work of centuries could be done, at a pinch, in a few generations, by artificial condensation of the favourable circumstances. For instance, secure this worker in *Ebony* 150 years' life, and he would sign a penal bond to produce Negroes of the fourth descent, equal in mind to the best contemporary white. "You can breed Brains," said he "under any skin, as inevitably as Fat. It takes time and the right crosses; but so does Fat; or rather it did; for Fat is an institution now." And here our Republican must have a slap at thrones; "Compare," said he, "the opportunities of these distinguished Gentlemen and Ladies with their acts! Their seats have been high, but their minds low, I swan. They have been breeders for ages: and known the two rudiments of the science; have crossed and crossed for grenadiers, race-horses, poultry, and prize bullocks; and bred in and in for fools; but which of them has ever aspired to breed a *Newton*, a *Pascal*, a *Shakespeare*, a *Solon*, a *Raphael*? Yet all these were results to be obtained by the right crosses, as surely as a swift horse or a circular sow. Now fancy breeding short-horns when you might breed long heads." So *Vespasian* was to engender Young Africa; he was to be first elevated morally and intellectually as high as he would go, and then set to breed; his partner, of course to be elected by *Fullalove*, and educated as high, as she would consent to without an illicit connexion with the Experimentalist. He would be down on their *Pickaninnies*, before the parents could transfer the remnant of their own weaknesses to them, polysyllables included; and would polish these ebony chips: and, at the next cross, reckoned to

rear a genius, by which time as near as he could calculate, he the Theorist would be in his dotage : and all the better ; make a curious contrast, in favour of young Africa.

Vespasian could not hit a barn door sitting—with a rifle: it was purely with a view to his moral improvement, mind you, that Fullalove invited him into the mizentop to fight the Pirate. The Patient came gingerly and shivered there with fear. But five minutes elapsing, and he not killed, that weakness gave way to a jocund recklessness; and he kept them all gay with his quaint remarks, of which I must record but one. When they crossed the stern of the Pirate, the distance was so small that the faces of that motley crew were plainly visible: now, Vespasian was a merciless critic of coloured skins; "Wal," said he, turning up his nose sky high, "dis child never seen such a mixallaneous biling o' darkies as this yar; why darned ef there ain't every colour in the rainbow; from the ace of spades down to the fine dissolving views." This amazing description, coupled with his look of affront and disgust, made the white men roar; for men fighting for their lives have a greater tendency to laugh than one would think possible. Fullalove was proud of the critic, and for a while lost sight of the Pirate in his theory; which also may seem strange. But your true theorist is a man apart: he can withdraw into himself under difficulties. "What said one of the breed two thousand years ago?

*Media inter prælia semper
Sideribus, cœlique plagis Superisque vacavi.*

Oh the great African heart!" said Fullalove, after the battle. "By my side he fears no danger. Of all men negroes are the most capable of friendship; their affection is a mine: and we have only worked it with the lash; and that is a ridiculous mining tool I rather think."

When Vespasian came out so strong versus Ramgolam, Fullalove was even more triumphant: for after all it is not so much the heart, as the intelligence, of the negro, we albiculi affect to doubt.

"Oh, the great African intellect!" said Fullalove, publicly, taking the bull by the horns.

"I know," said Mrs. Beresford, maliciously; "down in the maps as the great African Desert."

To balance his many excellences Vespasian had an infirmity. This was, an ungovernable itch for brushing whites. If he was talking with one of that always admired, and now beloved, race, and saw a speck of dirt on him, he would brush him unobtrusively, but effectually, in full dialogue: he would steal behind a knot of whites and brush whoever needed it, however little. Fullalove remonstrated, but in vain; on this one point Instinct would not yield to Reason. He could not keep his hands off a dusty white. He would have died of the miller of Dee. But the worst was he did not stop at clothes; he loathed ill-blacked shoes: woe to all foot-leather that did not shine; his own skin furnished a perilous standard of comparison. He was eter-

nally blacking boots en amateur. Fullalove got in a rage at this, and insisted on his letting his fellow-creatures' leather alone. Vespasian pleaded hard, especially for leave to black Colonel Keenealy. "The cunnel," said he, pathetically, "is such a tarnation fine gentleman spoilt for want of a lilly bit of blacking." Fullalove replied that the colonel had got a servant whose mission it was to black his shoes. This simply amused Vespasian. "A servant?" said he. "Yah! yah! What is the use of white servants? They are not biddable. Massa Fullalove, sar! Goramighty he reared all white men to kick up a dust, white servants inspecially, and the darkies to brush 'em; and likewise additionally to make their boots shine, a lilly bit." He concluded with a dark hint that the colonel's white servant's own shoes, though better blacked than his master's, were anything but mirrors, and that this child had his eye on them.

The black desperado emerged on tiptoe from Keenealy's cabin, just as Macbeth does from the murdered Duncan's chamber: only with a pair of boots in his hand instead of a pair of daggers; got into the moonlight, and finding himself uninterrupted, assumed the whistle of innocence, and polished them to the nine, chuckling audibly.

Fullalove watched him with an eye like a rattlesnake: but kept quiet. He saw interference would only demoralise him worse: for it is more ignoble to black boots clandestinely, than bravely: men ditto.

He relieved his heart with idioms. "Darn the critter; he's fixed my flint eternally. Now I cave. I swan to man I may just hang up my fiddle: for this darkie's too hard a row to hoe."

It was but a momentary dejection. The Mixture was (inter alia) a Theorist and an Anglo-Saxon; two indomitables. He concluded to temporise with the Brush; and breed it out.

"I'm bound to cross the obsequious cuss with the catawamptousest gal in Guinea: and one that never saw a blacking bottle, not even in a dream." *Majora canamus.*

Being now about a hundred miles South of the Mauritius, in fine weather with a light breeze, Dodd's marine barometer began to fall steadily: and by the afternoon the declension had become so remarkable, that he felt uneasy, and, somewhat to the surprise of the crew,—for there was now scarce a breath of air,—furled his slight sails, treble reefed his topsails, had his top-gallant, and royal, yards, and gaff topsail, sent on deck, got his flying jib boom in, &c., and made the ship snug.

Keenealy asked him what was the matter?

"Barometer going down; moon at the full; and Jonah aboard," was the reply, uttered doggedly.

Keenealy assured him it was a beautiful evening, precursor of a fine day. "See how red the sunset is:

Evening red and morning grey
Are the sure signs of a fine day."

Dodd looked, and shook his head. The sun was red : but the wrong red : an angry red : and, as he dipped into the wave, discharged a lurid coppery hue that rushed in a moment like an embodied menace over the entire heavens. The wind ceased altogether : and in the middle of an unnatural and suspicious calm the glass went down, down, down.

The moon rose : and instantly all eyes were bent on her with suspicion ; for in this latitude the hurricanes generally come at the full moon. She was tolerably clear, however ; but a light seud sailing across her disc showed there was wind in the upper regions.

The glass fell lower than Dodd had ever seen it.

He trusted to science ; barred the lee-ports, and had the dead lights put into the stern cabin and secured : then turned in for an hour's sleep.

Science proved a prophet. Just at seven bells, in one moment, like a thunderbolt from the sky, a heavy squall struck the ship ; and laid her almost on her beam ends. Under a less careful captain her lee-ports would have been open, and she would have gone to the bottom like a bullet.

"Ease the main sheet !" cried Sharpe, hastily, to a hand he had placed there on purpose : the man, in his hurry, took too many turns off the cleet, the strain overpowered him, he let go, and there was the sail flapping like thunder, and the sheet lashing everything in the most dangerous way. Dodd was on deck in a moment. "Up mainsel ! Get hold of the clue garnets, bunt-lines, and leech-lines ; run them up !—Now then, over to wind'ard ! Let go the main-bowling !—Keep to the run, men !—Belay !"

And so the sail was saved.

"Folkstle, there !"

"Sir !"

"Hands up : furl sails !"

"Ay, ay, sir."

(Pipe.) "All hands furl sail, ahoy !"

Up tumbled the crew, went cheerily to work, and by three bells in the middle watch, had furled the few remaining sails, and treble reefed the main topsail : under this last the ship lay to, with her head as near the wind as they could bring it, and so the voyage was suspended.

A heavy sea got up under a scourging wind that rose and rose, till the Agra, under the pressure of that single sail treble reefed, heeled over so as to dip her lee channels. This went on till the waves rolled so high, and the squalls were so bitter, that sheets of water were actually torn off their crests and launched incessantly on deck, not only drenching Dodd and his officers, which they did not mind, but threatening to flood the ship.

Dodd battened down the hatches, and stopped that game.

Then came a danger no skill could avert : the ship lurched so rapidly that the seams of her works opened and shut : she also heeled over so

violently now, as not merely to dip, but bury, her lower deck port-pendants : and so a good deal of water found ingress through the windage. Then Dodd set a gang to the pumps : for he said : "We can hardly hope to weather this out without shipping a sea : and I won't have water coming in upon water."

And now the wind, raging and roaring like discharges of artillery, and not like wind as known in our seas, seemed to have put out all the lights of heaven. The sky was inky black, and quite close to their heads : and the wind still increasing, the vessel came down to her extreme bearings, and it was plain she would soon be on her beam ends. Sharpe and Dodd met, and holding on by the life-lines, applied their speaking trumpets tight to each other's ears ; and even then they had to bawl.

"She can't carry a rag much longer."

"No, sir ; not half an hour."

"Can we furl that main t'apsle ?"

Sharpe shook his head. "The first moment we start a sheet, the sail will whip the mast out of her."

"You are right. Well then, I'll cut it away."

"Volunteers, sir ?"

"Ay, twelve : no more. Send them to my cabin."

Sharpe's difficulty was to keep the men back, so eager were the fine fellows to risk their lives. However, he brought twelve to the cabin, headed by Mr. Grey, who had a right, as captain of the watch, to go with them ; on which right he insisted in spite of Dodd's earnest request that he would forego it. When Dodd saw his resolution, he dropped the friend, and resumed the captain : and spoke to them through a trumpet ; the first time he had ever used one in a cabin or seen one used.

"Mr. Grey, and men, going aloft to save the mainmast, by cutting the sail away."

"Ay, ay, sir !"

"Service of danger, great danger !"

"Hurrah !"

"But great dangers can be made smaller by working the right way. Attend ! Lay out all on the yard, and take your time from one ; man at the lee yard arm : don't know who that will be ; but one of the smartest men in the ship. Order to *him* is : hold his knife hand well up ; rest to see ! and then in knives altogether : mind and cut from you, and below the reef band ; and then I hope to see all come down alive."

Mr. Grey and his twelve men left the cabin : and hey ! for the main top. The men let the officer lead them as far as Jacob's ladder, and then hurrah for the lee yard arm ! That was where all wanted to be, and but one could be : Grey was as anxious as the rest : but officers of his rank seldom go aloft, and soon fall out of their catlike habits. He had done about six ratlines, when instead of going hand over head, he spread his arms to seize a shroud on each side of him : by this he weakened his leverage,

and the wind just then came fiercer, caught him, and flattened him against the rigging as tight as if Nature had caught up a mountain for a hammer and nailed him with a cedar; he was spread-eagled. The men accepted him at once as a new patent ratline with a fine resisting power: they went up him, and bounded three ordinary ratlines at a go off all his promontories, especially his shoulders, and his head, receiving his compliments in the shape of hearty curses: they gained the top and lay out on the yard with their hair flying like streamers: and who got the place of honour, but Thompson, the jolly fore-topman, who couldn't stand smoked pea soup. So strong and so weak are men.

Thompson raised his knife high; there was a pause: then in went all their knives, and away went the sail into the night of the storm, and soon seemed a sheet of writing-paper and more likely to hit the sky than the sea. The men came down, picked their officer off the rigging, had a dram in the captain's cabin, and saw him enter their names in the log-book for good service, and in the purser's for extra grog on Sundays from there to Gravesend.

The ship was relieved; and all looked well, till the chronometer, their only guide now, announced sunset: when the wind, incredible as it may appear, increased, and one frightful squall dipped the muzzles of the lee carronades in the water.

Then was heard the first cry of distress: an appalling sound; the wail of brave men. And they had borne it all so bravely, so cheerfully, till now. But now they knew something must go, or else the ship; the suspense was awful, but very short, Crack! crash! the fore and main topmast both gone; short off by the caps; and the ship recovered slowly, hesitatingly, tremblingly.

Relieving her from one danger this subjected her to another and a terrible one. The heavy spars that had fallen, unable to break loose from the rigging, pounded the ship so savagely as to threaten to stave in her side.

But neither this stout captain nor his crew shirked any danger men had ever grappled with since men were; Dodd ordered them to cut away the wreck to leeward: it was done: then to windward: this, the more ticklish operation, was also done smartly: the wreck passed under the ship's quarter, and she drifted clear of it. They breathed again.

At eight bells in the first watch it began to thunder and lighten furiously; but the thunder, though close, was quite inaudible in the tremendous uproar of the wind and sea. It blew a hurricane: there were no more squalls now; but one continuous tornado, which in its passage through that great gaunt skeleton, the ship's rigging and bare poles, howled and yelled and roared so terrifically, as would have silenced a salvo of artillery fired alongside. The overwhelming sea ran in dark watery mountains crested with devilish fire. The inky blackness

added supernatural horror; the wrath of the Almighty seemed upon them: and his hand to drop the black sky down on them for their funeral pall. Surely Noah from his ark saw nothing more terrible.

What is that? close on the lee bow: close: the flash of a gun; another; another; another. A ship in distress firing minute guns, in their ears; yet no sound: human thunder silenced, as God's thunder was silenced, by the uproar of his greater creatures in their mad rage. The Agra fired two minute guns to let the other poor ship know she had a companion in her helplessness, and her distress; and probably a companion in her fate. Even this companionship added its mite of danger: for both ships were mere playthings of the elements; they might be tossed together; and then, what would be their fate? Two eggs clashed together in a great boiling caldron, and all the life spilt out.

Yet did each flash shoot a ray of humanity and sympathy into the thick black supernatural horror.

And now came calamity upon calamity. A tremendous sea broke the tiller at the rudder-head, and not only was the ship in danger of falling off and shipping the sea; but the rudder hammered her awfully, and bade fair to stave in her counter, which is another word for Destruction. Thus death came at them with two hands open at once.

These vessels always carry a spare tiller: they tried to ship it; but the difficulty was prodigious. No light but the miserable deck lantern—one glow-worm in Egypt supernaturally darkened—the Agra never on an even keel, and heeling over like a sea-saw more than a ship; and then every time they did place the tiller, and get the strain on with their luff tackles, the awful sea gave it a blow and knocked it away like a hair.

At last they hit it off, or thought they had, for the ponderous thumps of the rudder ceased entirely. However, the ship did not obey this new tiller like the old one: her head fell off in an unlucky moment when seven waves were rolling in one, and, on coming to the windward again, she shipped a sea. It came in over her bow transversely; broke as high as the mainstay, and hid and buried the whole ship before the mast: carried away the waist bulwarks on both sides, filled the launch, and drowned the live stock which were in it: swept four water-butts and three men away into the sea, like corns and straws; and sent tons of water down the fore-scuttle and main hatchway, which was partly opened not to stifle the crew; and flooded the gun deck ankle deep.

Dodd, who was in his cabin, sent the whole crew to the pumps, except the man at the wheel; and prepared for the worst.

In men so brave as he was, when Hope dies, Fear dies. His chief care now was to separate the fate of those he loved from his own. He took a bottle, inserted the fatal money in it, with a few words of love to his wife, and of

direction to any stranger that should fall in with it: secured the cork with melted sealing-wax, tied oilskin over it and melted wax on that; applied a preparation to the glass to close the pores: and to protect it against other accidents, and attract attention, fastened a black painted bladder to it by a stout tarred twine, and painted "Agra, lost at sea," in white on the bladder. He had logged each main incident of the storm with that curt, business-like, accuracy, which reads so cold and small a record of these great and terrible tragedies. He now made a final entry a little more in character with the situation: "About eight bells in the morning watch shipped a heavy sea forward. The rudder being now damaged, and the ship hardly manageable, brought the log and case on deck, expecting to founder shortly. Sun and moon hidden this two days, and no observation possible; but by calculation of wind and current, we should be about fifty miles to the southward of the Mauritius. God's will be done."

He got on deck with the bottle in his pocket, and the bladder peeping out: put the log, and its case, down on deck, and by means of the life-lines crawled along on his knees, and with great difficulty, to the wheel. Finding the man could hardly hold on, and dreading another sea, Dodd, with his own hands, lashed him to the helm.

While thus employed, he felt the ship give a slight roll, a very slight roll to windward. His experienced eye lightened with hope, he cast his eager glance to leeward. There it is a sailor looks for the first spark of hope. Ay, thereaway was a little, little gleam of light. He patted the helmsman on the shoulder and pointed to it; for now neither could one man speak for the wind, nor another hear. The sailor nodded joyfully.

Presently the continuous tornado broke into squalls.

Hope grew brighter.

But, unfortunately, in one furious squall the ship broke round off so as to present her quarter to the sea at an unlucky moment: for it came seven deep again, a roaring mountain, and hurled itself over her stern and quarter. The mighty mass struck her stern frame with the weight of a hundred thousand tons of water, and drove her forward as a boy launches his toy-boat on a pond; and, though she made so little resistance, stove in the dead lights and the port frames, burst through the cabin bulkheads, and washed out all the furniture, and Colonel Kenealy in his nightgown with a table in his arms borne on water three feet deep; and carried him under the poop awning away to the lee quarter deck scuppers; and flooded the lower deck. Above, it swept the quarter deck clean of everything except the shrieking helmsman; washed Dodd away like a cork, and would have carried him overboard if he had not brought up against the mainmast and grasped it like grim death, half drowned, half stunned, sorely bruised, and gasping like a porpoise ashore.

He held on by the mast in water and foam, panting. He rolled his despairing eyes around: the bulwarks fore and aft were all in ruins, with wide chasms, as between the battlements of some decayed castle: and through the gaps he saw the sea yawning wide for him. He dare not move: no man was safe a moment, unless lashed to mast or helm. He held on, expecting death. But presently it struck him he could see much farther than before. He looked up: it was clearing overhead; and the uproar abating visibly. And now the wind did not decline as after a gale; extraordinary to the last, it blew itself out.

Sharpe came on deck, and crawled on all fours to his captain, and helped him to a life-line. He held on by it, and gave his orders. The wind was blown out; but the sea was as dangerous as ever. The ship began to roll to windward. If that was not stopped, her fate was sealed. Dodd had the main trysail set, and then the fore trysail, before he would yield to go below, though drenched, and sore, and hungry, and worn out. Those sails steadied the ship; the sea began to go down by degrees; the celestial part of nature was more generous: away flew every cloud, out came the heavenly sky bluer and lovelier than ever they had seen it: the sun flamed in its centre. Nature, after three days' eclipse, was so lovely: it seemed a new heavens and a new earth. If there was an infidel on board who did not believe in God, now his soul felt Him, in spite of the poor little head: as for Dodd, who was naturally pious, he raised his eyes towards that lovely sky in heartfelt, though silent, gratitude to its maker for saving the ship and cargo and her people's lives, not forgetting the private treasure he was carrying home to his dear wife and children.

With this thought, he naturally looked down: but missed the bladder that had lately protruded from his pocket; he clapped his hand to his pocket all in a flutter. The bottle was gone. In a fever of alarm and anxiety, but with good hopes of finding it, he searched the deck: he looked in every cranny, behind every coil of rope the sea had not carried away.

In vain.

The sea, acting on the buoyant bladder attached, had clearly torn the bottle out of his pocket, when it washed him against the mast. His treasure then must have been driven much farther: and how far? Who could tell?

It flashed on the poor man with fearful distinctness that it must either have been picked up by somebody in the ship ere now, or else carried out to sea.

Strict inquiry was made amongst the men.

No one had seen it.

The fruit of his toil and prudence, the treasure Love, not Avarice, had twined with his heart-strings; was gone. In his defence he had defeated two pirates, each his superior in force;

and now conquered the elements at their maddest. And in the very moment of that great victory—It was gone.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF YOURSELF.

CAREFUL mammas are apt to box the ears of little girls who jump up on chairs to look at themselves in the glass—at least careful mammas were wont so to do in the primitive ages, when the ears of little girls could, under any circumstances, and for any misdeeds, be boxed at all. But no amount of smarting or smiting can, I take it, cure little girls when grown up, of a habit which is as natural to them as that of nursing a doll when they are little. Indeed, I see no valid reason why it should. It is all very well for us, grizzled and wrinkled ones, whose good looks are of antediluvian date, to inveigh against female vanity, coquetry, display, and the like; but none of our fierce invective will alter the real and immutable state of the case—that it is one of the chiefest points in that “woman’s mission” about which so much insupportable clap-trap has been lately said and sung, to look comely and graceful, in order that she may attract men, and, in process of time, get married, and become the happy mother of blooming children. Now, this comeliness and gracefulness, if the requirements of civilisation are to be consulted, are unattainable without a mirror. Beauty when unadorned adorned the most, is a charming bit of word jingling; but Cicely Mop the dairymaid, without even a scrap of looking-glass to assist her in parting her hair symmetrically and adjusting her neck-ribbon in a becoming manner, will scarcely persuade Colin Clout the ploughman to ask her to wed. Miss Feejee, the island beauty, may contrive to stick a fish-bone through her nose, and plaster her cheeks and forehead with ochre and orpiment, without the aid of a toilet-mirror; but still, she would give her ears for the merest fragment of a ship captain’s shaving-glass. Ask the “prison matron” what is the direst punishment that female convicts have to undergo. She will tell you that it is not low diet, or the dark cells, or even hair-cutting—agonising as the tonsure is. It is the deprivation of looking-glasses.

Boys, whose “mission” it is not—or at least, it should not be—to fascinate, are not much given to surveying their own reflexions in polished surfaces. I did once know a boy at school who was continually staring into a glass; but vanity was not his motive. He was a boy with a raw talent for making grimaces, and being, besides, of an ambitious turn, the notion had grown upon him that he could, by assiduous practice, put his tongue into his ear. He studied this difficult feat with such pertinacity, and with such horrible distortions of his facial muscles, that we, his admiring schoolfellows, began to think of lock-jaw, and grew alarmed. One of us happened to remember the old story of the madman, who, standing at the top window

of an asylum with a sane person, remarked what rare sport it would be if he were to fling him out of it; to which the sane person had the sagacity to reply that the sport would be much easier if he, the maniac, would step down to the court-yard, and try to jump up to the window. The madman had never thought of that, he said; and, stepping down accordingly, was promptly pounced upon, and popped into a padded room. Applying this apologue by analogy, the juvenile sage I speak of suggested to the boy who made faces, that he would gain everlasting renown if he could only contrive to force his nose into one of his eyes. He tried, and failed, naturally, and, falling from the giddy height of his ambition, took a soberer view of things, and let his tongue alone for the future.

To sneer at a woman for spending a large proportion of her time at the dressing-table is a fashion as old as envy, malice, and other uncharitableness; but no rational male could be seriously angry with his spouse, or his sister, or his sweetheart, for resorting to the indispensable aid of the mirror towards enhancing her personal charms. If bonnets ceased to be properly tied, and pork-pie hats coquettishly adjusted; if ladies had not looking-glasses to counsel them how much pearl-powder to put on, and how much to rub off; there would be an end, I apprehend, to society. Let me put a case. Have you ever seen a lady come down to dinner, or into the drawing-room to respond to a morning call, with a small circular dab of some floury substance on the tip of her finely-chiselled nose? I have. That farinaceous disc has at once made havoc of all her charms, stultified her jewellery, rendered nugatory all her Maltese lace, deleted her manue ribbons. The cause of the catastrophe has generally been self-evident. She has completed her toilette in a hurry, and forgotten that last and supreme glance at the looking-glass after applying the powder-puff. There are ladies, you may object, who never use powder. Ask them. Ask the photographers. Ask the chemists and druggists.

The ladies, I am emboldened to hope, will render me a proper meed of gratitude for this candid defence of their right to gaze upon their own sweet reflected images as long and as frequently as ever they please. But I intend to go a step further. Men are given, as a rule, to look with aversion and contempt on members of their own sex who habitually take counsel of the looking-glass. When I was a little boy, the nursemaid used to warn me off the reflective premises by telling me that if I looked in the glass too long, I should see the devil leering over my shoulder. I think, now, that a little imprisonment and hard labour would have done that nursemaid no harm. As we grow up, we fall into the habit of sneering at the man who is fond of viewing himself. We brand him as a softy and a sillikin. We speak of him as a “grinning ape.” The prejudice against such a Narcissus is strengthened by the fact that, in nine cases out of ten, he is really and wholly a fool. Thus, Lord Claude Miffles, who looks at

himself all dinner-time in a spoon, and Sir Ricketts Tufon, who always carries a hunting watch, in order that he may survey himself in the polished convexity of the case under pretext of ascertaining the time, have notoriously not an ounce and a half of sense between them. A man must be very hard pushed to know how to employ himself if he goes mirror hunting out of doors. Abroad his business is clearly not to look at himself, but at other people, in order that he may observe their ways, and gather truth and knowledge, according to his lights. But at home and in solitude this obligation in no wise holds good. When you are between four walls, and have only your looking-glass to keep you company, I say to you, young, middle aged, old, stare into it; look at yourself; compare yourself with the self of the day before yesterday—of ten, of twenty years ago. Take stock of the human countenance, and see how much of the divine element yet lingers in its lineaments. You were not always ugly. In infancy you might not have been quite a cherub; yet there was something in your babyhood that was beautiful. All callow as you were, your brow was open, your cheeks were smooth, your eyes clear. There was a smile on your lips sometimes. Run over your features now. Has the "thick-set hazel died" from your topmost head? Has the "hateful crow" trodden down the corners of your eyes? Have the crisp corners become blunt or defaced, or, worse still, have the smooth mouldings been broken into jagged angles or ploughed into deep indentations? You are bald; you are grey; your skin has more of the shagreen than the satin in its texture; you must call on the dentist to-morrow. A little Kalydor or Toilet Vinegar might do you good. Alas! you are long past the aid of Rowland or Rimmel. Can J. O. Bully build up Babylon again? Can Rowland restore the Roman forum? Can Truefit give back to Tyre its pristine splendour? Who has done all this mischief? Time? Ah! Time has a broad back between his wings. Do you think that Time gutted and unroofed all those hoary castles on the Rhine? Those who know the country and its history will tell you that the Grand Monarque and the Great Napoleon, with their shells and their cannons, did ten times more than Time to ruin the old schlossen between the Seven Mountains and the Lorelei. Have you never wasted a palatinate? Have you never blown up Mayence? Look at your face. What do all those lines mean? Study? Thought? Care? Where is the result? Whence came the care? Look at your face, and be wise ere it is too late.

There was a touch of quaint self-knowledge in that gambling baronet, who, after he had lost a few thousands over the hazard-table at Crookford's, would walk up to a plate-glass mirror, and shake his fist at himself, and exclaim, "Ah, you fool! you infernal fool! For twopenny I would knock your head off your shoulders. You needn't seowl at me, you black-looking scoundrel. I say you are a fool—a confounded fool!" But the baronet should have gone

through this pantomime in his own chamber, and alone, before he dressed for Pall-Mall and St. James's-street.

Judiciously and cautiously conducted, periodical self-examination in the looking-glass may be highly advantageous. Of course the outward guise—even in solitude, when the best worn mask will fall off—is not invariably the criterion of the inner man. One of the most dissipated persons—the most incorrigible nightbird I ever knew—had quite a seraphic countenance. It was wonderful to see him, the morning after an orgie (he never having been to bed), with his fair glossy hair curling over his white temples, a roseate bloom (not a flush) on his downy cheek, his blue eyes sparkling, and his whole self looking as though he fed on curds and whey and roasted butterflies' wings. He went down hill garlanded with flowers; but down he went, nevertheless, and fell to pieces suddenly.

While I am writing about looking-glasses comes across me the reminder that, so far as the philosophical study of one's self is concerned, modern science has very nearly succeeded in superseding the use of looking-glasses. A friend, five hundred miles away, sends me her photographic carte de visite. Well, what of that? She might have sent me a miniature. But a miniature costs much money, and is not easily sent by post; and moreover, without intending the slightest disrespect to miniature painters, I venture this statement:—that they are, in general, sad flatterers. Now, the camera obscura never flatters. It disparages. If you go into it ugly, you come out of it uglier. How stern old Oliver Cromwell would have delighted in a sitting to a photographer! Not a wrinkle, not a pimple, in that rough face would the impartial lens have spared. If photography had only existed three hundred years ago, what strange commentaries might we not now possess on the reputed beauties and gallants whose adulatory portraiture has come down to us! Queen Bess's carte de visite might be that of a coarse ill-favoured old hag; half King Charles's beauties might appear as snub-nosed and square-jawed as the beauties of the ballet that you may purchase now-a-days in the Burlington Arcade, or the Passage Choiseul. La Belle Stuart might seem sun-freckled, and Mrs. Bracegirdle wall-eyed; Marlborough a round pot-bodied common kind of man; and Lord Chesterfield a vulgar looking "gent."

I think that a man anxious to obey the precept "Know thyself," might gather much intimate self-acquaintance if he had his carte de visite taken at least once a month—with a life-sized photograph once a year. He should keep the collection, not for public exhibition, but for private contemplation. He should muse over his multiplied effigies, and write marginal notes in the album where they are enshrined. Let there be no touching up, no smoothing away of furrows, no darkening of hair and whiskers. Let him insist on having the real, raw, untampered with, photographs. And, when he winds his way to the operator's studio, let him go in

his ordinary costume—unkempt, if it be his custom not to brush his hair—shabby, if he be usually averse from sacrificing to the graces. When he sits or stands, let him assume his natural attitude—or no attitude; which is the most natural one of all. Let him sternly repudiate the traditional book, or pencil, or scroll, and kick away the carefully draped table, the eternal arm-chair, the scene-painted columns, curtain, and balustrade—all the hackneyed “properties” of the photographer. The picture of a man with a wall behind him, is all he needs.

I have a neat little collection of cartes de visite of this kind. I even go further. When I take a long suburban walk, or a run to a provincial town, I stop at the nearest “studio,” or the nearest van, and have sixpennyworth of portraiture done on glass, with the venter of black varnish behind. If you adopt this custom, you will ere long be in a position to indulge in the most edifying meditations, and may give your looking-glasses a very long holiday. If time hang heavy on your hands, out with the album, or overhaul the pile of sixpenny half-length tinsel frames which you may keep locked in your bedroom drawer. There you are in many moods, and under kaleidoscopic phases and conditions. Ah! there is the new frock-coat in which you went to that little fish dinner at the Trafalgar. You remember:—the day you were detained so long in the City, writing important letters. There is the shooting-jacket in which you took your pedestrian tour in Scotland. There, too, are your knapsack and your Tyrolese wide-awake, and those famous walking-boots that gave you the soft corns. In that white waistcoat, my friend, you were married. It was but five years since; yet you have grown too stout to wear that waistcoat now. What has become of that cameo pin? Ah! you gave it to Jack Flukes who went to Australia and made so much money at the bar there, and never wrote to you. Why, here you are, with Jack Flukes himself leaning over your shoulder! How fond of you the old fellow seems! What a dear old fellow it was! But he never wrote from Melbourne, not even in answer to that missive in which you informed him that you had been sued on that little bill, the proceeds of which paid his passage to the antipodes.

I knew a man—not very long ago either, for the carte de visite fashion is but a recent one—who had evil craft enough to make photography serve the purposes of his hatred and revenge. He had loved a woman who was beautiful, and accomplished, and haughty, and who, after showing him some slight favour, scorned him. In the days of her condescension—brief and fleeting as those days were—she gave him a large photographic portrait of herself, blazing with pride, and youth, and beauty. They quarrelled, and parted, and many hundred miles—thousands at last—yawned between them. Two years passed away, and the man found a woman to love, and not to scorn him, and married, and was happy, and nearly forgot his old love. In a print-shop window one day he saw her

carte de visite. He went in and bought it. The shopkeeper had half a dozen in different dresses and attitudes; for she had turned her accomplishments to account, and had become a kind of celebrity. He bought them all. This was at the height of the London season. At its close she went abroad. At the beginning of the next season she came again, and was not quite so celebrated, but there were more and various cartes de visites of her published. At last he had to ask for the cartes by name, for he grew doubtful in recognising her face. Not four years had passed by, but she had altered strangely. Her beauty was of the evanescent kind. Then the man would arrange his photographs like a suit of playing-cards by the side of the first and beautiful photograph, and, remembering the words that Clarendon spake to Castlemaine, would hug himself with a cruel joy. *The woman was growing old.* “Aha! my lady,” he would chuckle, “how sharp this nose is, how sunken are those cheeks, how deep are the lines under those eyes!” He got a powerful magnifying-glass, and declared that her rich wavy hair was thinning. He only regretted that chromatic photography had not yet been discovered. “If one could only see the real colours of life, in place of these monotonous tints of sepia and ochre,” he muttered—“if one could only see that her lips were pale, and her cheek sallow, and that there was silver in her hair!” But he consoled himself in remarking how thin her hands had grown, and what deep “salt-cellars” were by her collar-bones. If this man had been a poet, he might have added a stanza to the “Lady Clara Vere de Vere” of Alfred Tennyson.

From whichever point we regard it, this carte de visite movement is full of strange features and stranger helps to insight of mankind. It is a most revolutionary movement. It has done much—a thousand times more than ever democrat or demagogue could do—to demolish the Right Divine to govern wrong. From the cartes de visite, we learn the astounding fact that kings and queens are in dress and features precisely like other people. Marvellous, preternatural, as this may seem, it is true. Wings do not grow upon the shoulders of monarchs. They are compelled to tread like common mortals; and many of them look like very coarse and vulgar mortals, too. They have the same number of arms and legs as us plebeians; nay, more than that, some stoop unwieldily at the shoulders, and others are unmistakably bow-legged. Yes; bow-legged. In the grand old days of Spanish etiquette, “the Queen of Spain had no legs,” but this destructive carte de visite mania has made short work of the fictions of etiquette. The ex-Queen of Naples appears in knickerbockers. The ex-King stands sulkily with his hands in the pockets of a pair of very ill-made peg-tops. The Emperor of Austria, in his scanty white tunic, looks very much like a journeyman baker listening to the second report of Mr. Tremehere; the bluff King of Holland has a strong family likeness to Washington Irving’s

Peter Stuyvesant; the King of Italy is like Tony Lumpkin with a pair of enormous moustaches; Queen Christina closely resembles the widow in Tristram Shandy; and the King of Prussia looks like a drill-sergeant—a similitude, perchance, not very far from the actual truth. As for that incomparable carte of the Emperor Napoleon the Third, in a plain frock and a shiny hat, with his pretty graceful wife on his arm, his moustaches carefully twisted, and a waggish smile on his face—what does *he* look like? The dark and inscrutable politician? the arch-plotter? the gloomy man of December? Not a bit of it. He looks like a confident gentleman who knows a thing or two, who is going down into the City to do a little stroke of business, and will afterwards buy his wife a new bonnet on Ludgate-hill, or a new dress in St. Paul's Churchyard.

It is all over with the right divine. D. G. might as well be effaced from the European currency. Sovereigns may reign in the hearts of their people—and there are some who do so reign, and long may they reign, say I!—but they can no longer hope to perpetuate their sway by throwing the dust of flattering portraits in the eyes of the multitude. Poor old George the Fourth! What would he have thought of a carte de visite? How would he have felt at finding himself bracketed as a twin-brother of Mr. Tilbury? You can't disguise your wig in a carte de visite. The false parting WILL come out. Padding is easily detected. The rods of crinoline are defined. The king may sit in his counting-house counting out his money, the queen may be in the kitchen eating bread and honey, but the operator pops in at the window and focuses the twain, and there is no mistake at all about their being very plain.

AN OLD MEDIUM.

THE Medium of our own day is no original performer. This sort of self-accredited messenger has often abounded. The manipulation and general hocus-pocus have varied, but scratching through that surface we find the old charlatan Tartar underneath. Long ago, Mediums under other names wrote books of vulgar wonders, as was done only yesterday. Cagliostro had his séances in lodgings in Paris, just as Mediums have theirs in apartments in May-fair. The story of that skilful quack—whom it is disrespectful to measure with modern feeble pretenders—has been told with masterly dramatic effect by MR. CARLYLE. Not nearly so familiar is the history of the German necromancer, Schrepfer, who must be allowed the credit of being the original “raiser” of defunct relations, and the original practitioner of putting them in communication with their nearest of kin, seated on chairs of any pattern round the room.

Sir Nathaniel William Wraxall, Baronet, was posting round Europe in his chaise, about thirty years from the end of the last century.

He had made large snatches of the grand tour, had excellent letters of introduction; for Europe was then studded over with little courts and little cabinets, each filled up compactly with kings and electors, grand-dukes and ministers, each the little miniature centre of balls and all manner of diversion.

At Dresden he was also introduced to an uncle of the Elector, a certain Prince Charles, who had been Duke of Courland, but was now out of office; and the ceremony took place in the great gallery of the prince's palace, which some three or four years previously had been the scene of a most extraordinary exhibition. Sir Nathaniel was naturally anxious for some particulars of it; but he remarked a singular reserve on the subject among the ladies and gentlemen of the court. There was a mystery about the business. The Elector, in fact, wished the scandal to die out. At last a courtier who had been present—“a man of sense, courage, and intelligence”—kindly consented to slake the curiosity of the eager stranger. This was the substance of his narrative:

There had been living at Leipzig, a certain coffee-house keeper, named Schrepfer: whose business did not produce him very abundant profits; but another branch of industry, which he was lucky enough to “exploiter,” began to attract the public. He gave out that he had studied magic deeply, and that he was in familiar terms with the great society of Spirits. An old-fashioned programme, with nothing very fresh or striking about it. He affected to divide his spiritual acquaintances into several orders—the friendly, the hostile, and the strictly neutral: thence this *speciality* in his mode of dealing, that he never invited any visits from spirits in general, without first invoking the benevolent spirits, who, by this attention, were propitiated and secured for his protection. Gradually he came to be talked of. As his coffee declined, his spirits came into fashion.

The Prince Charles happened to be in Leipzig, and somehow incurred the resentment of this coffee-house magician, who was heard to use some disrespectful language in reference to the august personage. The prince actually took the trouble of despatching an officer to inflict personal chastisement on him; but, while the punishment was being inflicted, the magician rushed into a corner, and there, flinging himself on his knees, loudly called on his friendly spirits to come to his assistance; at which the officer, utterly scared, forbore his chastisement, and fled. This inspired a further awe of the magician. Not long afterwards, he resigned the direction of his coffee-house, and appeared at Dresden with another name, and the quality of “an officer in the service of France.”

It is curious what a similarity there is in the chameleon colours of these gorgeous Dulcamaras. Courts are always indispensable to them. The *ci-devant* coffee-house keeper in this new character makes an attempt to be presented at court, but is rebuffed. Presently,

however, his real name gets abroad; and finally it travelled to Prince Charles's ears, who was now living at the palace at Dresden, that the coffee-house keeper whom he had chastised by curacy, had actually come to the city. The news was received by the poor prince with prodigious alarm.

Schrepfer was staying at the Hôtel de Pologne, and was one day surprised by the arrival of the repentant prince; who came, in person, to entreat his forgiveness. In presence of several persons he submitted to the degradation of asking his pardon. The magician was gracious enough to overlook the past, after so handsome an apology. Then the prince is said to have humbly begged to see some specimen of his skill. And on the spot he exhibited some curious phenomena, which had only the effect of stimulating the prince's appetite. He was anxious for some splendid and confounding exertion. The magician was willing to gratify the prince, but stipulated, naturally enough, for a reasonable time to prepare himself, and possibly to get ready his elaborate and complicated apparatus. The prince, much according to the modern ritual, was requested to name the spirit he desired to raise; and, after some thought, he selected the well-known Chevalier de Saxe, his own uncle, deceased not very long, and who had bequeathed to him all his property. He had had no children, and was suspected of having been enormously rich. There were rumours that large sums were secreted somewhere in the palace; and that the grateful nephew, already inheritor of all his uncle's accessible wealth, had other motives than the yearnings of affection for wishing to raise the ghost of his relative.

The necromancer professed the greatest repugnance and disinclination to the whole operation. He was coy, and maintained a sort of coquetry which is often part of the armoury of modern professors. He said it was a painful and distasteful business, fraught with general incidents of horror. Much persuasion was necessary, but he finally agreed to fix a night when the Chevalier de Saxe should be called up from the grave.

The strictest secrecy was insisted on; for it was known that the reigning Elector was strongly averse to such experiments; and, moreover, would not relish the scandal and public remark which would most likely ensue. The grand gallery was selected as the locus in quo, and only a small party of nineteen were let into the secret. The travelling baronet knew several of them intimately, and describes them as persons of "consideration, character, and respectability."

They all met at an appointed hour of the night; the prince, his friends, and the performer. All the doors and windows were carefully tried, and as carefully secured; and all being satisfied that no person or thing could see his entrance or exit, Schrepfer stood out in the middle and began to speak. He made a solemn introductory harangue, informed them that the spectacle

they were about to witness would require all their firmness; and concluded by advising such as felt timorous or faint-hearted to withdraw while there was yet opportunity. No, not exactly that; to adopt the more suspicious alternative of deriving strength and comfort from a "bowl of punch" which was then disclosed to view.* This preparation for witnessing a feat which would require all the critical powers in their nicest balance undisturbed by any foreign cloudy influence, was, strange to say, acceded to by nearly all the party; the temptation, we presume, proving too seductive for the German organisation then present. The gentleman who afterwards related the adventure, alone refused to have his judgment contaminated by the mixture, and declared boldly that "he would either see all or see nothing." Another gentleman, who, says Sir Nathaniel, ambiguously, "preserved his presence of mind," placed himself at the door to see that there was no unfair play. It is not mentioned whether this gentleman had passed through the spirituous probation. All things being ready, the feelings of the company were wrought up by expectation (and punch) to the very highest pitch.

The ceremonies commenced by the magician's retiring into a corner and kneeling down to pray. His invocations were understood to be addressed to the spirits generally. During the process he was seen to labour under very great agitation, and to work violently with jerks and cataleptic gestures. Much impressed, the company waited patiently, and at length were rewarded by hearing all the windows clattering violently. Then came a sound, which the witness unaffected by punch, described to be like "a number of wet fingers drawn over the edge of wine-glasses." Wet fingers drawn over the edge of wine-glasses are quite as legitimate spiritual manifestations as cracks and other sounds proceeding from the table on which those glasses may be standing. But, on this occasion, this remarkable music was said to announce the arrival of the good or protecting spirits. This was so far satisfactory. After another cataleptic display on the part of the Medium, the gentleman unaffected by punch was startled by sounds of quite a different description, "a yelling of a frightful and unusual nature," and which was interpreted as proceeding from a company of "malignant spirits," newly arrived.

The show having proceeded thus far, although no very wonderful feat had yet been performed, we learn that the company were "electrified with amazement or petrified with horror"—a result so disproportioned to the disposing cause, that we are strongly disposed to suspect something in the punch.

The invocations went on with redoubled

* Much as a modern Medium, on a certain occasion within our knowledge, very strongly impertuned all his company to smell a certain rose he had brought with him.

vigour; affairs approached a crisis. The gentleman on guard at the door, and whose relations to the punch are indistinct, as also the gentleman who was wholly unaffected by that beverage, narrowly watched for what was to follow. The other gentlemen, having become "electrified with amazement or petrified with horror," could not offer reliable testimony.

Suddenly the door was burst open. Whether the gentleman unaffected by punch was leaning against it, or was behind it, or was near it, are particulars left in uncertainty. But, if there were amazed electricity and petrified horror before, how must these curious sensations have been intensified when something that resembled a huge black ball came bounding or tossing along the floor into the room! Those whose faculties were sufficiently collected to observe it closely, described it as a sort of cloud of smoke rolling along, in the centre of which could be made out the alarming appearance of a human face, resembling that of the defunct Chevalier de Saxe. The situation was fearful, and the combination of horror, electricity, petrification, confusion, and hoecussed punch, was enough to strike terror into the boldest heart. As the spectators were standing agast and watching the smoke's manœuvres, a voice was heard to issue from it, and exclaim, "Charles, what wouldst thou with me? Why dost thou disturb me?"

The narrator of the scene is surprised that no one had courage to draw near the globe or ball; and, by handling, satisfy himself of its claims to spirituality. But, in respect of people electrified with amazement, petrified with horror, and also drugged, this does seem rather an unreasonable expectation. The prince was the most seriously affected of all. He flung himself on his knees, in a paroxysm of abject terror, and called on Heaven to forgive his profanity: while the rest of the party, gathering round the magician, distractedly conjured him to exert one more stretch of his wonderful power, and dismiss the horrible spherical intruder. The cunning operator pretended that this was an office of yet greater labour and difficulty, and went through herculean spasms in his efforts. Nearly an hour was consumed in this struggle. Finally, by an enormous series of spasms, it was at last prevailed on to retire. The spectators, much relieved, were congratulating themselves on its disappearance, when the door once more burst open, and the odious sphere came bounding in again, all smoke and light, with the illuminated Saxe face in the centre. After another series of persuasions, it was at last finally got rid of, and those who assisted at the curious performance departed in as much peace as they could recover.

This scene is worthy of all serious reflection, but is scarcely so remarkable as some feats which have distinguished modern séances. It is perhaps a more unusual circumstance to see a human figure floating in air, than to see a fiery ball bursting into a room. The solution of the travelling baronet—with whom it is to the last a mystery why no one "endeavoured to lay

hands on the spectre"—is: "We must be content to resolve it into German credulity or superstition, and congratulate ourselves on our superiority to such puerile terrors."

The affair itself soon got abroad through the city, and was promptly conveyed to the Elector's ears as a choice morsel of royal gossip. He took it up with much displeasure, as it cast a sort of haunted-house flavour around the palace, and peremptorily forbade the repetition of such follies.

His successful stroke of his art, by a cruel perversion of ends, became the poor magician's ruin; for, from a too great celebrity, he had to retire back to his own native Leipzig, where it is said he founded a regular school of magic, took pupils, and instructed them in his mysteries. In that city he performed many more extraordinary feats, much of the same description, and was held in high repute. Yet, strange to relate, this happy career terminated not quite gloriously.

He had three promising scholars, whose appetite, whetted by what they had learnt, was eager for more recondite mysteries. These their master promised to show. A day was selected for the purpose; and, between three and four in the morning, they attended him out to a lonely wood called Roxendaal, some way beyond the gates. At this appropriate spot, they were to learn all that they were to learn. He then retired into a secret part of the grove to perform his private incantations, desiring them to wait for him. In a few moments they were startled by the report of a pistol, and, running to the spot, found the wretched conjuror stretched out in the agonies of death. It was said that he had had struggles with evil spirits, and that his life was made miserable by their persecution. Possibly he was more or less insane, and that, being brought to the last verge of exposure, he avoided it by his last resource. This was the end of the miserable burlesque.

HYLAS.

[Hylas, one of the companions of Jason in the Argonautic expedition, was carried away by the nymphs as he was drawing water.]

HYLAS, Hylas comes,
Down the vine-clad mountain,
Water pure to bring,
From the distant fountain.
HYLAS, Hylas leaps,
O'er the mossy boulder,
With smiling, boyish face,
His vase upon his shoulder.

HYLAS, Hylas stays,
To linger in the valleys,
Then to hear the birds,
Near the wood he dallies.
"Hylas, Hylas," call
The echoes from the mountain,
As he trips and sings,
Hastening to the fountain.

HYLAS, Hylas runs,
Happy as the swallow

(Heedless that the hawks
Fast behind it follow),
Where among the hyacinths
Butterflies are skimming,
Where among the floating flowers,
The clear stream is brimming.

Hylas, Hylas runs,
Down between the laurels,
Where, beside her nest,
Philomela carols:
Where the shadow dark,
Still doth creeping linger,
Pointing at the stream
With a boding finger.

"Hylas, Hylas," moaned
The fir-trees o'er the river,
Bodily the wind
Made the ilex shiver.
Boding screams the bird,
From its craggy eyrie,
As the sun uprose,
From the clouds all fiery.

"Hylas, Hylas comes,"
Sing the nymphs together,
As they hear the sound
Of his sandal leather.
"Hylas, Hylas comes,
Fairest child of mortal;
Warn him not, Old Earth,
Or thou, Sun immortal!

"Do not warn him, thrushes,
Do not warn him, snakes,
Green and gold and glistening,
In the myrtle brakes.
Thou, tortoise, do not cick
Thy shell against yon boulder,
Lest he turn and toss
The urn from off his shoulder."

Hylas, Hylas comes,
Stooping to the river,
Where the laurel-tree
Just then seems to shiver.
Then the white arms countless
Rise from out the water,
Seizing him with shouts
Of sweet but mocking laughter.

Swiftly down the stream,
With the current gliding,
Bear the nymphs their prize,
With a sweet deriding.
Hylas, Hylas calls,
To the echoing mountain,
All in vain to earth,
To cloud, and sea, and fountain.

Hylas, Hylas, nymphs
With their white arms pinion,
Bearing him along,
To their own dominion;
Crowning him with flowers,
Soothing him with kisses,
Singing to him songs
Of immortal blisses.

So the siren pleasures
Bear away for ever
Victims deep enchanted,
Wretches waking never.

So on Time's dark current,
We, too, swift are gliding,
While upon our raft,
King Death sits deriding.

THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

"WITHIN so many yards of this Covent Garden lodging of mine, as within so many yards of Westminster Abbey, Saint Paul's Cathedral, the Houses of Parliament, the Prisons, the Courts of Justice, all the Institutions that govern the land, I can find—*must* find, whether I will or no—in the open streets, shameful instances of neglect of children, intolerable toleration of the engenderment of paupers, idlers, thieves, races of wretched and destructive cripples both in body and mind, a misery to themselves, a misery to the community, a disgrace to civilisation, and an outrage on Christianity. I know it to be a fact as easy of demonstration as any sum in any of the elementary rules of arithmetic, that if the State would begin its work and duty at the beginning, and would with the strong hand take those children out of the streets, while they are yet children, and wisely train them, it would make them a part of England's glory, not its shame—of England's strength, not its weakness—would raise good soldiers and sailors, and good citizens, and many great men, out of the seeds of its criminal population. Yet I go on bearing with the enormity as if it were nothing, and I go on reading the Parliamentary Debates as if they were something, and I concern myself far more about one railway-bridge across a public thoroughfare, than about a dozen generations of scrofula, ignorance, wickedness, prostitution, poverty, and felony. I can slip out at my door, in the small hours after any midnight, and, in one circuit of the purlieus of Covent Garden Market, can behold a state of infancy and youth, as vile as if a Bourbon sat upon the English throne; a great police force looking on with authority to do no more than worry and hunt the dreadful vermin into corners, and there leave them. Within the length of a few streets I can find a workhouse, mismanaged with that dull short-sighted obstinacy that its greatest opportunities as to the children it receives are lost, and yet not a farthing saved to any one. But the wheel goes round, and round, and round; and because it goes round—so I am told by the politest authorities—it goes well."

Thus I reflected, one day in the Whitsun week last past, as I floated down the Thames among the bridges, looking—not inappropriately—at the drags that were hanging up at certain dirty stairs to hook the drowned out, and at the numerous conveniences provided to facilitate their tumbling in. My object in that uncommercial journey called up another train of thought, and it ran as follows:

"When I was at school, one of seventy boys, I wonder by what secret understanding our attention began to wander when we had pored

over our books for some hours. I wonder by what ingenuity we brought on that confused state of mind when sense became nonsense, when figures wouldn't work, when dead languages wouldn't construe, when live languages wouldn't be spoken, when memory wouldn't come, when dulness and vacancy wouldn't go. I cannot remember that we ever conspired to be sleepy after dinner, or that we ever particularly wanted to be stupid, and to have flushed faces and hot beating heads, or to find blank hopelessness and obscurity this afternoon in what would become perfectly clear and bright in the freshness of tomorrow morning. We suffered for these things, and they made us miserable enough. Neither do I remember that we ever bound ourselves by any secret oath or other solemn obligation, to find the seats getting too hard to be sat upon after a certain time; or to have intolerable twitches in our legs, rendering us aggressive and malicious with those members; or to be troubled with a similar uneasiness in our elbows, attended with fistic consequences to our neighbours; or to carry two pounds of lead in the chest, four pounds in the head, and several active blue-bottles in each ear. Yet, for certain, we suffered under those distresses, and were always charged at for labouring under them, as if we had brought them on, of our own deliberate act and deed. As to the mental portion of them being my own fault in my own case—I should like to ask any well-trained and experienced teacher, not to say psychologist. And as to the physical portion—I should like to ask PROFESSOR OWEN."

It happened that I had a small bundle of papers with me, on what is called "The Half-Time System" in schools. Referring to one of those papers I found that the indefatigable MR. CHADWICK had been beforehand with me, and had already asked Professor Owen: who had handsomely replied that I was not to blame, but that, being troubled with a skeleton, and having been constituted according to certain natural laws, I and my skeleton were unfortunately bound by those laws—even in school—and had comported ourselves accordingly. Much comforted by the good Professor's being on my side, I read on to discover whether the indefatigable Mr. Chadwick had taken up the mental part of my afflictions. I found that he had, and that he had gained on my behalf, SIR BENJAMIN BRODIE, SIR DAVID WILKIE, SIR WALTER SCOTT, and the common sense of mankind. For which I beg Mr. Chadwick, if this should meet his eye, to accept my warm acknowledgments.

Up to that time I had retained a misgiving that the seventy unfortunates of whom I was one, must have been, without knowing it, leagued together by the spirit of evil in a sort of perpetual Guy Fawkes Plot, to grope about in vaults with dark lanterns after a certain period of continuous study. But now the misgiving vanished, and I floated on with a quieted mind to see the Half-Time System in action. For that was the purpose of my journey, both by steam-boat on the Thames, and by very dirty railway on the shore. To which last institution, I beg

to recommend the legal use of coke as engine-fuel, rather than the illegal use of coal; the recommendation is quite disinterested, for I was most liberally supplied with small coal on the journey, for which no charge was made. I had not only my eyes, nose, and ears filled, but my hat, and all my pockets, and my pocket-book, and my watch.

The V.D.S.C.R.C. (or Very Dirty and Small Coal Railway Company) delivered me close to my destination, and I soon found the Half-Time System established in spacious premises, and freely placed at my convenience and disposal.

What would I see first, of the Half-Time System? I chose Military Drill. "Atten—tion!" Instantly, a hundred boys stood forth in the paved yard as one boy; bright, quick, eager, steady, watchful for the look of command, instant and ready for the word. Not only was there complete precision—complete accord to the eye and to the ear—but an alertness in the doing of the thing which deprived it, curiously, of its monotonous or mechanical character. There was perfect uniformity, and yet an individual spirit and emulation. No spectator could doubt that the boys liked it. With non-commissioned officers varying from a yard to a yard and a half high, the result could not possibly have been attained otherwise. They marched, and counter-marched, and formed in line and square, and company, and single file and double file, and performed a variety of evolutions; all most admirably. In respect of an air of enjoyable understanding of what they were about, which seems to be forbidden to English soldiers, the boys might have been small French troops. When they were dismissed, and the broadsword exercise, limited to a much smaller number, succeeded, the boys who had no part in that new drill, either looked on attentively, or disported themselves in a gymnasium hard by. The steadiness of the broadsword boys on their short legs, and the firmness with which they sustained the different positions, was truly remarkable.

The broadsword exercise over, suddenly there was great excitement and a rush. Naval Drill!

In a corner of the ground stood a decked mimic ship, with real masts, yards, and sails—mainmast seventy feet high. At the word of command from the Skipper of this ship—a mahogany-faced Old Salt, with the indispensable quid in his cheek, the true nautical roll, and all wonderfully complete—the rigging was covered with a swarm of boys: one, the first to spring into the shrouds, outstripping all the others, and resting on the truck of the main-topmast in no time.

And now we stood out to sea, in a most amazing manner; the Skipper himself, the whole crew, the Uncommercial, and all hands present, implicitly believing that there was not a moment to lose, that the wind had that instant chopped round and sprung up fair, and that we were away on a voyage round the world. Get all sail upon her! With a will my lads! Lay out

upon the main-yard there! Look alive at the weather ear-ring! Cheery, my boys! Let go the sheet now! Stand by at the braces, you! With a will, aloft there! Belay, starboard watch! Fifer! Come aft, fifer, and give 'em a tune! Forthwith, springs up fifer, fife in hand—smallest boy ever seen—big lump on temple, having lately fallen down on a paving-stone—gives 'em a tune with all his might and main. Hooroar, fifer! With a will, my lads! Tip 'em a livelier one, fifer! Fifer tips 'em a livelier one, and excitement increases. Shake 'em out, my lads! Well done! There you have her! Pretty, pretty! Every rag upon her she can carry, wind right astern, and ship cutting through the water fifteen knot an hour!

At this favourable moment of our voyage, I gave the alarm "A man overboard!" (on the gravel), but he was immediately recovered, none the worse. Presently, I observed the Skipper overboard, but forbore to mention it, as he seemed in no wise disconcerted by the accident. Indeed, I soon came to regard the Skipper as an amphibious creature, for he was so perpetually plunging overboard to look up at the hands aloft, that he was oftener in the bosom of the ocean than on deck. His pride in his crew on those occasions was delightful, and the conventional unintelligibility of his orders in the ears of uncommercial land-lubbers and lolloloy boys, though they were always intelligible to the crew, was hardly less pleasant. But we couldn't expect to go on in this way for ever; dirty weather came on, and then worse weather, and when we least expected it we got into tremendous difficulties. Screw loose in the chart perhaps—something certainly wrong somewhere—but here we were with breakers ahead, my lads, driving head on, slap on a lee shore! The Skipper broached this terrific announcement in such great agitation, that the small fifer, not fifeing now, but standing looking on near the wheel with his fife under his arm, seemed for the moment quite unboyed, though he speedily recovered his presence of mind. In the trying circumstances that ensued, the Skipper and the crew proved worthy of one another. The Skipper got dreadfully hoarse, but otherwise was master of the situation. The man at the wheel did wonders; all hands (except the fifer) were turned up to wear ship; and I observed the fifer, when we were at our greatest extremity, to refer to some document in his waistcoat-pocket, which I conceived to be his will. I think she struck. I was not myself conscious of any collision, but I saw the Skipper so very often washed overboard and back again, that I could only impute it to the beating of the ship. I am not enough of a seaman to describe the manœuvres by which we were saved, but they made the Skipper very hot (French polishing his mahogany face) and the crew very nimble, and succeeded to a marvel; for, within a few minutes of the first alarm, we had wore ship and got her off, and were all a-tauto—which I felt very grateful for: not that I knew what it was, but that I perceived that we had not been all a-tauto

lately. Land now appeared on our weather-bow, and we shaped our course for it, having the wind abeam, and frequently changing the man at the helm, in order that every man might have his spell. We worked into harbour under prosperous circumstances, and furled our sails, and squared our yards, and made all ship-shape and handsome, and so our voyage ended. When I complimented the Skipper at parting on his exertions and those of his gallant crew, he informed me that the latter were provided for the worst, all hands being taught to swim and dive; and he added that the able seaman at the main-topmast truck especially, could dive as deep as he could go high.

The next adventure that befel me in my visit to the Short-Timers, was the sudden apparition of a military band. I had been inspecting the hammocks of the crew of the good ship, when I saw with astonishment that several musical instruments, brazen and of great size, appeared to have suddenly developed two legs each, and to be trotting about a yard. And my astonishment was heightened when I observed a large drum, that had previously been leaning helpless against a wall, taking up a stout position on four legs. Approaching this drum and looking over it, I found two boys behind it (it was too much for one), and then I found that each of the brazen instruments had brought out a boy, and was going to discourse sweet sounds. The boys—not omitting the fifer, now playing a new instrument—were dressed in neat uniform, and stood up in a circle at their music-stands, like any other Military Band. They played a march or two, and then we had Cheer boys, Cheer, and then we had Yankee Doodle, and we finished, as in loyal duty bound, with God Save the Queen. The band's proficiency was perfectly wonderful, and it was not at all wonderful that the whole body corporate of Short-Timers listened with faces of the liveliest interest and pleasure.

What happened next among the Short-Timers? As if the band had blown me into a great class-room out of their brazen tubes, in a great class-room I found myself now, with the whole choral force of Short-Timers singing the praises of a summer's day to the harmonium, and my small but highly-respected friend the fifer blazing away vocally, as if he had been saving up his wind for the last twelvemonth; also the whole crew of the good ship Nameless swarming up and down the scale as if they had never swarmed up and down the rigging. This done, we threw our whole power into God bless the Prince of Wales, and blessed his Royal Highness to such an extent that, for my own Uncommercial part, I gasped again when it was over. The moment this was done, we formed, with surpassing freshness, into hollow squares, and fell to work at oral lessons, as if we never did, and had never thought of doing, anything else.

Let a veil be drawn over the self-committals into which the Uncommercial Traveller would have been betrayed but for a discreet reticence,

coupled with an air of absolute wisdom on the part of that artful personage. Take the square of five, multiply it by fifteen, divide it by three, deduct eight from it, add four dozen to it, give me the result in pence, and tell me how many eggs I could get for it at three farthings apiece. The problem is hardly stated, when a dozen small boys pour out answers. Some wide, some very nearly right, some worked as far as they go with such accuracy, as at once to show what link of the chain has been dropped in the hurry. For the moment, none are quite right; but behold a labouring spirit beating the buttons on its corporeal waistcoat, in a process of internal calculation, and knitting an accidental bump on its corporeal forehead in a concentration of mental arithmetic! It is my honourable friend (if he will allow me to call him so) the fifer. With right arm eagerly extended in token of being inspired with an answer, and with right leg foremost, the fifer solves the mystery: then reveals both arm and leg, and with bump in ambush awaits the next poser. Take the square of three, multiply it by seven, divide it by four, add fifty to it, take thirteen from it, multiply it by two, double it, give me the result in pence, and say how many halfpence. Wise as the serpent is the four feet of performer on the nearest approach to that instrument, whose right arm instantly appears, and quenches this arithmetical fire. Tell me something about Great Britain, tell me something about its principal productions, tell me something about its ports, tell me something about its seas and rivers, tell me something about coal, iron, cotton, timber, tin, and turpentine. The hollow square bristles with extended right arms; but ever faithful to fact is the fifer, ever wise as the serpent is the performer on that instrument, ever prominently buoyant and brilliant are all members of the band. I observe the player of the cymbals to dash at a sounding answer now and then rather than not cut in at all; but I take that to be in the way of his instrument. All these questions, and many such, are put on the spur of the moment, and by one who has never examined these boys. The Uncommercial, invited to add another, falteringly demands how many birth-days a man born on the twenty-ninth of February will have had on completing his fiftieth year? A general perception of trap and pitfall instantly arises, and the fifer is seen to retire behind the corduroys of his next neighbours, as perceiving special necessity for collecting himself and communing with his mind. Meanwhile, the wisdom of the serpent suggests that the man will have had only one birthday in all that time, for how can any man have more than one, seeing that he is born once and dies once? The blushing Uncommercial stands corrected, and amends the formula. Pondering ensues, two or three wrong answers are offered, and Cymbals strikes up "Six!" but doesn't know why. Then modestly emerging from his Academic Grove of corduroys appears the fifer, right arm extended, right leg foremost, bump irradiated. "Twelve, and two over!"

The feminine Short-Timers passed a similar examination, and very creditably too. Would have done better perhaps, with a little more geniality on the part of their pupil-teacher; for a cold eye, my young friend, and a hard abrupt manner, are not by any means the powerful engines that your innocence supposes them to be. Both girls and boys wrote excellently, from copy and dictation; both could cook; both could mend their own clothes; both could clean up everything about them in an orderly and skilful way, the girls having womanly household knowledge superadded. Order and method began in the songs of the Infant School which I visited likewise, and they were even in their dwarf degree to be found in the Nursery, where the Uncommercial walking-stick was carried off with acclamations, and where "the Doctor"—a medical gentleman of two, who took his degree on the night when he was found at an apothecary's door—did the honours of the establishment with great urbanity and gaiety.

These have long been excellent schools; long before the days of the Short-Time. I first saw them, twelve or fifteen years ago. But since the introduction of the Short-Time system it has been proved here that eighteen hours a week of book-learning are more profitable than thirty-six, and that the pupils are far quicker and brighter than of yore. The good influences of music on the whole body of children have likewise been surprisingly proved. Obviously another of the immense advantages of the Short-Time System to the cause of good education is the great diminution of its cost, and of the period of time over which it extends. The last is a most important consideration, as poor parents are always impatient to profit by their children's labour.

It will be objected: Firstly, that this is all very well, but special local advantages and special selection of children must be necessary to such success. Secondly, that this is all very well, but must be very expensive. Thirdly, that this is all very well, but we have no proof of the results, sir, no proof.

On the first head of local advantages and special selection. Would Limehouse Hole be picked out for the site of a Children's Paradise? Or would the legitimate and illegitimate pauper children of the long-shore population of such a river-side district, be regarded as unusually favourable specimens to work with? Yet these schools are at Limehouse, and are the Pauper Schools of the Stepney Pauper Union.

On the second head of expense. Would sixpence a week be considered a very large cost for the education of each pupil, including all salaries of teachers and rations of teachers? But supposing the cost were not sixpence a week, not fivepence? It is FOURPENCE-HALFPENNY.

On the third head of no proof, sir, no proof. Is there any proof in the facts that Pupil Teachers more in number, and more highly qualified, have been produced here under the Short-Time system than under the Long-Time system? That the Short-Timers, in a writing competition, beat the Long-Timers of a first-class National School?

That the sailor-boys are in such demand for merchant ships, that whereas, before they were trained, 10% premium used to be given with each boy—tooo often to some greedy brute of a drunken skipper, who disappeared before the term of apprenticeship was out, if the ill-used boy didn't—captains of the best character now take these boys more than willingly, with no premium at all? That they are also much esteemed in the Royal Navy, which they prefer, "because everything is so neat and clean and orderly"? Or, is there any proof in Naval captains writing, "Your little fellows are all that I can desire"? Or, is there any proof in such testimony as this: "The owner of a vessel called at the school, and said that as his ship was going down Channel on her last voyage, with one of the boys from the school on board, the pilot said, 'It would be as well if the royal were lowered; I wish it were down.' Without waiting for any orders, and unobserved by the pilot, the lad, whom they had taken on board from the school, instantly mounted the mast and lowered the royal, and at the next glance of the pilot to the masthead, he perceived that the sail had been let down. He exclaimed, 'Who's done that job?' The owner, who was on board, said, 'That was the little fellow whom I put on board two days ago.' The pilot immediately said, 'Why, where could he have been brought up?' That boy had never seen the sea or been on a real ship before"? Or, is there any proof in these boys being in greater demand for Regimental Bands than the Union can meet? Or, in ninety-eight of them having gone into Regimental Bands in three years? Or, in twelve of them being in the band of one regiment? Or, in the colonel of that regiment writing, "We want six more boys; they are excellent lads"? Or, in one of the boys having risen to be band-corporal in the same regiment? Or, in employers of all kinds exclaiming, "Give us drilled boys, for they are prompt, obedient, and punctual"? Or, in the proofs I have myself beheld with these Uncommercial eyes, though I do not regard myself as having a right to relate in what social positions they have seen respected men and women who were once pauper children of the Stepney Union.

Into what admirable soldiers others of these boys have the capabilities for being turned, I need not point out. Many of them are always ambitious of military service; and once upon a time when an old boy came back to see the old place, a cavalry soldier all complete, *with his spurs on*, such a yearning broke out to get into cavalry regiments and wear those sublime appendages, that it was one of the greatest excitements ever known in the school. The girls make excellent domestic servants, and at certain periods come back, a score or two at a time, to see the old building, and to take tea with the old teachers, and to hear the old band, and see the old ship with her masts towering up above the neighbouring roofs and chimneys. As to the physical health of these schools, it is so exceptionally remarkable (simply because the sani-

tary regulations are as good as the other educational arrangements), that when MR. TUFNELL, the Inspector, first stated it in a report, he was supposed, in spite of his high character, to have been betrayed into some extraordinary mistake or exaggeration. In the moral health of these schools—where corporal punishment is unknown—Truthfulness stands high. When the ship was first erected, the boys were forbidden to go aloft, until the nets, which are now always there, were stretched as a precaution against accidents. Certain boys, in their eagerness, disobeyed the injunction, got out of window in the early daylight, and climbed to the masthead. One boy unfortunately fell, and was killed. There was no clue to the others; but all the boys were assembled, and the chairman of the Board addressed them. "I promise nothing; you see what a dreadful thing has happened; you know what a grave offence it is that has led to such a consequence; I cannot say what will be done with the offenders; but, boys, you have been trained here, above all things, to respect the truth. I want the Truth. Who are the delinquents?" Instantly, the whole number of boys concerned, separated from the rest and stood out.

Now, the head and heart of that gentleman (it is needless to say, a good head and a good heart) have been deeply interested in these schools for many years, and are so still; and the establishment is very fortunate in a most admirable master, and moreover the schools of the Stepney Union cannot have got to be what they are, without the Stepney Board of Guardians having been earnest and humane men, strongly imbued with a sense of their responsibility. But what one set of men can do in this wise, another set of men can do; and this is a noble example to all other Bodies and Unions, and a noble example to the State. Followed, and enlarged upon by its enforcement on bad parents, it would clear London streets of the most terrible objects they smite the sight with—myriads of little children who awfully reverse Our Saviour's words, and are not of the Kingdom of Heaven, but of the Kingdom of Hell.

Clear the public streets of such shame, and the public conscience of such reproach? Ah! Almost prophetic, surely, the child's jingle:

When will that be,
Say the bells of Step-ney!

THE COMMENTARIES OF ABD-EL-KADER.

A FRENCH soldier—General Daumas—who has spent sixteen years in Algeria, and for two years was a consul accredited to Abd-el-Kader, has written a book, gathered from Arab authorities, upon that sweet subject of feminine song, "the Arab steed;" and, to the successive chapters of the French general's book, comments are added by the Emir Abd-el-Kader. It is the Arab Steed, set as a duet for two male voices. The curiously-amusing book is now translated into English by Mr. James Hutton. Let us

give our ear to Abd-el-Kader's part in the performance.

Learned Mussulmans, he observes, have written many volumes upon horses; they are not the wisest who write most. Abou Obeida lived in the days of the son of Haroun-al-Raschid; he wrote much of horses, and he praised horseflesh one day with a poet in the presence of the Vizier of Mamoun. The vizier asked the poet, "How many books have you written on the horse?" and he answered, "Only one." "And you?" the vizier asked of Abou Obeida; and he answered, "Fifty." "Rise, then," said the vizier, "go up to that horse, and repeat the name of every part of his frame, taking care to lay your finger upon each." "I am not a veterinary surgeon," replied Abou Obeida. "And you?" said the vizier to the poet. Upon that—says the poet himself, who tells the story—I rose from my seat, and, taking the animal by the forelock, I named one part after the other, placing my hand upon each to show its position, and, at the same time, reciting all the poetic allusions, all the sayings and proverbs of the Arabs referring to it. When I had finished, the vizier said to me, "Take the horse." I took it, and, if ever I wished to annoy Abou Obeida, I rode on it to visit him.

General Daumas having applied to the Emir for information as to the origin of the Arab horse, Abd-el-Kader told him, in his letter of reply, that he was like unto a fissure in a land dried up by the sun which no amount of rain will satisfy; nevertheless, that to quench, if possible, his thirst for knowledge, he would go back to the head of the fountain, for the stream is there always the freshest and most pure. "Know, then," he went on, "that when Allah willed to create the horse, he said to the south wind, 'I will that a creature should proceed from thee—condense thyself!' And the wind condensed itself. Then came the angel Gabriel, and he took a handful of this matter and presented it to Allah, who formed of it a dark bay horse, saying: 'I have called thee horse, I have created thee Arab, and I have bestowed upon thee the colour dark bay. I have attached good fortune to the hair that falls between thy eyes. Thou shalt be the lord of all other animals.' He signed him with the star on his forehead—sign of glory and good fortune. Adam being allowed to choose, wisely preferred him to that wonderful mule Borak, on which Mahomet journeyed through the heavens, and was told that he had done well to choose his glory and the eternal glory of his children." The horse, says Abd-el-Kader, is in more sympathy with the warrior who rides him than the weaker mare. "Let a horse and a mare receive exactly the same sort of wound, and one that is sure to be fatal, the horse will bear up against it until he has carried his master far from the field of battle; the mare will sink on the spot, without any force of resistance." The first man after Adam who mounted a horse was, teaches the Emir, Ishmael. Allah taught him to call the horses, and when he did so they all came

galloping up to him. He chose the best, and broke them in. But afterwards the breed degenerated, and the only faultless stock was that possessed by Solomon, called Zad-el-Rakeb, to which every real Arab steed must trace its pedigree. Some Arabs of the Azed tribe went up to congratulate Solomon upon his marriage with the Queen of Sheba. When they were about to leave Jerusalem the Noble, they had neither money nor provisions, so they said to Solomon, "Thou art a great king; bestow upon us wherewithal to take us home." Solomon gave him one of his pure breed of horses, and said, "There is food. When you are hungry set your best rider with a lance upon this horse; gather fuel, light a fire, and by the time the fire burns he will bring you meat." And so he did. Abd-el-Kader declares from his own observation that the Arab horse varies in colour with the soil on which he lives. Where the ground is stony he is usually grey, and where the ground is chalky he is usually white. According to the Koran, the horse prays three times a day. In the morning he says, "O Allah, make me beloved of my master." At noon, "Do well by my master, that he may do well by me." In the evening, "Grant that he may enter Paradise upon my back."

Is the Barbary horse, or Barb of Algeria, inferior to the true African? the general asked of the Emir. No, it is not, says Abd-el-Kader, and he quotes from the poetical works of the famous Aâmrou-el-Kais, who was a king of Arabia not long before the coming of the prophet, suggestive of a race where "we shall be borne, I tell thee, on a horse accustomed to night journeys, a steed of the Barbary race, with slender flanks like a wolf of Gada. When, slackening the bridle, the rider urges him on still faster by striking him with the reins on either side, he quickens his rapid course, bending his head to the flanks, and champing the bit. And when I say, 'Let us rest,' the horseman stops as by enchantment, and begins to sing, remaining in the saddle on this vigorous horse, the muscles of whose thighs are long drawn out, and whose tendons are lean and well apart."

Mahomet desiring a race of good horsemen for the soldiers of faith, taught that all good things are suspended for the Mussulman from the hairs between the horse's eyes. A poor man, having faith in this, buried a horse's head under the threshold of his hut. One day the sultan came that way, and had halted, but when he was about to remount, his fierce Arabian broke loose, and rushed towards the poor man's hut, where he stood still at the threshold, and suffered the master of the hut to lead him back by the mane. "How," said the sultan, "have you tamed so suddenly this fierce Arabian?" The poor man told how he had acted on his faith, and had his good things from the sultan in the present of a horse, fine raiment, and riches. This legend, says General Daumas, is popular in the Sahara. The best horses, says Abd-el-Kader, are chiefly to be found in the Sahara, where the

number of bad horses is very small. Nobody in the Sahara cares to possess ten camels until he has a horse wherewith to defend them.

The servant of the Prophet went one day to Eblis, the Black Demon, and said to him, "Eblis, what is it that can reduce your body to a liquid state, and cut your back in two?" "It is the neighing of a horse," he answered. "I could never get into a house where there was horse kept for the service of Allah."

Now we have Abd-el-Kader in the character of that poet who named the points of a good horse, while he recited praises of them from the poets. "A thorough-bred horse," he says, "has three things long, three things short, three things broad, and three things clean. The three things long, are the ears, the neck, and the fore-legs. The three things short, are the dock, the hind-legs, and the back. The three things broad, are the forehead, the chest, and the croup. The three things clean, are the skin, the eyes, and the hoof. He ought to have the withers high, and the flanks hollow and without any superfluous flesh. 'Dost thou accomplish a journey at great speed with steeds high in the withers and fine in the flanks.' The tail should be well furnished at the root, so that it may cover the space between the thighs. 'The tail is like unto the veil of a bride.' The nostrils wide. 'Each of his nostrils resembles the den of a lion; the wind rushes out of it when he is panting.' The hoof round and hard. 'The hoof should resemble the cup of a slave. They walk on hoofs hard as the moss-covered stones of a stagnant pool.' 'When my courser rushes towards a goal, he makes a noise like to that of wings in motion, and his neigh resembles the mournful note of the nightingale.' 'In the elegance of his form he resembles a picture painted in a palace. He is majestic as the palace itself.'" So sing the Arab poets of the Arab steeds. It is a test of a well-formed horse that, standing upright on all fours, he can put out his neck and drink from a stream flowing level with the ground without bending his knees.

Immediately after an Arab foal is born, it is made to swallow two or three eggs, and has its hoofs rubbed with salt and a desert herb to harden them. Seven days afterwards the mother is made to swallow a pound or a pound and a half of rancid butter, not salted. The foal is not allowed to suck for more than six months, then it has camel's, cow's, or ewe's milk, which are supposed to soften the coat, and it also lives in the tent as a family pet, played with, and fed with bread, flour, milk, and dates, by the women and children. Thus it becomes attached as warmly as a dog to those of its own household. "Of camel's milk," says the Emir, "it has the particular power of imparting speed, so that a man, if he takes nothing else for a sufficient time, will vie in swiftness with the camels themselves. It strengthens the brain and the tendons, and does away with fat." In summer the horses are not watered till three in the afternoon, or two hours later than in winter. The time for drinking being chosen when the

water is least chilled. The proverb of the desert is, "In the hot season put back the hour of the watering-place, and put forward that of the nose-bag. In the cold season put forward the hour of the watering-place, and put back that of the nose-bag." Among the desert tribes, for forty days counting from August, and for forty days at the end of December and beginning of January, the horses are watered only every other day. Food is seldom given in the morning. The horse marches on the food of the preceding evening, not on that of the same day. The Arab himself is to be inured to thirst. "The cavalier of truth should eat little, and, above all, drink little. If he cannot endure thirst he will never make a warrior—he is nothing but a frog of the marshes." Great care is taken that the horse should drink only water that is pure. He is not curry-combed, but cleaned with the nose-bag, which is made of horse-hair, and he is often washed, if the weather be favourable. Milk is the ordinary drink of horses of the desert. The horses are well covered with cloths made in the tribe for full protection of the loins, belly, and chest. Horses with dark coats need this less than the white horse, whose fine skin is very sensitive.

In the sun he melts like butter :

In the rain he melts like salt.

Bay is the colour of the hardy. If one tells you that a horse has leaped to the bottom of a precipice without hurting himself, ask of what colour he was; and if he replies Bay, believe him. A desert chief, being pursued, turned to his son and asked, "What horses do you see in front of the enemy?" "White horses," replied his son. "It is well; let us make for the sunny side, and they will melt away like butter." Presently the chief turned again to his son and asked, "What horses do you see in front of the enemy?" "Black horses," replied his son. "It is well; let us make for stony ground, and we shall have nothing to fear. They are the negroes of the Soudan, who cannot walk with bare feet upon flints." A third time the chief asked, "What horses do you see now, my son, in front of the enemy?" "Dark chesnuts and dark bays." "In that case," he cried, "strike out, my children—strike out and give your horses the heel, for these might perchance overtake us if we had not given barley to ours all the summer through." The Piebald is despised; it is own brother to the cow. The Yellow, with white mane and tail, is of the Jew's colour that brings ill luck. The Roan is "a pool of blood." Its rider will be overtaken, but will never overtake. A good horse must have no white spots except the star or white stripe on the forehead; if this descend to the lips, the owner of that horse will never be in want of milk. The Prophet abhorred a horse that has white marks on all its legs. The horse with a white mark that does not come down to the tip of the upper lip, and a stocking on the off forefoot, is like the poison fatal in an hour. Whoever sees him, prays Allah to avert from him the calamity he brings.

One story more. The lion and the horse disputed one day as to whose eyesight was best. The lion saw in a dark night a white hair in milk; the horse saw a black hair in pitch. So the horse won.

SMALL-BEER CHRONICLES.

IN the second column of the Times advertisement-sheet appeared, the other day, these mysterious words, "Audi, vidi, tace"—coupled with the announcement that a trustworthy personage was just about to start for the Continent with a view to certain "private inquiries." The advertisement was inserted by one Messrs. Pollaky and Co.

Now, here is a new state of things. This organised spy system has sprung into existence quite recently. By the advertisements issued from this office of Mr. Pollaky's, and from another similar establishment kept by retired Inspector Field, you are invited to place in the hands of these gentlemen any affair you want cleared up, entrusting the particulars to them, relying on their secrecy, and on the diligence they will show in serving you. But what sort of inquiries are those in which the ex-detectives are ready to engage? What sort of people are those who apply to Messrs. Pollaky and Field for their secret services?

I wonder to what extent the establishments of these purveyors of useful information are patronised by the public? Of one thing I am quite sure—there are more men to be seen standing about at the corners of streets than there used to be. Are these men—they are generally seedy in their attire, and in the habit of sucking small pieces of straw or chewing the stalks of leaves to while away the time—are these men the agents of Pollaky and Co., and for what are they on the look-out? For more things, depend on it, than are dreamed of in our philosophy. When Mrs. Drinkwater Dreggs gives two dinner-parties, one following the other, all the guests who are invited to one of those festivals are instantly seized with a firm conviction that the dinner to which they are *not* asked is the distinguished one, while the meal at which they are invited to figure is the second-rate affair. Now, it is not too much to suppose that these suspicious personages are in the habit of putting their difficulties in the hands of Messrs. Pollaky and Co. Away goes the trustworthy emissary to Wilton-crescent. He plants himself under the lamp-post, he observes what proportion the cabs which drive up to Mrs. Dreggs's door bear to the private carriages, he studies the appearance of the guests, and, being a shrewd individual, forms his own opinion as to their rank in the social scale; or, if unable to do this, perhaps he will get into conversation with the waiter, who comes to the door for a little air while the gentlemen are over their wine, and from him learns exactly what sort of company is being entertained within. With the information he has gained, the trustworthy one returns to his

employer, and next morning the Seedyman, who were at the first party, and who had the pleasure of meeting a society of nobodies, who, for the most part, reached their destination in cabs and flies, learn that, on the occasion of the second festival, there was a "regular swell turnout, with only one cab, and that a Hansom; and that the company comprised, among other distinguished persons, a baronet and his lady, a dowager-countess, a genius, two members of parliament, and consorts, and a cabinet minister." This knowledge the Seedyman then take to their hearts, and batten thereon to their souls' hurt, but with a certain malignant pleasure, nevertheless.

Or, still keeping to this question of dinner-giving, what facilities are afforded to rival house-keepers, through the agency of Pollaky and Co., for observing the amount of aid which is given to each by the neighbouring pastrycook! When Mrs. A. last dined with Mrs. B., it struck her that the entrées had a professional look and flavour; so, the next time Mrs. B. entertains her friend and neighbour, she—instructed by Pollaky—will remark, as the pastrycook's *vol-au-vent* circulates, "My dear, what an excellent cook you have got; where *did* you find such a treasure?"

Probably, also, there is a certain amount of occupation furnished to the Pollaky fraternity by that cupidity and desire for gain which dwells in a few human bosoms. When the heirs apparent, presumptive, or expectant, of a wealthy gentleman clean past his youth, hear of his forming such and such new acquaintances, is it likely that Pollaky's Trustworthy one will be forgotten? Will he not be there, at the corner by the lamp-post, watching the frequency of the visits paid by the new friends? Or, suppose it is an aged and single aunt well represented in the British Funds, whose movements are viewed with suspicion. Suppose a host of cousins, with an enterprising mamma, come up from the country, and take a house a few doors from that of the interesting fundholder; is it likely that Pollaky will be forgotten then? Imagine the report which the Trustworthy one would send, in this case, and the consternation it would create. "Sep. 10, 186—Took up position at corner at 11 A.M.—Position commanding a view of the premises occupied by both the parties whose movements I was directed to watch, namely, No. 7, the residence of Miss Stocks, and No. 13, occupied temporarily by Mrs. Hunter and daughters.

"11.15. Servant-maid steps out from No. 13 with plate of hothouse grapes and book, rings at No. 7, holds long conference with servant—elderly female—leaves both book and grapes, and retires. Shortly afterwards, female servant emerges from No. 7 with same book and grapes and rings at No. 13, delivers grapes and book and message, which I was too far off to hear. Servant, however, of No. 13 looks blank, and closes door. Servant from No. 7 returns home.

"11.45. Bath-chair appears in street and draws up—empty—in front of No. 7. A lady—

middle-aged—is seen at window of 13; she observes the Bath-chair, and retires hurriedly. Presently door of No. 13 is partially opened, and servant from time to time peeps out. In few minutes door of No. 7 opens, and elderly man-servant appears with bundle of cloaks and wrappers on arm, which he arranges in Bath-chair, and at the same moment young lady comes hastily out of No. 13, places small cushion, covered with red silk, embroidered, at back of chair and retires—door of 13 still a-jar. At twelve o'clock, door of No. 7 opens again, and old lady descends steps very slowly, assisted by elderly man-servant. Chair opened, wrappers arranged. Old lady points fiercely to red silk cushion, and appears to be questioning elderly man-servant, who points towards No. 13 as he replies. Old lady sends him off with cushion to 13, and gets into chair assisted by elderly female-servant of great respectability. Then young lady, same as observed before, comes out of No. 13 apparently in tears, and holding cushion in hand. She approaches chair and addresses old lady, who pushes away cushion as often as offered, and gives directions for chair to move on. Young lady is retiring, when suddenly chair is brought to a stop again, and elderly female-servant is sent back. She hastens after young lady of No. 13, and, overtaking her, the two return towards chair, young lady still carrying cushion. Old lady seems now to agree to receive cushion, for it is placed behind her head, and young lady again retires, smiling sweetly. Chair stopped again, and elderly female again sent back. Again overtakes young lady, and both return to chair. Short parley, and then chair moves on once more, young lady and respectable female, one on each side, arranging cushions and wrappers incessantly, till chair reaches corner of street and is lost to sight.

"12.50. Chair reappears at corner, and descends street. As it passes position occupied by self, young lady heard to say, 'Now, dear Aunt Stocks, you know it is just your luncheon-time, do let us send you in the grapes again.' Old lady replies, 'No; I don't want 'em.' Rest of speech, if any, lost in consequence of chair passing out of earshot. Servant hurries on to ring at No. 7; door opens immediately; old lady enters, and young ditto is left standing outside. She retires to No. 13, goes in, and all is quiet.

"2.5. Door of No. 7 re-opens, female servant comes out bearing small note; takes it to No. 13, and after short conversation with girl who opens door, leaves note and returns again to No. 7. Soon afterwards door of 13 again flies open, and young lady—same as observed before—passes from No. 13 to No. 7, and is admitted. In about five minutes, however, she appears again, and returns home. She would seem to be in tears.

"2.25. A young lady—not same observed before, but considerably younger—issues from No. 13, rings at No. 7, and goes in. Shortly afterwards, close carriage drawn by two fat horses, and driven by fat coachman, comes down street.

It stops at No. 7. It is empty. Door of No. 7 opens, and middle-aged man-servant, standing on steps, conversed with coachman. Approaching as nearly as could judiciously, heard fragments of conversation. Both spoke low, and I was obliged to listen with all my ears. 'Well,' says Butler, 'she do seem to have took a fancy to t'other one to-day.' 'Ah!' replies coachman; 'taint long as she'll fancy e'er a one of the lot.' 'Yes, you're about right there, Simpson,' says Butler. And then there came a bit which I couldn't catch. Presently they talked a little louder, and then heard Butler say, 'Mr. Wyly, the lawyer, he was up here ever so long yesterday, and eloseted with missus; and before he went Mrs. Cookson and me, we was called in to witness the signature of one of these here codicils, or whatever they are; but lord! Simpson, she makes a new one 'most hevery month. Between you and me, Simpson, I shouldn't wonder if she was to leave every penny away from hall of 'em, and give it to the Fondling or the Indignant Blind.' 'And a good job too,' replied the other. They would have gone on longer, only old lady appeared at that moment at door, with same female servant, elderly and respectable, that I before noted, and young lady—not cushion, and Bath-chair one, but the other whom I had not seen before—and then they both got into the carriage, and after a deal of packing up in cloaks, and wrappers, and all the rest of it, the vehicle drove off, respectable serving-woman went back into house, and Butler was left standing on steps, and whistling softly to self. But soon after he went in too, slammed door after him, and all was again quiet."

(Journal continued.) "At this time retired to public-house at corner, and ordered chop. While partaking of same in parlour—window of which commanded No. 7, house occupied by the old lady, who had just gone out for carriage-riding—observed middle-aged lady accompanied by a young ditto—not one of those whom I had previously seen—descend steps of No. 13, and ascend steps of No. 7. Door answered by respectable woman-servant, with whom both ladies shook hands cordially, then just standing inside door, opened a large light-looking whity-brown paper parcel which elder lady held, and taking out a very smart cap much bedizened with ribbons, presented same to respectable servant. Respectable servant made show of refusing cap, but ladies insisting, she yielded, and all shaking hands once again, ladies descended steps, smiling, and went away.

"5.15. Carriage returns, containing old lady of No. 7 and young miss, who both go into No. 7 together, and carriage drives away. About an hour afterwards, door being opened for servant to take in evening paper, and it being now dark, can see in lighted hall, plates and dishes, and other signs that dinner is going on. In about an hour, door re-opens, subordinate servant-maid leaving it on jar, takes small three-cornered note to No. 13, and leaves same without waiting for

answer. In very short space of time middle-aged lady, two daughters, and little girl, all emerge from 13, with wrappers over heads and smiling countenances, and knocking at No. 7, are instantly admitted.

"9.50. The whole party from No. 13—middle-aged lady, three grown-up daughters, and little girl—come out of No. 7. They take a polite leave of butler at hall door, and return home. Each of them carries small morocco-covered case in hand. SHOULD SAY THEY WERE PRESENTS."

What would be the feelings of the individuals who had employed Messrs. Pollaky's agent to watch those two houses, Nos. 7 and 13, on perusing the above report! How they would foam with rage as they read that at last the embroidered cushion had been accepted; that one of those "odious girls" had succeeded in forcing her company upon her aunt when the old lady took her Bath-chair exercise, while another was promoted to the honour of a seat in the carriage! Then, again, that present of the cap to the confidential servant, what depths of treachery would that act not suggest? Lastly, that hideous picture of the whole family retiring from the house of the opulent one, laden with presents—old family jewels, perhaps—and making night hideous with the exulting smiles which beamed upon their graceless countenances. Oh! surely here is something like an occasion for Mr. Pollaky and his trustworthy young man, and surely the annals of that sinister office must contain such cases. If not, it soon will, to a dead certainty.

There is something almost terrible about this licensed spy system. That man at the corner of the street is a dreadful being. Suppose a Bishop should feel inclined to go to the Derby in plain clothes, what a wretched thing it is for him to reflect, as he puts on a pair of shepherd's plaid trousers and a paletot, in place of the usual apron and tights, that he will have to pass that man at the corner, who is possibly an emissary of a bishop of different principles, and who is there to watch the house. Suppose a family desirous of economising and prepared for a time to go through with a course of chop dinners, is it pleasant to have that man at the corner inspecting the butcher's tray, day after day, and making notes of its contents, to be written in the annals of the office, a copy being sent to our dearest enemies. Suppose that I get out of an invitation to dine with the Fingerglasses, giving the excuse that I shall be out of town on the day for which they are kind enough to ask me, is it pleasant on the evening of Fingerglass's festival to have Pollaky's young man scrutinising my appearance as I hand my consort into the cab in which we are conveyed to the theatre on the sly?

But there are a host of small changes which demand to be chronicled, of which this Pollaky system is but one. What are the others?

We have given up, except under peculiar circumstances, introducing people to one another.

This fashion of non-introducing has, like many other fashions, descended to the upper middle classes from the grade next above them. Now it is important that in adopting any invention—and a fashion is an invention—we should always be careful to reproduce *all* the circumstances under which that invention, which we wish to avail ourselves of successfully, operates. It is very important that we should remember this, and yet we seldom do so. A lady sees a toilet which she admires very much. As the carriage in which the person who wears that toilet dashes past, Pedestria looks after it and determines that bonnet, dress, parasol, are all admirable. She determines also to become possessed as quickly as possible of a set of articles resembling those as closely as may be. Well, this determination is carried out with all speed, but somehow or other it happens that when the apparel comes home the whole thing is a failure. And why is this? Everything has been copied exactly; what is wanting? The carriage is wanting. The "get up" of that lady whom Pedestria admired so much has been reproduced, but with one of the elements of its success omitted. The toilet was a carriage toilet, and it absolutely looks bad on a pedestrian.

Sometimes this same theory is illustrated in another manner. A certain nobleman has a taste for art. He goes to the studio of an eminent painter, and being himself a tolerably successful amateur, determines to set up a similar establishment. And so he does. His room is the same size as that of the professional gentleman, his light is the same, his window the same. He employs the same models as the artist, and his lay figure is own brother to the lay figure next door. How is it that after a time all this comes to nothing? Everything that the artist has got together the nobleman has got together, but still the pictures produced by the latter will not do, and by-and-by he gives up even attempting to rival his neighbour. Now all this comes, as in the case just before cited, from the omission of one ingredient in the success of the studio, window, lay-figure, and all the rest of it, out of which the professional man got such brilliant results. That ingredient was GENIUS.

It is in this manner that persons belonging to the middle classes very often bring upon themselves considerable annoyance by imitating part of a scheme the other portions of which they are, by the laws under which they live, unable to copy. This fashion of non-introduction is taken from a set of people the reverse of numerous, whose numbers receive no accession from without, and who are perpetually meeting each other. This is the position of that "upper ten thousand" of which we hear so much, to our unspeakable weariness. What do *they* want with introductions?

With the middle class the case is widely different. It is an enormously large class, instead of a very small one, its members are continually being augmented from without, and new members

are for ever being admitted into its circle. When Lord Booodle meets Lord Coodle at the house of the Duke of Doodle, he knows him of course, their estates are contiguous, and so are their seats in the House of Peers; but when I go out to dinner and encounter on my host's hearth-rug a perfect stranger, how am I to know that that stranger is the eminent Mr. Piston the engineer, who has just returned from India, where he is making a railroad? I do *not* know it, and what is the consequence? Before the dinner has got past the *entrée* period, I have stigmatised, in the strongest language which is permissible, a certain bridge over the Thames which is one of Mr. Piston's most celebrated performances. Now, if that distinguished engineer and I had been introduced to each other, this unlucky thing could not have happened.

"No cards" is an announcement which is by this time familiar to the eyes of all readers of the public newspapers. It shows, now, at the end of a large portion of the wedding advertisements which appear in the Times. So, now our young couples are no longer torn with doubts as to whether it will be better to have their united pasteboards secured together with a silver cord, or simply placed in an envelope with a silver edge, or even with no edge. All these anxieties are taken from the minds of the young people, and they are also relieved from the still greater difficulty of settling to whom those cards, when once they are deposited in their envelopes, shall be sent. The bridegroom has a host of bachelor friends who did very well for companions in the days of celibacy, but to all and each of whom he now devoutly wishes the presentation of a lucrative appointment—admitting of no holidays—in the Marquesas Islands; yet before this happy new arrangement he was obliged to send cards to those "lads of Cyprus," and take the consequences. "No cards" then by all means.

And this change in our manners reminds one of another of a more mournful character. In that grim list of announcements which follows the marriage advertisements, we now find that the form of words "Friends will please receive this notice" continually recurs. This, again, is a new fashion, but there is little to be said about it, except, perhaps, that it is somewhat supererogatory: for if ever there was an announcement which friends *must* receive, whether they please or not, it is that of a death.

The advertisements in our newspapers often give indications of the changes that are operating in our manners and tastes. There is no better way of finding out what are the habits of all sorts of queer people in out-of-the-way corners, with whom one never comes in contact, than by studying the advertisement sheet. We have already paid some attention to the advertisements of Messrs. Pollaky and Co.; what do we say to another of a different sort, in which the public, or such part of the public as it concerns, is respectfully informed that an unobliterated

Antigua postage-stamp will be given away to purchasers of Nos. 2 and 3 of the Stamp-Collectors' Magazine? What a state of things does such an advertisement as this reveal? In the first place, here is evidence given of a desire existing in certain human breasts to possess an unobliterated Antigua postage-stamp; and, in the second place, here is evidence of the existence of a public interested in postage-stamps generally, sufficiently large to support a journal of that public's own. What do they want with these stamps? What do they do with them? I am told by credible witnesses that there are persons who keep books by them, in which these stamps are stuck as if they were beautiful works of art, or specimens of natural history; and I have even heard that a brisk competition goes on among stamp-collectors, and that one of these harmless maniacs will offer another, a stamp of Antigua in exchange for one of Tobago, or vice versa; while others will languish in unheard-of torments, because, mayhap, Van Dieman's Land is unrepresented in an otherwise "splendid collection."

Surely of all the similar developments of frenzy with which we are acquainted, this is one of the dreariest. We know that human beings have existed who have given unheard-of sums for what are called rare editions of particular books, and this not because the editions were more nearly complete or more legible than others, but quite the reverse. We know that other human beings—at least "in the catalogue they go for such"—have wasted their substance in securing, at any price, certain specimens of engravings whose merit consisted in some small, and wholly unimportant, variation in which this particular print differed from the copies possessed by other people. "Woman peeling turnips, early proof, very rare, *turnip standing by itself on edge of table omitted.*" This would be a work of art which in former times would have been worth hundreds of guineas, while a print in all points equally good, but *with the turnip*, would have been comparatively worthless. Nay, such was the madness of print-collectors once, that even a defect would sometimes enhance the value of one of these rare copies, and you would find a proof of "Rembrandt's mother, with mark where the graver has slipped on left eyelid," selling for much more than would be realised by the same print with that defect wanting.

The mania for collecting books and prints is dying out fast, though doubtless there may still be found, here and there, persons on whom it still has a hold. People now collect postage-stamps instead, and all sorts of terrific passions are brought into play, through the yearnings of mankind after certain little bits of coloured paper barely an inch square.

By-the-by, talking of stamps, what has become of the old bellman who, dressed in a red coat, and carrying a large leather bag in one hand, and a dinner-bell in the other, used to go the rounds after five o'clock P.M. to collect the "too-late"

letters? He is superseded and done away with, and an extra stamp does all his work as easily as possible.

The other day a young lady—Madlle. Chenu by name—presented herself at that awful Tribunal the Sorbonne, to apply for the Degree of *Bachelor* in Science. She not only applied for it, but got it; and the announcement of her success was received with a burst of applause from all the other Bachelors who were present on the occasion of her examination. Here is something new, at any rate. The correspondent of the Times, who narrates this remarkable event, either accidentally or on purpose, goes on, after describing the ceremonial of the young lady's investiture, to state in the very next paragraph that: "It is said that cases of lunacy are becoming alarmingly frequent in France."

What a change must have come over our manners when we find (see Times, April 23, 1863) Lord Cardigan settling his disputes and obtaining "satisfaction" through the medium of a court of law, instead of carrying the matter to that other tribunal of which the assize was formerly held at Chalk Farm, or Wormwood Scrubs.

Taught, perhaps, by that wonderful threepence-halfpenny dinner of Glasgow, what may be done by combined action in the way of economical housekeeping, we seem just now to be turning our attention a good deal to the question of the practicability of a more extended hotel and club life, in whose advantages what are called family people should be included. There certainly seem to be enormous advantages connected with the hotel system. To have a professional man acting as your purveyor, who supplies you with house-room, furniture, meals, servants, candles, fires, and all the other necessities of life, and who would be paid by a cheque drawn once a quarter, would be very delightful. It would be such a thing to be free from that "party" who has "called for the poor-rate," or the plumber who wishes to see you on the subject of the pipes. If only the noise which generally disturbs the stayer at hotels could be got rid of, and if only the catables could get to be characterised by that freshness which belongs at present only to home, or to club-cooked viands—if these advantages could be attained, I for one would cry, Long live the plan of living at hotels! We might all live much cheaper, and much better than we do, and might enjoy a much greater variety than we do, if we combined our resources. Our resources, observe, but not our social moments. A perpetual table d'hôte, with amiable bores assailing you in all directions, is a horror not to be thought of.

I cannot but think that in the next generation—the generation which is now growing up—the general moral, physical, and intellectual level will be very high. If we, still influenced by the taint which that bad period between the Restora-

tion and the Regency infused into our blood—we, in whose youth the present rational and natural system for regulating the nursery was not in practice—we, to whom the calomel powder was not unknown, and who have had to adapt ourselves to modern institutions instead of growing up with them, and knowing no others—if we have advanced so much and changed so much, what will be the progress of that new race whose inauguration into life we are now witnessing? Those children whom we watch with so much pleasure in our public places, with their fair hair floating out to the winds, as well acquainted with cold water and fresh air as they are unacquainted with blue pill—a generation stands like a fence between them and the dark ages of the eighteenth century, and the fumes of the Georgian punch-bowls do not linger in any of the intricate folds of their cerebral developments. Also are the traces of scrofula rare among these favoured little ones, and few of them are seen tottering along with rickety limbs, or with their feeble bodies supported by a frame of iron. When that new generation grows up, a wonderful world will be before them. The different quarters of London will probably all be brought close together by railway communication, the aspect of the town will be immensely altered, nay, for aught we know, we may by that time have a new capital for pleasure, the old one being abandoned to business. India, if the present railway plans be carried out, will be a few days off, and those young gentlemen whom we see scampering about upon their ponies in Rotten Row will be whisking themselves back to the mother country from their quarters in the Punjab, whenever they see their way to a six weeks' leave. The changes we may legitimately expect to be brought about by agencies now in existence are prodigious, without taking into consideration those which new inventions and new discoveries may bring about in the score of years.

Of all the changes about us, a great diary is kept on which such chronicles as these are but a sort of gloss or comment. That diary is to be found in the journals which come out every morning. The Small-Bear Chronicle, drawing near the close of his labours, refers those persons—if there be any—who have been at all interested in his reports, to those same public diaries, from which they can now extract their Small-Bear for themselves, and note its workings and fermentings without assistance. Indeed, it is so firm a conviction in the mind of him who has kept this Chronicle, that by this time all his readers are themselves fitted to Chronicle their own Small-Bear, that he would feel it to be almost a mean thing to occupy his post any longer. And accordingly, with a few parting words in a subsequent number, he will beg permission to say farewell to all those whose taste for small things has led them to be partakers of his modest tap.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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VERY HARD CASH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE subsiding sea was now a liquid Paradise: its great pellucid braes and hillocks shone with the sparkle, and the hues, of all the jewels in an emperor's crown. Imagine—after three days of inky sea, and pitchy sky, and Death's deep jaws snapping and barely missing with a click—ten thousand great slopes of emerald, aquamarine, amethyst, and topaz, liquid, alive, and dancing jocundly beneath a gorgeous sun: and you will have a faint idea of what met the eyes and hearts of the rescued looking out of that battered, jagged, ship, upon ocean smiling back to smiling Heaven.

Yet one man felt no buoyancy, nor gush of joy. He leaned against a fragment of the broken bulwark, confused between the sweetness of life preserved, and the bitterness of treasure lost, his wife's and children's treasured treasure; benumbed at heart, and almost weary of the existence he had battled for so stoutly. He looked so moody, and answered so grimly and unlike himself, that they all held aloof from him; heavy heart among so many joyful ones, he was in true solitude; the body in a crowd, the soul alone. And he was sore as well as heavy: for, of all the lubberly acts he had ever known, the way he had lost his dear ones' fortune seemed to him the worst.

A voice sounded in his ear: "Poor thing; she has foundered!"

It was Fullalove scanning the horizon with his famous glass.

"Foundered? Who?" said Dodd; though he did not care much who sank, who swam. Then he remembered the vessel, whose flashing guns had shed a human ray on the unearthly horror of the black hurricane. He looked all round.

Blank!

Ay, she had perished with all hands. The sea had swallowed her, and spared him; ungrateful.

This turned his mind sharply. Suppose the Agra had gone down, the money would be lost as now, and his life into the bargain, a life dearer to all at home than millions of gold: he prayed inwardly to Heaven for gratitude, and goodness to feel its mercy. This softened him a little; and

his heart swelled so, he wished he was a woman to cry over his children's loss for an hour, and then shake all off and go through his duty somehow; for now he was paralysed, and all seemed ended. Next, nautical superstition fastened on him. That pocket-book of his was Jonah; It had to go or else the ship; the moment It did go, the storm had broken as by magic.

Now Superstition is generally stronger than rational Religion, whether they lie apart, or together in one mind: and this superstitious notion did something toward steeling the poor man. "Come," said he to himself, "my loss has saved all these poor souls on board this ship. So be it! Heaven's will be done! I must bustle, or else go mad."

He turned to and worked like a horse: and with his own hands helped the men to rig parallel ropes—a substitute for bulwarks—till the perspiration ran down him.

Bayliss now reported the well nearly dry, and Dodd was about to bear up and make sail again, when one of the ship-boys, a little fellow with a bright eye and a chin like a monkey's, came up to him and said,

"Please, captain!" Then glared with awe at what he had done, and broke down.

"Well, my little man?" said Dodd, gently.

Thus encouraged, the boy gave a great gulp, and burst in a brogue: "Och your arrn, sure there's no rudder on her at all barrin the tiller."

"What d'ye mean?"

"Don't murder me, your arrn, and I'll tell ye. It's meself looked over the starrn just now; and I seen there was no rudder at all at all: Mille diaoul, sis I; ye old bitch I'll tell his arrn what y'are after, slipping your rudder like my ganny's list shoe, I will."

Dodd ran to the helm and looked down; the brat was right: the blows which had so endangered the ship, had broken the rudder, and the sea had washed it away in pieces. The sight and the reflection made him faintish for a moment. Death passing so very close to a man sickens him *afterwards*; unless he has the luck to be brainless.

"What is your name, urchin?"

"Ned Murphy, sir."

"Very well, Murphy, then you are a fine little fellow, and have wiped all our eyes in the ship: run and send the carpenter aft."

"Ay, ay, sir."

The carpenter came. Like most artisans he was clever in a groove: take him out of that, and lo! a mule, a pig, an owl. He was not only unable to invent, but so stiffly disinclined: a makeshift rudder was clean out of his way; and, as his whole struggle was to get away from every suggestion Dodd made back to groove aforesaid, the thing looked hopeless. Then Fullalove, who had stood by grinning, offered to make a bunkum rudder, provided the carpenter and mates were put under his orders. But, said he, I must bargain they shall be disgraced if they attempt to reason. "That is no more than fair," said Dodd.

The Yankee inventor demanded a spare main-carp, and cut away one end of the square piece, so as to make it fit the stern post: through the circle of the cap he introduced a spare mizen topmast: to this he seized a length of junk, another to that, another to that, and so on: to the outside junk he seized a spare maintop-gallant mast, and this conglomerate being now nearly as broad as a rudder, he planked over all. The sea by this time was calm; he got the machine over the stern, and had the square end of the cap bolted to the stern post. He had already fixed four spans of nine inch hawser to the sides of the makeshift, two fastened to tackles, which led into the gunroom ports, and were boused taut—these kept the lower part of the makeshift close to the stern post—and two, to which guys were now fixed and led through the aftermost ports on to the quarter deck, where huff tackles were attached to them, by means of which the makeshift was to be worked as a rudder.

Some sail was now got on the ship, and she was found to steer very well. Dodd tried her on every tack; and at last ordered Sharpe to make all sail, and head for the Cape.

This electrified the first mate. The breeze was very faint but southerly, and the Mauritius under their lee. They could make it in a night, and there refit, and ship a new rudder. He suggested the danger of sailing sixteen hundred miles steered by a Gimerack; and implored Dodd to put into port. Dodd answered with a roughness and a certain wildness never seen in him before: "Danger, sir! There will be no more foul weather this voyage; Jonah is overboard." Sharpe stared an inquiry. "I tell you we shan't lower our topgallants once from this to the Cape: Jonah is overboard;" and he slapped his forehead in despair; then, stamping impatiently with his foot, told Sharpe his duty was to obey orders, not discuss them. "Certainly, sir," said Sharpe, sullenly, and went out of the cabin with serious thoughts of communicating to the other mates an alarming suspicion about Dodd, that now for the first time crossed his mind. But long habit of discipline prevailed, and he made all sail on the ship, and bore away for the Cape; with a heavy heart: the sea was like a mill pond, but in that he saw only its well known treachery,

to lead them on to this unparalleled act of madness: each sail he hoisted seemed one more agent of Destruction rising at his own suicidal command.

Towards evening it became nearly dead calm. The sea heaved a little, but was waveless, glassy, and the colour of a rose, incredibly brave and delicate.

The look out reported pieces of wreck to windward. As the ship was making so little way, Dodd beat up towards them: he feared it was a British ship that had foundered in the storm, and thought it his duty to ascertain and carry the sad news home. In two tacks they got near enough to see with their glasses that the fragments belonged, not to a stranger, but to the Agra herself; there was one of her water-butts, and a broken mast with some rigging; and, as more wreck was descried coming in at a little distance, Dodd kept the ship close to the wind to inspect it: on drifting near it proved to be several pieces of the bulwark and a mahogany table out of the cuddy. This sort of flotsom was not worth delaying the ship to pick it up; so Dodd made sail again, steering now S.E.

He had sailed about half a mile when the look-out hailed the deck again.

"A man in the water!"

"Whereabouts?"

"A short league on the weather quarter."

"Oh, we can't beat to windward for him," said Sharpe. "He is dead long ago."

"Holds his head very high for a corpse," said the look out.

"I'll soon know," cried Dodd. "Lower the gig; I'll go myself."

The gig was lowered, and six swift rowers pulled him to windward; while the ship kept on her course.

It is most unusual for a captain to leave the ship at sea on such petty errands: but Dodd half hoped the man might be alive; and he was so unhappy; and, like his daughter, who probably derived the trait from him, grasped instinctively at a chance of doing kindness to some poor fellow alive or dead. That would soothe his own sore, good, heart.

When they had pulled about two miles, the sun was sinking into the horizon: "Give way, men," said Dodd, "or we shall not be able to see him." The men bent to their oars, and made the boat fly.

Presently the coxswain caught sight of an object bobbing on the water abeam.

"Why, that must be it," said he: "the lubber! to take it for a mau's head. Why, it is nothing but a thundering old bladder, speckled white.

"What?" cried Dodd: and fell a trembling.

"Steer for it! Give way!"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

They soon came alongside the bladder, and the coxswain grabbed it: "Hallo! here's something lashed to it: a bottle!"

"Give it me!" gasped Dodd, in a voice choked

with agitation. "Give it me! Back to the ship! Fly! Fly! Cut her off, or she'll give us the slip, *now*."

He never spoke a word more, but sat in a stupor of joyful wonder.

They soon caught the ship: he got into his cabin, he scarce knew how: broke the bottle to atoms, and found the indomitable cash uninjured. With trembling hands he restored it to its old place in his bosom, and sewed it tighter than ever. Until he felt it there once more, he could hardly realise a stroke of good fortune that seemed miraculous—though, in reality, it was less strange than the way he had lost it—but, now laid bodily on his heart, it set his bosom on fire: oh, the bright eye, the bounding pulse, the buoyant foot, the reckless joy! He slapped Sharpe on the back a little vulgarly, for him:

"Jonah is on board again, old fellow: look out for squalls."

He uttered this foreboding in a tone of triumph, and with a gay, elastic recklessness, which harmonised so well with his makeshift rudder, that Sharpe groaned aloud, and wished himself under any captain in the world but this, and in any other ship. He looked round to make sure he was not watched, and then tapped his forehead significantly: this somewhat relieved him, and he did his duty smartly for a man going to the bottom with his eyes open.

But ill luck is not to be bespoken any more than good: the *Agra's* seemed to have blown itself out; the wind varied to the south-west, and breathed steadily in that quarter for ten days. The topgallant sails were never lowered nor shifted day nor night all that time: and not a single danger occurred between this and the Cape, except to a monkey, which I fear I must relate, on account of its remoter consequences. One fine afternoon, everybody was on deck amusing themselves as they could; Mrs. Beresford, to wit, was being flattered under the poop awning by Kenclay. The feud between her and Dodd continued; but under a false impression. The lady had one advantage over the gentler specimens of her sex; she was never deterred from a kind action by want of pluck, as they are. Pluck? Aquilina was brimful of it. When she found Dodd was wounded, she cast her wrongs to the wind, and offered to go and nurse him. Her message came at an unlucky moment, and by an unlucky messenger: the surgeon said, hastily, "I can't have him bothered." The stupid servant reported, "He can't be worried;" and Mrs. Beresford, thinking Dodd had a hand in this answer, was bitterly mortified; and with some reason. She would have forgiven him though; if he had died: but, as he lived, she thought she had a right to detest him; and did: and showed her sentiments like a lady, by never speaking to him, nor looking at him, but ignoring him with frigid magnificence on his own quarter deck.

Now, among the crew of this ship was a favourite goat, good tempered, affectionate, playful:

but a single vice counterbalanced all his virtues: he took a drop. A year or two ago some light-hearted tempter taught him to sip grog; he took to it kindly, and was now arrived at such a pitch, that at grog time he used to butt his way in among the sailors, and get close to the canteen; and, by arrangement, an allowance was always served him; on imbibing it he passed, with quadrupedal rapidity, through three stages, the absurd, the choleric, the sleepy; and was never his own goat again until he awoke from the latter. Now Master Fred Beresford encountered him in the second stage of inebriety, and, being a rough playfellow, tapped his nose with a battle-dore. Instantly Billy butted at him; mischievous Fred screamed and jumped on the bulwarks. Pot-augry Billy went at him there; whereupon the young gentleman, with an eldritch screech, and a comparative estimate of perils, that smacked of inexperience, fled into the sea, at the very moment when his anxious mother was rushing to save him; she uttered a scream of agony, and would actually have followed him; but was held back uttering shriek after shriek, that pierced every heart within hearing.

But Dodd saw the boy go overboard, and vaulted over the bulwark near the helm, roared in the very air, "Heave the ship to!" and went splash into the water about ten yards from the place; he was soon followed by Vespasian, and a boat was lowered as quickly as possible. Dodd caught sight of a broad straw hat on the top of a wave, swam lustily to it, and found Freddy inside: it was tied under his chin, and would have floated Goliah. Dodd turned to the ship, saw the poor mother with white face and arms outstretched as if she would fly at them, and held the urchin up high to her with a joyful "hurrah." The ship seemed alive and to hurrah in return with giant voice: the boat soon picked them up, and Dodd came up the side with Freddy in his arms, and placed him in his mother's with honest pride, and deep parental sympathy.

Guess how she scolded and caressed her child all in a breath, and sobbed over him! For this no human pen has ever told, nor ever will. All I can just manage to convey is that, after she had all but eaten the little torment, she suddenly dropped him, and made a great maternal rush at Dodd. She flung her arms round him and kissed him eagerly, almost fiercely: then, carried away wild by mighty Nature, she patted him all over in the strangest way, and kissed his waistcoat, his arms, his hands, and rained tears of joy and gratitude on them.

Dodd was quite overpowered: "No! no!" said he. "Don't now! pray don't! There, I know, my dear, I know; I'm a father." And he was very near whimpering himself; but recovered the man and the commander, and said soothingly, "There! there!" and handed her tenderly down to her cabin.

All this time he had actually forgotten the packet. But now a horrible fear came on him. He hurried to his own cabin and examined it. A

little salt water had oozed through the bullet-hole and discoloured the leather; but that was all. He breathed again.

"Thank Heaven I forgot all about it!" said he: "It would have made a cur of me."

La Beresford's petty irritation against Dodd melted at once before so great a thing: she longed to make friends with him; but for once felt timid: it struck her now all of a sudden that she had been misbehaving. However, she caught Dodd alone on the deck, and said to him softly, "I want so to end our quarrel."

"Our quarrel, madam!" said he; "why, I know of none: oh, about the light, eh? Well, you see the master of a ship is obliged to be a tyrant in some things."

"I make no complaint," said the lady, hastily, and hung her head. "All I ask you is to forgive one, who has behaved like a fool, without even the excuse of being one; and—will you give me your hand, sir?"

"Ay, and with all my heart," said Dodd, warmly, enclosing the soft little hand in his honest grasp.

And with no more ado these two highflyers ended one of those little misunderstandings petty spirits nurse into a feud.

The ship being in port at the Cape, and two hundred hammers tapping at her, Dodd went ashore in search of Captain Robarts, and made the Agra over to him in the friendliest way, adding warmly that he had found every reason to be satisfied with the officers and the crew. To his surprise, Captain Robarts received all this ungraciously. "You ought to have remained on board, sir, and made me over the command on the quarter deck." Dodd replied, politely, that it would have been more formal. "Suppose I return immediately, and man the side for you: and then you board her, say in half an hour."

"I shall come when I like," replied Robarts, crustily. "And when will you like to come?" inquired Dodd, with imperturbable good humour.

"Now: this moment: and I'll trouble you to come along with me."

"Certainly, sir."

They got a boat, and went out to the ship: on coming alongside, Dodd thought to meet his wishes by going first and receiving him; but the jealous, cross-grained, fellow, shoved roughly before him and led the way up the ship's side. Sharpe and the rest saluted him: he did not return the salute, but said hoarsely, "Turn the hands up to muster."

When they were all aft he noticed one or two with their caps on. "Hats off, and be — to you!" cried he. "Do you know where you are? Do you know who you are looking at? If not, I'll show you. I'm here to restore discipline to this ship: so mind how you run athwart my hawse: don't you play with the bull, my men; or you'll find his horns — sharp. Pipe down! Now, you sir, bring me the log-book!"

He ran his eye over it, and closed it con-

temptuously: "Pirates, and hurricanes! I never fell in with pirates nor hurricanes: I have heard of a breeze, and a gale, but I never knew a seaman worth his salt say 'hurricane.' Get another log-book, Mr. Sharpe; put down that it begins this day at noon; and enter, that Captain Robarts came on deck, found the ship in a miserable condition, took the command, mustered the officers and men, and stopped the ship's company's grog for a week, for receiving him with hats on!"

Even Sharpe, that walking Obedience, was taken aback. "Stop—the ship's company's—grog—for a week, sir?"

"Yes, sir, for a week: and, if you fling my orders back in my face instead of clapping on sail to execute them, I'll have you towed ashore on a grating: your name is Sharpe; well, my name is Damnedsharp; and so you'll find."

In short, the new captain came down on the ship like a blight.

He was especially hard on Dodd: nothing that commander had done was right, nor, had he done the contrary, would that have been right: he was disgracefully behind time; and he ought to have put in to the Isle of France, which would have retarded him: his rope bulwarks were lubberly; his rudder a disgrace to navigation: he, Robarts, was not so green as to believe that any master had really sailed sixteen hundred miles with it, and, if he had, more shame for him. Briefly a marine criticaster.

All this was spoken at Dodd—a thing no male does unless he is an awful snob—and grieved him, it was so unjust. He withdrew wounded to the little cabin he was entitled to as a passenger, and hugged his treasure for comfort. He patted the pocket-book, and said to it, "Never you mind. The greater Tartar he is, the less likely to sink you, or run you on a lee shore."

With all his love of discipline, Robarts was not so fond of the ship as Dodd.

While his repairs were going on, he was generally ashore; and by this means missed a visit. Commodore Collier, one of the smartest sailors afloat, espied the Yankee makeshift from the quarter deck of his vessel, the Salamanca, fifty guns. In ten minutes he was under the Agra's stern inspecting it; then came on board, and was received in form by Sharpe and the other officers. "Are you the master of this ship, sir?" he asked.

"No, commodore. I am the first mate: the captain is ashore."

"I am sorry for it. I want to talk about his rudder."

"Oh, *he* had nothing to do with that," replied Sharpe, eagerly: "that was our dear old captain: he is on board. Young gentleman! ask Captain Dodd to oblige me by coming on deck! Hy! and Mr. Fullalove too." "Young gentleman?" inquired Collier. "What the devil officer is that?"

"That is a name we give the middies; I don't know why."

"Nor I neither! ha! ha!"

Dodd and Fullalove came on deck, and Commodore Collier bestowed the highest compliments on the "makeshift." Dodd begged him to transfer them to the real inventor; and introduced Fullalove.

"Ay," said Collier, "I know you Yankees are very handy. I lost my rudder at sea once, and had to ship a makeshift: but it was a curs't complicated thing; not a patch upon yours, Mr. Fullalove. Yours is ingenious, and *simple*. Ship has been in action, I see: pray how was that, if I may be so bold?"

"Pirates, commodore," said Sharpe. "We fell in with a brace of Portuguese devils, latine-rigged, and carried ten guns apiece, in the Straits of Gaspar: fought 'em from noon till sundown, riddled one, and ran down the other, and sunk her in a moment. That was all *your* doing, captain; so don't try to shift it on other people; for we won't let you."

"If he denies it, I won't believe him," said Collier: "for he has got it in his eye. Gentlemen, will you do me the honour to dine with me to-day on board the flag-ship?"

Dodd and Fullalove accepted. Sharpe declined, with regret, on the score of duty. And as the cooked hat went down the side, after saluting him politely, he could not help thinking to himself what a difference between a real captain, who had something to be proud of, and his own unlicked cub of a skipper, with the manners of a pilot-boat. He told Robarts the next day. Robarts said nothing; but his face seemed to turn greenish; and it embittered his hatred of Dodd the inoffensive.

It is droll, and sad, but true, that Christendom is full of men in a hurry to hate. And a fruitful cause is jealousy. The schoolmen, or rather certain of the schoolmen—for nothing is much shallower than to speak of all those disputants as one school—defined woman, "a featherless biped vehemently addicted to jealousy." Whether she is more featherless than the male can be decided at a trifling expense of time, money, and reason: you have only to go to court. But as for envy and jealousy, I think it is pure, unobservant, antique Cant which has fixed them on the female character distinctively. As a molehill to a mountain, is women's jealousy to men's. Agatha may have a host of virtues and graces, and yet her female acquaintance will not hate her, *provided* she has the moderation to abstain from being downright pretty. She may sing like an angel, paint like an angel, talk,—write,—nurse the sick,—all like an angel, and not rouse the devil in her fair sisters: so long as she does not dress like an angel. But, the minds of men being much larger than women's, yet very little greater, they hang jealousy on a thousand pegs. When there was no peg, I have seen them do with a pin.

Captain Robarts took a pin: ran it into his own heart, and hung that sordid passion on it.

He would get rid of all the Doddites before he sailed. He insulted Mr. Tiekell, so that he left the service, and entered a mercantile house

ashore: he made several of the best men desert: and the ship went to sea short of hands. This threw heavier work on the crew; and led to many punishments, and a steady current of abuse. Sharpe became a mere machine, always obeying, never speaking: Grey was put under arrest for remonstrating against ungentlemanly language: and Bayliss, being at bottom of the same breed as Robarts, fell into his humour, and helped hector the petty officers and men. The crew, depressed and irritated, went through their duties pully-haully-wise. There was no song under the fore-castle in the first watch, and often no grog on the mess table at one bell. Dodd never came on the quarter deck without being reminded he was only a passenger, and the ship was now under naval discipline.

"I was reared in the royal navy, sir," would Robarts say: "second lieutenant aboard the *Atalanta*: that is the school, sir; that is the only school that breeds seamen." Dodd bore scores of similar taunts as a Newfoundland puts up with a terrier in office: he seldom replied, and, when he did, in a few quiet dignified words that gave no handle.

Robarts, who bore the name of a lucky captain, had fair weather all the way to St. Helena.

The guard-ship at this island was the *Salamanca*. She had left the Cape a week before the *Agra*. Captain Robarts, with his characteristic good breeding, went to anchor in-shore of Her Majesty's ship. The wind failed at a critical moment, and a foul became inevitable: Collier was on his quarter deck, and saw what would happen long before Robarts did: he gave the needful orders, and it was beautiful to see how in half a minute the frigate's guns were run in, her ports lowered, her yards toppled on end, and a spring carried out and hauled on.

The *Agra* struck abreast her own forechains on the *Salamanca*'s quarter.

(Pipe.) "Boarders away. Tomahawks! cut everything that holds!" was heard from the frigate's quarter deck.

Rush came a boarding party on to the merchant ship and hacked away without mercy all her lower rigging that held on to the frigate, signal halyards and all; others boomed her off with capstan bars, &c., and in two minutes the ships were clear. A lieutenant and boat's crew came for Robarts, and ordered him on board the *Salamanca*, and, to make sure of his coming, took him back with them. He found Commodore Collier standing stiff as a ramrod on his quarter deck.

"Are you the master of the *Agra*?" (His quick eye had recognised her in a moment.)

"I am, sir."

"Then she was commanded by a seaman: and is commanded by a lubber. Don't apply for your papers this week; for you won't get them. Good morning. Take him away!"

They returned Robarts to his ship; and a suppressed grin on a score of faces showed him the clear commanding tones of the commodore had

reached his own deck. He soothed himself by stopping the men's grog and mast-heading three midshipmen that same afternoon.

The night before he weighed anchor, this disciplinarian was drinking very late in a low public-house. There was not much moon, and the officer in charge of the ship did not see the gig coming till it was nearly alongside: then all was done in a flurry.

"Hy! man the side lanterns there! Jump, you boys! or you'll catch pepper."

The boys did jump, and little Murphy, not knowing the surgeon had ordered the ports to be drooped, bounded over the bulwarks like an antelope, lighted on the midship port, which stood at this angle, and glanced off into the ocean, lantern foremost: he made his little hole in the water within a yard of Captain Robarts. That Dignity, though splashed, took no notice of so small an incident as a gone ship-boy: and, if Murphy had been wise and stayed with Nep, all had been well. But the poor urehin inadvertently came up again, and without the lantern. One of the gig's crew grabbed him by the hair, and prolonged his existence, but without any malicious intention.

"Where is the other lantern?" was Robarts's first word on reaching the deck: as if he didn't know.

"Gone overboard, sir, with the boy Murphy."

"Stand forward, you sir!" growled Robarts.

Murphy stood forward, dripping and shivering with cold and fear.

"What d'ye mean by going overboard with the ship's lantern?"

"Och your arm sure some unasy divil drooped the port; and the lantern and me we had no foothold at all at all, and the lantern went into the say, bad luck to ut; and I went afther to try and save ut—for your arm."

"Belay all that!" said Robarts; "do you think you can blarney me, you young monkey? Here, Bosen's mate, take a rope's-end and start him!—Again!—Warn him well!—That's right."

As soon as the poor child's shrieks subsided into sobs, the disciplinarian gave him Explanation, for Ointment.

"I CAN'T HAVE THE COMPANY'S STORES EXPENDED THIS WAY."

"The force of discipline could no farther go" than to flog zeal for falling overboard: so, to avoid anti-climax in that port, Robarts weighed anchor at daybreak; and there was a south-westerly breeze waiting for this favourite of fortune, and carried him past the Azores. Off Ushant it was westerly; and veered to the north-west just before they sighted the Land's End: never was such a charming passage from the Cape. The sailor who had the luck to sight Old England first, nailed his starboard shoe to the mainmast for contributions; and all hearts beat joyfully: none more than David Dodd's. His eye devoured the beloved shore: he hugged the treasure his own ill luck had jeopardised, but Robarts had sailed it safe into British waters;

and forgave the man his ill manners for his good luck.

Robarts steered in for the Lizard; but, when abreast the Point, kept well out again, and opened the Channel, and looked out for a pilot.

One was soon seen working out towards him, and the Agra brought to; the pilot descended from his lugger into his little boat, rowed alongside, and came on deck; a rough, tanned sailor, clad in flushing; and in build and manner might have passed for Robarts's twin brother.

"Now then, you sir, what will you take this ship up to the Downs for?"

"Thirty pounds."

Robarts told him roughly he would not get thirty pounds out of him.

"Thyse and no higher my Bo," answered the pilot, sturdily: he had been splicing the main brace, and would have answered an admiral.

Robarts swore at him lustily: Pilot discharged a volley in return with admirable promptitude. Robarts retorted, the other rough customer rejoined, and soon all Billingsgate thundered on the Agra's quarter deck. Finding, to his infinite disgust, his visitor as great a blackguard as himself, and not to be outsworn, Robarts ordered him to quit the ship on pain of being man-handled over the side.

"Oh, that is it, is it?" growled the other: "here's fill and be off then." He prudently bottled the rest of his rage till he got safe into his boat: then shook his fist at the Agra, and cursed her captain sky high. "You see the fair wind, but you don't see the Channel fret a coming, ye greedy gander. Downs! You'll never see them: you have saved your — money, and lost your — ship, ye — lubber."

Robarts hurled back a sugar-plum or two, and then ordered Bayliss to clap on all sail, and keep a mid channel course through the night.

At four bells in the middle watch Sharpe, in charge of the ship, tapped at Robarts's door. "Blowing hard, sir, and the weather getting thickish."

"Wind fair still?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then call me if it blows any harder," grunted Robarts.

In two hours more, tap, tap, came Bayliss, in charge. "If we don't take sail in, they'll take themselves out."

"Furl to-gallan'sels, and call me if it gets any worse."

In another hour Bayliss was at him again. "Blowing a gale, sir, and a Channel fog on."

"Reef taupsels, and call me if it gets any worse."

At daybreak Dodd was on deck, and found the ship flying through a fog so thick, that her fore-castle was invisible from the poop, and even her foremast loomed indistinct and looked distant. "You'll be foul of something or other, Sharpe," said he.

"What is that to you?" inquired a loud rough

voice behind him. "I don't allow passengers to handle my ship."

"Then do pray handle her yourself, captain! Is this weather to go tearing happy-go-lucky up the British Channel?"

"I mean to sail her without your advice, sir: and, being a seaman, I shall get all I can out of a fair wind."

"That is right, Captain Roberts; if you had but the Channel all to yourself."

"Perhaps you will leave me my deck all to myself."

"I should be delighted: but my anxiety will not let me." With this Dodd retired a few steps, and kept a keen look out.

At noon, a lusty voice cried "LAND ON THE WEATHER BEAM!"

All eyes were turned that way, and saw nothing.

Land in sight was reported to Captain Roberts.

Now that worthy was in reality getting secretly anxious: so he ran on deck crying, "Who saw it?"

"Captain Dodd, sir."

"Ugh! Nobody else?"

Dodd came forward, and, with a respectful air, told him that, being on the look out, he had seen the coast of the Isle of Wight in a momentary lift of the haze.

"Isle of Fiddlestick!" was the polite reply. "Isle of Wight is eighty miles astern by now."

Dodd answered firmly that he was well acquainted with every outline in the Channel, and the land he had seen was St. Katharine's Point.

Roberts deigned no reply; but had the log heaved: it showed the vessel to be running twelve knots an hour. He then went to his cabin and consulted his chart; and, having worked his problem, came hastily on deck, and went from rashness to wonderful caution. "Turn the hands out, and heave the ship to!"

The manœuvre was executed gradually and ably, and scarce a bucketful of water shipped. "Furl t'wapsels and set the main trysail! There, Mr. Dodd, so much for you and your Isle of Wight. The land you saw was Dungeness, and you would have run on into the North Sea, I'll be bound."

When a man, habitually calm, turns anxious, he becomes more irritable: and the mixture of timidity and rashness he saw in Roberts made Dodd very anxious.

He replied angrily: "At all events I should not make a foul wind out of a fair one by heaving to; and if I did, I would heave to on the right tack."

At this sudden facer, one, too, from a patient man, Roberts staggered a moment. He recovered, and, with an oath, ordered Dodd to go below, or he would have him chucked into the hold.

"Come, don't be an ass, Roberts," said Dodd, contemptuously. Then, lowering his voice to a

whisper: "don't you know the men only want such an order as that, to chuck you into the sea?"

Roberts trembled. "Oh, if you mean to head a mutiny!—"

"Heaven forbid, sir! But I won't leave the deck in dirty weather like this, till the captain knows where he is."

Towards sunset it got clearer, and they drifted past a Revenue cutter, who was lying to with her head to the Northward. She hoisted no end of signals, but they understood none of them; and her captain gesticulated wildly on her deck.

"What is that Fantoceini dancing at?" inquired Captain Roberts, brutally.

"To see a first class ship drift to leeward in a narrow sea, with a fair wind," said Dodd, bitterly.

At night it blew hard, and the sea ran high and irregular. The ship began to be uneasy: and Roberts very properly ordered the top-gallant and royal yards to be sent down on deck. Dodd would have had them down twelve hours ago. The mate gave the order: no one moved. The mate went forward angry. He came back pale. The men refused to go aloft: they would not risk their lives for Captain Roberts.

The officers all assembled and went forward: they promised and threatened; but all in vain. The crew stood sullen together, as if to back one another, and put forward a spokesman to say that "there was not one of them the captain hadn't started, and stopped his grog a dozen times: he had made the ship hell to them; and now her masts and yards and hull might go there along with her skipper, for them."

Roberts received this tidings in sullen silence. "Don't tell that Dodd, whatever you do," said he. "They will come round now they have had their growl: they are too near home to shy away their pay."

Roberts had not sufficient insight into character to know that Dodd would instantly have sided with him against mutiny.

But at this juncture the ex-captain of the *Agra* was down in the cabin with his fellow passengers, preparing a general remonstrance: he had a chart before him, and a pair of compasses in his hand.

"St. Katharine's Point lay about eight miles to windward at noon; and we have been drifting South and East this twelve hours, through lying to on the starboard tack: and besides, the ship has been coned as slovenly as she is sailed. I've seen her allowed to break off a dozen times, and gather more leeway: ah, here *is* Captain Roberts: Captain, you saw the rate we passed the Revenue cutter. That vessel was nearly stationary; so what we passed her at was our own rate of drifting, and our least rate; putting all this together, we can't be many miles from the French coast, and, unless we look sharp and beat to windward, I pronounce the ship in danger."

A horselaugh greeted this conclusion. "We are nearer Yarmouth sands than France,

I promise you : and nothing under our lee nearer than Rotterdam."

A loud cry from the deck above, "A LIGHT ON THE LEE BOW!"

"There!" cried Robarts, with an oath: "foul of her next! through me listening to your nonsense. He ran upon deck, and shouted through his trumpet, "All hands wear ship!"

The crew, who had heard the previous cry, obeyed orders in the presence of an immediate danger: and perhaps their growl had really relieved their ill humour. Robarts with delight saw them come tumbling up, and gave his orders lustily:

"Brail up the trysel! Up with the helm! in with the weather main brace! square the after yards!"

The ship's bow turned from the wind, and, as soon as she got way on her, Robarts ran below again; and entered the cabin triumphant.

"That is all right: and now, Captain Dodd, a word with you: you will either retire at once to your cabin, or will cease to breed disaffection in my crew, and groundless alarm in my passengers, by instilling your own childish, ignorant fears. The ship has been underlogged a hundred miles, and but for my caution in lying to for clear weather we should be groping among the Fern is!"

CRASH!

An unheard-of shock threw the speaker and all the rest in a mass on the floor, smashed every lamp, put out every light: and, with a fierce grating noise, the ship was hard and fast on the French coast, with her stern to the sea.

One awful moment of silence; then amidst shrieks of agony, the sea struck her like a rolling rock, solid to crush, liquid to drown: and the comb of a wave smashed the cabin windows and rushed in among them as they floundered on the floor; and wetted and chilled them to the marrow; a voice in the dark cried, "Oh God! we are dead men!"

INDIAN SERVANTS.

EVERYBODY in India has servants—every European, at any rate. There is no such arrangement known as depending upon the servants of other people, as do bachelors of moderate means, and others who choose to live in lodgings, in England. A native will not serve two masters—at least, not avowedly. He has been sometimes known to take two salaries under the rose, and to divide his attentions between two persons—but in such a case the dishonesty compensates him, I suppose, for the unnatural character of the proceeding. As a general rule, the humblest of Europeans in India employ natives still humbler, to do their bidding. If a gentleman keep an European man-servant—a very rare occurrence, by the way—that man-servant will keep at least one native, to whom he stands in the proud relation of master. And if a lady keep an European maid—which

is much more frequent—that maid will have her native *Ayah* almost as a matter of course. Even soldiers in barracks do not attend upon themselves as they do in England. Cavalry troopers have a certain number of *Syces* assigned them to look after their horses; and in the infantry, also, natives do a great deal of the rough work for the men, who have an easy time of it compared with their daily experience in this country. In India, in fact, everybody has a subordinate—the native servants themselves finding others of a lower class to do their bidding. In England, Captain Absolute lords it over Fag, and Fag lords it over the Boy: in India the boy has somebody to lord it over too, and the boy's somebody has *his* victim.

You may suppose, therefore, that an Englishman in India who happens to be a gentleman—or to occupy the position of one—has a little troop of dependants always at his back. They are a great nuisance at first. He does not know one from the other, so much alike do they look. But as a shepherd makes the individual acquaintance of his flock by degrees, so does the English master gradually recognise the natives in his pay, and reconcile himself, after a time, to being followed and watched about, and receiving assistance which he does not require. An Englishman, upon his first arrival in Calcutta, still indulges in his home idea that he is competent to retire to rest without the co-operation of any other individual. But he finds, at the outset, that he is not master of his own actions in this respect. The personal attendant whom he has engaged in the morning is not so easy to be thrown off at night. The idea of walking upstairs with a flat candlestick, and locking himself in his bedroom, is too preposterous to be entertained. There is no such thing as a flat candlestick to be had, in all probability, and it may be that the room has no door more decided than a curtain. However, the apartment is sure to be well lighted up, and is destined to remain so all night; and the servant, who insists upon superintending his master's night toilette down to the minutest particulars, sleeps on the mat outside, so that the arrangement is a cheerful one after all. On getting up in the morning, the master finds himself subjected to a similar ordeal. The attention bestowed is very different from the forbearing courtesy of an European valet, being aggressive and highly irritating to a new arrival. Of course the master is not allowed to shave himself—there is a barber in attendance, who takes care of that, and who will shave him before he is awake if he so desire. Indeed, I have known many men who never had any anxiety about their beards through a happy acquiescence in this plan. In the matter of his bath, an Englishman is very apt to consider himself a free agent; but even this privilege is looked upon, I believe, with a jealous eye, native servants having a dread of allowing their master to be independent in any way of their help, or, rather, of that vague kind of superintendence which they claim to exercise over all his actions.

The new arrival incurs considerable hazard in his selection of servants in the first instance. Not only do their numbers render it out of the question for him to communicate with the former masters of those who present themselves as candidates, but the masters themselves move about so much that it would be a work of infinite labour to find them, even if they are to be found at all. To provide for this difficulty it has become the custom to bestow upon every servant, on dismissing him, a *chittee*, or letter, testifying to his having been in your service, and giving him what we call in Europe "a character." This would be a very excellent arrangement if the character could be relied on, but, unfortunately, it can't. *Chits* (we abbreviate the word in Anglo-Indian circles) are given too indiscriminately; and even were they given only where well deserved, it by no means follows that the right man would always hold the right testimonial. The truth is, that these testimonials are passed from hand to hand, as occasion may require, and are very often made the subject of pecuniary dealings. In the China Bazaar, in Calcutta, they are, I believe, a regular article of merchandise, and may be borrowed or bought by anybody who has occasion for them. As for the unfortunate victim to whom they are submitted, how is he likely to distinguish between the Ramchunders who hold them and the Nubbee Bakhshes to whom they properly refer? An Englishman very seldom troubles himself about the names of his servants. He calls them generally by the names of their respective offices—Bearer, Syce, &c. Their individual designations he may pick up by degrees, as he does their physiognomies, but it is by no means imperative that he particularises thus far. It is not always that he troubles himself to consider the dates of the documents, which are in many cases conspicuously inconsistent with the ages of the holders. I was once presented, by a *Khitmutgar* seeking a situation in my household, whose age could not be more than five-and-twenty, with a *chit* signed by Sir John Shore at the beginning of the century, and certifying that the bearer had served him long and faithfully, and was a person whom he could strongly recommend. Nor should I be very much surprised to have a couple of *chits* submitted to me, by aspirants for employment, to the following effect:

"This is to certify that the bearer was in my employment for seventeen years as *Khansamah*. I found him faithful and obedient, and have no hesitation in recommending him as a good servant.
"CLIVE."

"The bearer served me as a *Syce* for ten years. I have much pleasure in bearing testimony to his carefulness and general efficiency.
"W. HASTINGS."

It is almost impossible to gain a knowledge of your servants' antecedents. Those already in your employ will not implicate a new comer, even though he be a convicted thief, or worse. They hold it to be no business of theirs; neither

do they take the same serious view of crime that we are accustomed to take in Europe. Whatever a man is, or has been, it is his destiny, they consider, and he is not to be hastily judged. I heard of a native bearer, since the mutinies of 1857, who was a particular favourite in the family where he was engaged—especially with the children, to whom his kindness was remarkable. All went well, until one day he was identified as a principal agent in the outbreak at Meerut, where, it seems, he had assisted in slaughtering men, women, and children in cold blood. His connexion with the new family was broken off by his being hanged.

As a general rule, however, it must be said that the natives are faithful to those whose salt they eat. If they swindle their masters a little themselves, it is only in accordance with a custom which they consider to confer something like a right, and most certainly they will not allow anybody else to take a similar advantage. Your Bearer, for instance, will relieve you of many more or less considered trifles which he chooses to think you do not want, and your *Khansamah* will commit similar depredations in the kitchen; but neither will go out of his department to rob you, except under special circumstances; while either may be generally trusted with money, however large the amount. To trust them in this way, indeed, is by far a safer plan than to lock up against them; for in the latter case they will be put upon their ingenuity to defeat your purpose; and native opinion looking upon robbery generally in a charitable light, is even more lenient when the offence is committed against the *Feringhee*. I am inclined to think that many *Hindoos* and *Mussulmans* of otherwise sound (*Hindoo* and *Mussulman*) morality, look upon it as quite justifiable—like the Scottish doctor who apologised for killing his English patients, by remarking that it would be a long time before he made up for *Flodden*.

As illustrative of the peculiar views of honesty taken by the native conscience, I cannot do better than recite a case in point. The following letter—which I have preserved among some other curiosities of the kind—was addressed to me at Allahabad, in the year 1860, by a native writer, or clerk, who solicited employment in my establishment, or "department," as he chose to call it, with a view to which he proposed relinquishing a similar position which he held in a government office. I copy his letter textually. The writer took great credit to himself for his proficiency in the English language:

"Sir,—I most respectfully beg leave to inform you with these few lines as follows:

"That my earnest desire to know the office hours of your department, whether it is ten to four, or it is any other customs. Because I wish to settle about my lodging, where am I to keep in. My present lodging is near the *Chouk*. Also I shall feel much obliged by your informing me whether your office department shuts on Sunday as the others does.

"I shall speak to Mr. B. to-day *in a pretence* way to leave my present employment—(following)—*that I have received an unexpected letter from my home, stating my old mother is dangerous ill*, for which I am obliged to go down to Calcutta. And if I submit a letter of resignation without doing the above pretence, I think it can detain me a fortnight more. Therefore I have made my best way in a pretence manner to leave my post within 3 days by which I can get out my last month's salary, but to lose the present can't help; I am obliged to do so, but I hope I shall have no objection to draw my wages from your department from the 1st of this month; I hope you will allow me the same and oblige.

"May I request the answer of it by the bearer of this note.

"I am, sir,
"Your most obedient servant,
"RAM COOMAR DOSS.

"P.S.—This is my permanent situation; I am going to leave it; I had a great expectation in future, though only by advice of yours leave it; therefore I beg to state that you have to consider in future for me."

The above, which may not be quite comprehensible to the purely British understanding, meant simply this: The writer wished to leave his situation at once, to enter my service, but desired to make as much as possible out of his old employers before the change. If he left without giving fifteen days' notice, according to law, he would forfeit fifteen days' pay. This he proposed to save by "making a pretence" that "his old mother was dangerously ill," necessitating a journey to Calcutta on the part of her devoted son. By this plea he would get two or three weeks' leave without the loss of pay, and this time he proposed to spend in my service, giving notice of resignation only when his leave was up. By this arrangement he would still forfeit fifteen days' pay; but then he would be gaining it elsewhere, and in the mean time he would enjoy the advantage of drawing pay from two places at once. A notable scheme enough; but even under these favourable circumstances he was determined not to cut the ground from under his feet, as is evinced by his precautionary postscript, in which he mentions that the appointment he was leaving was a permanent one, holding forth good expectations, on which ground he desired to impress upon me that I should make up to him the advantages he was prepared to forfeit in the future.

Now I do not mean to say that an Englishman might not be capable of entertaining an analogous scheme for cheating his employers; but I think I am justified in believing that no European would be such a fool as to parade his plan, and think to recommend himself to a new master by exposing his willingness to impose upon the old. The fact is, that this man—a Bengalee—had not the smallest notion that there was any disgrace in duplicity of the kind. It was quite natural to him, and he conceived that it would be ad-

mired by anybody else who was not the loser by the plan; so I fancy I frightened him by giving him a brief sketch of my ideas upon the subject.

"The old mother dangerous ill," I may add, is a very common device among Indian servants; though, less artistic than my friend Ram Coomar Doss, they generally kill their parents outright. Mussulmans and Hindoos are equally addicted to it. If, for instance, Mohammed Ali, my Khitmutgar, wants to disport himself for a couple of days among his friends, he has not courage to ask for a holiday—however sure he might be of getting it upon general grounds—but he comes with a very long face and tells me that his father is dead; or if he said his father last month he makes it his mother this month. Next month it will be his father again, and so on. According to his own account, he must have had an unlimited supply of parents to begin with. But though he should be well aware that you cannot believe him unless you happen to be an idiot, the fact does not prevent him from repeating the "pretence" whenever he happens to be without any other.

The chits which servants present when applying for employment, sometimes contain a personal description of the proper bearer, in which case the imposition of the transfer generally becomes manifest, as the transferee cannot read English, and takes no trouble to provide against such a contingency. Thus I remember a little woman of eighteen or twenty, with a remarkably smooth complexion, bringing a certificate describing her as tall, about thirty, and marked with the small-pox. On the discrepancy as to size being pointed out, she misunderstood the point, and said that she had grown taller during the six months she had been out of employment. This made matters worse, of course, and the thirty years and small-pox finished her. However, she took the rebuff quite coolly, merely remarking that she had brought the wrong chit, and would go and get another. She went accordingly, but had not courage to come back again; being, I suppose, unusually modest.

Many of the chits with which these people are supplied, are not written by their former employers at all, but are the concoctions of native letter-writers, who get their living by conducting correspondence between their less accomplished countrymen and the Europeans. The natives have a great idea of the dignity and influence of a written communication as compared with an oral one. Thus, if one of your servants has an application of any importance to make to you, he will frequently make it by means of an English letter, although he would have no difficulty in getting a hearing, and you would have no difficulty in understanding what he said. The scribes not being themselves, for the most part, very proficient in English—though their handwriting, as a general rule, looks wonderfully European and business-like—sometimes give a very lively idea of their client's meaning. The following—which I copy from the original—will serve as a sample of the general style of the correspondence. It is a letter from

a native servant to his European master during the absence from home of the latter on duty in the district :

"Sir,—I beg leave to inform you that at present it rains continually, and consequently I am very difficult to polish the furniture without polishing wax. And rather I have a good news to inform you, sir, that your madam's she goat, Nany, brought forth two babes last evening; one is male and the other is female; one is black and the other is a white spotted one; so I am trying my best to take care of them, taking much pains from the dangers come to happen, that is the neighbouring dogs and guanas frequently coming to devour them, which is prevented by my lovely attendance, and sleeping near them at night.

"Sir, please give the information of this intelligence to our mistress.

"Sir, please send me the expense for the animals, and also I like to have some money from my wages for my expenses, sir.

"Your most obedient servant,

"C. D. CAROLIN APPOO."

The accounts which you receive from your servants are always written by these scribes, who have sometimes the merest scintillation of scholarship to guide their lonely way in the language. A Bearer of mine up country used to employ an old cripple, who had only a very vague smattering of English, to translate his accounts for him. Most wonderful things appeared monthly. A small donation to a native Christian was thus entered :

"Charities for the drunken
beggar..... 1 R."

Another item was as follows :

"For one wine serews 1 R."

I suppose he meant a corkscrew.

Cash was always thus noted :

"Sir, I give, you take 4 Rs."

The amanuensis always concluded with a brief allusion to himself, generally in the following terms :

"The above written by one deserving poor man, and one pony by reason of bad legs, with very children."

The inconsequential nature of this appeal is equalled only by the remark of the judge :

"Prisoner at the bar, Providence has blessed you with health and strength, *instead of which* you go about the country stealing ducks."

One letter which I received from a native servant, concluded with this salutation—"I remain, sir, your beautiful bearer, Durwasah Doss."

Correspondence between natives is generally a much more simple affair than where an European is concerned. The better classes write through the post, as we do; but the poor cannot afford this luxury, though the charge for a letter, not exceeding something like a quarter of an ounce, is only a half-anna, or three-farthings sterling. The Ooriah bearers in Calcutta have a very primitive way of managing such matters when

they want to communicate with their families in the country. They write on a leaf, with an iron style, and ask the first person they meet walking that way to pass it in the direction (say) of Cuttack. The droll part of the arrangement is, that the letter always arrives in safety.

I mentioned just now that my bearer described a native Christian, to whom I had given a donation, as "the drunken beggar." This may, of course, have been a little piece of prejudice; but I am afraid the epithet is not unlikely to be deserved. The Christian converts are not always among the most respectable of the native community. Complete outcasts from their own countrymen, they have no great congeniality with Europeans, and, unless well taken care of, they are very apt to relapse, and become completely demoralised. Indeed, a native Christian usually considers that the Europeans are bound to provide for him in return for his conversion, and not a few, there is every reason to believe, embrace Christianity with this special end in view. Doubtless there are many sincere converts; but even these are reduced to so helpless a condition, if left to themselves, that their claims upon European sympathy cannot be denied. As, however, it is found difficult to satisfy every native who may honour us by changing his religion according to his own ideas, we find them here and there unprovided for, subsisting by begging, and with no other consolation than getting drunk.

It may be asked, why not employ them in domestic service? Some few persons do, but the plan is attended by many difficulties. In the first place, the Christian is sure to get bullied beyond all bounds by his Mussulman and Hindoo fellow-servants. To get a complete establishment of Christians would be no easy task, and, even in the event of success, a new difficulty would arise. A Christian Khansamah would be so bullied in the bazaar that the supply of food for the family would be most precarious; and few persons, however favourable to Indian missions, care to run the risk of being starved three days in the week. Moreover, unless you managed to convert all the neighbouring water-carriers, your supply of that necessary element might be cut off at any time. There would, in fact, be a dead set made against a Christian establishment, which could never be kept in working order. For these reasons we find that very few persons venture to employ Christian servants. The great majority will get them situations as clerks or teachers; will grant them gratuitous pensions even; but they will have nothing to do with them in their own houses, unless they wish to have the said houses made too hot to hold them—a very unnecessary arrangement in India.

There is another class of servants which judicious masters avoid as much as possible. I mean natives who speak English. I here allude principally to Bengal; in Bombay and Madras the accomplishment is more general, and is not attended with the same inconvenient results.

The new arrival at Calcutta is very often tempted to take the first man who offers himself with this recommendation. But before he has become independent of the aid, he finds out his mistake. The native who talks English—unless he belong to the educated classes—is nearly always a rascal. If not a thief, he is generally a drunkard; and in any case he is certain to set the whole house in confusion. The accomplishment he has picked up, gives him, he considers, a peculiar right to his master's ear; and whether the right be recognised by the master or not, its assumption is quite sufficient to render the rest of the servants jealous, and keep the whole establishment in a state of disaffection. The consequence is, that complaints on the one side, and counter-complaints on the other, are bandied to and fro until the unfortunate master finds the burden of life more than he can bear. In this dilemma he has to choose between turning away his accomplished servant or dispensing with the remainder of the household. The former is the easier course, so the accomplished servant goes. Those men who speak English really have a notion, I believe, that they belong to a class superior to their fellows. I had a servant of the kind once. Pussoo was rather darker in complexion than the majority of the natives, some of whom, in the North-West, are scarcely less fair than ourselves—or than Spaniards, at any rate. Pussoo was nearly as black as one's boots; and I had a theory that he cleaned and shined himself by the same process which he employed upon those articles of wear. But when he had to make any complaint against his fellows, he would never fail to speak disrespectfully of them with regard to their complexion. Thus he would say:

"You very wrong, master, to pay so much to that man. The more you give to these black fellows the more they want." Or:

"There no need to give him holiday, sare. His father no more dead dan I am. These black natives, sare, always ungrateful—he think no better of you for all you do for him."

I really believed for a time that Pussoo was sincere and faithful, and looked after my welfare; but I soon found that he merely considered me as his property, and wished to get as large an interest upon me as possible. It became manifest by degrees that every payment I made through Pussoo was about half as large again as need be—even allowing for the ordinary *dustoor*, or commission—and that the difference went into Pussoo's pocket. He began to get so fat and haughty as to be unbearable to everybody in the house, or the compound; and when he added to his other concessions to European civilisation the habit of getting into what Mr. Yellowplush calls a "heavily state of intawgsciation," there was nothing for it but to get rid of him.

On the whole—making all allowances—I am not inclined to give Indian servants the bad character ascribed to them by some of our countrymen. The stories of the ill-treatment they are

said to receive from Europeans, are exaggerations as applied to any period, and have in the present day not much foundation in fact. Occasionally we hear of some disgraceful outbreak of temper on the part of an European, and the death of a native in consequence—for a native, if suffering from any disease, may be killed like a fly. But such cases have always been rare, and are becoming more and more rare. For the rest, any European who strikes a native may be punished for the assault as in England; and the native has begun to find this out, and freely takes his remedy. Still, without infringing the law, there are many of our countrymen in India who treat their servants with more harshness than is necessary, and they are the persons who are uniformly worst served. Those who practise a system of kindness and consideration, joined to punctual payments, will experience far less trouble in managing an establishment in India than they would incur in conducting an establishment at home. For it is a mistake to suppose that "all niggers are rascals"—even supposing that the natives of India were "niggers" at all—and that there is no such *thing* as gratitude among them, however inadequately the *word* may be represented in their language.

HAUNTED HOXTON.

At last my guilty wishes are fulfilled! At last I am enabled to look back into the past, and think that one great object of my life has been realised, for I have seen a GHOST! Shade of (ah! by the way, I forget the name of the shade, and I've left the document which could inform me in my overcoat-pocket! never mind!) sacred shade, who appeared simultaneously to me and to some hundreds of entranced people, thou hast, so far as I am concerned, set the vexed question of apparitions at rest for ever. My interest in the ghost subject has been intense. I have read every story bearing upon it, and worked myself up to a delightful pitch of agonised excitement. Alone, and in the dead of night, do I peruse the precious volumes; the mere fact of the scene being laid in "an old castle in the Black Forest," gives me a pleasing sensation of terror; when the student seated alone in the tapestried room finds "the lights begin to burn with a blue and spectral hue," I shake; when there "reverberates through the long passages a dismal clanking of chains," I shiver; finally, when "the door bursts open with a tremendous crash," and there enters "a tall figure clothed in white, with one clot of gore immediately below its heart," I am in a state of transcendent bliss, and only long to have been in the student's place. Some years ago I thought I had a chance of realising my hopes. I read a book called, I think, *The Nightgown of Nature*, the author of which announced that he—or she—was thoroughly well acquainted with several houses where spectres appeared nightly with unexampled punctuality—houses "within a convenient dis-

tance from London, and accessible by rail," as house-agents say—and I wrote to him—or her—for the address of one of these houses, stating that I intended to pass a night there. He—or she—replied that though his—or her—statement was thoroughly correct, he—or she—must decline giving the address of any particular house, as such a course would be detrimental to the value of the property, and might render him—or her—liable to an action at law on the part of the landlord. So I was disappointed.

I heard, however, the other day, that a real ghost, real as to its unreality, its impalpability, its visionary nothingness, was to be seen in a remote and unknown region called Hoxton. I had previously heard that the same, or a similar spectre, haunted Regent-street! with the French boot-shop, and the ice-making man, and the Indian pickle depôt opposite! A ghost in juxtaposition to electrical machines, a diver who raps his helmet with half-pence, and the awful insects in the drop of water! But Hoxton—there was something ghostly in the very name, and the place itself was as unfamiliar to me as Terra del Fuego. Nobody to whom I spoke knew anything about it; they "had heard the name;" it was "somewhere out north," they thought. Ah! in an instant my fancy sketches the spot. A quaint old suburb, where the railway has not yet penetrated, where sleepy cows chew the cud of peace in quiet meadows, where ploughmen whistle o'er the lea (whatever that may happen to mean), where huge elms yet stand waving their giant limbs before square red brick mansions. One of these mansions for years untenanted, roofless, dismantled, a murder was committed in it years ago: an old man with silver hair, a spendthrift nephew, a box of gold, a carving-knife, a well in garden where weapon is discovered years afterwards, a wailing cry at twelve p.m., a tottering figure wringing its hands—yes, that must be it, or something very like it! I determined to go to Hoxton that night.

There was no railway—so far I was right—and I went to my destination in a cab. After a little time I found we were striking out of the great thoroughfares of commerce into narrow by-lanes, where a more pastoral style of living prevailed, where fried fish of a leathery appearance lay in tangled heaps on the slabs of windowless fish-shops, where jocund butchers, seemingly on the best terms with their customers, kept up a perpetual chorus of "Buy, buy!" and slapped the meat before them with a carving-knife and a gusto that together seemed to give quite an appetite to the hesitating purchaser. We passed several graveyards deep set in the midst of houses—dank, frouzy, rank, run-to-seed places, where Pelions of "Sacred to the memory" were heaped upon Ossas of "Here lieth the remains," and out of which the lank sapless grass trembled through the railings and nodded feebly at the passers-by. Good places for ghosts these! City ghosts of

misers and confidential clerks, and trustees who committed suicide just before the young gentleman whom they had had in trust came of age, and would have infallibly found out all about their iniquities. I peered out of the cab in quest of any chance apparition, but saw none, and was very much astonished when the driver, to whom I had given particular instructions, pulled up before a brilliantly lighted doorway, round which several cadgers were disporting themselves. These youths received me with great delight, and one said, "You come along with me, sir! I'll take you to the hout and houest old spectre in the neighbor'ood. This way, sir!" He led the way along a lighted passage, between rough brick walls, until we arrived at a barrier, where—after a muttered conversation between my guide and the janitor—a shilling was demanded of me, after paying which I was provided with a card talisman and left to find my way alone. Down a broad passage on one side of which was a recess where sandwiches lay piled like deals in a timber-yard, where oranges were rolled up in pyramidal heaps of three feet high, and where there was so much ginger-beer that its simultaneous explosion must infallibly have blown the roof off the building, down a flight of asphalted stairs, at the bottom of which a fierce man wrung my card talisman from me and turned me into a large loose box, the door of which he shut behind me. A loose box with a couple of chairs in it, a looking-glass, a flap table—a loose box open on one side, looking through which opening I see hundreds of people ranged in tiers above each other. Turning to see what they are all intent on, I see a stage—I'm tricked! I'm done! the loose box is a private box, and I'm in a theatre.

Left to myself, what could I do but look at the stage, and, doing that, how could I fail to be intensely interested? I speedily made myself acquainted with the legend being there theatrically developed, and, beyond that the colour was, perhaps, a little heightened, I did not find it more or less preposterously unlike anything that could, by any remote possibility, ever have occurred than is usual in dramatic legends. The scene of action being laid at the present time, I found the principal character represented to be a BARONET (he had a name, but he was invariably spoken of by everybody, either with yells of hatred or shoulder-shrugs of irony, as "the Baronet"), and certainly he was the most objectionable old gentleman I have ever seen. The mere fact of his walking about, in the present day, in a long claret-coloured coat, a low-crowned hat with a buckle in the front, and boots which, being apparently made of sticking-plaster, had tassels like bell-pulls, was in itself irritating; but his moral conduct was horrible. He seemed to have an insane desire for the possession of his neighbours' property, not felonious in his intentions, but imbued with a buying mania, and rabidly ferocious when said neighbours refused to sell. First among his coveted

possessions stood the house and garden of a clergyman's widow (no mistake about her widowhood! the deepest black, and such a cap, all through the piece!), who obstinately refused to part with an inch of her ground. Baronet smiles blandly, and informs us that he will "have recourse to stratagem." Widow has two daughters, one very deep-voiced and glum, the other with her hair parted on one side (which, theatrically, always means good nature), and funny. Funny daughter is beloved by Baronet's son—unpleasant youth in cords, top-boots, and a white hat, made up after Tom King the highwayman, vide *Turpin's Ride to York*; or, *The Death of Black Bess* (Marks, Seven Dials), passim. Baronet proposes that son should get clergyman's daughter to steal lease of premises, promising to set son up in life, and allow him to marry object of affections. Son agrees, works upon daughter's vanity; daughter, who is vague in Debrett, is overcome by notion of being called the Right Honourable Mrs. —, a title which, as the wife of a baronet's son, she is clearly entitled to—steals the lease, hands it to son, who hands it to Baronet, who, having got it, nobly repudiates not merely the whole transaction, but son into the bargain: tells him he is not son, but merely strange child left in his care, and comes down and winks at audience, who howl at him with rage.

That was the most wonderful thing throughout the evening, the contest between the audience and the Baronet. Whenever the Baronet made a successful move (and Vice had it all its own way for nearly a couple of hours), the audience howled and raved against him, called "Yah!" whistled, shrieked, and hooted, and the Baronet advanced to the footlights and grunted across them, as though he should say, "I'm still all right in spite of you!" When a villain who, for a sum of money advanced by the Baronet, had murdered an old man, and was afterwards seized with remorse, stole the lease from the Baronet's pocket, the multitude in the theatre cheered vociferously; but the Baronet, after proving that the purloined parchment was only a copy, and not the original document, which he still retained, calmly walked down to the front of the stage, and literally winked at the people, tapping his breast, where the lease was, in derision, and goading the audience to the extremity of frenzy.

There were several pleasant episodes in which the Baronet was the mainspring: hiding fifty-pound notes in the glum sister's bundle, accusing her of robbery, and having her locked up in his house, whence she was rescued by the murdering villain who had previously (out of remorse) set the house on fire; but at length the widow, who a minute before had been remarkably lively, and had "given it" to the Baronet with great vehemence and cap-shaking, suddenly declared her intention of dying, and though a young gentleman with a sugar-loaf hat and a coat with a little cape to it, like the pictures of Robespierre, announced himself as a lawyer, who would defend her and

hers against anything and everybody, she forthwith carried out her intention, sat down on a chair, and died, out of hand. There was a faint pretext of sending for the doctor, but there was an evident fear on the part of most lest that practitioner should really restore the patient, and thus burk the great effect of the piece, so the idea was overruled, and the Baronet, advancing to the footlights, rubbed his hands in derision at the audience, and the audience, cognisant of the fact that the decease of the widow was necessary to the subsequent appearance of her ghost, merely answered with a subdued "Yah!" At this point my former conductor opened the box-door and beckoned me out. "Come in front," he said; "it's ghost time!" The words thrilled to my very soul, I followed him in silence, and took my place in the boxes, close by a lady whose time was principally occupied in giving natural sustenance to her infant, and an older female, apparently the child's grandmother, who was a victim to a disease which I believe is popularly known as the "rickets," and which impelled her at three-minute intervals to shudder throughout her frame, to rock herself to and fro, to stuff the carved and hooked black bone handle of an umbrella, that looked like a tied-up lettuce, into her mouth, and to grind out from between her teeth, clenched round the umbrella-handle, "Oh, deary deary me!" On my other side were a youth and maiden, so devoted to each other that they never perceived my entrance into the box, and I had not merely to shout, but to shove, before I could effect a passage, when there was such a disentanglement of waists from arms, and interlaced hot hands, and lifting of heads from shoulders, that I felt uncomfortable and apologetic, whereas the real offenders speedily fell back into their old position, and evidently regarded me as a Byronic creature, to whom life was a blank.

The ghost did not appear at once. Though the widow had slipped into a very stiff position in her chair, and everybody around her had said either "Ha!" or "The fatal moment!" or "Alas!" or "All is over!" as their several tastes led them, it was thought necessary to make the fact of her death yet more clear, so upon the front parlour, where the sad occurrence took place, fell a vast body of clouds of the densest kind, out of which, to slow music, there came two or three ethereal persons with wings, which wagged in a suspicious manner, bearing the widow's body "aloft," as Mr. Dibdin has it with reference to Tom Bowling, and thereby copying in the most direct and unequivocal manner (but not more directly and unequivocally than I have seen it in theatres of grand repute, where critics babbled of the manager's transcendent stage-direction) Herr Lessing's picture of Leonore. To meet these, emerged, in mid-air from either side of the stage, other ethereal persons, also with wings, whose intended serenity of expression was greatly marred by the obstinacy of the machinery, which propelled them in severe jerks,

at every one of which the set smile on their faces faded into a mingled expression of acute bodily pain and awful terror lest they should fall down: while, on a string like larks, or a rope like onions, there swayed to and fro across the proscenium, a dozen of the stoutest and most unimaginative naked Cupids that ever got loose from a valentine, or were made by a property-man.

As the act-drop fell upon this scene, which in itself represented something not to be met with in every-day life, some distrust was expressed in my neighbourhood lest there should be nothing more ghostly than we had just witnessed, but the old lady with the umbrella set us to rights by recovering suddenly from a severe attack of rickets, and exclaiming, "*Them* ghosts! Oh no, sir! In the next act we shall see *her*, and which the music will play up for us to give attention." So accordingly, when the fiddles wailed, and the trombone and clarinet prostrated themselves figuratively in the dust, I looked with all my eyes, and saw the curtain rise upon the Baronet's apartment, which was the most singularly constructed room I ever beheld. The portion of the floor nearest to us was perfectly flat, as is the case with most floors, but after about three feet of flatness there rose in its centre, and stretching from side to side, a long, sloping, green mound, in military language a "glacis," up which the Baronet had to walk when he wanted to proceed towards the back of the apartment, where all the chairs, tables, and furniture generally had withdrawn themselves, and up which he himself climbed, as though M. Vauban had taken the place of Mr. Cubitt, and as though outworks and entrenchments were as common in London drawing-rooms as lounging-chairs and grand pianos.

On the top of this entrenchment stood, on either side, two thick dumpy pillars, supporting a heavy piece of masonry, which joined them together at the top, and which looked like a portion of the ruins of the Temple of the Sun at Baalbek seen through the wrong end of the opera-glass: or, to use an illustration nearer home, like the front of the catacombs of Kensal-green or Highgate cemeteries. Between these pillars was a hazy vista into which the Baronet walked, and seating himself on a stool in the corner, so as to be quite out of the way, commenced informing us (without any apparent necessity for the statement) of his disbelief in all supernatural appearances, and of his thorough contempt for Death—ha! ha! The second of the two vocal double-knocks given by him in ha! ha! had scarcely been given, when there appeared in the middle of the empty space behind the pillars a stereoscopic skeleton exactly like that which dances in the *Fantoccini*—so like, that one looked for the string which guides that puppet's movements (and which, of course, in the present instance, was not to be seen), and expected him momentarily to fall to pieces and re-unite in a comic manner. At this sight the

Baronet appeared a little staggered; he said, "Ha! do I then behold thee?" and retreated several paces on his heels, but recovering himself, exclaimed, "'Tis a dream, an ill-ouision!" and advanced towards the skeleton, which disappeared, to return immediately armed with a dart, or harpoon, with which it made several well-intentioned but harmless thrusts at the Baronet, who appeared immensely flabbergasted by the harpoon, and begged piteously to be spared. Either the skeleton was moved by the appeal or he had work somewhere else, for he disappeared again, and no sooner was he gone than the Baronet so plucked up that he declared he defied Death altogether, and was beginning to be offensively joyous, when in the place where the skeleton had been, appeared the ghost of the widow in her shroud! No mistake about it now! There she was, a little foreshortened, a little out of the perpendicular, leaning forward as though accustomed to a cramped and confined space, and not daring to stand upright! For the Baronet this was, to use a vulgar metaphor, a "corker." He rubbed his head, but there was nothing there; he tried a taunt, but the ghost answered him with deep-voiced briskness; he rushed towards her, and rushed right through her! Finally, he picked up from the table, where, as we know, they always lay in libraries, a long sword, with which he aimed a very unskilful blow at his visitant. The sword passed through the ghost, who was apparently tickled, for it exclaimed, "Ha! ha!" and disappeared, and the Baronet fell exhausted in the very spot where the ghost had been! Up went the lights, down went the curtain, and the audience gave one great gasp of relief, and pretended they hadn't been frightened—which they had!

Unquestionably! undoubtedly! The skeleton had been a failure; ribalds in the pit had mocked at him—had given tremulous cries of feigned terror—shouted "O-oh! m-y!" and pretended to bury their heads in their jacket-collars; boys in the gallery had called upon him to dance, and had invited their friends to "look at his crinoline;" the arm of the youth in front of me tightened round the waist of the maiden with evident conveyance of the idea that *that* alone could them part; and the old lady with the umbrella had considered him a "mangy lot." But the ghost was a very different matter; when it appeared, not a sound in the pit, not a whisper in the gallery; all open-mouthed, eager, tremulous excitement! The old grandmother clasped the umbrella like a divining-rod, and muttered a hoarse "Deary—dea—ry me!" the mother let the infant fall flat and flaccid on her lap, the youth's arm unbent, and the maiden, rising stiffly three inches from her seat, said, "Go'as!" and remained rigid. Only one sound floated on the air, and that was emitted by a French gentleman, with more buttons on his waistcoat than I ever saw on a similar amount of cloth (how on earth did a foreigner penetrate to Hoxton?), who

clutched his curly-brimmed hat between his fat fists and hissed out, "A—h! Superbe!"

It was his testimony and it is mine!

LIGHTNING PICTURES.

THE first lightning picture I have read of, was recorded by Benjamin Franklin. A man was standing on the threshold of a house, when lightning struck a tree right opposite to him, and marked upon his breast a picture or counter-proof of the tree. This fact was deemed too marvellous to be believed. A committee of the French Academy of Sciences being appointed to investigate the circumstances in 1785, they reported that the picture, or appearance, was nothing more than a fortuitous effusion of blood.

But the testimonies in support of lightning pictures, from various quarters, have been too concurrent and irresistible, and the corroborations they have received from the progress of discoveries and inventions have been too numerous and striking, for the scepticism of learned men to be any longer possible. It has been, moreover, characteristic of learned men in all ages to conceal their ignorance under contradictions and unmeaning phrases; but now that the present generation know so much more than their predecessors did of the effects of light, the time seems come when explanations may be obtained instead of contradictions in reference to the greatest of all the marvels effected by lightning.

In 1825 a brigantine was at anchor in the bay of Arniro, at the mouth of the Adriatic. A horse-shoe was nailed, for luck, upon the mizenmast, and a sailor was sitting on deck at the foot of the mast. A thunder-storm coming on, lightning struck the mast and killed the sailor. When the body of this sailor was examined by the crew, and by the authorities, an exact representation of the horse-shoe was plainly seen upon his back. Some time afterwards, another sailor was killed on the deck of another brigantine, in the Zantian roads. Up in the rigging there was a metal number 44, and when the body was examined there was found upon his left breast a lightning picture of the metallic number 44.

The report (Comptes Rendus) of the Academy of Sciences for the 25th January, 1847, mentions the case of a lady of Laguna who, whilst sitting before an open window during a thunder-storm, had a picture of a flower distinctly and ineffaceably marked upon her leg.

The following case is narrated by a Dr. Decapulo, of Zante, respecting a young man who had been killed by lightning; I shall merely translate his words. "Having stripped the young Polili, we observed a tight cloth belt round his loins, and in the lining of this belt we found fourteen gold pieces, wrapped up in two little paper packets. The packet on his right side contained a Spanish pistole, three guineas, and two half guineas; and, in the paper packet on his left side, there were another Spanish

pistole, four guineas, one half guinea, and two Venetian sequins. No trace of fire was discernible either on the cloth, the paper, or the money. Yet upon the right shoulder of this victim of lightning, there were distinctly seen six circles, which, preserving their flesh colour, were all the more strongly marked upon the blackened skin. These circles followed each other, touching at a point, and were of three different sizes, corresponding exactly to the gold coins which the young man had in the packet on the right side of his belt. These facts were verified and attested by the magistrate who investigated the case, and by the witnesses of the thunder-stroke. I cannot conceive," adds Dr. Decapulo, "how six coins which were piled upon each other came to be here depicted separately and in line."

One more illustration. This case I publish on the testimony of some perfectly trustworthy friends of mine resident in Boston, Massachusetts. During a thunder-storm a woodsman was felling a tree in a forest, striking hard with his axe, and working with his head, arms, and neck, bare. The lightning killed him. After the storm he was found lying dead, and upon his neck there was a picture of the forest trees just opposite to the spot where he lay.

Scientific men will not now-a-days talk, in presence of these facts, of fortuitous effusions of blood. They now know a great number of corroborative facts. M. Arago was acquainted with most of the circumstances bearing on this subject; and yet—in accordance, perhaps, with the policy of all individuals and corporations who set themselves up as authorities, never to acknowledge an error—the perpetual secretary of the Academy does not mention this effect in his excellent work on thunder and lightning. Almost every aspect of Lightning is considered by him, except Lightning as a Lunner.

The explanation of these engravings by lightning remains to be discovered. Science has still to discover the craft mysteries of Thunder, the Photographer. But we know now that there is electricity in everything. The representations which certain objects make upon each other by mere proximity—as when the key-hole of a gold watch is found delineated upon the inside surface of the case—have had the attention of the inquisitive turned to them by Messer and others. M. Fusinieri sent a spark of artificial lightning from a gold ball through a pretty thick silver plate, and showed on both sides of it circular layers of volatilised gold. Both these circles of gold on the plate of silver were formed out of the gold in fusion in the spark, and which went with the spark through the plate. The air, we know, holds, at least as high up as the region of storm-clouds, sulphur, iron, and other metals in fusion, or gaseous vapour; and it was from this fact that Fusinieri explained the sulphurous stains on walls, and the ferruginous marks on trees. There is said to be iron enough in a man to make a knife, and in twenty-four men to make a sword. There is iron in our flesh and in our blood. The iron in

the blood performs a most important service in the maintenance of life. As everybody knows, it is the oxygenation of the blood which vitalises it; but comparatively few know that the oxygen floats in the living or arterial blood upon filmy floafs of iron. Thus, literally, life floafs on iron ships. Moreover, no one needs reminding that Daguerre and Talbot have based a most delightful art upon the action of light on silver in solution. By M. Devinceri's process, a design can be put upon a zinc plate by photography, instead of being copied by an artist. Mercury and silver have, it is affirmed, been extracted from patients placed in baths and subjected to the action of artificial electricity, although it is difficult to imagine how this could be done without extracting simultaneously iron from the blood. Now, remembering all these discoveries and inventions, and considering Fusinieri's gold circles on his silver plate, may not the metallic number forty-four, the horse-shoe, and the gold coins, have been marked upon the skins of the sailors by the fused metals volatilised in the lightning? The pictures of the trees and the flower might equally be due to the metals fused in the lightning leaving behind them, on the bodies passed through, representations of their outline, just as the circular layers of gold represented the gold ball.

GLOVES.

THE old proverb goes, that for a glove to be well made, three nations must have a hand in it: Spain must dress the leather, France cut the shape, and England sew the seams. At the present time, France has the monopoly, at least in reputation; for not even the best Spanish kid would be preferred to the rat-skins of Paris, nor can the stoutest English sewing compete for favour—we will not speak of excellence—with those slender, easily loosened stitches of French needles, so sure to give way at the ball of the thumb, and in the three-cornered joinings of the fingers. Though, indeed, the French glove sewers use a machine invented by an Englishman, which should secure the wearer against all such mishaps as flying ends and ripped seams; only it does not. But for all their shortcomings, French gloves are unapproachable, even in these days of general commerce and awakened wits, when everybody imitates everybody, and there is no special art left to any one; and neither Cordova nor Dent can give us such well-cut, well-fitting, well-looking, and desirable "hand shoes," as those delicately tinted marvels to be found on the Boulevards of the Circé of modern cities.

Gloves are very different now to what they used to be, say in Queen Elizabeth's time, when they were perfumed—then called Frangipanni gloves, from the Italian marquis of the same name, who first invented that delicate art, as well as the special perfume employed; but later the scent was called here the Earl of Oxford's perfume, from its English chaperon and introducer. And not only

perfumed, but lined and quilted, and "trimmed with four tufts or roses of coloured silk," were the Elizabethan gloves; as we find in the description of that royal lady's hand shoes. Perfumed gloves are said by some old writers to have been first brought into England by that same consummate coxcomb and fop, Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford, when he came back from his self-appointed exile in Italy, in the fifteenth year of Elizabeth's reign, laden with sweet scents and nick-nacks and man-millinery of all descriptions; and it is said, too, that the earl presented her majesty with her first pair—among other things, new, costly, and curious. A gift so pleasing to gracious majesty, that she insisted on being pictured with them on her hands. For Elizabeth, though a mighty queen and tolerable ruler enough, was a villainously bad artist, and understood no more of the harmonies than a modern Choctaw. But if perfumed or Frangipanni gloves were first brought in by the Earl of Oxford, what, then, was "the payer of sweete gloves, lined with white vellat, each glove trimmed with 8 buttons, and 8 small aigletts of gold enamelled," mentioned in Henry the Eighth's secret inventory of his wardrobe at Hampton Court? If these were not Frangipanni gloves, they were very like them.

Those "sweete gloves" were dangerous sometimes. At a time when poisons were so subtle that they could be conveyed in any medium whatsoever—food or clothing indiscriminately—and when gifts of gloves, perfumed delicately, were common among friends—and enemies—sweet-scented hand shoes were as fit instruments of death as anything else; and, unless history belies her, Catherine de Medicis knew the value of them on more than one occasion. Ruddy-checked apples or Frangipanni gloves, it was all one; for what matters it to us of what metal the type is east which prints the word *Finis* across the page? It was so easy, too, to give the death-blow under the guise of friendliness; for nothing was more common in the way of present-making than gloves, perfumed or not. Ann, Countess of Pembroke, that heroine of stately biography, was great in this. She was always taking her friends into her chamber after dinner, to kiss them and give them new gloves. "My cousin Thomas Sandford's wife of Askham and her second son" one day dined with her. After dinner she kissed the wife, and took the son by the hand, gave to her a pair of buckskin gloves, and to him five shillings, which doubtless he appreciated more. At another time she kissed the women of Mr. Thomas Burbeck and Mr. Cotterick, gave ten shillings to some, and a pair of buckskin gloves to Mr. Carleton; once, also, a pair of "buckskin gloves that came from Kendal," to a Mrs. Winch, of Settra Park. Royalty, too, used to make the same gifts; only something easier. At the Earl of Arran's sale, in 1759, a pair of gloves, given by Henry the Eighth to Sir Anthony Denny, sold for 38*l.* 17*s.*; a pair given by James the First to his son, Edward Denny, sold for 22*l.* 4*s.*; and a pair of mittens, given by

Queen Elizabeth to Sir Edward Denny's lady, were sold for 25*l.* 4*s.* They were bought by Thomas Denny of Ireland, the direct descendant of the great Sir Anthony Denny, one of Henry the Eighth's executors, and are probably the oldest gloves extant.

Gloves were greatly favoured as special presents on New Year's-day and other solemn occasions of gift-making. By degrees the fashion died out, having first passed through the phases of a glove full of money; then of "glove money" without the glove; until glove-money was a tax long after the meaning of the name had died out, and people had forgotten why it was given or expected. It was not thought indecorous to present New Year's-day gloves even to judges, though they might not be worn; at least not in court, where it was de rigueur that a judge appeared bare handed. Was there suspicion of the itching palm beneath salved over with a silver plaister? Sir Thomas More once decreed a cause in favour of a Mrs. Croaker against Lord Arundel. In the warmth of her gratitude she sent him, on the following New Year's-day, a pair of gloves with forty angels inside; but the lord chancellor wrote back word, that as it would be against good manners to refuse a gentlewoman's New Year's gift, he accepted the gloves, but "their *living* you will be pleased otherwise to bestow." Pardon criminals paid to the court a kind of symbolic fee for their escape, in sundry pairs of white gloves. John Bull, who had been outlawed on an indictment for murder, and whose outlawry was reversed in 1464, "paid the fees of gloves to the court, two dozen for the officers of the court, for these in all four shillings, and in addition three pairs of furred gloves for the three judges there, to wit, Markham, chief justice, Yelverton, and Bingham, and so the prisoner went to God." This is from the Year-book of Edward the Fourth, as quoted in Notes and Queries. A different ending this benediction of "ala a Dieu," to that found in the Year-book of the third Edward, when the Bishop of Chester was defendant in a cause against the king—an unjust and illegal attempt on his part—so the bishop got his cause as he deserved; and the report of the disappointed royal reporter concluded with, "and you bishop go to the very great devil without day—au tres grand deable sans jour."

It is a pretty piece of symbolism, kept up in our formal, unpoetic, matter-of-fact old times, when a pair of white gloves is presented to the judge on the occasion—unhappily too rare—of a maiden assize. In 1856, Lord Campbell held his third maiden assize at Lincoln; the third in six years; so the authorities presented him with a magnificent pair of white gloves, cunningly embroidered and ornamented with Brussels lace, and with the city arms embossed in frosted silver on the back. Not exactly fit for dancing in, but pleasant and acceptable to my lord, doubtless, if good for little but to be kept under a glass case, and respectfully examined. Knitted gloves of silk were common in the early times, before

the delicate white kid came into fashion; also gloves of fair white linen, curiously wrought about with gold and needlework. Kings royally clothed for their burial, were royally gloved as well, in these fair white linen gloves, with gold quatrefoils, or lilies, or other emblems beseeching on the back, as part of the needful paraphernalia of the grave. Time and the damp of the tomb, which have destroyed the gloves, have left the golden ornaments still entire.

Long before our time gloves were worn, and held to be symbolic too. Xenophon speaks of the Persians as effeminate for clothing their head, their feet, and their hands with thick gloves against the cold. Homer speaks of Laertes in his garden, with gardener's gloves to keep him from the thorns; and another poet, Varro the Roman, says that olives gathered by the naked hand are better than those plucked with gloves. The Chinese think differently about their tea. Athenæus, in his *Deipnosophists*, speaks of a glutton who went to table with his gloves on, that he might eat his meat hotter than the rest, and so get a greater share; and Musonius, a philosopher, who lived at the close of the first Christian century, among other in-vectives against the corruption of the age—that poor age which is always so much more corrupt than its predecessors!—says: "It is shameful that persons in perfect health should clothe their hands and feet with soft hairy coverings." All of which collection of erudite lore may be found in Disraeli's *Curiosities of Literature*—itself the greatest curiosity.

The Jews knew the value of these hand coverings. That expression in the Psalms, "Over Edom will I cast out my shoe," is said, in the version known to scholars as the Chaldee Paraphrase, to mean: "Over Edom will I cast out my glove"—I will take possession, I will assert my right, and challenge its denial: throwing the glove being an Eastern manner of taking possession. Also in Ruth, when it says, "Now this was the manner in former time in Israel concerning redeeming and concerning changing, for to confirm in all things; a man plucked off his shoe, and gave it to his neighbour: and this was a testimony in Israel"—it was his glove that he plucked off: his glove which Boaz withdrew when he bought the land of Naomi's kinsman, and which he gave up as the symbol of taking possession. So, Saul, after his victory over the Amalekites, set up a hand as the token of his victory; and many Phœnician monuments have an arm and a hand held up as a sign of supremacy and power. The custom of blessing gloves at the coronation of the kings of France is a remnant of this old Eastern habit—a glove, indeed, meaning to them investiture. When Conradin was deprived of his crown and his life by the usurper Mainfroy, he flung his glove among the crowd as he stood on the scaffold, desiring some one to take it up and carry it to his relatives, who would revenge his death. A knight took it up and brought it to Peter, king of Aragon; who, in virtue of this glove, was afterwards crowned at Palermo. The feudal and old-time

custom of delivering a glove in token of investiture is the same thing. In 1002, the bishops of Paderborn and Moncaro were put in possession of their sees by receiving a glove as the sign thereof. But the custom gradually became a mere fee to the land-stewards or bailiffs on entering into possession of one's land: passing from this symbolic fee to a money payment called glove-money, which then became an ordinary fee to all servants—glove-money, for a pair of gloves presented or service rendered. This has been spoken of before.

This manner of payment, too, is the archaic and original meaning of the white gloves given away at weddings; they were fees given to the bridesmaids and bridesgroom's-men for services rendered. The Belgic custom at weddings is odd. The priest asks the bridegroom for a ring and a pair of gloves; red gloves, if they can be had; with three bits of silver money inside them. Putting the gloves into the bridegroom's right hand, he joins this with the right hand of the bride, and then, dexterously loosing them, he leaves the gloves in the bride's grasp; as a symbol, doubtless, that she is taken possession of, bought and paid for and conquered like any other vassal. We used to do strange things with gloves at weddings. In 1785, a certain surgeon and apothecary was married in the town of Wrexham; and the eye-witness, who tells the anecdote, says: "I saw at the doors of his own and neighbours' houses, throughout the street where he lived, large boughs and parts of trees that had been cut down and fixed there, filled with white paper, cut in the shape of women's gloves, and of white ribbons." Whether any special blessing on the feminine part of the population was expected to follow, remains untold. A pleasant custom, too, was that of giving gloves full of money at weddings: one of the few obsolete which it would be an advantage to revive.

But gloves are also used as symbols of quarrel as well as of possession, and to throw down the gauntlet has always meant to challenge, to assume the right to defend, both in chivalrous times, and before and after. Even we have still the Champion in our coronations, with his well-trained steed, and the beautiful manor of Scrivelsby, held on the easy condition that he shall ride into Westminster Hall—the riding out again, backing, is not quite so pleasant—challenge the assembled universe to dispute the title of the then occupant of the throne, and fling down a gage on the floor: which, in process of time, one of the royal footmen perhaps, or perhaps a beadle, or one of the Household Brigade, will pick up, and return to the special Dymoke performing. Who does not know that beautiful story of Bernard Gilpin, when he went into the church of the Quarrelsome, and saw the gloves hung up as a general challenge to all comers who would care to take an ill-conditioned fellow's insult on their shoulders? The sexton would not for the life of him touch the gloves: but Bernard Gilpin, taking a long pole, lifted them off their hook, and took both them and the quarrel on himself: drawing

them forth during the sermon, and rating the parish soundly for harbouring such evil thoughts, and suffering such unchristian practices to abound. Yet it was a very common thing in chivalrous times to hang up the gauntlet in the church; when woe to him who touched it or took it down! Nothing less than a quarrel à outrance for a cause as silly as the mode of defending it was barbarous. The last challenge by means of a glove was in Queen Elizabeth's time, in the year 1571, on the occasion of a dispute concerning some lands in Kent: when a trial by single combat was demanded—the disputants meeting in court, where one drew his glove and threw it down, and the other picked it up with the point of his sword. For the honour of humanity and common sense the stupid fools were not let to fight; and the rightful ownership of the Kentish lands was settled some other way.

Sometimes a glove was used as the symbol of protection, not of quarrel and insult: and even to this day it is hung out in some towns during fair-times, in remembrance of the time when it was a sign that all who gathered there were safe from those annoying things called duns, and need be under no apprehension of sudden seizure by living shoulder-knots, more startling than pleasing. "Hoisting the glove" is still practised at Exeter during the Lammas Fair. It is a glove of immense size, which is stuffed and carried through the city, hoisted on the top of a long pole all befloored and be-ribboned, attended with music, the beades, and the mobility, then hung out of a window of the Guildhall as a sign that the fair has begun; and when it is taken in, the fair is ended. At the Free Mart of Portsmouth, also, a glove was hung out of the window during fair-time, and while it hung no one was arrested. So at Macclesfield, in Cheshire; at Newport, Isle of Wight, during market-time; and at Liverpool, on the fair-days of the 25th of July, and 2nd of November. At Barnstaple, too, a large glove, decked with dabbias, is hung out from the window of the Quay Hall, the oldest building of the city, and while it hangs the fair is going on, and when it is withdrawn the fair is at an end; and at Chester, so famous for its gloves, they do the same thing. The glove, in all these instances, meaning the symbol of protection. Was it protection or possession that the Romans symbolised by their standard of the winged hand of power? And which did the kings of Ulster mean by their device of the hand upon their shields and banners? What is the secret reading of the baronet's bloody hand? What of the red hand of the North American Indians, which they regard so superstitiously? A symbol yet more superstitiously regarded in Mexico, where the red hand daubed on the monuments of Yucatan and Guatemala is believed to have all sorts of hidden power. In Lycia, too, on the tombs there, an open hand is a frequent emblem: and the Turks and Moors regard it as a preservative against the evil eye, provided it be open enough.

To wear a glove in one's hat or cap meant one

of these things, said the old writers: "as a favour of a mistress, the memorial of a friend, and as a mark to be challenged by an enemy." As a favour of a mistress it was always a popular donation. When Queen Elizabeth, that rampant old coquette, gave her dropped glove to the Earl of Cumberland who picked it up, that benighted individual set it round with diamonds and stuck it in his hat as the greatest, and highest, and richest, and royalest favour man could show; and Shakespeare, and the other dramatists of his date, speak of gloves worn in the cap as ordinary evidence of a lady's favour and a knight's deserving. In *Troilus and Cressida*, *Troilus* gives the lady a sleeve and she gives him a glove; and *Helen* is made to swear "by Venus' glove," which we should not in our days think quite sufficiently true to the local colour of *Olympus*; besides many other passages where gloves are spoken of as favours, as well as for an oath; "by gloves" occurring as often as by *Jove*, or by *George*, in modern mouths.

Little Pigeus wears his mistress's glove,
Her ring and feather (favours of her love),
Who could but laugh to see the little dwarf
Grace out himself with her embroidered scarf?
'Tis strange, yet true, her glove, ring, scarf, and fan,

Makes him (unhandsome) a well-favour'd man.

This was an epigram written in the House of Correction by one T. H.; and it is to be hoped that the unhappy little Pigeus, whoever he was, did not lose his appetite when he read it. A much more beautiful conceit is that of *Wyat*, in that exquisite little bit of his, called:

TO HIS LOUVE FROM WHOM HE HAD HER GLOUES.

What nedes these threatning wordes, and wasted winde?

All this cannot make me restore my pray.
To robbe your good, ywis is not my mynde;
Nor causelesse your fair hande did I display.
Let loue be judge, or els whom next we finde,
That may both heare what you and I can say.
She reft my hart, and I a glouue from her;
Let us se then, if one be worth the other.

Where is the modern lover who would balance the worth of his heart against a soiled glove, even if only six and a quarter, by *Jouvin* or *Houbigant*? Ah! the olden times were younger in some things; in none more so than in the unsuspecting intensity of their love, and the loyalty with which they gave up body and soul to the beloved! There was a very pretty invention of old times, called *Draw-Gloves*—pretty, that is, in its consequences, for no one knows exactly what *draw-gloves* means, or how it was played. *Hallwell*, in his dictionary, calls it talking with the fingers, but it was scarcely that; and others make it out to have been a kind of *mora*, but it was scarcely that either; whatever it was, however, the mode of playing, and the results of the game, were gracious and enticing; according to rich and winey *Herriek's* exposition in his *Pleasant Grove of New Fancies*, when he says:

At Draw-Gloves we'll play,
And preethee let's lay

A wager, and let it be this:

Who first to the summe

Of twenty doth come

Shall have for his winning a kiss.

Was this the origin of "winning gloves" by kissing in the sleep? In the absence of any knowledge on the subject, one guess is as good as another, and *draw-gloves* may have been a delicious bit of feigning with its full completion in this. There was a pleasant custom, too, connected with the new moon, and gloves, and kissing, that deserves a word. In some country places it was—perhaps is—the custom for a number of young people to assemble together, to watch for the new moon, when whoever saw it first gave his or her neighbour a kiss, and got a pair of gloves as the reward.

The perfection of a modern glove is its smoothness and elasticity, its unexceptionable fit, the delicacy and uniformity of its tint, and a sewing that shall be at once fine and strong: while anything like embroidery or adventitious ornament, or mixture of colours, or incongruous materials, does not count as the best taste in these modern days of luxury and utility combined. But in olden times gloves were often exceedingly costly. That story of *Cœur de Lion* being discovered on his fateful journey by the jewelled gloves which hung at his page's girdle, shows how magnificently they were sometimes adorned; while even Holy Mother Church did not disdain the use of these mundane vanities for her reverend hands, the gloves of all the prelates of England being bedecked with precious stones as parts of ordinary prelatical pomp and useful glory. In the beginning of the ninth century they were even legislated on; and in the time of *Louis le Debonnaire* the Council of *Aix* ordered all godly monks to wear sheepskin gloves only. The embroidered glove was purely episcopal, like the ring and sandals; and when some abbots in France presumed to wear them, the Council of *Poitiers* sharply reprov'd them for insolence and encroachment. Later, we find them more universal, and by no means so ruinously expensive, though still costly enough, considering the comparative value of money; witness the bill of moneys spent for *Peter Martyr* and *Bernadino Ochin*, when they came over here to delight the souls of the Reformers by their godly zeal, where we find 9s. 3d. for *Bernadino's* "hatt and glovys;" 13s. for "a payre of furred glovys for P. Marter;" 1l. 11s. 3d. "for a petticoate, glovys, and night-cap for *Julius*;" and 1s. for "2 payer of glovys" for them. In *Henry the Eighth's* time, the churchwardens of *Kingston-upon-Thames* paid threepence for "two payre of glovys for *Robyn Hood* and *Mayde Maryan*," the *morris-dancers* employed by the parish. Which was pretty well of the parish, and showed a decent spirit.

Gloves, too, were used in witchcraft, as when *Joan* and *Philip Flower* stroked the cat *Rutter's* back with *Lord Henry's* gloves, saying "Mount *Rutter* and fly;" and *Rutter* mew'd but did not fly, though *Lord Henry* fell sick unto death. Then there is the story of the lady who threw her glove into the arena where the lion stood,

to test the worth of her lover's vows, and who received as her reward the glove flung scornfully back into her face, with the applause of king and court to the daring and disenchanting lover. This is a story which has given two of our best poets occasion for very lovely, if differing, fancies: Leigh Hunt siding with the lover and King Francis, and branding the lady with the shame of heartless coquetry and most unworthy pride; Browning taking, perhaps, the nobler view, and maintaining it to have been a mere test of truth and sincerity, which failed in the application—to the bringing forth of a higher joy. Then there is the monkish legend of Saint Gudule, the patroness of Brussels, who flourished, as the date books say, in the beginning of the eighth century, and who one day came praying in the church with naked feet; praying with such fervour and with feet so naked, that a charitable priest put his gloves under them for shoes, to protect them from chilblains and the damp of the stones. But Saint Gudule kicked the gloves away, and went on with her prayers, while the gloves hung suspended in the air for upwards of an hour, to the great marvelling of the beholders, and the testimony, by a miracle, of the saint's true character beneath her cowl. There is another older world story about gloves, in the adventures of Asa Thor, on his way to Jötunheim; and how, on his journey thither, he, and Loki, and the swift young Thialfi who had sucked the marrow of the goat's leg-bone, so that the beast went lame for the rest of his natural days—unnatural rather—how they all got lost in a forest, and slept in a spacious hall, with a smaller chamber branching off. Which hall they found afterwards was nothing but the giant Skrymir's glove, with the thumb, where they had taken refuge from the wind, for the smaller chamber. Then there were Thor's iron gloves, without which he dared not attempt to grasp his mighty hammer Mjölmir—gloves which we may presume to have been a species of celestial knuckle-dusters, as knuckle-dusters are our nineteenth century version of the cesti which the old Roman wrestlers and gladiators wore. Indeed, iron gloves or gauntlets—those pieces of armour which came in between the dagger and the rebrace; before the first and after the last—were in use long before the peaceful glove: "glof," the Anglo-Saxons called it, and which were made at first unfingered, like modern babies' mits, and the gloves of all rude peoples everywhere. Were they the gauntlets or the gloves which were taken from a recreant knight when his spurs were hacked off and his sword broken, and his knightly shield reversed, in token of his having forfeited all claim to honour and ehiralrous belongings? When the Earl of Carlisle was impeached in the second Edward's reign, and condemned to die as a traitor, for holding treasonable correspondence with the Scots, "his spurs were cut off with a hatchet, and his shoes and gloves were taken off:" gloves or gauntlets? The old annalists are seldom correct, accuracy being an intellectual virtue of quite modern parentage.

There were some curious niceties about entering into the presence of royalty with or without gloves. "This week the Lord Coke, with his gloves on, touched and kissed the king's hand, but whether to be confirmed a councillor, or cashiered, I cannot yet learn," said a letter in the Court and Times of Charles I., published in 1625. It would seem more decorous to enter the presence gloved; but perhaps there were good reasons why not; something akin to those which made it advisable to see the hands of a judge at court, and those of a visitor to a training stable just before running day.

In Burke's Vicissitudes there is a very curious story of a glover-nobleman, William Maclellan, sixth Lord Kirkcudbright, who was utterly ruined, retaining nothing of his earldom save the right to the name, and so became a glover for his daily bread. He used to stand in the lobby of the Edinburgh Assembly Rooms, in the old town, selling gloves, which were then wanted in greater profusion than now, it being the etiquette to wear a new pair for each dance. But the glove-seller was a lord nevertheless, and an earl in his own right and by his father's; and, more than this, he was the ancestor of that General across the Atlantic who was to have crushed the Southern Confederacy in ninety days—but didn't do it, somehow. The son of the glover-earl became a colonel, and eventually won the recognition of his condition from Parliament, May the 3rd, 1773. And there is the epigram—or what would it be called in scientific poetry books?—passing between the lady and her aged lover, one Mr. Page, when he sent her a glove with this distich pinned to it:

If from glove you take the letter G,
Then Glove is Love, which I do send to thee.

And she answered him saucily with,

And if from Page you take the letter P,
Then Page is Age, and that won't do for me;

to the eternal confusion of the ancient Philander, indignant at ridicule. Then there are Woodstock and its dusty, powdery, sheepskin gloves, its traditions of Fair Rosamond, and its present practical skill in leather-work; and the chicken gloves of Limerick, not now to be had, packed up in a walnut-shell, fastened with fairy ribbon, and sold for five shillings the pair; and the pocket gloves of a few years back, which had a pocket in the palm, which opened when the hand was closed, and shut when the hand was opened; convenient enough for timid ladies who carry their omnibus sixpence in the palm of the hand slipped up inside the glove, but of no great reputation among the public in general, and dying out in a stifled asphyxiated kind of way. And there are the "slipskins" of Switzerland—the skins of young kids prematurely brought into the world by some unholty practices of the goatberds, and which, marvellously smooth and fine, go to make very fine ladies' very fine gloves. And there are all the old petitions and remonstrances addressed to parliament against

laying on duties here, and taking off duties there, with the inevitable cry of "gloves are so many and glovers so poor," as the reason for unsound political economy and faulty legislation. And there are the Board of Trade statistics, showing what numbers of the made article we import, and where we get our best glove-leather from; with many other curious and interesting particulars, too long to be fully detailed. But the history of gloves and glove-making, is, like all things whatever in human life and society—a very interesting matter when looked into and thoroughly traced from source to outfall; a thoroughness to which this mere surface sketch has no pretension.

SMALL-BEER CHRONICLE THE LAST.

I HAVE by no means chronicled all the Small-Beer which our social and other vats contain. Indeed, Small-Beer is an inexhaustible liquid. But I believe that I have chronicled enough of it already to prove what I wanted to prove:—namely, that the age is advancing in small matters as much as it is in great.

And so we have got to the last of these Chronicles, and to those few concluding words which always remain to be said at the final moment.

The field we have glanced over in these brief abstracts of the time has been a wide one. We have had to record the deaths of many old and cherished Institutions, and the birth of some of very high promise. The Small-Beer we have quaffed has been served from all sorts and varieties of taps. We have had Dramatic Small-Beer, Social Small-Beer, Domestic Small-Beer, Public Small-Beer, and many other forms of the same liquor; and considering all things, it is gratifying to observe how seldom we have been compelled to pronounce that the Small-Beer we have had to chronicle has been flat or wanting in flavour. We have occasionally noticed something wrong—as, for instance, in the over-fermenting of some of our Dramatic Small-Beer, which has bubbled itself into such a state of sensational excitement that a considerable amount of the sound malt and hops flavour has evaporated. Still, it is comfortable to reflect how rarely we have had to use the language of censure, and how certainly we have proved that upon the whole the Small-Beer prospects of the country are good and full of promise for future "brews."

It is a wonderful thing to think what Time will do for Small-Beer, and how it will turn that liquor into Table Ale, or even at last into Double and Treble X. What entirely Small-Beer Chronicles, for instance, were those of Strutt, and now the Chroniclers of our Strongest Ales are ready to make use of his Swipes, and will hand a glass of it to the public as quite a reputable Tap. So, one of these days, will this very Small-Beer of mine, which is sometimes flat, and sometimes acid, and occasionally bitter, be frothed out by the Tapsters of future ages, a foaming liquid fit

for the use of the best Malt connoisseurs of the period. I am convinced that it will be impossible for any of those eminent Bores who shall adorn the future to get on without these Chronicles of mine. They will go to the Museum, and rout me out there, and give extracts from my poor pages, with the *original spelling*, just as it is here printed. So then at last my Small-Beer will be Small no longer, and the Fame denied to me now, will be accorded to the Chronicler long deceased, and haply a Quart Pot in bronze raised to his memory in some conspicuous part of the metropolis.

Seriously, it is a question worth speculating upon a little, whether the History of one's own time and its characteristics are not matters of more importance than is generally imagined. In the career of an individual, consideration of the Present is of enormous value, and so is foresight into the Future. The Past is looked to, that encouragement may be derived from what has adorned it, and warning from all that has disfigured or impaired it. Our survey has been a slight one, the subjects selected for examination having been generally of the lighter sort. Perhaps, however, they were as useful for the purpose as bigger themes. Record is kept of our graver and more important doings, elsewhere, and these are carefully and jealously watched always. The aspiration of that ambitious person who, desiring to have influence over a nation, averred that he cared not who made that nation's laws, so he might be allowed to write its songs, is sufficiently well known. In like manner, the present writer may say that he cares not who records the political struggles, and the mighty changes which take place in the world, if he may only be allowed to be the historian of its "unconsidered trifles," its social changes, in other words, its Small-Beer. Gazing into its depths, as the Arab boy into the ink in the "Medium's" palm, one may read many remarkable things.

There is not a vast deal to complain of in these days in our own country. The grievance-monger now is not the reasonable man complaining of unreasonable practices, but a prejudiced and one-sided person, who looks at things from one point of view only, and can see the whole of no earthly thing. For this same grievance-monger there is hardly any place in the world, now that the voice of Reason is so reverently listened to, and, on the whole, so generally obeyed. Truth and justice are gaining strength continually, and men who are to hold their ground, and things which are to maintain their place, must now be characterised by merits of a more solid kind than were formerly needed for success. These are days when the graces of life are of less account than the more sterling qualities. We think more of what a man has to say, than of the manner in which he says it. We don't care so much how the orator's sentences are "rounded off," if they do but convey to us facts on which we can rely, and truths which will bear investigation.

One sees an evidence of this wholesome state of affairs in our courts of law. There is less ingenious quibbling there than there used to be. How seldom we hear now of what used to be called "splendid defences." How much more it is a question of facts on both sides in a trial now, than of eloquence, special pleading, and general mystification. We shall live, perhaps—some of us—to see even greater improvement here.

Two very disastrous tendencies of the human mind, are a tendency to tyrannise and a tendency to over-systematise. They are both fraught with ruin to any community among whose members they prevail. In this country we are content to live, to a certain extent, in "a muddle." We are venturesome, careless, trustful. We make dreadful mistakes. We allow all kinds of things to exist that would be forbidden in other countries. We are taken in. All sorts of things are mismanaged—but still we prosper. The liberal hand is made fat. The open hand fills. All over the world our institutions are being slowly imitated, and the principles from which those institutions grew are being adopted.

As to the Future, this much seems pretty certain. Every day the voice of Reason and Common Sense is more respectfully listened to; every day Prejudice and Superstition lose more and more of their hold upon us. Slowly, most slowly, half a grain a year, the cause of Republicanism—of real and right Republicanism—makes advance, an advance that is all the more sure for its tardy progress, and for the stout battle that is fought by those who would keep it back. Slowly, so slowly that the movement is hardly appreciable in a period so short as a lifetime, the aristocratic element loses ground, and nearer by an infinitesimal degree, but still nearer, comes the moment when that picturesque and much-loved institution shall languish and die out for ever.

In the new countries and the new colonies that element does not exist. Those new communities are constructed without it, just as in our new neighbourhoods the houses are built without those extinguishers for torches which we see attached to the railings of some of the mansions in Portland-place and ancient Berkeley-square. In America—for the moment under a cloud, but not under a cloud for ever—in America, passing through a great trouble, which it needed, and which will do it good—there is no aristocracy. There is none in any of our colonies. These things affect us, reluctant though we may be to admit it. The old aristocracy of the Faubourg St. Germain and of our own Mayfair will ultimately disappear from the world as the swords have disappeared from the sides of its members, and the powder from their ailes de pigeon. No man with an eye for the picturesque and the poetical can do other than regret this, even while he acknowledges that it must be. Somewhere on the border-land of France there is an old castle standing, where everything is kept as it was in the old feudal time, and all the old usages carefully pre-

served. Antiquarians and travellers go to the place, and revel in what they find there, while the other ancient buildings of the time show in mere ruins, that hint at, rather than proclaim, their former splendour. Just so I can fancy, ages hence, the men and women of an advanced period pointing out some old and decrepid personage as the last descendant of an ancient house, or describing the habits of some family, living retired from the world, and keeping up all the customs of the aristocratic times, and *even calling each other by their titles.*

For the rest, this is a perfectly safe prophesy to make, seeing that its accomplishment will require some four or five hundred years. In the mean time, I suppose it would be a fair question to ask on what such a prediction as this is founded. First of all then, and principally, on the fact mentioned just now, that those countries which most fairly represent progress, those countries where all sorts of new fashions, to use a familiar phrase, are set, this element is wanting. Then, again, the tendency of the age is towards the abandonment of what is irrational and useless, and the adoption of what is reasonable and useful. For instance, I should imagine that the time cannot be very far distant when the barrister will find that he can transact business just as well without a mass of horsehair on the top of his head as with it, and that the aid of two oblong pieces of cambric tied on underneath his chin may safely be dispensed with. The bishops have already got rid of *their wigs*—there is one irrational thing gone from them, and perhaps a few more may be going.

It is difficult to enlarge the glance so as to take in more objects than the few in our immediate neighbourhood. Because the aristocratic element is just now very much "up" in England, and the democratic cause, in consequence of what is going on in America, very much "down," many rush to the conclusion—regardless of the History of the Past, and the light which such history throws on the distant Future—that these two elements occupy finally and for ever the places which they just now hold. Things look well for the aristocratic cause at this particular moment, and ill for that of democracy. At no time, probably, in the history of the bravest and most servile people under the sun, has there been seen a more slavish worship of the titled classes than is to be seen going on day after day at this present time. The public—at least a portion of it—gazes with the vitreous eye of an almost senile infatuation on the coroneted panels of the carriages in the Ring, and the interest—most natural and becoming—which was excited by that royal wedding—already described in these pages as a most beautiful and impressive thing—is in some danger of degenerating into an idolatry of two young people humiliating to witness, and, one would imagine, painful to receive. In this country we invite the titled classes to be insolent, and it is a noble testimony to their sense and virtue that the in-

vation is not accepted far more freely than it is.

In this nation, however, Reform, though a plant of slow growth, *does*, on the whole, advance steadily. That in all things there should be a tendency to rise, to improve, to progress, seems to be one of the first and most certain of the laws of nature. From the time, far back in a past so remote that thought cannot reach it, when our globe, separated from the chaotic mass, was subjected to the first of those preliminary processes whose action was ultimately to fit it to be the theatre on which man should play his part, has not this law of IMPROVEMENT been operating always? As each of those changes, of which the man of science speaks with a confidence which has something of the sublime about it—as each of those changes added to this mighty ball some element that brought it one degree nearer to be a fit dwelling-place for man, or withdrew from it some quality which forbade his existence, was not each era an improvement on the last? As the terrible and lonely mass got at length to that stage when the lower forms of vegetable and animal life might exist upon it, as these gave way and were replaced by higher and more completely developed forms of both, was there not still improvement on improvement? And when at last Man appeared, to whom dominion over all was given, did the improvement cease then? How many—how few rather—are the centuries that have elapsed since here where we live, on English soil, there dwelt a race of savages, removed—how much—above the chimpanzee or the Gorilla? How few centuries it has taken to improve that poor organism into the man of this our own day, the creature of reason, the conqueror of himself, in whose life the senses play so small a part, and in whom the moral and the intellectual qualities are so powerfully developed. Socially, it is more than ever, now, the tendency of men to rise. The specimen man of the day—not a creature of Utopia, but such an one as really exists—will rise almost infallibly if he do his duty. And he, risen high above the position in which he was born, will so educate his son as that he may be fitted to occupy the grade next above that to which the father has attained. This is one way in which men rise, but another and a more important way (because applying to thousands more of created beings) is that rise which elevates men, not by lifting them out of a class in which they originally found themselves, but by elevating that class itself generally, refining its habits, and improving its social position. There is the rise of the journeyman to be a foreman and at last a master, and there is the rise of the journeymen as a class, through improvements brought into their mode of life,

and a general consequent elevation in its tone.

Much has been done. Misery enough, and sin enough, and degradation enough, exist among us, Heaven knows. Those who live and move only in the brightest portions of our town, and whose coachmen would not know the way to Tottenham-court-road, know nothing of what goes on among “the masses” who really populate this small edition of the world which we call London. The misery of the more densely populated districts of the town has been often described in print, and so has the semi-starvation of that poor half-formed spindle-shanked feeble race, the agricultural population, properly so called. Nor have the sufferings of the people of the manufacturing districts been left unrecorded. Yet for them all there is hope; there is hope for them, and hope for their posterity. How many attempts were made a hundred years ago, to improve the residences of the poorer classes? How many experiments were made in building lodging-houses for them? How many establishments were opened with the object of supplying the working man with the best possible nourishment at the lowest possible price? People complain that navigators and labouring men cannot keep from drinking and fighting. And this is true enough and sad enough, but let us never forget that a hundred years ago gentlemen were in the same condition. It is because changes are brought about slowly and gradually; because they are not wrought suddenly and miraculously, but simply, and by the employment of means; that they do not strike us as much as they might. We do not note the means as they arise. Who knows what share the Chancellor of the Exchequer may have had in advancing the interest of national education when he took the tax off paper? Who knows what an incentive the penny newspaper may prove to self-education, or how the man who cannot read it may long to be like his next-door neighbour, who can?

And this tendency in all things to rise and to improve, which of us can say where it will end? Shall man go on improving, until ages hence he becomes developed into a superior being; or is the world, whose highest inhabitant once was a jelly-fish, now populated with the most glorious beings which shall ever tread its surface?

THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER,

A New Series of Occasional Papers

By CHARLES DICKENS,

WILL BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

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VERY HARD CASH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

CHAPTER XVII.

"ON deck for your lives!" cried Dodd, forgetting in that awful moment he was not the captain; and drove them all up, Robarts included, and caught hold of Mrs. Beresford and Freddy at their cabin door and half carried them with him. Just as they got on deck the third wave, a high one, struck the ship and lifted her bodily up, canted her round, and dashed her down again some yards to leeward, throwing them down on the hard and streaming deck.

At this tremendous shock the ship seemed a live thing shrieking and wailing, as well as quivering with the blow.

But one voice dissented loudly from the general dismay. "All right, men," cried Dodd, firm and trumpet-like. "She is broadside on now. Captain Robarts, look alive, sir! Speak to the men! don't go to sleep!"

Robarts was in a lethargy of fear. At this appeal he started into a fury of ephemeral courage: "Stick to the ship," he yelled; "there is no danger if you stick to the ship," and with this snatched a life buoy, and hurled himself into the sea.

Dodd caught up the trumpet that fell from his hand, and roared "I command this ship. Officers come round me! Men to your quarters! Come, bear a hand here, and fire a gun! That will show us where we are, and let the Frenchmen know."

The carronade was fired, and its momentary flash revealed that the ship was ashore in a little bay; the land abeam was low and some eighty yards off; but there was something black and rugged nearer the ship's stern.

Their situation was awful. To windward huge black waves rose like tremendous ruins, and came rolling, fringed with devouring fire; and each wave, as it charged them, curled up to an incredible height and dashed down on the doomed ship—solid to crush, liquid to drown—with a ponderous stroke that made the poor souls stagger; and sent a sheet of water so clean over her that part fell to leeward, and only part came down on deck, foretaste of a watery death; and each of these fearful blows drove the groaning, trembling,

vessel farther on the sand, bumping her along as if she had been but a skiff.

Now it was men showed their inner selves.

Seeing Death so near on one hand, and a chance of escape on the other, seven men proved unable to resist the two great passions of Fear and Hope on a scale so gigantic, and side by side. Bayliss, a midshipman, and five sailors, stole the only available boat and lowered her.

She was swamped in a moment.

Many of the crew got to the rum, and stupified themselves to their destruction.

Others rallied round their old captain, and recovered their native courage at the brave and hopeful bearing he wore over a heart full of anguish. He worked like a horse, encouraging, commanding, doing: he loaded a carronade with 1lb. of powder, and a coil of rope, with an iron bar attached to a cable, and shot the rope and bar ashore.

A gun was now fired from the guard-house, whose light Robarts had taken for a ship. But, no light being shown any nearer on the coast, and the ship expected every minute to go to pieces, Dodd asked if any one would try to swim ashore with a line, made fast to a hawser on board.

A sailor offered to go if any other man would risk his life along with him. Instantly Fullalove stripped, and Vespasian next.

"Two is enough on such a desperate errand," said Dodd, with a groan.

But now emulation was up, and neither Briton, Yankee, nor negro, would give way: a line was made fast to the sailor's waist, and he was lowered to leeward; his venturesome rivals followed. The sea swallowed those three heroes like crumbs: and small was the hope of life for them.

The three heroes, being first rate swimmers and divers, and going with the tide, soon neared the shore on the ship's lee quarter; but a sight of it was enough: to attempt to land on that rock with such a sea on, was to get their skulls smashed like eggshells in a moment. They had to coast it, looking out for a soft place.

They found one; and tried to land; but so irresistible was the suction of the retiring wave, that, whenever they got foot on the sand and tried to run, they were wrenched out to sea again, and pounded black and blue and breathless by the curling breaker they met coming in.

After a score of vain efforts, the negro, throw-

ing himself on his back, went in with a high wave, and, on touching the sand, turned, dug all his ten claws into it, clenched his teeth, and scrambled like a cat at a wall: having more power in his toes than the Europeans, and luckily getting one hand on a firm stone, his prodigious strength just enabled him to stick fast while the wave went back; and then, seizing the moment, he tore himself ashore, but bleeding and bruised all over, and with a tooth actually broken by clenching in the convulsive struggle.

He found some natives dancing about in violent agitation with a rope, but afraid to go in and help him; and no wonder, not being sea-gulls. By the light of their lanterns he saw Fullalove washing in and out like a log. He seized one end of the rope, dashed in and grabbed his friend, and they were hauled ashore together, both breathless, and Fullalove speechless.

The negro looked round for the sailor, but could not see him. Soon, however, there was a cry from some more natives about fifty yards off, and lanterns held up; away he dashed with the rope, just in time to see Jack make a last gallant attempt to land. It ended in his being flung up like a straw into the air on the very crest of a wave fifteen feet high, and out to sea with his arms whirling, and a death shriek which was echoed by every woman within hearing.

In dashed Vespasian with the rope, and gripped the drowning man's long hair with his teeth: then jerked the rope, and they were both pulled ashore with infinite difficulty. The good-natured Frenchmen gave them all three lots of vivats and brandy and pats on the back: and carried the line for them to a flagstaff on the rocks nearer the stern of the ship.

The ship began to show the first signs of breaking up: hammered to death by the sea, she discharged the oakum from her opening seams, and her decks began to gape and grin fore and aft. Corpses of drunken sailors drowned between decks now floated up amidships, and washed and rolled about among the survivors' feet. These, seeing no hope, went about making up all quarrels, and shaking hands in token of a Christian end. One or two came to Dodd with their hands out.

"Avast, ye lubbers!" said he, angrily; "do you think I have time for nonsense? Folksel aboy! axes, and cut away the weather shrouds!"

It was done: the foremast went by the board directly, and fell to leeward: a few blows of the axe from Dodd's own hand sent the mainmast after it.

The Agra rose a streak; and the next wave carried her a little farther in shore.

And now the man in charge of the hawser reported with joy that there was a strain on it.

This gave those on board a hope of life. Dodd bustled and had the hawser carefully paid out by two men, while he himself secured the other end in the mizen top: he had left that mast standing on purpose.

There was no fog here; but great heavy

black clouds flying about with amazing swiftness extinguished the moon at intervals: at others she glimmered through a dull mist in which she was veiled, and gave the poor souls on the Agra a dim peep of the frail and narrow bridge they must pass to live. A thing like a black snake went down from the mizen top, belying towards the yawning sea, and soon lost to sight: it was seen rising again among some lanterns on the rock ashore: but what became of it in the middle? The darkness seemed to cut it in two; the sea to swallow it. Yet, to get from a ship going to pieces under them, the sailors precipitated themselves eagerly on that black thread belying to the sea and flickering in the wind. They went down it, one after another, and anxious eyes straining after them saw them no more: but this was seen, that scarce one in three emerged into the lights ashore.

Then Dodd got an axe, and stood in the top, and threatened to brain the first man who attempted to go on the rope.

"We must make it taut first," said he; "bear a hand here with a tackle."

Even while this was being done, the other rope, whose end he had fired ashore, was seen moving to windward. The natives, it seems, had found it, half buried in sand.

Dodd unlashd the end from the bulwarks and carried it into the top, and made it fast: and soon there were two black snakes dipping shorewards and waving in the air side by side.

The sailors scrambled for a place, and some of them were lost by their own rashness. Kenealy waited coolly: and went by himself.

Finally, Dodd was left in the ship with Mr. Sharpe and the women, and little Murphy, and Ramgolam, whom Roberts had liberated to show his contempt of Dodd.

He now advised Mrs. Beresford to be lashed to Sharpe and himself, and venture the passage; but she screamed and clung to him, and said, "I dare not, oh I dare not."

"Then I must lash you to a spar," said he, "for she can't last much longer." He ordered Sharpe ashore. Sharpe shook hands with him; and went on the rope with tears in his eyes.

Dodd went hard to work, lashed Mrs. Beresford to a piece of broken water-butt: filled Fred's pockets with corks and sewed them up: (you never caught Dodd without a needle; only, unlike the women's, it was always kept threaded.) Mrs. Beresford threw her arms round his neck and kissed him wildly: a way women have in mortal peril: it is but their homage to courage. "All right!" said Dodd, interpreting it as an appeal to his protection, and affecting cheerfulness: "we'll get ashore together on the poop awning, or somehow; never you fear. I'd give a thousand pounds to know when high water is."

At this moment, with a report like a cannon, the lower decks burst fore and aft: another still louder, and the Agra's back broke. She parted amidships with a fearful yawn, and the waves went toppling and curling clean through her.

At this appalling sound and sight, the few

creatures left on the poop cowered screaming and clinging at Dodd's knees, and fought for a bit of him.

Yes, as a flood brings incongruous animals together on some little isle, in brotherhood of fear—creatures who never met before without one eating the other; and there they cuddle—so the thief Ramgolam clung to the man he had tried to rob; the Hindoo Ayah and the English maid hustled their mistress, the haughty Mrs. Beresford, and were hustled by her, for a bit of this human pillar, and little Murphy and Fred Beresford wriggled in at him where they could: and the poor goat crept into the quivering mass trembling like an aspen, and not a butt left either in his head or his heart. Dodd stood in the middle of these tremblers, a rock of manhood: and when he was silent and they heard only the voice of the waves, they despaired: and, whenever he spoke, they started at the astounding calmness of his voice, and words: and life sounded possible.

"Come," said he, "this won't do any longer. All hands into the mizen top!"

He helped them all up, and stood on the ratlines himself: and, if you will believe me, the poor goat wailed like a child below. He found in that new terror and anguish a voice goat was never heard to speak in before. But they had to leave him on deck: no help for it. Dodd advised Mrs. Beresford once more to attempt the rope: she declined. "I dare not! I dare not!" she cried, but she begged Dodd hard to go on it and save himself.

It was a strong temptation: he clutched the treasure in his bosom; and one sob burst from the strong man.

That sob was but the tax paid by Nature: for Pride, Humanity, and Manhood stood staunch in spite of it. "No, no, I can't," said he: "I mustn't. Don't tempt me to leave you in this plight, and be a cur! Live or die, I must be the last man on her. Here's something coming out to us, the Lord in Heaven be praised!"

A bright light was seen moving down the black line that held them to the shore; it descended slowly within a foot of the billows, and lighting them up showed their fearful proximity to the rope in mid passage: they had washed off many a poor fellow at that part.

"Look at that! Thank Heaven you did not try it!" said Dodd to Mrs. Beresford.

At this moment a higher wave than usual swallowed up the light: there was a loud cry of dismay from the shore, and a wail of despair from the ship.

No! not lost after all! The light emerged: and mounted, and mounted towards the ship.

It came near, and showed the black shiny body of Vespasian with very little on but a handkerchief and a lantern, the former round his waist, and the latter lashed to his back: he arrived with a "Yah! yah!" and showed his white teeth in a grin.

Mrs. Beresford clutched his shoulder, and whimpered, "Oh, Mr. Black!"

"Iss, Missy, dis child bring good news.

Cap'n! Massah Fullalove send you his congratulations, and the compliments of the season; and take the liberty to observe the tide am turn in twenty minutes."

The good news thus quaintly announced, caused an outburst of joy from Dodd, and, sailor-like, he insisted on all hands joining in a cheer. The shore re-echoed it directly. And this encouraged the forlorn band still more; to hear other hearts beating for them so near. Even the intervening waves could not quite annul the sustaining power of sympathy.

At this moment came the first faint streaks of welcome dawn, and revealed their situation more fully.

The vessel lay on the edge of a sand-bank. She was clean in two, the stern lying somewhat higher than the stem. The sea rolled through her amidships six feet broad, frightful to look at; and made a clean breach over her forward, all except the bowsprit, to the end of which three poor sailors were now discovered to be clinging. The afterpart of the poop was out of water, and in a corner of it the goat crouched like a rabbit: four dead bodies washed about beneath the party trembling in the mizen top, and one had got jammed in the wheel, face uppermost, and glared up at them, gazing terror-stricken down.

No sign of the tide turning yet: and much reason to fear it would turn too late for them, and the poor fellows shivering on the bowsprit.

These fears were well founded.

A huge sea rolled in, and turned the forepart of the vessel half over, buried the bowsprit, and washed the men off into the breakers.

Mrs. Beresford sank down, and prayed, holding Vespasian by the knee.

Fortunately, as in that vessel wrecked long syne on Melita, "the hind part of the ship stuck fast and remained immovable."

But for how long?

Each wave now struck the ship's weather quarter with a sound like a cannon fired in a church, and sent the water clean into the mizen top. It hit them like strokes of a whip. They were drenched to the skin, chilled to the bone, and frozen to the heart with fear. They made acquaintance that hour with Death. Ay, Death itself has no bitterness that forlorn cluster did not feel: only the insensibility that ends that bitterness was wanting.

Now the sea, you must know, was literally strewn with things out of the Agra; masts, rigging, furniture, tea-chests, bundles of canes, chairs, tables: but, of all this jetson, Dodd's eye had been for some little time fixed on one object; a live sailor drifting ashore on a great wooden case: it struck him after a while that the man made very little way; and at last seemed to go up and down in one place. By-and-by he saw him nearer and nearer, and recognised him. It was one of the three washed off the bowsprit.

He cried joyfully: "The tide has turned! here's Thompson coming out to sea."

Then there ensued a dialogue, incredible to

landsmen, between these two sailors, the captain of the ship and the captain of the foretop; one perched on a stationary fragment of that vessel, the other drifting on a pianoforte; and both bawling at one another across the jaws of death.

"Thompson ahoy!"

"Hal-lo!"

"Whither bound?"

"Going out with the tide, and be d——d to me."

"What, can't ye swim?"

"Like a brass figure-head. It's all over with poor Jack, sir."

"All over? Don't tell me! Look out now as you drift under our stern, and we'll lower you the four-inch hawser."

"Lord bless you, sir; do, pray!" cried Thompson, losing his recklessness with the chance of life.

By this time the shore was black with people, and a boat was brought down to the beach, but to attempt to launch it was to be sucked out to sea.

At present all eyes were fixed on Thompson drifting to destruction.

Dodd cut the four-inch hawser, and Vespasian, on deck, lowered it with a line, so that Thompson presently drifted right athwart it: "All right, sir!" said he, grasping it: and amidst thundering acclamations was drawn to land full of salt water and all but insensible. The piano landed at Dunkirk, three weeks later.

In the bustle of this good and smart action, the tide retired perceptibly.

By-and-by the sea struck lower and with less weight.

At nine P.M. Dodd took his little party down on deck again, being now the safest place; for the mast might go.

It was a sad scene: the deck was now dry, and the dead bodies lay quiet round them, with glassy eyes: and, grotesquely horrible, the long hair of two or three was stiff and crystallised with the saltpetre in the ship.

Mrs. Beresford clung to Vespasian: she held his bare black shoulder with one white and jewelled hand, and his wrist with the other, tight. "Oh, Mr. Black," said she, "how brave you are! It is incredible. Why you came back! I must feel a brave man with both my hands, or I shall die. Your skin is nice and soft too. I shall never outlive this dreadful day."

And, now that the water was too low to wash them off the hawser, several of the ship's company came back to the ship to help the women down.

By noon the Agra's deck was thirty feet from the sand. The rescued ones wanted to break their legs and necks: but Dodd would not permit even that. He superintended the whole manœuvre, and lowered, first the dead, then the living, not omitting the poor goat, who was motionless and limp with fright.

When they were all safe on the sand, Dodd stood alone upon the poop a minute, cheered by all the sailors, French and English, ashore: then slid down a rope and rejoined his companions.

To their infinite surprise, the undaunted one was found to be snivelling.

"Oh dear, what is the matter?" said Mrs. Beresford, tenderly.

"The poor Agra, ma'am! She was such a beautiful sea-boat: and just look at her now! Never sail again: never! never! She was a little crank in beating, I can't deny it: but how she did fly with the wind abaft. She sank a pirate in the straits, and weathered a hurricane off the Mauritius; and after all for a lubber to go and lay her bones ashore in a fair wind: poor dear beauty."

He mandered thus, and kept turning back to look at the wreck, till he happened to lay his hand on his breast. He stopped in the middle of his ridiculous lament, wore a look of self-reproach, and cast his eyes upward in heartfelt gratitude.

The companions of so many adventures dispersed.

A hospitable mayoress entertained Mrs. Beresford and suite: and she took to her bed; for she fell seriously ill as soon as ever she could do it with impunity.

Colonel Kenealy went off to Paris: "I'll gain that any way by being wrecked," said he.

If there be a lover of quadrupeds here, let him know that Billy's weakness proved his strength. Being brandied by a good-natured French sailor, he winked his eye; being brandied greatly he staggered up; and butted his benefactor, like a man.

Fullalove had dry clothes and a blazing fire ready for Dodd at a little rude auberge: he sat over it and dried a few bank notes he had loose about him, and examined his greater treasure, his children's. The pocket-book was much stained, but no harm whatever done to the contents.

In the midst of this employment the shadow of an enormous head was projected right upon his treasure.

Turning with a start he saw a face at the window; one of those vile mugs which are found to perfection amongst the canaille of the French nation; bloated, bleary-eyed, grizzly, and wild-beast-like. The ugly thing, on being confronted, passed slowly out of the sun, and Dodd thought no more of it.

The owner of this sinister visage was André Thibout, of whom it might be said, like face-like life; for he was one of those ill omenced creatures, who feed upon the misfortunes of their kind, and stand on shore in foul weather hoping the worst, instead of praying for the best: briefly, a wrecker. He and his comrade, Jacques Moineau, had heard the Agra's gun fired, and come down to batten on the wreck: but lo! at the turn of the tide, there were gendarmes and soldiers lining the beach; and the Bayonet interposed between Theft and Misfortune. So now the desperate pair were prowling about like hungry, baffled wolves, curses on their lips, and rage at their hearts.

Dodd was extremely anxious to get to Bark-

ington before the news of the wreck; for otherwise he knew his wife and children would suffer a year's agony in a single day. The only chance he saw was to get to Boulogne in time to catch the Nancy sailing packet; for it was her day. But then Boulogne was eight leagues distant, and there was no public conveyance going. Fullalove, entering heartily into his feelings, was gone to look for horses to hire, aided by the British Consul. The black hero was up-stairs clearing out with a pin two holes that had fallen into decay for want of use. Those holes were in his ears.

And now, worn out by anxiety and hard work, Dodd began to nod in his chair by the fire.

He had not been long asleep when the hideous face of Thibout reappeared at the window, and watched him: presently a low whistle was uttered outside, and soon the two ruffians entered the room, and, finding the landlady there as well as Dodd, called for a little glass apiece of absinthe: while drinking it they cast furtive glances towards Dodd, and waited till she should go about her business, and leave them alone with him.

But the good woman surprised their looks, and knowing the character of the men, poured out a cup of coffee from a great metal reservoir by the fire, and waked Dodd without ceremony: "Voici votre café, Monsieur!" making believe he had ordered it.

"Merci, Madame!" replied he, for his wife had taught him a little French.

"One may sleep mal à propos," muttered the woman in his ear. "My man is at the fair, and there are people here, who are not worth any great things."

Dodd rubbed his eyes and saw those two foul faces at the end of the kitchen: for such it was, though called *salle à manger*. "Humph!" said he; and instinctively buttoned his coat.

At that Thibout touched Moinard's knee under the table.

Fullalove came in soon after, to say he had got two horses, and they would be here in a quarter of an hour.

"Well, but Vespasian, how is he to go?" inquired Dodd.

"Oh, we'll send him on ahead, and then ride and tie."

"No, no," said Dodd, "I'll go ahead. That will shake me up. I think I should tumble off a horse; I'm so dead sleepy."

Accordingly he started to walk on the road to Boulogne.

He had not been gone three minutes when Moinard sauntered out.

Moinard had not been gone two minutes when Thibout strolled out.

Moinard kept Dodd in sight, and Thibout kept Moinard.

The horses were brought soon after; but unfortunately the pair did not start immediately; though, had they known it, every moment was precious. They wasted time in argument. Ves-

pasian had come down with a diamond ring in one ear, and a ruby in the other. Fullalove saw this retrograde step, and said grimly: "Have you washed but half your face, or—is this a return to savagery?"

Vespasian wore an air of offended dignity: "No, sar, these yar decorations come off a lady ob i cibilisation: Missy Beresford donated em me. Says she, 'Massah Black'—yah! yah! She always nicknomnates dis child Massa Black—'while I was praying Goramighty for self and pickaninny, I seen you out of one corner of my eye admirationing my rings; den just you take em,' says dat ar aristocracy: 'for I don't admirationise em none; I've been shipwrecked.' So I took em wid incredible condescension; and dat ar beautiful lady says to me, 'Oh, get along wid your nonsense about coloured skins! I have inspectionated your conduct, Massah Black, and likewise your performances on the slack rope,' says she, 'in time of shipwreck: and darn me,' says she, 'but you are a man, you are.' 'No Missy,' says I, superciliously, 'dis child am not a man if you please, but a coloured gemman.' He added, he had put them in his ears because the biggest would not go on his little finger.

Fullalove groaned. "And, of course, the next thing, you'll ring your snout like a pig, or a Patagonian; there, come along, ye darn'd—Anomaly."

He was going to say "Cuss," but remembering his pupil's late heroic conduct, softened it down to Anomaly.

But Vespasian always measured the force of words by their length or obscurity. "Anomaly" cut him to the heart: he rode off in moody silence and dejection, asking himself sorrowfully what he had done that such a mountain of vituperation should fall on him. "Anomaly!"

They cantered along in silence; for Fullalove was digesting this new trait in his pupil; and asking himself could he train it out; or must he cross it out. Just outside the town they met Captain Robarts walking in; he had landed three miles off down the coast. "Hallo!" said Fullalove.

"I suppose you thought I was drowned?" said Robarts, spitefully; "but you see I'm alive still."

Fullalove replied: "Well, captain; that is only one mistake more, I reckon."

About two English miles from the town, they came to a long strait slope up and down, where they could see a league before them; and there they caught sight of David Dodd's tall figure mounting the opposite rise.

Behind him at some little distance were two men going the same way, but on the grass by the roadside, whereas David was on the middle of the road.

"He walks well for Jacky Tar!" said Fullalove.

"Iss sar," said Vespasian, sulkily; "but dis 'analogy' tink he not walk so fast as those two behind him, cos they catch him up."

Now Vespasian had hardly uttered these words, when a thing occurred, so sudden and

alarming, that the speaker's eyes protruded, and he was dumfounded a moment; the next a loud cry burst from both him and his companion at once; and they lashed their horses to the gallop and went tearing down the hill in a fury of rage and apprehension.

Mr. Fullalove was right, I think: a sailor is seldom a smart walker; but Dodd was a cricketer, you know, as well: he swung along at a good pace, and in high spirits. He had lost nothing but a few clothes, and a quadrant, and a chronometer; it was a cheap wreck to him, and a joyful one: for peril past is present delight. He had saved his life; and what he valued more, his children's money. Never was that dear companion of his perils so precious to him as now. One might almost fancy that, by some strange sympathy, he felt the immediate happiness of his daughter depended on it. Many in my day believe that human minds can thus communicate, overleaping material distances. Not knowing I can't say. However, no such solution is really needed here. All the members of an united and loving family feel together, and work together—without specific concert—though hemispheres lie between: it is one of the beautiful traits of true family affection: now the Dodds, father, mother, sister, brother, were more one in heart and love than any other family I ever saw: woe to them if they had not.

David, then, walked towards Boulogne that afternoon a happy man. Already he tasted by anticipation the warm caresses of his wife and children, and saw himself seated at the hearth, with those beloved ones clustering close round him. How would he tell them its adventures—Its dangers from pirates—Its loss at sea—Its recovery—Its wreck—Its coming ashore dry as a bone: and conclude by taking It out of his bosom, and dropping It in his wife's lap with cheer boys cheer!

Trudging on in this delightful reverie, his ear detected a pit pat at some distance behind him: he looked round with very slight curiosity, and saw two men coming up: even in that hasty glance he recognised the foul face of André Thibout: a face not to be forgotten in a day. I don't know how it was, but he saw in a moment that face was after him to rob him: and he naturally enough concluded It was their object.

And he was without a weapon; and they were doubtless armed. Indeed, Thibout was swinging a heavy cudgel.

Poor Dodd's mind went into a whirl, and his body into a cold sweat. In such moments men live a year. To gain a little time he walked swiftly on, pretending not to have noticed them: but oh his eyes roved wildly to each side of the road for a chance of escape. He saw none. To his right was a precipitous rock; to his left a profound ravine with a torrent below, and the sides scantily clothed with fir-trees and bushes: he was, in fact, near the top of a long rising ground called "le mauvais côté," on account of a murder committed there two hundred years ago.

Presently he heard the men close behind him. At the same moment he saw at the side of the ravine a flint stone about the size of two fists: he made but three swift strides, snatched it up, and turned to meet the robbers, drawing himself up high and showing fight in every inch.

The men were upon him. His change of attitude was so sudden and fiery that they recoiled a step. But it was only for a moment: they had gone too far to retreat; they divided, and Thibout attacked him on his left with up-lifted cudgel, and Moinard on his right with a long glittering knife: the latter, to guard his head from the stone, whipped off his hat and held it before his head: but Dodd was what is called "left handed:" "ambidexter" would be nearer the mark; he carved and wrote with his right hand, heaved weights and flung cricket balls with his left. He stepped forward, flung the stone in Thibout's face with perfect precision, and that bitter impetus a good thrower lends at the moment of delivery; and almost at the same moment shot out his right hand and caught Moinard by the throat. Sharper and fiercer collision was never seen than of these three.

Thibout's face crashed; his blood squirted all round the stone; and eight yards off lay that assailant on his back.

Moinard was more fortunate: he got two inches of his knife into Dodd's left shoulder, at the very moment Dodd caught him in his right hand vice. And now one vengeful hand of iron grasped him felly by the throat; another seized his knife arm and twisted it back like a child's: he kicked and struggled furiously: but in half a minute the mighty English arm, and iron fingers, held the limp body of Jacques Moinard, with its knees knocking, temples bursting, throat relaxed, eyes protruding, and livid tongue lolling down to his chin: a few seconds more, and with the same stalwart arm that kept his relaxed and sinking body from falling, Dodd gave him one fierce whirl round to the edge of the road, then put a foot to his middle, and spurned his carcase with amazing force and fury down the precipice. Crunch, crunch! it plunged from tree to tree, from bush to bush, and at last rolled into a thick bramble and there stuck in the form of a crescent. But Dodd had no sooner sent him headlong by that mighty effort, than his own sight darkened, his head swam, and, after staggering a little way, he sank down in a state bordering on insensibility.

Meantime Fullalove and Vespasian were galloping down the opposite hill to his rescue.

Unfortunately, André Thibout was not dead; nor even mortally wounded. He was struck on the nose and mouth: that nose was flat for the rest of his life, and half his front teeth were battered out of their sockets: but he fell, not from the brain being stunned, but the body driven to earth by the mere physical force of so momentous a blow: knocked down like a ninepin. He now sat up bewildered, and found himself in a pool of blood, his own. He had little sensation of pain; but he put his hand to his face and

found scarce a trace of his features; and his hand came away gory. He groaned.

Rising to his feet, he saw Dodd sitting at some distance: his first impulse was to fly from so terrible an antagonist: but, as he made for the ravine, he observed that Dodd was in a helpless condition: wounded perhaps by Moinard. And where was Moinard?

Nothing visible of him, but his knife: that lay glittering in the road.

Thibout, with anxious eye turned towards Dodd, knelt to pick it up: and in the act a drop of his own blood fell on the dust beside it. He snarled like a wounded tiger; spat out half a dozen teeth: and crept on tiptoe to his safe revenge.

Awake from your lethargy, or you are a dead man!

No. Thibout got to him unperceived, and the knife glittered over his head.

At this moment the air seemed to fill with clattering hoofs and voices, and a pistol-shot rang. Dodd heard and started, and so saw his peril. He put up his left hand to parry the blow; but feebly. Luckily for him Thibout's eyes were now turned another way, and glaring with stupid terror out of his mutilated visage: a gigantic, mounted, fiend, with black face and white gleaming, rolling, eyes, was coming at him like the wind, uttering horrid howls; Thibout launched himself at the precipice with a shriek of dismay, and went rolling after his comrade: but, ere he had gone ten yards, he fell across a young larch-tree, and hung balanced. Up came the foaming horses: Fullalove dismounted hastily and fired three deliberate shots down at Thibout from his revolver. He rolled off, and never stopped again till he splashed into the torrent, and lay there staining it with blood from his battered face, and perforated shoulder.

Vespasian jumped off, and with glistening eyes administered some good brandy to Dodd. He, unconscious of his wound, a slight one, relieved their anxiety by assuring them somewhat faintly he was not hurt, but that, ever since that "tap on the head" he got in the Straits of Gaspar, any angry excitement told on him, made his head swim, and his temples seem to swell from the inside.

"I should have come off second best but for you, my dear friends. Shake hands over it, do! Oh, Lord bless you! Lord bless you both! As for you, Vespasian, I do think you are my guardian angel. Why this is the second time you've saved it. No it isn't: for it's the third."

"Now you git along, Massa Cap'n," said Vespasian. "You very good man, ridicalous good man: and dis child arn't no gardeneng angel at all; he ar a darned Anatomy" (with such a look of offended dignity at Fullalove).

After examining the field of battle, and comparing notes, they mounted Dodd on Vespasian's horse, and walked quietly till Dodd's head got better; and then they cantered on three abreast, Vespasian in the middle with one sinewy hand on each horse's mane; and such was his muscular power that he often re-

lieved his feet by lifting himself clean into the air: and the rest of the time his toe but touched the ground: and he sailed like an ostrich: and grinned and chattered like a monkey.

Sad to relate, neither Thibout nor Moinard was ended. The guillotine stood on its rights. Meantime, what was left of them crawled back to the town stiff and sore; and supped together—Moinard on liquids only—and vowed revenge on all wrecked people.

The three reached Boulogne in time for the Nancy, and put Dodd on board: the pair decided to go to the Yankee Paradise—Paris.

They parted with regret and tenderly like old tried friends; and Vespasian told Dodd, with the tears in his eyes, that, though he was in point of fact only a darned Anemone, he felt like a coloured Gemman, at parting from his dear old captain.

The master of the Nancy knew Dodd well, and gave him a nice cot to sleep in. He tumbled in with a bad headache, and quite worn out; and never woke for fifteen hours.

And when he did wake he was safe at Barkington.

He and It landed on the quay. He made for home.

On the way, he passed Hardie's Bank; a firm synonymous in his mind with the Bank of England.

A thrill of joy went through him. Now It was safe. When he first sewed It on in China, It seemed secure nowhere except on his own person. But, since then, the manifold perils by sea and land It had encountered through being on him, had caused a strong reaction in his mind on that point. He longed to see It safe out of his own hands, and in good custody.

He made for Hardie's door with a joyful rush, waved his cap over his head in triumph, and entered the Bank with It.

Ah!

DR. FAUSTUS, SET TO MUSIC.

It was said here, not long ago, with reference to Shakespeare's heroes and heroines, that some among them who have proved the most tempting to artists have been the least manageable as subjects for music.—Hamlet cannot be presented in opera without one-half of the heart of his mystery being plucked out, and the other moiety drained of many among the mingling drops which gave to its blood so peculiar a colour. There is a distant relation to Hamlet—his own cousin Faustus—inasmuch as aspiration and yearning are kinsfolk to deep, disturbing, irresolute melancholy—who is well-nigh as inaccessible as Hamlet for every musician's purpose; yet who is for ever and ever taken as a theme for chorals and chorals, and in illustrating whose life and works, counterpoint has again and again attempted to work out its scientific devices, and the spirit of melody to show her cunning.

The German musical quota in this tribute to the sorceries of the legend of the Doctor and

the Devil, has been naturally the largest;—and the two first contributions to be mentioned have both enjoyed a certain reputation. The first, by Spohr, was composed in the year 1813, on a melodrama even more coarse and flaring than certain French and English travesties to be seen of late years (in which, nevertheless, there has been some awkward attempt to keep near the feeling of Goethe's metaphysical drama). A more stupid opera-book is hardly in being than the one Spohr contented himself with for his third stage essay—*Ahruna* (never represented) and *Der Zweikampf* having preceded *Faust*.—Spohr's music falls on the taste sooner than might have been expected from the works of a man showing so much individuality and self-respect as he did. It is too highly finished, too sugared, too mannered. And yet the high merit of his *Faust*, in more than one respect, is not to be disputed. His opera was in advance of its time, as treating a northern supernatural subject. The stalwart, handsome violinist's Brocken music was projected before the Wolf's Glen was painted by Weber.—It is odd, however, that one in whom fantasy was so weak as Spohr, should so perpetually have tormented himself to be fantastic. His Brocken music might belong to some grassy slope at the foot of any Alp, with the herds and their herdfolk going home in the tranquil shine of evening.—What is good in Spohr's *Faust* are the overture—the opening duct between *Faust* and the Evil One, with the minuet to which the curtain rises;—the duct where *Faust* first meets *Margaret*—the great air of parade for *Cunigunda*, a stalking prima donna after the old pattern—the scene with chorus for *Ugo*, her lover, a no less superfluous personage—the song for *Mephistopheles*, which, when dressed with Italian words, as “*Va sbramaudo*,” *Lablache* used to sing so incomparably—and the great song for *Faust*, made no less acceptable to our public by the exceptional voice and impassioned execution of *Herr Pischek*. Then his *Torch-dance*, or *Polonoise*, is stately; but Spohr is never vulgar. In spite, however, of the merit of the pieces mentioned,—by no means all those that could be named,—in spite of a rich and peculiar treatment of the orchestra, the tediousness of Spohr's *Faust* is too heavy and soporific to be forgiven by this restless generation of ours. The opera remains on the German stage but without the breath of life in it—and though frequently tried in England, even when England's Spohr-worship was at its height, and when it was thought a sin to whisper a word in question of the absolute perfection of all or any German music, as a whole it has been in this country barely endured with respect.

The second musical illustration adverted to—by Prince Antony Radzivil, one of the many distinguished amateurs to whom Poland has given birth,—an ample gracing of the first part of Goethe's *Faust*,—to the extent of five-and-twenty pieces of music—enjoys a select rather than a general reputation, having long been kept

within the walls of the once famed Singing Academy at Berlin. The music is sincerely praised by those who know it, as well made, respectable and befitting a refined gentleman; but it has not wandered wide, as great *Faust*-music would and assuredly should have done, in Goethe's kingdom. The poet himself, who possibly had more desire than power to appreciate other arts than his own, seems to have been only partially satisfied with this Radzivil music; since *Eckermann* tells us that he spoke of *M. Meyerbeer* as the one living composer who, perhaps, could have worked out his intentions. A vain fancy!—Something analogous in situation, so far as hero and villain of the legend are concerned, has been illustrated by the astute Berlin composer in his “*Robert*,” but the music of this is too flimsy and flaring to approach the depths of the characters, and the sublimity of certain of the situations of the German tragedy.

A dozen years ago, it pleased *M. Berlioz* to take the play in hand. Some of his best music is in his *Faust Cantata*, but with it, some of his most eccentric extravagances. He has fairly followed many of the well-known incidents of Goethe's drama; treating *Faust* in a weak and entangled fashion,—giving to *Mephistopheles* something of the sulphurous sarcasm which belongs to that mocking tempter; but entirely unsuccessful with *Margaret*. His opening villagers' round in this Cantata is pleasant—his “*Song of the Flea*” is quaint, animated, and musically ingenious, and his chorus and dance of Sylphs are full of beautiful fantasy; though, owing to the writer's peculiar manner of working the same, is perversely shut up, where a simpler display would have quadrupled its value. But the demon that tempts this strange *Faust*-composer to his mis-doing, inspired him with the brilliant idea of writing a diabolical chorus, in *Pandemonium*, to a gibberish of his own devising, and to set the ghastly ride of the Doctor and his familiar with an absurd and headlong ugliness of vehemence, outdoing any example of the kind that occurs to me in the works of any other musician, living or dead—*Herr Wagner's* hideous *Venus* music in his *Tannhauser*—the legend of the haunted hill so deliciously told by *Tieck*—not forgotten. Then in this *Faust Cantata* *M. Berlioz*, with the view, it may be, of painting every variety of action and life, has used a wild rebel-tune of Hungary, the *Ragoey March*;—the same air which, a quarter of a century ago, the Austrian authorities forbade to be published according to the transcript by *M. Liszt*, which he played in his salad days with such an inciting spirit. Dangerous as the *March* may be, when exploding among those fiery folk, the Magyar nobles and gentry—on its being stripped of association there is not much to recommend it beyond its marked rhythm. For this reason, possibly, it may have been picked out by *M. Berlioz* as a contrast to his own vaguely perplexed themes and measures.

Dr. Liszt, too, has bethought him of the subject, and has given birth to a *Faust Symphony*, wherein

the characters in Goethe's play are disposed in the canonical number of symphonic movements. How is it that men so shrewd in perception, so brilliant in wit, so deep in appreciation of poetry as he, can so entirely forget that a cloud can be but a cloud, or that, if the cloud be proved to be a whale or an ouzel, such feat can be done but to the satisfaction of a Polonius?—how consent, again and again, to confound association with indication? My readers have heard of a dear, confused gentlewoman, whom the early spring reminded of roast pig, and have laughed at her strange combination of sense with sentiment; but Mrs. Nickleby was as logical as your Transcendentalist who shall describe murder by three trombones, and infidelity by united violas; and by "diminished sevenths" suggest (not accompany the detail of) that hope long deferred which maketh the heart sick. The old painters, it is true, ticketed virtues and sanctities with certain colours; but the ear-superstitions of Music are at once more arbitrary, and limited to boot. A harp, it may be conceded, is seraphic—a drum suggests assault and battery—but that violins should be allotted to picturing the world, and flutes to offer the colours of the flesh, and bassoons to show forth the abominations of the Devil, may be thought somewhat unfair and final. Moreover, all this coarse alphabet-work precludes everything like the possibility of light, demi-tint—of expressing inconsistency—and all that makes and marks character.—In truth, there is no telling Clarissa Harlowe's story in a symphony—no painting that superb prospect over the plain from the upper town of Bergamo by aid of the best score which such skilled painters in music as Weber or Mendelssohn can produce. Yet, Dr. Liszt has essayed something of the kind, and with meagre qualifications, beyond those of aspiration and poetical enthusiasm. The gift of melody was not dropped into his eradle, and it may be some imperfect consciousness of this fact that has urged one so resolute to fascinate, to conquer, and to influence men, as he is—so habituated from infancy to splendid munificence and arrogant triumph—to the disturbing yet brilliant career of a meteor—to force Music into tasks for which the art is altogether unfitted. His is the malady of our time—but every being touched by it is thereby weakened: whether the same be a giant or a man of low stature.

Wherefore a second part should have been added to Faust in Goethe's old age (let it have been ever so long in projection), and what that part distinctly means, are to some heretical persons puzzles only in some degree explicable by the intense self-occupation, and the failing powers of a great poet. Blind faith accepts such mysteries with a gratitude proportioned to their mysticism; and there have been found poetical and accomplished musicians, who have not shrunk from attempting to apply the clearest of arts to the illustration of that which Goethe himself did not profess to set forth as clear. One

of these, Mr. H. H. Pierson, though by birth English, in training and taste thoroughly German, has expended—why not at once say wasted?—much good, if incomplete idea, on this obscure and semi-chaotic production. Euphorion, The Mothers, the Gray Women, the Lemures, are all in his score. The selection of a subject is a warrant for the manner of its treatment by a sincere man; and our clever countryman—for Mr. Pierson is indisputably clever, and more—has yielded to the spell, and has produced something which stands vexatiously in the midway betwixt dream and reality; escaping from the one to the other with an adroitness which may betoken profound meditation and subtle conception—but which, on the other hand, may be only a device to conceal want of that sustaining power and studious patience such as are indispensable to the expression of every inspiration less brief than a few verses—a few bars—a few grand forms sketched on the canvas. Mr. Pierson's second part of Faust has been presented in a German theatre or two without much success or effect. It is not possible to consider the music without a wonder, in which regret has its share—regret over honest perversity and mistake. No idler would undertake such a task. No Titan could carry it through adequately. What can be more sorrowful than the productions and resulting disappointments of wasted sincerity in effort?

Another example of this turns up in too prominent a form—Faust music being the subject—to be here passed by. Next to Mr. Pierson's setting of the second part of Goethe's *Mystery*, must be named the great Cantata by Robert Schumann;—the posthumous work of an incomplete man, disinterred, and put forward by the German enthusiasts of the day, who have resolved, like Dr. Caius, that "no honest man shall come into their closet;" who, having arranged our Shakespeare (one Schiller of theirs did so), cannot endure the sight we are approaching of a Frenchman having successfully "done into universal music" this great drama of theirs. At the time present, Schumann is their German greatest man: paraded as the continuer of Beethoven, as the deepener of the conventional Mendelssohn (can fickleness go beyond this epithet?); as a poet partially accepted during his lifetime, and therefore to be immoderately deified now he is gone. What if all this fending and proving and protesting should merely indicate infidelity to any truths as truths established—to any idols as past mortal power to pull down? What if the game be really not worth the candle? What if Schumann be a third-rate artist, proved as such by his perversity, obscurity, and resolution to present platitude in place of fresh invention? He was an honest man, without question: but a man who mistook—throughout a whole busy brain-life—bewilderment for inspiration, and therefore, we conceive, without the arrogance of prophecy—for in Art prophecy is apt to become arrogant—that his music may not outlast the passions and the fashions of this our time of antagonism.

In any event, the Faust music by Schumann is a curious, dreary mistake—containing the smallest amount of melody conceivable, and one or two of those pedantries which denote a man to be of low stature, let his school stand ever so high in the claims of its professors. For instance, in the setting of the scene where Margaret questions the “forget-me-not,” in accordance with the pretty old superstition—a scene not ungracefully rendered by Retzsch, though Retzsch as a Faust-artist is for the hour out of fashion—the outcry of chords on the last phrase, “He loves me not,” is crude enough to befit the prison dreams of the betrayed girl who had murdered her child. Extravagance and spasm take the place of gentle melancholy and misgiving. If Schumann implied by his cruel modulations that crime was foreseen by the girl from afar, the mistake in taste, truth, and feeling, was none the less;—but it may be believed that no preconception of the kind urged him. It was merely his way to be gloomy and over-emphatic, owing to the deficiency of fresh spontaneous power in expression—a deficiency excused, but not likely to be amended, by the habits of opposition and antagonism belonging to the air of opinion he breathed, and the associates he preferred. Such a man would have done better to set the Faust of Lenau, a later, madder German dramatic poem than even the second Faust of Goethe.

There is a Faust overture by Wagner: there is Faust music by Lindpaintner—neither of any value.

There is an opera by our Bishop on the legend, and there was a ballet, made some thirty years ago for London, from a grand French ballet, *La Tentation*, in which, by the way, the talent of Halevy presented itself so favourably as to lead to his being commissioned to compose *La Juive*. There have been many settings of *The King of Thule*, and Margaret’s melancholy song at her wheel (who does not know Schubert’s version of the latter?), but only one work of any great success or extent remains to be mentioned ere this sketch is closed.

It will be seen that many of these attempts to deal in music with the most difficult and delicate of modern dramatic stories have been made by men of some mark. That one and all of these men have failed, need surprise no person who considers the nature of the attempt. For a young composer to have succeeded in the teeth of all obstacles, and to have carried the reluctant sympathy of Europe with him, is a phenomenon as noticeable as most presenting themselves in the history of Music. This, however, has been completely accomplished by M. Charles Gounod, whose Faust has set him in the place as the opera-composer to whom the world now first looks; no disrespect to that wonderful veteran, M. Auber—no treason against the elaborate and keen-witted M. Meyerbeer—no scandal against the effective yet coarse vehemence of Signor Verdi. Twelve years ago, there were some ten people who fancied that Sapho,

with its lovely elegiac third act, revealed to them a really original genius. It is merry work to remember how they were jeered at like so many “lunacies” (as Sir Hugh Evans might phrase it); how clumsy thunder and small stinging pellets were aimed at them. What do such things matter, save to the owners of the thunder-bolt and the popgun, and the after confusion of their faces? As a pupil of the Parisian Conservatory—which establishment has the malady unknown to our Academy, of really producing fruit worth having—M. Gounod, a Roman student, was known as a man of promise to his master Halevy; and, while passing through Germany, had attracted the attention of the just and genial Mendelssohn. After this, some years of opportunity denied, and of efforts made in vain, had to be worn through by him—years which either strengthen or annihilate talent—which may distort, but cannot destroy genius. In 1851, some sacred music by him was first brought to hearing, and in London, at St. Martin’s Hall, under the presidency of Mr. John Hullah;—and later in the same year, *Sapho*, his first opera, in Paris, owing to the active and prescient influence of a great artist. The reception of these works was in England damnation, in France faint praise. Nothing daunted, the composer went on to write choruses for *Ulysse*, a dreary classical play by the then much overrated M. Ponsard—a second opera, *La Nonne Sanglante*, to one of the worst dramas in being—which opera, however, is rich in beautiful and characteristic music—a third, *Le Médecin Malgré lui*, a quaint treatment of Molière’s comedy; and, fourthly, this same inconvenient, unauthorised, and truly indefensible Faust, which has been bold enough to attack and to retain Germany, and to force its way into two of our English theatres at once—an opera which, like other things that cannot be cured, must be endured—an opera simply and seriously the only opera on the legend which, till now, has gained, or deserved to gain, universal acceptance. To make the victory more significant, it should be added that Faust was originally produced at the third musical theatre in Paris, with only one good chance in its favour—that, it is true, a very good one—a Margaret in Madame Miolan-Carvalho, not to be surpassed in exquisite musical skill, delicacy of feeling as an actress, or depth of expression as an interpreter.

What the permanent fate of M. Gounod’s opera may be in England it is not for us to say. There is a caprice in public taste totally irrespective of real merit or national consistency. With our public, two of the best operas ever written, Cherubini’s *Les deux Journées*, and Spontini’s *La Vestale*, have no existence. The Germans care little for Handel—the French know nothing of him. Come what come may, M. Gounod’s Faust exceeds every other former work on the subject. MM. Barbier and Carré, who have arranged the book, have followed Goethe’s play closely, and—to the intense disgust of some of the German hyperpedants—have even had the immodesty to use

certain of Goethe's very words and lines.—The Frenchman has given to the music of Margaret a purity, a passion, a despair, a repentance, and a triumph, not to be over-estimated. The monologues of Faust in his study and in her garden—the death scene of Valentine, the tremendous final encounter of Good and Evil in the dungeon—have too few parallels in music of modern time, and recal no older model. Neither do the choruses of the revellers at the fair (with its admirable waltz), nor of the soldiers returning home (the last among the most stirring of marches ever written), nor the grave, judicial, awe-striking “Dies iræ” in the church, before the threatenings of which the betrayed girl, heavy with the secret of her shame, cowers in helpless awe and bitter agony. Being thoroughly original, M. Gounod has had to pay the price of entry into a world where people prefer being reminded to being surprised; but that his opera is *the* Faust opera, one which will make it difficult for any musician to come to approach the subject, is an assertion which few open-minded persons will be found to dispute. Those who follow the fashion, knowing little on their own behalf, have the amplest excuse for admiration, in a popularity as rapid as it has been brilliant.

THE STORY OF GOVERNOR WALL.

Now, when the public eye looks out wistfully to India, and broods over the sad tale of the unhappy sergeant who was persecuted unto his death—chafing at delay, and growling out a half suspicion of unfair play, and authority sheltered by other authority—it may not be unprofitable to see how sternly an almost similar case was dealt with some sixty years since.

There was a certain Wall, who came of a good Dublin family, who was “connected with Lord Seaforth” and the Irish nobility in various directions. He had been sent into the army, and had drifted away to India during the great native wars of Lord Clive and others. He distinguished himself at different periods, found his way to the Havannah, was promoted there for marked gallantry, and finally is discovered at the Island of Goree about the year 1782, in the capacity of one of those rough-and-ready rulers who were at that time so useful to the Company that employed them, and perhaps so necessary in dealing with the half-savage tribes of the country. He had with him a knot of Irish officers; one Captain Lacy, Captain O'Shallaghan, a name of a very pronounced nationality, and some more. Under their command were some black soldiers, about three hundred in number, who had lately been showing signs of discontent in reference to arrears of pay. In fact, one morning, a party of them, headed by one Armstrong, came to the governor, by way of deputation, to ask for a settlement of their claims, certainly in a respectful fashion, and even without their arms. A proceeding which, however harmless under other circumstances, might be considered as

highly significant under the special incidents of that isolation and remoteness from home, which was doubly distant in those days of what Dr. Johnson called “tardy locomotion.” The governor's version, given long afterwards, was, that the men were insolent, that there was a desperate spirit of insubordination abroad, that prisoners had been released from confinement, and a bayonet actually held to his breast.

The morning passed by. But, as soon as dinner was over, the blacks were paraded, and the officers called together, Captain Lacy and the officer with the outspoken national name. A gun-carriage was ordered forward, and Armstrong directed to stand forth from the ranks. He was instantly seized, tied up, and a gang of blacks told off to execute the punishment. A heavy piece of rope was found—the professional “cat” having been mislaid—and upwards of eight hundred lashes inflicted on the spot, the blacks relieving each other in the odious duty after spells of five-and-twenty lashes. It was sworn that the governor took special interest in the blows being dealt heavily, and called out often to them, “Lay on, you black —, or I'll lay on you myself! Cut him to the heart! Cut his liver out!” and other coarse encouragement. A doctor stood by, but never interfered. The luckless Armstrong begged hard for mercy, but was not “taken down” until the eight hundredth stroke. He was then removed to hospital, gradually sank, and died, as might be expected after so terrible a punishment, in a day or two. There was no question but that his death came of that severe infliction.

It was long before the news drifted over to England. The good old Indian, taking some ten or twelve months to flounder across the waters, would have borne the news slowly. And then mysterious rumours of the soldier flogged to death by his commander—coloured, too, by the far-off Indian tints which then deepened curiously every incident, whether of good or evil—began to be whispered. Governor Wall was, however, employed busily elsewhere. But Captain Lacy and Captain Shallowan came, and no doubt told the story.

Then came Mr. Burke, and Mr. Sheridan, and the famous Hastings Impeachment, and the public mind was stirred up by histories of awful atrocities, and nabobs and English satraps fattened on blood and plunder. And in this favourable temperament the name of Governor Wall was being called out. But Governor Wall was now lying ill of fever, and could not return. At last actually twenty years rolled away since the soldier was flogged to death, and it might reasonably be thought the whole incident would have been forgotten, when suddenly, in the year eighteen hundred and two, Governor Wall turned up in London, gave himself up, and demanded trial. No doubt he merely wanted a technical clearing of his name; just as officers who are pretty well conscious of innocence, demand courts-martial with loud pertinacity. Everything was in his favour, and he might reasonably look for an acquittal.

Tried he was accordingly. That he was guilty of the offence imputed to him there can be no reasonable doubt; but that he had a fair trial seems unlikely. All his material witnesses were dead or dispersed over the globe. All the witnesses against him were common soldiers, who might reasonably be supposed not to be animated by the most partial feelings. Lacy, O'Shallaghian, and Company, who looked on at the flogging, did not appear. However, luckless Governor Wall, in spite of his rank, position, "good Dublin family," and connexion "with Lord Seaforth," was found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged ignominiously within a week.

It was felt that the soldier was not to be left to the mercy of commissioned despots, and it was to be shown to the public that he who flogged was to be as responsible as the victim whom he flogged. By a wonderful stretch of clemency, "His Majesty was graciously pleased to respite" him—not with any view of final mercy, but to give luckless Governor Wall what is called a longer day. And when the end of that time arrived, Governor Wall was executed in presence of a large crowd, and Armstrong, after a long delay, avenged.

This is a very startling and significant instance, and points a moral. Of the unhappy end of the victim, and the stern justice which disposed so summarily of his persecutor, some profit may now be made—reaching even beyond their tragic issues. It is this: that no "influence," either of the "good Dublin families," or the high "connexions," or "Lord Seaforth"—who may be taken to typify the whole sheltering interests of power and universal Dowbigginism—should be allowed to stand between the public and its prisoner.

THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

BEHOLD me on my way to an Emigrant Ship, on a hot morning early in June. My road lies through that part of London generally known to the initiated as "Down by the Docks." Down by the Docks, is Home to a good many people—to too many, if I may judge from the overflow of local population in the streets—but my nose insinuates that the number to whom it is Sweet Home might be easily counted. Down by the Docks, is a region I would choose as my point of embarkation aboard ship if I were an emigrant. It would present my intention to me in such a sensible light; it would show me so many things to be run away from.

Down by the Docks, they eat the largest oysters and scatter the roughest oyster-shells, known to the descendants of Saint George and the Dragon. Down by the Docks, they consume the slimiest of shell-fish, which seem to have been scraped off the copper bottoms of ships. Down by the Docks, the vegetables at green-grocers' doors acquire a saline and a sealy look, as if they had been crossed with fish and seaweed. Down by the Docks, they "board seamen" at the eating-houses, the public-houses,

the slop-shops, the coffee-shops, the tally shops, all kinds of shops mentionable and unmentionable—board them, as it were, in the piratical sense, making them bleed terribly, and giving no quarter. Down by the Docks, the seamen roam in mid-street and mid-day, their pockets inside-out, and their heads no better. Down by the Docks, the daughters of wave-ruling Britannia also rove, clad in silken attire, with uncovered tresses streaming in the breeze, bandanna kerchiefs floating from their shoulders, and erioline not wanting. Down by the Docks, you may hear the incomparable Joe Jackson sing the Standard of England, with a hornpipe, any night; or any day may see at the waxwork, for a penny and no waiting, him as killed the policeman at Aeton and suffered for it. Down by the Docks, you may buy polonies, saveloys, and sausage preparations various, if you are not particular what they are made of besides seasoning. Down by the Docks, the children of Israel creep into any gloomy cribs and entries they can hire, and hang slops there—pewter watches, sou'-wester hats, waterproof overalls—"firht rate articleth, Thjack." Down by the Docks, such dealers exhibiting on a frame a complete nautical suit without the refinement of a waxen visage in the hat, present the imaginary wearer as drooping at the yard-arm, with his seafaring and earthing troubles over. Down by the Docks, the placards in the shops apostrophise the customer, knowing him familiarly beforehand, as, "Look here, Jack!" "Here's your sort, my lad!" "Try our sea-going mixed, at two and nine!" "The right kit for the British Tar!" "Ship ahoy!" "Splice the main-brace, brother!" "Come, cheer up, my lads We've the best liquors here, And you'll find something new In our wonderful Beer!" Down by the Docks, the pawnbroker lends money on Union-Jack pocket-handkerchiefs, on watches with little ships pitching fore and aft on the dial, on telescopes, nautical instruments in cases, and such-like. Down by the Docks, the apothecary sets up in business on the wretchedest scale—chiefly on lint and plaster for the strapping of wounds—and with no bright bottles, and with no little drawers. Down by the Docks, the shabby undertaker's shop will bury you for next to nothing, after the Malay or Chinaman has stabbed you for nothing at all: so you can hardly hope to make a cheaper end. Down by the Docks, anybody drunk will quarrel with anybody drunk or sober, and everybody else will have a hand in it, and on the shortest notice you may revolve in a whirlpool of red shirts, shaggy beards, wild heads of hair, bare tattooed arms, Britannia's daughters, malice, mud, maundering, and madness. Down by the Docks, scraping fiddles go in the public-houses all day long, and, shrill above their din and all the din, rises the screeching of innumerable parrots brought from foreign parts, who appear to be very much astonished by what they find on these native shores of ours. Possibly the parrots don't know, possibly they do, that Down by the Docks is the road to the Pacific Ocean, with its lovely islands.

where the savage girls plait flowers, and the savage boys carve cocoa-nut shells, and the grim blind idols muse in their shady groves to exactly the same purpose as the priests and chiefs. And possibly the parrots don't know, possibly they do, that the noble savage is a wearisome impostor wherever he is, and has five hundred thousand volumes of indifferent rhyme, and no reason, to answer for.

Shadwell church! Pleasant whispers of there being a fresher air down the river than down by the Docks, go pursuing one another, playfully, in and out of the openings in its spire. Gigantic in the basin just beyond the church, looms my Emigrant Ship: her name, the Amazon. Her figure-head is not *disfigured* as those beauteous founders of the race of strong-minded women are fabled to have been, for the convenience of drawing the bow; but I sympathise with the carver:

A flattering carver who made it his care
To carve busts as they ought to be—not as they were.

My Emigrant Ship lies broadside-on to the wharf. Two great gangways made of spars and planks connect her with the wharf; and up and down these gangways, perpetually crowding to and fro and in and out, like ants, are the Emigrants who are going to sail in my Emigrant Ship. Some with cabbages, some with loaves of bread, some with cheese and butter, some with milk and beer, some with boxes beds and bundles, some with babies—nearly all with children—nearly all with bran-new tin cans for their daily allowance of water, uncomfortably suggestive of a tin flavour in the drink. To and fro, up and down, aboard and ashore, swarming here and there and everywhere, my Emigrants. And still as the Dock-Gate swings upon its hinges, cabs appear, and carts appear, and vans appear, bringing more of my Emigrants, with more cabbages, more loaves, more cheese and butter, more milk and beer, more boxes beds and bundles, more tin cans, and on those shipping investments accumulated compound interest of children.

I go aboard my Emigrant Ship. I go first to the great cabin, and find it in the usual condition of a Cabin at that pass. Perspiring landsmen, with loose papers, and with pens and inkstands, pervade it; and the general appearance of things is as if the late Mr. Amazon's funeral had just come home from the cemetery, and the disconsolate Mrs. Amazon's trustees found the affairs in great disorder, and were looking high and low for the will. I go out on the poop-deck, for air, and surveying the emigrants on the deck below (indeed they are crowded all about me, up there too), find more pens and inkstands in action, and more papers, and interminable complication respecting accounts with individuals for tin cans and what not. But nobody is in an ill temper, nobody is the worse for drink, nobody swears an oath or uses a coarse word, nobody appears depressed, nobody is weeping, and down upon the deck in every corner where it is possible to find a few spare feet to kneel, crouch,

or lie in, people, in every unsuitable attitude for writing, are writing letters.

Now, I have seen emigrant ships before this day in June. And these people are so strikingly different from all other people in like circumstances whom I have ever seen, that I wonder aloud, "What *would* a stranger suppose these emigrants to be!"

The vigilant bright face of the weather-browed captain of the Amazon is at my shoulder, and he says, "What, indeed! The most of these came aboard yesterday evening. They came from various parts of England in small parties that had never seen one another before. Yet they had not been a couple of hours on board, when they established their own police, made their own regulations, and set their own watches at all the hatchways. Before nine o'clock the ship was as orderly and as quiet as a man-of-war."

I looked about me again, and saw the letter-writing going on with the most curious composure. Perfectly abstracted in the midst of the crowd; while great casks were swinging aloft, and being lowered into the hold; while hot agents were hurrying up and down, adjusting the interminable accidents; while two hundred strangers were searching everywhere for two hundred other strangers, and were asking questions about them of two hundred more; while the children played up and down all the steps, and in and out among all the people's legs, and were beheld, to the general dismay, toppling over all the dangerous places; the letter-writers wrote on calmly. On the starboard side of the ship, a grizzled man dictated a long letter to another grizzled man in an immense fur cap: which letter was of so profound a quality, that it became necessary for the amanuensis at intervals to take off his fur cap in both his hands, for the ventilation of his brain, and stare at him who dictated, as a man of many mysteries who was worth looking at. On the larboard side, a woman had covered a belaying-pin with a white cloth, to make a neat desk of it, and was sitting on a little box, writing with the deliberation of a bookkeeper. Down upon her breast on the planks of the deck at this woman's feet, with her head diving in under a beam of the bulwarks on that side, as an eligible place of refuge for her sheet of paper, a neat and pretty girl wrote for a good hour (she fainted at last), only rising to the surface occasionally for a dip of ink. Alongside the boat, close to me on the poop-deck, another girl, a fresh well-grown country girl, was writing another letter on the bare deck. Later in the day, when this self-same boat was filled with a choir who sang glees and catches for a long time, one of the singers, a girl, sang her part mechanically all the while, and wrote a letter in the bottom of the boat while doing so.

"A stranger would be puzzled to guess the right name for these people, Mr. Uncommercial," says the captain.

"Indeed he would."

"If you hadn't known, could you ever have supposed—?"

"How could I! I should have said they were in their degree, the pick and flower of England."

"So should I," says the captain.

"How many are they?"

"Eight hundred in round numbers."

I went between-decks, where the families with children swarmed in the dark, where unavoidable confusion had been caused by the last arrivals, and where the confusion was increased by the little preparations for dinner that were going on in each group. A few women here and there, had got lost, and were laughing at it, and asking their way to their own people, or out on deck again. A few of the poor children were crying; but otherwise the universal cheerfulness was amazing. "We shall shake down by to-morrow." "We shall come all right in a day or so." "We shall have more light at sea." Such phrases I heard everywhere, as I groped my way among chests and barrels and beams and unstowed cargo and ring-bolts and Emigrants, down to the lower deck, and thence up to the light of day again and to my former station.

Surely, an extraordinary people in their power of self-abstractation! All the former letter-writers were still writing calmly, and many more letter-writers had broken out in my absence. A boy with a bag of books in his hand and a slate under his arm, emerged from below, concentrated himself in my neighbourhood (espying a convenient skylight for his purpose), and went to work at a sum as if he were stone deaf. A father and mother and several young children, on the main deck below me, had formed a family circle close to the foot of the crowded restless gangway, where the children made a nest for themselves in a coil of rope, and the father and mother, she suckling the youngest, discussed family affairs as peaceably as if they were in perfect retirement. I think the most noticeable characteristic in the eight hundred as a mass, was their exemption from hurry.

Eight hundred what? "Geese, villain?" EIGHT HUNDRED MORMONS. I, Uncommercial Traveller for the firm of Human Interest, Brothers, had come aboard this Emigrant Ship to see what Eight hundred Latter-Day Saints were like, and I found them (to the rout and overthrow of all my expectations) like what I now describe with scrupulous exactness.

The Mormon Agent who had been active in getting them together, and in making the contract with my friends the owners of the ship to take them as far as New York on their way to the Great Salt Lake, was pointed out to me. A compactly-made handsome man in black, rather short, with rich-brown hair and beard, and clear bright eyes. From his speech, I should set him down as American. Probably, a man who had "knocked about the world" pretty much. A man with a frank open manner, and unshrinking look; withal a man of great quickness. I believe he was wholly ignorant of my Uncommercial individuality, and consequently of my immense Uncommercial importance.

UNCOMMERCIAL. These are a very fine set of people you have brought together here.

MORMON AGENT. Yes, sir, they are a *very* fine set of people.

UNCOMMERCIAL (looking about). Indeed, I think it would be difficult to find Eight hundred people together anywhere else, and find so much beauty and so much strength and capacity for work among them.

MORMON AGENT (not looking about, but looking steadily at Uncommercial). I think so.—We sent out about a thousand more, yes'day, from Liverpool.

UNCOMMERCIAL. You are not going with these emigrants?

MORMON AGENT. No, sir. I remain.

UNCOMMERCIAL. But you have been in the Mormon Territory?

MORMON AGENT. Yes; I left Utah about three years ago.

UNCOMMERCIAL. It is surprising to me that these people are all so cheery, and make so little of the immense distance before them.

MORMON AGENT. Well, you see; many of 'em have friends out at Utah, and many of 'em look forward to meeting friends on the way.

UNCOMMERCIAL. On the way?

MORMON AGENT. This way 'tis. This ship lands 'em in New York City. Then they go on by rail right away beyond St. Louis, to that part of the Banks of the Missouri where they strike the Plains. There, waggons from the settlement meet 'em to bear 'em company on their journey 'cross—twelve hundred miles about. Industrious people who come out to the settlement soon get waggons of their own, and so the friends of some of these will come down in their own waggons to meet 'em. They look forward to that, greatly.

UNCOMMERCIAL. On their long journey across the Desert, do you arm them?

MORMON AGENT. Mostly you would find they have arms of some kind or another already with them. Such as had not arms we should arm across the Plains, for the general protection and defence.

UNCOMMERCIAL. Will these waggons bring down any produce to the Missouri?

MORMON AGENT. Well, since the war broke out, we've taken to growing cotton, and they'll likely bring down cotton to be exchanged for machinery. We want machinery. Also we have taken to growing indigo, which is a fine commodity for profit. It has been found that the climate on the further side of the Great Salt Lake suits well for raising indigo.

UNCOMMERCIAL. I am told that these people now on board are principally from the South of England?

MORMON AGENT. And from Wales. That's true.

UNCOMMERCIAL. Do you get many Scotch?

MORMON AGENT. Not many.

UNCOMMERCIAL. Highlanders, for instance?

MORMON AGENT. No, not Highlanders. They ain't interested enough in universal brotherhood and peace and good will.

UNCOMMERCIAL. The old fighting blood is strong in them?

MORMON AGENT. Well, yes. And besides; they've no faith.

UNCOMMERCIAL (who has been burning to get at the Prophet Joe Smith, and seems to discover an opening). Faith in——!

MORMON AGENT (far too many for Uncommercial). Well.—In anything!

Similarly on this same head, the Uncommercial underwent discomfiture from a Wiltshire labourer: a simple fresh-coloured farm-labourer, of eight-and-thirty, who at one time stood beside him looking on at new arrivals, and with whom he held this dialogue:

UNCOMMERCIAL. Would you mind my asking you what part of the country you come from?

WILTSHIRE. Not a bit. Theer! (exultingly) I've worked all my life o' Salisbury Plain, right under the shadder o' Stonehenge. You mightn't think it, but I haive.

UNCOMMERCIAL. And a pleasant country too.

WILTSHIRE. Ah! 'Tis a pleasant country.

UNCOMMERCIAL. Have you any family on board?

WILTSHIRE. Two children, boy and gal. I am a widderer, I am, and I'm going out alonger my boy and gal. That's my gal, and she's a fine gal o' sixteen (pointing out the girl who is writing by the boat). I'll go and fetch my boy. I'd like to show you my boy. (Here Wiltshire disappears, and presently comes back with a big shy boy of twelve, in a superabundance of boots, who is not at all glad to be presented.) He is a fine boy too, and a boy fur to work! (Boy having undutifully bolted, Wiltshire drops him.)

UNCOMMERCIAL. It must cost you a great deal of money to go so far, three strong.

WILTSHIRE. A power of money. Theer! Eight shillen a week, eight shillen a week, eight shillen a week, put by out of the week's wages for ever so long.

UNCOMMERCIAL. I wonder how you did it.

WILTSHIRE (recognising in this a kindred spirit). See theer now! I wonder how I done it! But what with a bit o' subscription heer, and what with a bit o' help theer, it were done at last, though I don't hardly know how. Then it were unfort'net for us, you see, as we got kep' in Bristol so long—nigh a fortnight, it were—on accounts of a mistake w' Brother Halliday. Swaller'd up money, it did, when we might have come straight on.

UNCOMMERCIAL (delicately approaching Joe Smith). You are of the Mormon religion, of course?

WILTSHIRE (confidently). O yes, I'm a Mormon. (Then reflectively.) I'm a Mormon. (Then, looking round the ship, feigns to descry a particular friend in an empty spot, and evades the Uncommercial for evermore.)

After a noontide pause for dinner, during which my Emigrants were nearly all between-decks, and the Amazon looked deserted, a general muster took place. The muster was for the ceremony of passing the Government Inspector and the Doctor. Those authorities

held their temporary state amidships, by a cask or two; and, knowing that the whole Eight hundred emigrants must come face to face with them, I took my station behind the two. They knew nothing whatever of me, I believe, and my testimony to the unpretending gentleness and good nature with which they discharged their duty, may be of the greater worth. There was not the slightest flavour of the Circumlocution Office about their proceedings.

The emigrants were now all on deck. They were densely crowded aft, and swarmed upon the poop-deck like bees. Two or three Mormon agents stood ready to hand them on to the Inspector, and to hand them forward when they had passed. By what successful means, a special aptitude for organisation had been infused into these people, I am, of course, unable to report. But I know that, even now, there was no disorder, hurry, or difficulty.

All being ready, the first group are handed on. That member of the party who is entrusted with the passenger-ticket for the whole, has been warned by one of the agents to have it ready, and here it is in his hand. In every instance through the whole eight hundred, without an exception, this paper is always ready.

INSPECTOR (reading the ticket). Jesse Jobson, Sophronia Jobson, Jesse Jobson again, Matilda Jobson, William Jobson, Jane Jobson, Matilda Jobson again, Brigham Jobson, Leonardo Jobson, and Orson Jobson. Are you all here? (glancing at the party, over his spectacles.)

JESSE JOBSON NUMBER TWO. All here, sir.

This group is composed of an old grandfather and grandmother, their married son and his wife, and *their* family of children. Orson Jobson is a little child asleep in his mother's arms. The Doctor, with a kind word or so, lifts up the corner of the mother's shawl, looks at the child's face, and touches the little clenched hand. If we were all as well as Orson Jobson, doctoring would be a poor profession.

INSPECTOR. Quite right, Jesse Jobson. Take your ticket, Jesse, and pass on.

And away they go. Mormon agent, skilful and quiet, hands them on. Mormon agent, skilful and quiet, hands next party up.

INSPECTOR (reading ticket again). Susannah Cleverly and William Cleverly. Brother and sister, eh?

SISTER (young woman of business, hustling slow brother). Yes, sir.

INSPECTOR. Very good, Susannah Cleverly. Take your ticket, Susannah, and take care of it.

And away they go.

INSPECTOR (taking ticket again). Sampson Dibble and Dorothy Dibble (surveying a very old couple over his spectacles, with some surprise). Your husband quite blind, Mrs. Dibble?

MRS. DIBBLE. Yes, sir, he be stone-blind.

MR. DIBBLE (addressing the mast). Yes, sir, I be stone-blind.

INSPECTOR. That's a bad job. Take your ticket, Mrs. Dibble, and don't lose it, and pass on.

Doctor taps Mr. Dibble on the eyebrow with his forefinger, and away they go.

INSPECTOR (taking ticket again). Anastatia Weedle.

ANASTATIA (a pretty girl, in a bright Garibaldi, this morning elected by universal suffrage the Beauty of the Ship). That is me, sir.

INSPECTOR. Going alone, Anastatia?

ANASTATIA (shaking her curls). I am with Mrs. Jobson, sir, but I've got separated for the moment.

INSPECTOR. Oh! You are with the Jobsons? Quite right. That'll do, Miss Weedle. Don't lose your ticket.

Away she goes, and joins the Jobsons who are waiting for her, and stoops and kisses Brigham Jobson—who appears to be considered too young for the purpose, by several Mormons rising twenty, who are looking on. Before her extensive skirts have departed from the casks, a decent widow stands there with four children, and so the roll goes.

The faces of some of the Welsh people, among whom there were many old persons, were certainly the least intelligent. Some of these emigrants would have bungled sorely, but for the directing hand that was always ready. The intelligence here was unquestionably of a low order, and the heads were of a poor type. Generally the case was the reverse. There were many worn faces bearing traces of patient poverty and hard work, and there was great steadiness of purpose and much undemonstrative self-respect among this class. A few young men were going singly. Several girls were going, two or three together. These latter I found it very difficult to refer back, in my mind, to their relinquished homes and pursuits. Perhaps they were more like country milliners, and pupil teachers rather tawdily dressed, than any other classes of young women. I noticed, among many little ornaments worn, more than one photograph-brooch of the Princess of Wales, and also of the late Prince Consort. Some single women of from thirty to forty, whom one might suppose to be embroiderers, or straw-bonnet-makers, were obviously going out in quest of husbands, as finer ladies go to India. That they had any distinct notions of a plurality of husbands or wives, I do not believe. To suppose the family groups of whom the majority of emigrants were composed, polygamically possessed, would be to suppose an absurdity, manifest to any one who saw the fathers and mothers.

I should say (I had no means of ascertaining the fact) that most familiar kinds of handicraft trades were represented here. Farm-labourers, shepherds, and the like, had their full share of representation, but I doubt if they preponderated. It was interesting to see how the leading spirit in the family circle never failed to show itself, even in the simple process of answering to the names as they were called, and checking off the owners of the names. Sometimes it was the father, much oftener the mother, sometimes a quick little girl second or third in order of seniority. It seemed to occur

for the first time to some heavy fathers, what large families they had; and their eyes rolled about, during the calling of the list, as if they half misdoubted some other family to have been smuggled into their own. Among all the fine handsome children, I observed but two with marks upon their necks that were probably scrofulous. Out of the whole number of emigrants, but one old woman was temporarily set aside by the doctor, on suspicion of fever; but even she afterwards obtained a clean bill of health.

When all had "passed," and the afternoon began to wear on, a black box became visible on deck, which box was in charge of certain personages also in black, of whom only one had the conventional air of an itinerant preacher. This box contained a supply of hymn-books, neatly printed and got up, published at Liverpool, and also in London at the "Latter-Day Saints' Book Depôt, 30, Florence-street." Some copies were handsomely bound; the plainer were the more in request, and many were bought. The title ran: "Sacred Hymns and Spiritual Songs for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints." The Preface, dated Manchester, 1840, ran thus:—"The Saints in this country have been very desirous for a Hymn Book adapted to their faith and worship, that they might sing the truth with an understanding heart, and express their praise joy and gratitude in songs adapted to the New and Everlasting Covenant. In accordance with their wishes, we have selected the following volume, which we hope will prove acceptable until a greater variety can be added. With sentiments of high consideration and esteem, we subscribe ourselves your brethren in the New and Everlasting Covenant, BRIGHAM YOUNG, PARLEY P. PRATT, JOHN TAYLOR." From this book—by no means explanatory to myself of the New and Everlasting Covenant, and not at all making my heart an understanding one on the subject of that mystery—a hymn was sung, which did not attract any great amount of attention, and was supported by a rather select circle. But the choir in the boat was very popular and pleasant; and there was to have been a Band, only the Cornet was late in coming on board. In the course of the afternoon, a mother appeared from shore, in search of her daughter, "who had run away with the Mormons." She received every assistance from the Inspector, but her daughter was not found to be on board. The saints did not seem to me, particularly interested in finding her.

Towards five o'clock, the galley became full of tea-kettles, and an agreeable fragrance of tea pervaded the ship. There was no scrambling or jostling for the hot water, no ill humour, no quarrelling. As the Amazon was to sail with the next tide, and as it would not be high water before two o'clock in the morning, I left her with her tea in full action, and her idle Steam Tug lying by, deputing steam and smoke for the time being to the Tea-kettles.

I afterwards learned that a Despatch was sent home by the captain before he struck out into

the wide Atlantic, highly extolling the behaviour of these Emigrants, and the perfect order and propriety of all their social arrangements. What is in store for the poor people on the shores of the Great Salt Lake, what happy delusions they are labouring under now, on what miserable blindness their eyes may be opened then, I do not pretend to say. But I went on board their ship to bear testimony against them if they deserved it, as I fully believed they would; to my great astonishment they did not deserve it; and my predispositions and tendencies must not affect me as an honest witness. I went over the Amazon's side, feeling it impossible to deny that, so far, some remarkable influence had produced a remarkable result, which better known influences have often missed.*

THE JUDGE AND THE BISHOP. AN AUTHENTIC ROMAGNOLE CHRONICLE.

I.

IMOLA city is old and staid;
Long of pedigree, light of purse;
Wedded to dulness for better for worse,
And *far* too genteel for trade!
Imola lies at the Apennine's foot,
Where the broad rich plain sweeps out to the sea,
Midway along the leg-seam of "the Boot."
A limb wrenched free
From the great Roman tree;
Snatched and tugged for; battered and bought;
Leaguered and plundered; banded and caught;
Till Julius the fierce, of the triple crown,
Clawed at it, gripped it, and crunched it down.
As a lawyer gobbles a fee.
Since then lives Imola, dozily ever,
With a very grand bridge o'er a very small river:
Owning no lions, solemn or gay
Save its site on the long Flaminian Way;
Some heavy stone shields over cavernous porches
With twisticumtwirls of iron, for torches;
The Via Flaminia, which nobody traces;
Two glorified saints in two plate-glass cases;
Some grim old palaces, stern and stark
In grim old thoroughfares, narrow and dark;
One Arabic Codex, which nobody reads;
And sundry old coaches (the Bishop's is one),
Which trundle on holidays forth in the sun,
And look as if vehicles, masters and steeds
Had just toddled out of the Ark.
Stay! I'd forgotten her modern claim
To worthy note on the rolls of fame.
Imola *has* had two sons of name;

* After this Uncommercial Journey was printed, I happened to mention the experience it describes to MR. MONCKTON MILNES, M.P. That gentleman then showed me an article of his writing, in *The Edinburgh Review* for January, 1862, which is highly remarkable for its philosophical and literary research concerning these Latter-Day Saints. I find in it the following sentences: "The Select Committee of the House of Commons on emigrant ships for 1854 summoned the Mormon agent and passenger-broker before it, and came to the conclusion that no ships under the provisions of the 'Passengers Act' could be depended upon for comfort and security in the same degree as those under his administration. The Mormon ship is a Family under strong and accepted discipline, with every provision for comfort, decorum, and internal peace."

(Stepsons, that is,) in her reverend lap
Dandled, and fed on episcopal pap
Till ruddy and ripe for the papal throne.
Pius the seventh P. M. was one.
(Of course I don't mean by those letters to tax him
as
Anything meaner than, Pontifex Maximus.)
And John Mastai, his present Beatitude,
Her other hope (a most promising child,
But a trifle, folks tell us, too simple and mild),
Was Bishop there twenty winters syne,
Just then returned from a Southern latitude;
An easy, cozy, smiling divine,
Who played his billiards, and sipped his wine,
Quavered his mass without fear or reproach,
Gave his blessing, and rode in his coach
Whenever the day was fine.
He is the hero of our story,
Though he'd not yet come to popedom's glory.

II.

At Imola also lived Bernard Montani,
Ex-Gonfalonier
(As who should say, mayor).
A good plain fellow, with grizzled hair,
A clear grey eye, a bold bluff nose,
And a beard that was bushy and grew as it chose.
A cheerful soul as you'd wish to meet;
Mild as the Bishop, but not so sweet,
With twice the brains, and none of the blarney.
Yet he had his share
Of coil and care,
Had Bernard Montani, Ex-Gonfalonier;
For he was ex-judge of the census too
(Whatever such judges may have to do),
And the second *ex* with which he was cursed,
In right Roman fashion
Of numeration,
Gave twofold value and weight to the first,
And touched his heart in the tenderest spot,
For the judgeship brought cash, though the mayor-
ship did not.
And the young Montanis multiplied quick;
Their butter grew thin, though their bread was
thick;
And the Roman Curia, cruel and sly,
Which owed him a grudge, it best knew why.
Watching its time with a greedy eye,
And marking the need, cut off the supply
From the man it hated and feared.
For, to tell the cause of the sudden prostration
From honour and ease, into quasi starvation,
Which lay at the root,
Beyond all dispute,
Of Montani's . . . we'll call it *condign* visitation;
'Twas . . . that truculent bushy beard!

III.

For those were the days when Italian jaws
Were mown with a scythe of Draconian laws
Which branded the hair on men's lips and chins
As the outcrop of each of the deadly sins.
Beards of all hues, and beards of all patterns,
From sainted Loyola's to Solon's or Saturn's,
Beards of all grades, down to tuft and imperial,
As contraband samples of peccant material,
Were scored on the ledgers of gendarme and
priest,
In capital letters; THE MARK OF THE BEAST!
And deemed an appendage as foul and outrageous
As Medusa's snake head-dress, and *much* more con-
tagious.

IV.

Ay! those were the days when beggared and bound,
Italy lay in her blank despair;
Ankles fettered—face to the ground—
Ashes clotting her radiant hair—
Bared to the kiss of the despot's lip—
Bared to the lash of the Croat's whip!
"Where is thy God? Is he deaf or sleeping?"
Laughed the tormentors, close at her ear.
"Sing us gay songs! Art thou hoarse with weeping?"

Smile us gay smiles! Art thou cold with fear?"
And the slave stood pale at her masters' revel;
Spread the choice viands and poured the wine,
Poured her sons' blood, and her daughters' beauty,
—Shuddering sick at her nameless duty—
Into the cups of the Moloch-devil,
The huge blind idol of right Divine,
Which sat and stared in its golden shrine,
With hand on knee, and impotent feet,
Stolidly glued to the judgment-seat;
While evermore

On the blood-stained floor,
Its Flamens, and Augurs, and men of might,
Wrought their fierce orgie to fever height,
'Mid clank of scourges, and shriek of slaves,
And hollow tramp over echoing graves;
Round and round,
Pounding the ground;
While high overhead in cadence slow,
The idol wagged its horrible poll
To and fro! To and fro!
Doggedly clanging the words of woe,
"In statu quo! In statu quo!"
O'er the monstrous Carmagnole.

V.

And so it was in the days I speak of
That beards, and hats, and tricolored ties,
Were thorns in Italian rulers' eyes;
As signs and meanings
Of radical leanings,
Which somehow their subjects had got a trick of.
And the Austrian eagle, motherly bird!
Teaching her eaglets to scratch and peck,
Made them shrewd gaugers of look and word,
And fed them on blood . . . from another's neck;
Showed them hard lying was wiser than fighting,
And proved that no good comes of reading and writing.

Nay, so far cherished their irritation
At the joke of a "so-called" Italian nation,
That even if the factious looked up in their pain
To a sky just swept by a shower of rain,
Your true-bred *birro* would glower askance
At the rainbow spanning the cloud-expanse,
And, setting his teeth, thus sulkily ponder:
"Those rascals have some understanding up yonder!
A tricolored signal! No sane man can doubt of it,
If the orange and blue were a little washed out
of it!"

VI.

Montani held, I am sorry to say,
A perilous faith, for that place and day,
About liberty, justice, political crimes,
The Council of Trent, and the "drift of the times;"
As if blessing, not banning, came best from the altar,
And "Ecclesia" translated, ought not to mean *halter*.
But, alas! with a nestful of months to feed,
Men *do* strain a point in the honestest creed.

Montani's poor oil-cruse ran lower and lower,
As his latest-born blessing was just to the fore.
So when somebody talked of appealing to Rome,
Mistress Montani said, "Idling at home,
And grumbling because people *wouldn't* conspire,
Was like using that oil-cruse to put out the fire!
If he, like so many, would pocket his pride,
And beg back his judgeship . . . What? . . . Well!
had he tried?"

Thus, after ten days of storm or so,
From morning to night, blow high, blow low,
Montani made up his mind to go
Straight off to Rome; to repudiate thinking;
To barter his soul for mere eating and drinking;
To look upon freedom as out of men's reach,
And strive to keep cool if some priestly adviser,
Or laced humble servant of Pontiff or Kaiser,
Should chance to remark, as he twiddled his ring
(In a jocular tone, as a very smart thing),
Of beautiful Italy, grand in her shame,
That she was but "a mere geographical name,"
Or a farcical figure of speech!

* * * * *

Our hero takes his resolve, in fine,
And his place, for next Tuesday at half-after nine;
They writes to a tried friend at Rome, to explain
The cause of his coming, the how and the when,
And to make the results of his journey more feasible,
Entreats him to grease every wheel that is greasable;
Sets forth to a nicety how the case stands with him,
And winds up, by hoping he soon shall shake hands
with him.

Then, jots down the *dons* to be called upon first,
Packs up his trunk . . . and prepares for the worst.
But Mistress Montani had heard from a cousin,
That the case would be settled at once, by a dozen
Introductory words, if the Bishop wrote 'em,
To the Cardinal Sec., the Pope's factotum.
So, her ghostly director, a Jesuit brother,
Entreated the Bishop's chief almoner's mother
To prefer a request, as humble as fervent,
To Monsignor's Brazilian servant.

And on Sunday, after high mass and "collation,"
Montani (not guessing
Their servile finessing),
With a potent feeling of disinclination,
—His frank grey eye a trifle sadder,
But that beard as mad as of old, or madder—
Stood tête-à-tête with Monsignor's,
Telling the rights and wrongs of his story,
In a pleasant room, with the windows wide,
And a Mexican parrot perched at its side,
Which, riled by Montani's beard, no doubt,
Hollo'd "*Afuera!*" which means, "Get out!"

VII.

The Bishop smiled and looked sleek the while
(Lord Burleigh's shake was a fool to his smile!);
And listening, smoothed with his fingers taper
The whity-brown sheet of a Roman paper,
Which told, in its "foreign intelligence" how
In fear of a Carbonaro row
The young King of Naples, called afterwards
Bomba,
Had lately most luckily bagged a good number
Of dangerous characters, fifteen or twenty,
In the jail of Saint Mary, surnamed "*Apparente*,"
Or "*Apparent*," most likely because 'twas so plain,
Once in, that no soul would get out 'n't again.
Quoth the Bishop: "Be seated!
You're shamefully treated,
Dear sir! and your enemies *must* be defeated.

Such men as you have a moral force. . . .
I knew you by name; and by sight . . . of
course!"

Here he stroked his face
With significant grace ;
And his smile, as plain as a smile could convey it,
Meant, "Birds of a feather . . . if one dared say it!"
Montani bowed . . . and once again

The plausible prelate pitched off his strain :
"To Rome? ay, surely. Your thought's my own.
Such men as you should be seen and known.
If I can help you . . . Don't say no!
A letter? . . . with pleasure! When do you go?
Tuesday? You'll call on the minister, eh?
I'll write him a line without delay.
Send when you please, for it. Pedro! the door!
Would I had known of your case before!
Be sure, what his Eminence *can*, he'll do!
Good morning! Take courage! Such men as
you!" . . .

Here Montani went out, half glad, half sorry;
But fancied he heard, through his mental flurry,
The parrot (which looked too lazy to budge)
Jerk out in chuckling tones, as he hung
Pompously sucking his fat grey tongue,
Something which might be, if said or sung,
The Mexican Spanish for . . . "Fudge!"

VIII.

The Bishop hummed a Gregorian tune
As he wrote two letters that afternoon.
Both were enclosed in the self-same manner,
And sealed with a Paschal Lamb and a banner.
Both had "Dear brother" atop of the sheet,
Both were in characters pretty and neat,
With a superscription as neat and as pretty,
"His Eminence Cardinal Sec. Bernetti."
Both had "Mastai" subscribed in conclusion,
And both had superlatives strewn in profusion.
He laid them both on the same bureau,
And patted them smooth as he placed them so;
And there you might see a dash and a dot,
Which only *one* of the pair had got.

Then, with his red-tasselled hat on his head—
For the time had come for his daily rumble—
The Bishop rang for his lacquey, and said,
"Pedro! Those letters . . . make no jumble.
That for the post, with the dash . . . look there!
This for Montani; and pray TAKE CARE!"
And Pedro, the gravest of lacqueys and men,
(Who'd never fallen into a blunder till then),
With a nose like a hawk, and an eye like a boar—
A lay brother once, of a convent at Goa—
While trying his utmost to give satisfaction
Made one small mistake, which reversed the trans-
action;

Sent the letter *undashed* to the post, like a zany,
And delivered the other, himself, to Montani!

IX.

The sun was enough to bake you brown,
When the "Roman Express" drove out of the
town,
With its passengers packed in a jingling machine,
Very high on the springs; of a sickly pea-green;
With three horses, a postboy who cracked a huge
whip,
And rope harness enough to have rigged out a ship.
Wearily, wearily, onwards it bore.
The poor souls were grimy with dust to the core,
And some of them smoked; and most of them swore!
But whether from weariness, sun-stroke, or sorrow,
Montani fell ill at an inn on the morrow;

Lay there a fortnight, cursing his fate,
Then fevered, and jaded,
And almost light-headed,
Scurried to Rome at a desperate rate,
And met with his friend
At the journey's end,
Just inside the Popolo gate.

X.

Then there was a kissing, embracing, and greeting,
Such as bearded Italians indulge in on meeting.

The Roman welcomed his friend with a jest,
And hailed him "Sir Judge," as it seemed, without
reason;

Which poor sad Montani thought quite out of season,
And rather unfeeling at best!

But once the embracing and kissing got over,
He (looking glum as a jilted lover,
And hearing the other say, "Fortunate wight!")
Seemed three parts ready to sob outright;

And cried abruptly, "What can I do?
You'll never teach me to fawn or to sue!"
"Do!" quoth the friend. "You insatiable fellow!
Your business is all but *done*, I tell you!
A man that's blest with such high protection
Has but to vote for his own election.
With a Cardinal Minister's help to win it,
His suit *is* won, or the devil's in it!"

Montani stared—Montani stuttered—
"Minister! . . . Suit!" . . . was all he uttered,
While the other ran on, as his tongue were buttered.
"Ay! when I angled, with congee and smirk
(Just as you bade me),

For friends that could aid me,
I found that Bernetti was doing my work;
Praising your principles up like a brother's;
Painting some traits out, and sketching in others;
Making you look a few shades less rhapsodical
Than your namesake the saint; you regenerate
prodigal!

I thought to be sure 'twas a marvellous thing,
But . . . we know that a she-wolf once suckled a
king!

And now . . . (Don't look helpless, as though I
spoke Greek to you!)

Go to Bernetti! Perhaps he's at home.
You've got to thank him, and he wants to speak to
you.

Say you've arrived but this instant at Rome."
"Stop! I've a letter of recommendation" . . .
Groaned poor Montani, whose strength was spent.
"Letter! per bacco! you're *sure* of your station.

Don't wait to find it!
He'll never mind it.
Go, if you're wise!" . . . and Montani went.

XI.

Down in the court-yard are columns and coaches,
Up the great staircase, marbles and gold,
Over each portal Montani approaches,

Through each high room
With its statues and gloom,
Rooms that seemed infinite—
(One had a Nymph in it)
Droops the rich door curtain, fold upon fold.

In the great hall are prelates colloquing.
On goes Montani . . . a lacquey before
Whispers his name, as he'd scarce let the rogue
in . . .

Heav'ns! Monsignorè comes out to the door! . . .
Beckons him onward . . . Montani, grown stronger,
Stammers . . . "The Bishop . . . a stranger . . .
excuse!" . . .

"Nay!" bows the Minister. "Stranger no longer!
A friend of Mastai's! How could I refuse?"

* * * * *

It seemed that the note the Bishop had penned,
Which had come by the post
In two days at most,
Begging Bernetti to "save from sinking
One of the real right way of thinking,"
Had been sugar and cream from end to end.
Acting on which with a will I trow,
Bernetti had put his hand to the plough;
And before Montani, a little elate,
Made his last bow, he was told that his fate
Should be fixed to his liking, and all set straight,
As soon as the law would allow.

XII.

But it didn't allow for several days;
Nay, the cause seemed sticking in miry ways,
And taking a turn, which may be defined
As a chill of the semi-chronic kind.
And poor Montani, who'd squandered more
Cash than he ought, from his shallow store,
Thought it was better to hie him home
Than wait for success that was sure to come.
So he left his card at the Minister's gate
(Who'd a pain in his head, and had got up late),
And, while he was packing his small portmanteau,
—Which his friend the Roman would lend a hand
to—

Out of his best frilled shirt there fell
A small sealed letter; he knew it well,
With its superscription so neat and pretty,
"His Excellence Cardinal Sec. Bernetti."
"Faith!" says the friend, "before you burn it,
Open that letter—you can't return it!
A mere introductory line or so.
Still, I confess I should like to know
How those old fogies palaver each other."
He broke the enclosure, and read . . .

"Dear Brother!

"One of those rascals, of whom we've too many,
A vile sans-culotte of the name of Montani,
Once judge of the Census and Gonfalonier;
—He was mainly turned out by *my* foresight and
care—

Has been here to consult me about the affair;
For it seems he's intending—his cash running
short—

To petition—a sneak!—for employment at court.
He'll bring you a letter under my hand,
Requesting you'll help him at Rome; for remember,
Those villains have always sharp knives at com-
mand,

And I live among them, from June to December.
But I hardly need beg, when he calls at your pa-
lace,

That you'll snub him . . . exclude him . . . put spokes
in his wheel . . .
And . . . perhaps he'll do something to merit cold
steel,

Or promotion . . . as high as the gallows!
We've got our share of these knaves . . . God mend
'em!

Ranting of Italy, Freedom, and Right.
You, who've St. Angelo, know where to send 'em.
Verbum sapienti! God bless you! Good night!—
Stick to 'non possumus.' *There* our defence is.
Yours,

JOHANN. MASTAI, EPIS. IMOLENSIS.

P.S. By-the-by, if he hasn't appeared,
Tell your porter, the fellow's A MAN WITH A BEARD."

XIII.

Such was the writing that met their eyes.
The "sans-culotte rascals" laid it down;
And first they stared with a blank surprise,
Then laughed a laugh that was not their own.
For now they could measure the gulf which lay
Yawning, and black, and full in their way.
Now they could value the honeyed civility
Born from the bramble of priestly hostility.
Whence came the check, they could now under-
stand;
For a clue, once caught, runs up to the hand.
They saw that their riddle at last was read,
By the Cardinal Minister's pain in the head;
And they both confessed
That the pride of the jest
Was . . . their trusting such ropes of sand!
They, who had dreamed they could read at sight
The crabbed cypher of priestly wiles,
With its black for white,
And its wrong made right;
To be puzzled, and pozed, and outwitted quite
By a batch of prelatial smiles!
So the laugh was tagged with a shrewd remorse.
Conscience spoke up, and was heard perforce,
And each grew shy
Of the other's eye,
As they locked the portmanteau and said "Good-
by;"
Tacitly swearing never again
To carry a candle in Beelzebub's train,
Or, knowing the better, to pick out the worse.

XIV.

Home went Montani, much lighter of pelf,
Rumbling along by the "Roman Express."
His failure at Rome had turned out, a success,
For he'd lost his last scudo, and won back . . . *him-
self*.

Deeply he vowed that no lip-deep complying,
No shuffling and quibbling, no Master-denying
Should sully him more,
Nor make his heart sore
With wasting its manhood in wearily trying
To find out where reticence slides into lying;
While striking a balance 'twixt substance and form
And striving to save its core sound from the worm!
So his cheery face was as fresh as a rose,
His beard was still bushy, and grew as it chose,
His grey eye was fearless, and bluff was his nose,
And his laugh rang as true as of yore!
He never skulked into doorways now
When the Bishop's wheels on the pavement sounded,
But pulled off his hat with . . . O such a bow!

That his Eminence . . . looked confounded!
As to the family ways and means;
Thick shoes, macaroni, and haricot beans;
He toiled for them bravely from dawu to dark,
Drudging away as a banker's clerk.
And, after hours, in his awning's shade,
As he sipped his glassful of lemonade
With a few old chums,
Forgetting his sums,
He'd often allude to the blunder he'd made;
And sometimes prophesy (*dirri* permitting)
Great days ahead, through the darkness fitting,
When a righteous reform should unfold by degrees it
Light to men's eyes,
Untainted by spies,
Or severe domiciliary visits!

XV.

And when Mistress Montani did one day sneer
(For the ghostly director still had her ear)

At the famous journey which ended in nought,
He said . . . they were sitting at table—"My dear!
I was the dunce,
Let us say it at once—
For thinking to catch, where 'twas sure I'd get
caught.

But for one little error . . . remember, my life!
You might now be a relict, instead of a wife;
For our *Reverendissimi* all are the same,
They never forgive one for winning a game,
But sooner or later, the blood-sucking crew
Win back what they'd lost, and with interest too!
Though the price they exact from a recreant sinner
Depends on the pastoral grade of the winner,
And varies in height

With the strength of his spite,
From a violent death, to an abstinence-dinner;
For a friar, when foiled, holds his peace, and contrives
To work out his will through our mothers and wives,
By fast-days, and penance, and pious suggestion,
While a Bishop enraged,
Gets you quietly caged,
And Servus Servorum applies you 'the question.'
You know 'cats' children,' the proverb goes,
'If you rear 'em on innocent gruel or rice,
Or anything else farinaceous and nice,'
—Opportunity serving—'are sure to catch mice.'

Besides, 'twas my fault to suppose
That priests and . . . no matter! . . . could ever
forgive,
And to look for a flaw
In that good old saw;
'Buy a watch, or marry a wife,
Or fall out with a churchman and come to strife,
And you'll be in hot water as long as you live!'"

XVI.

Summers and winters have passed along,
And proved that Montani was *not* in the wrong.
The "cat's child" he spoke of—frugivorous crea-
ture!—

When mantled and crowned, on the Chair of Saint
Peter,

Still true to his instincts, seemed courteous and canny,
And played with his mice, as he played with Mon-
tani;

Sat purring and soft as a chinchilla muff,
Till he whipt out his talons . . . and that was
enough!

For sucklings and seedlings, whatever their dower
Of minikin passion, or instinct, or power,
Are sires in long clothes,
As all the world knows,

To the adult creation that out of them grows.
Each little fatherkin, weak and unripe,
Carries his programme in diamond type,
Stamped with a wise "So be it!"

The seedling shut in the acorn's heart
Is an oak-tree perfect in every part,
Waiting for warmth to free it.

A Dauphin in frocks, killing rabbits for fun,
Has his *battue* of heretics (yet underdone)

On the brain that in time shall decree it.
Grimalkin the mouser's a kitten grown stale,
With her fierceness and fun on a miniature scale,
And a frog's but a tadpole—minus the tail—
For such as have eyes to see it.

The self-same phases of germination
Hold with each sex, and every station,
And keep to the self-same measure;
Whether their Lordships strut the scene,
In broadcloth, bullion, or bombazine;
Or their Ladyships flutter in silks and laces,
And swim about with Herodias-paces,

To win, by right of fine airs and graces

Some true heart's blood for their pleasure.

But, of all men living, in whom appear

Their letters patent, distinct and clear,

As in the blade—so in the ear—

As in the root—so in the flower—

Commend me to wielders of priestly power!

Each, from the Sacristan up to the Saint

Is signed with a stamp (which we *may* see or mayn't),

Tattooed beyond reach of soap;

And to prove the rule in its moral grade,

This tale will tell, how, in tricks of trade,

A Cardinal Bishop of zeal intense

Is—speaking of course in a spiritual sense—

Papa to a reigning Pope!

INNOCENTS' DAY.

On the evening of Wednesday, the third of
June, a contest was waged between the two
guardian angels respectively typifying Pleasure
and Duty, who are appointed to watch over the
humble person of the present writer. These
contests are of by no means unrequent occur-
rence; but as this was a specially sharp tussle,
and as it ended by Duty getting the best of it—
which is very seldom the case—I feel bound to
record it. This humble person was, on the occa-
sion in question, seated in his small suburban
garden, on a rustic seat (than which he ventures
to opine in regard to the hardness of the surface
to be sat upon, its slipperiness, its normal damp-
ness, and the tendency of its knobby formation
towards irritation of the spinal cord, there cannot
be a more distressing piece of furniture), was
smoking an after-dinner pipe, and was contem-
plating the glowing relics of the splendid day
fast being swallowed up in the grey of the even-
ing, when he felt a slight (mental) tap on his
left shoulder, and became aware of the invisible
presence of Pleasure.

"Lovely evening!" said Pleasure.

"Gorgeous!" said present writer, who had
had his dinner, and was proportionally enthu-
siastic.

"Splendid for Ascot to-morrow!"

"Mag-nificent!"

"You'll go, of course?"

Mental tap on my right shoulder, and still
small voice: "You'll do nothing of the sort!"
Ha! ha! I thought, Duty has come to the charge
then.

"Well!" I hesitated, "you see, I—"

"What!" exclaimed Pleasure, "are you in any
doubt? Think of the drive down the cool calm
Windsor Park with the big umbrageous trees,
the blessed stillness, the sweet fresh air! Then
the course, so free and breezy, the odour of the
trodden turf, the excitement of the race,
the—"

"Think of how to pay your tailor," whispered
Duty; "the triumph of a receipted bill, the com-
fort of knowing that you're wearing your own
coat and not Schnipp and Company's property!
Stick to your great work on Logarithms; be a
man, and earn your money."

"You'll kill the man!" said Pleasure, beginning to get angry. "You know what all work and no play makes Jack."

"His name isn't Jack, and if it were, what then?" retorted Duty. "Do you know what all play and no work makes a man, or rather what it leaves him? A purposeless idiot, a shambling loafing idler, gaping through his day, and wasting other people's precious time. Ah! if some of your followers, 'votaries of pleasure,' as they're called, both male and female, had some permanent occupation for only a few hours of the day, the sin, and crime, and misery that now degrade the world might be reduced by at least one-half!"

"Don't talk of *my* followers, if you please, old lady!" shouted Pleasure, highly indignant. "No need to say that none are 'allowed' in your case, I should think. With your horribly stern ideas you do far more mischief than I. Ever holding you before their eyes, men slave and slave until such wretched life as is left them terminates at middle age; seen through your glasses, life is a huge sandy desert, watered by the tears of the wretched pilgrims, but yielding no blade of hope, no flower of freshness. I hate such cant!"

"Madam!" said Duty, with a grave courtesy, "your language is low. I leave you."

"And I leave you, you old frump!" And both guardian angels floated away: Pleasure, as she passed, bending over me, and murmuring in my ear, "You'll go to Ascot!"

But when I came in-doors and examined the contents of my cash-box, I found that the waters were very low indeed; when I looked on my desk and saw about fifteen written slips of paper (my great work on Logarithms) on the right-hand side, and about five hundred perfectly blank and virgin slips on the left; when I thought of the bills that were "coming on," and of the bills that had recently passed by without having been "met," I determined to stick steadily to my work, and to give up all idea of the races. In this state of mind I remained all night, and—shutting my eyes to the exquisite beauty of the day—the early morning, and in which state of mind I still continued, when, immediately after breakfast, I was burst in upon by Oppenhart—of course waving a ticket.

It is a characteristic of Oppenhart's always to be waving tickets! A good fellow with nothing particular to do (he is in a government office), he has hit upon an excellent method of filling up his leisure by becoming a member of every imaginable brotherhood, guild, society, or chapter, for the promotion of charity and the consumption of good dinners. What proud position he holds in the grand masonic body I am unable positively to state. On being asked, he replies that he is a—something alphabetical, I'm afraid to state what, but a very confusing combination of letters,—then he is an Odd Fellow, and an Old Friend, and a Loving Brother, and a Rosierucian, and a Zoroaster, and a Druid, and a Harmonious Owl, and an Ancient Buffalo. I made this latter dis-

covery myself, for having been invited by a convivial friend to dine at the annual banquet of his "herd," I found there Oppenhart, radiant in apron and jewel and badge, worshipped by all around. He has drawers full of aprons, ribbons, stars, and "insignia," he is always going to initiate a novice, or to pass a degree, or to instal an arch, or to be steward at a festival, and he is always waving tickets of admission to charitable dinners, where you do not enjoy yourself at all, and have to subscribe a guinea as soon as the cloth is drawn. So that when I saw the card in his hand I made up my mind emphatically to decline, and commenced shaking my head before he could utter a word.

"Oppenhart, once for all, I won't! The Druids sit far too late, and there's always a difference of opinion among the Harmonious Owls. I've got no money to spare, and I won't go."

"Well, but you've been boring me for this ticket for the last three years!" says Oppenhart. "Don't you know what to-day is? it's Innocents' Day."

I thought the Innocents were some new brotherhood to which he had attached himself, and I rebelled again, but he explained that he meant thus metaphorically to convey that that day was the anniversary meeting of the charity children in St. Paul's, a gathering at which I had often expressed a wish to be present, and for which he had procured me a ticket. "Got it from Brother Pugh, J.G.W., Bumblepuppy Lodge of Yorkshire, No. 1, who is on the committee; don't tell Barker I gave it you, or I should never know peace again."

Captain Barker is Oppenhart's shadow, dresses at him, follows him into his charities, his dinners, and his clubs, and though but a faint reflex of the great original, yet, owing to the possession of a swaggering manner and a bow-wow voice, so patronises his Mentor that the latter's life is a burden to him.

I promised not to tell Barker, I took the ticket, I decided to go, and I went. Even Duty could not have urged much against such a visit, the mode of transit to which was the sixpenny omnibus! My card was admissible between ten and twelve, but it was scarcely eleven when I reached St. Paul's, and I thought I would amuse myself by watching the arriving company. Carriages were pouring into the churchyard thick and fast, a few hired flies, but principally private vehicles, sedate in colour, heavy in build, filled with smug gentlemen, smuggler ladies and demure daughters, driven by sedate coachmen, and conveying serious footmen behind, drawn by horses which had a Claphamite air utterly different from the prancing tits of the Parks—sober easy-going animals, laying well to collar, and doing the work cut out for them in all seriousness and gravity. Preceded by beadies, gorgeous creatures in knobbly gowns and cockades like black fans in their hats (who, however, were so utterly unable to make any impression on the crowd that they had themselves to enlist

the services of, and to be taken in tow by, the police), flanked by the clergymen of the parish, generally painfully modest at the gaze of the multitude, the troops of charity children came pouring in from every side; and, round each door was gathered an admiring crowd, principally composed of women, watching the entrance of the schools. The excitement among these good people was very great. "Here's our school, mother!" cried a big bouncing girl of eighteen, evidently "in service." "Look at Jane, ain't she nice? Lor, she's forgot her gloves!" and then she telegraphed at a tremendous rate to somebody who didn't see her, and was loud in her wailing. Two old women were very politely confidential to each other. "Yes, mem, this is St. Saviour's School, mem, and a good school it is, mem!" "Oh, I know it well, mem! which it was my parish until I moved last Janiwarry, and shall always think of partin' with regret, mem!" "Ho, indeed, mem! Now, to be sure! Was you here last year, mem? No, you was not! Ah, it was a wet day, a dreadful disappointment, mem! though our children made the best on it, the boys wore their capes, and the gals was sent in cabs, they was!" Nearly everywhere the sight of the children made a pleasant impression. I saw two regular Old Bailey birds, with the twisted curl and the tight cap and the greasestained fustians stop to look at them, and one of them, pointing with his pipe, said in quite a soft voice to the other, "Reg'lar pretty, ain't it?" The boys at St. Paul's School left off their play and rushed at the grating which separates them from the passers-by and howled with delight: the omnibus men pulled up short to let the children cross, and, possibly out of respect for such youthful ears, refrained from favouring their horses with any of their favourite appellations; only one person sneered—a very little person in human form, who climbed with difficulty into a high Hansom. He was evidently Ascot bound, and, as he drove off, lighted a very big cigar, which stuck out of his mouth like a bowsprit. This majestic little person curled his little lip at the mildness of our amusement.

I went round, as my ticket directed me, to the north door of the cathedral, and found the entrance gaily covered in with canvas, surrounded by a crowd of gazers, and guarded by such large-whiskered and well-fed policemen as only the City can produce. Up some steps, and into the grasp of the stewards, duly decorated with blue watch-ribbons and gold medals like gilt crown-pieces. Stewards of all sorts—the bland steward, "This way, if you please. Your ticket? thank you. To the left; thank you!" with a bow and a smile as though you had done him a personal favour in coming; the irritable steward, short, stout, and wiping his stubby head with one hand, motioning to the advancing people with the other—"Go *back*, sir! go *back*, sir! Can't you hear? Jenkins, turn these—Jenkins! where the dev—" (cut short by nudge from bland steward, who whispers). "Ah, I forgot! I mean

where can Jenkins have got to; *back*, sir! the other side of that railing, do you *hear* me? *back*, sir!" the sniggering steward, to whose charge the ladies are usually confided; the active steward, who springs over benches and arranges chairs; the passive nothing-doing steward, who looks on, and takes all the credit (not an uncommon proceeding in the world at large); and the misanthropic steward, who has been "let in" for his stewardship, who loathes his wand and leaves it in a dark corner, who hates his medal and tries to button his coat over it, who stares grimly at everything, and who has only one hope left—"to get out of the place." Types of all these generic classes were in St. Paul's, as they are in all charitable gatherings. Most excited of all were four holding plates, two on either side the door, and as each knot of people climbed the steps, the stewards rattled the plates until the shillings and half-sovereigns sprung up and leaped about as they do under the movement-compelling horsehair of the conjuror.

Proceeding, I found myself under the grand dome of St. Paul's, in the middle of an arena with a huge semicircular wooden amphitheatre of seats, tier above tier, on either side of me, the pulpit facing me, and, at my back, the vast depth of the cathedral reaching to the west entrance completely thronged with people. The amphitheatre, reserved entirely for the children, presented a very curious appearance. A painted black board, or in some instances a gay banner inscribed with the name of the school, was stuck up on high as a guide. Thus I read: Ludgate Ward, Langbourn Ward, Rains' Charity; and the children were seated in rows one under the other, ranging from the top of the wooden erection to the bottom. A thin rope, or rail, divided one school from the other. Several of the schools had already taken their places, the boys at the back and the girls in the front, in their modest little kerchiefs, their snowy bibs and tuckers, their (in many instances) remarkably picturesque caps, and their dresses in heavy hues of various sober colours. Between two schools thus settled down would come a blank space yet unoccupied, and thus the amphitheatre looked like the window of some linendraper's shop, as I have seen it when "set out" by some unskilful hand, with rivulets of pretty ribbons meandering from one common source, but with bits of the framework on which they rested showing between.

Half-past eleven, and the seats specially reserved for holders of tickets are becoming full: elderly spinsters with poke bonnets and black mittens, pretty girls with full crinolines and large brass crosses on their red-edged prayer-books, a good many serious young men, whose appearance gives me a general notion of the committee of a literary institution, and a few languid and expensive men, who seem utterly lost, and gaze vacantly about them through rimless eye-glasses; the clergy in great force; short stout old gentlemen with no necks to speak of, only

crumpled rolls of white linen between their chins and their chests; tall thin old gentlemen with throats like cranes, done up in stiff white stocks with palpable brass buckles showing over their coat collars; bland mellifluous young gentlemen in clear-starched dog-collars and M.B. waistcoats; and a few sensible clergymen wearing their beards and not losing one whit of reverend or benign appearance thereby. I take my seat next a pompous old gentleman in shiny black, who wears a very singular pair of gloves made of a thin grey shiny silk with speckles cunningly inwoven, which make his hand look like a salmon's back, a stout old gentleman who pushes me more than I like, and then scowls at me, and then says to his daughter: "Too hot! too close! we'd better have stopped at Shooter's III," in which sentiment I mentally concur. Now, the last vacant spaces between the schools are filled up, and the children are so tightly packed that one would think every square inch must have been measured beforehand and duly allotted. Each semicircle is like a sloping bed of pretty flowers. White is the prevailing colour, interspersed with lines of dark blue, light blue, slate, grey, and, here and there, a vivid bit of scarlet; such coquettish little caps, puffed, and frilled, and puckered as though by the hands of the most expensive French clear-starchers; such healthy happy little faces, with so much thoroughly English beauty of bright eye, and ruddy lip, and clear glowing complexion. Ah! the expenditure of yellow soap that must take place on the morning of Innocents' Day! All looked thoroughly clean and well, and, like the gentleman at his theological examination when asked to state which were the major and which the minor prophets, I "wish to make no invidious distinctions." Yet I cannot refrain from placing on record that the girls of two of the schools had special adornments, the damsels of St. Botolph's, Aldgate, wearing a rose in their waistbands, while each of the little maidens of Aldgate Ward bore a nosegay of fresh wild flowers.

Twelve o'clock, the children all rise up, and all heads are turned towards the south door. I look round in that direction and behold a fat elderly man, in a black gown and a curled wig, like a barrister, painfully toiling under the weight of an enormous gilt mace, which he carries across his arms after the fashion of pantomime-warriors generally. My pompous neighbour stirs up his daughter with his elbow, and whispers, with great reverence, "The Lord Mayor, my dear!" This great magnate is, however, unable to be present, but sends as his representative an alderman. There are the sheriffs appropriately dressed, this broiling June day, in scarlet gowns trimmed with fur, wearing enormous chains, and looking altogether cool and comfortable. They are ushered into their seats with much ceremony, the elderly barrister puts the mace across the top of a pew, and seats

himself immediately under the pulpit, in an exhausted condition. Two clergymen appear behind a raised table covered with red cloth; and, at a given signal, the children proceed to their prefatory prayer, all the girls covering their faces simultaneously with their little white aprons; this has a most singular effect, and, for the space of a minute, the whole amphitheatre looks as though populated with those "veiled vestals" with whose appearance the cunning sculptor-hand of Signor Monti made us familiar.

When the children rise again, there rises simultaneously in a tall red box, like a Punch's show with the top off, an energetic figure in a surplice, armed with a long stick; the organ begins to play, and, led by the man in the surplice, the children commence the Hundredth Psalm, which is sung in alternate verses, the children on the right taking the first verse, and the second being taken up by those on the left. I had heard much of this performance, and, like all those things of which we hear much, I was a little disappointed. I had heard of people being very much affected; of their bursting into tears, and showing other signs of being overcome. I saw nothing of this. The voices of the children were fresh, pure, and ringing; but where I stood at least, very close to the choir, there was a shrillness in the tone, which at times was discordant and almost painful. There was also a marked peculiarity in the strong syllabication given to the letter "S" in any words in which it occurred.

Several times during the ensuing service the children sang much in the same manner, and I began to think that all I had heard was overrated, when after a sermon during which many of them had refreshed themselves with more than forty winks, and considerably more than forty thousand nods, they burst into the glorious Hallelujah chorus. The result was astonishing. I cannot describe it. At each repetition of the word "Hallelujah," by the four thousand fresh voices, you felt your eyes sparkle, and your cheeks glow. There was a seuse of mental and physical exhilaration which I not only felt myself, but marked in all around me. Now for the first time I understood how the effect of which I had been told had been produced; now I comprehended how the "intelligent foreigner" (who is always brought forward as a reference) had said that such a performance could not be matched in the world.

As I left the building the money-boxes were rattling again, and I, and many others, paid in our mites in gratitude for what we had seen and heard. I hope the children enjoyed themselves afterwards; I hope they had not merely an intellectual treat. The end crowns the work, they say. In this case the work had been admirably performed, and I hope that the end which crowned it consisted of tea and buns.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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VERY HARD CASH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

CHAPTER XVIII.

CHRONOLOGY.

The Hard Cash sailed from Canton months before the boat race at Henley recorded in Chapter I.; but it landed in Barkington a fortnight after the last home event I recorded in its true series. *Chapter IX.*

Now this fortnight, as it happens, was fruitful of incidents; and must be dealt with at once. After that, "Love" and "Cash," the converging branches of this story, will flow together in one stream.

Alfred Hardie kept faith with Mrs. Dodd, and, by an effort she appreciated, forbore to express his love for Julia except by the pen. He took in Lloyd's shipping news, and got it down by rail in hopes there would be something about the Agra: then he could call at Albion Villa; Mrs. Dodd had given him that loophole: meantime he kept hoping for an invitation: which never came.

Julia was now comparatively happy: and so indeed was Alfred: but then the male of our species likes to be superlatively happy, not comparatively; and that Mrs. Dodd forgot, or perhaps had not observed.

One day Sampson was at Albion Villa, and Alfred knew it. Now, though it was a point of honour with poor Alfred not to hang about after Julia until her father's return, he had a perfect right to lay in wait for Sampson, and hear something about her; and he was so deep in love that even a word at second hand from her lips was a drop of dew to his heart.

So he strolled up towards the Villa. He had nearly reached it, when a woman ran past him making the most extraordinary sounds; I can only describe it as screaming under her breath. Though he only saw her back, he recognised Mrs. Maxley. One back differeth from another, whatever you may have been told to the contrary in novels and plays. He called to her: she took no notice, and darted wildly into the gate of Albion Villa. Alfred's curiosity was excited, and he ventured to put his head over the gate. But Mrs. Maxley had disappeared.

Alfred had half a mind to go in and inquire if

anything was the matter: it would be a good excuse.

While he hesitated, the dining-room window was thrown violently up, and Sampson looked out: "Hy! Hardie! my good fellow! for Heaven's sake a fly! and a fast one!"

It was plain something very serious had occurred: so Alfred flew towards the nearest fly-stand. On the way, he fell in with a chance fly drawn up at a public-house; he jumped on the box and drove rapidly towards Albion Villa. Sampson was hobbling to meet him—he had sprained his ankle or would not have asked for a conveyance—to save time he got up beside Alfred, and told him to drive hard to Little Friar-street. On the way he explained hurriedly: Mrs. Maxley had burst in on him at Albion Villa to say her husband was dying in torment: and indeed the symptoms she gave were alarming, and, if correct, looked very like lock-jaw: but her description had been cut short by a severe attack, which choked her and turned her speechless and motionless, and white to the very lips:

"'Oho,' sis I, 'brist-pang!' And at such a time, ye know. But these women are as unseasonable as th' are unreasonable. Now Angina pectoris, or brist-pang, is not curable through the lungs, nor the stomick, nor the liver, nor the stays, nor the saucepan, as the bunglinterindox of the schools pretend; but only through that mighty mainspring the Brain: and instid of going meandering to the Brain round by the stomick, and so giving the wumman lots o' time to die first, which is the scholastic practice, I went at the Brain direct, took a puff o' chlorofm, put m' arm round her neck, laid her back in a chair—she didn't struggle, for, when this disorder grips ye, ye can't move hand nor foot—and had my lady into the land of Nod in half a minute; thin off t' her husband; so here's th' Healer between two stools—spare the whipcord, spoil the knacker!—it would be a good joke if I was to lose both pashints for want of a little ubeequity, wouldn't it?—Lash the lazy vagabin!—Not that I care: what interest have I in their lives? they never pay: but ye see custom's second nature; an d'I've formed a vile habit; I've got to be a Healer among the killers: an d'a Triton among—the millers: here we are at last, Hiven be praised." And he hopped into the house faster than most people can run—on a good errand. Alfred flung the reins to a cad, and followed him.

The room was nearly full of terrified neighbours: Sampson shouldered them all roughly out of his way; and there, on a bed, lay Maxley's gaunt figure in agony.

His body was drawn up by the middle into an arch, and nothing touched the bed but the head and the heels: the toes were turned back in the most extraordinary contortion, and the teeth set by the rigour of the convulsion; and in the man's white face and fixed eyes were the horror and anxiety, that so often show themselves when the body feels itself in the gripe of Death.

Mr. Osmond the surgeon was there: he had applied a succession of hot cloths to the pit of the stomach, and was trying to get laudanum down the throat; but the clenched teeth were impassable.

He now looked up and said politely: "Ah! Dr. Sampson, I am glad to see you here. The seizure is of a cataleptic nature, I apprehend. The treatment hitherto has been hot epithems to the abdomen, and——"

Here Sampson, who had examined the patient keenly and paid no more attention to Osmond than to a fly buzzing, interrupted him as unceremoniously:

"Poisoned," said he, philosophically.

"Poisoned!" screamed the people.

"Poisoned!" cried Mr. Osmond, in whose little list of stereotyped maladies poisoned had no place. "Is there any one you have reason to suspect?"

"I don't suspect, nor conject, sir: I know. The man is poisoned; the substance strychnine; now stand out of the way you gaping gabies, and let me work: hy, young Oxford! you are a man: get behind and hold both his arms, for your life! That's you."

He whipped off his coat: laid hold of Osmond's epithems, chucked them across the room, saying, "You might just as well squirt rose-water at a house on fire;" drenched his handkerchief with chloroform, sprang upon the patient like a mountain cat, and chloroformed him with all his might.

Attacked so skilfully and resolutely, Maxley resisted little for so strong a man; but the potent poison within fought virulently: as a proof, the chloroform had to be renewed three times before it could produce any effect. At last the patient yielded to the fumes, and became insensible.

Then the arched body subsided, and the rigid muscles relaxed and turned supple. Sampson kneaded the man like dough, by way of comment.

"It is really very extraordinary," said Osmond.

"Mai—dearr—sirr—nothing's extraornary; t' a man that knows the reason of iverything."

He then inquired if any one in the room had noticed at what intervals of time the pains came on.

"I am sorry to say it is continuous," said Osmond.

"Mai—dearr—sirr—nothing on airth is con-

tinuous: iverything has paroxysms and remissions—from a toothache t' a cancer."

He repeated his query in various forms, till at last a little girl squeaked out: "If—you—please, sir, the throes do come about every ten minutes, for I was a looking at the clock; I carries father his dinner at twelve."

"If you please, ma'am, there's half a guinea for you for not been such a n' ijjit as the rest of the world, especially the Dockers." And he jerked her half a sovereign.

A stupor fell on the assembly. They awoke from it to examine the coin, and see if it was real; or only yellow air.

Maxley came to, and gave a sigh of relief. When he had been sensible, yet out of pain, nearly eight minutes by the clock, Sampson chloroformed him again. "I'll puzzle ye, my friend stryck," said he. "How will ye get your periodical paroxysm when the man is insensible? The Dox say y' act direct on the spinal marrow. Well, there's the spinal marrow where you found it just now. Act on it again, my lad! I give ye leave—if ye can. Ye can't; bekase ye must pass thro the Brain to get there: and I occupy the Brain with a swifter ajint than y' are, and mean to keep y' out of it till your power to kill evaporates, been a vigitable."

With this his spirits mounted, and he indulged in a harmless and favourite fiction: he feigned the company were all males and medical students, Osmond included, and he the lecturer: "Now, jintlemen," said he, "obsairve the great Thery of the Perriodeecity and Remittency of all disease; in conjunckshin with its practice. All diseases have paroxysms, and remissions, which occur at intervals; sometimes it's a year, sometimes a day, an hour, ten minutes: but whatever th' interval, they are true to it: they keep time. Only when the Disease is retirin, the remissions become longer, the paroxysms return at a greater interval: and just the revarise when the pashint is to die. This, jintlemen, is man's life from the womb to the grave: the throes that precede his birth are remittent like ivery thing else, but come at diminished intervals when he has really made up his mind to be born (his first mistake, jints, but not his last); and the paroxysms of his mortal disease come at shorter intervals when he is really goen off the hooks: but still chronometrically; just as watches keep time whether they go fast or slow. Now, jintlemen, isn't this a beautiful Thery?"

"Oh mercy! Oh good people help me! Oh Jesus Christ have pity on me!" And the sufferer's body was bent like a bow, and his eyes filled with horror, and his toes pointed at his chin.

The Doctor hurled himself on the foe: "Come," said he, "smell to this, lad! That's right! He is better already, jintlemen, or he couldn't howl, ye know. Deevil a howl in um before I gave um puff chlorofm. Ah! would ye? would ye?"

"Oh! oh! oh! oh! ugh!—ah!"

The Doctor got off the insensible body, and resumed his lecture calmly, like one who has

disposed of some childish interruption; "and now to th' application of the Thery: if the poison can reduce the tin minutes interval to five minutes, this pashint will die: and if I can get the tin minutes up t' half an hour, this pashint will live. Any way, jintlemen, we won't detain y' unreasonably: the case shall be at an end by one o'clock."

On hearing this considerate stipulation, up went three women's aprons to their eyes.

"Alack! poor James Maxley! he is at his last hour: it be just gone twelve, and a dies at one."

Sampson turned on the weepers: "Who says that, y' ijits? I said the case would end at one: a case ends when the pashint gets well, or dies."

"Oh, that is good news for poor Susan Maxley; her man is to be well by one o'clock, Doctor says."

Sampson groaned, and gave in. He was strong, but not strong enough to make the populace suspend an opinion.

Yet it might be done: by chloroforming them.

The spasms came at longer intervals and less violent: and Maxley got so fond of the essence of Insensibility, that he asked to have some in his own hand to apply at the first warning of the horrible pains.

Sampson said, "Any fool can complete the cure:" and, by way of practical comment, left him in Mr. Osmond's charge: but with an understanding that the treatment should not be varied: that no laudanum should be given: but, in due course, a stiff tumbler of brandy and water; or two. "If he gets drunk, all the better; a little intoxication weakens the body's memory of the pain it has endured, and so expedites the cure. Now off we go to th' other."

"The body's memory!" said Mr. Osmond to himself: "what on earth does the Quack mean?"

The driver, de jure, of the fly, was not quite drunk enough to lose his horse and vehicle without missing them. He was on the look out for the robber, and, as Alfred came round the corner full pelt, darted at the reins with a husky remonstrance, and Alfred cut into him with the whip: an angry explanation—a guinea—and behold the driver sitting behind complacent, and nodding.

Arrived at Albion Villa, Alfred asked Sampson submissively if he might come in and see the wife cured.

"Why of course," said Sampson, not knowing the delicate position.

"Then ask me in before Mrs. Dodd," murmured Alfred, coaxingly.

"Oo, ay," said the Doctor, knowingly: "I see."

Mrs. Maxley was in the dining-room: she had got well of herself: but was crying bitterly, and the ladies would not let her go home yet; they feared the worst, and that some one would blurt it out to her.

To this anxious trio entered Sampson radiant: "There, it's all right. Come, little

Maxley, ye needn't cry, he has got lots more mischief to do in the world yet: but, oh, wumman, it is lucky you came to me and not to any of the tinkering dox. No more cat and dog for you and him, but for the Chronothairmal Thery: and you may bless my puppy's four bones too: he ran and stole a fly like a man, and drove hiltter-skiltter: now, if I had got to your house two minutes later, your Jamie would have larned the great secret ere this." He threw up the window. "Haw you! come away and receive the applause due from beauty t' ajeclity."

Alfred came in timidly, and was received with perfect benignity, and self-possession, by Mrs. Dodd; but Julia's face was dyed with blushes, and her eyes sparkled the eloquent praise she was ashamed to speak before them all. But such a face as hers scarce needed the help of a voice at such a time. And, indeed, both the lovers' faces were a pretty sight, and a study. How they stole loving glances! but tried to keep within bounds, and not steal more than three per minute! and how unconscious they endeavoured to look, the intervening seconds! and what windows were the demure complacent visages they thought they were making shutters of! Innocent love has at least this advantage over melodramatic, that it can extract exquisite sweetness out of so small a thing. These sweet-hearts were not alone, could not open their hearts, must not even gaze too long; yet to be in the same room even on such terms was a taste of Heaven.

"But, oh, Doctor," said Mrs. Maxley, "are you sure he is better?"

"He is out of danger, I tell ye."

"But, dear heart, ye don't tell me what he ailed."

"Ma'am, if you had seen him you would have said he was taken for death."

"Pray what *is* the complaint?" inquired Mrs. Dodd.

"Oh, didn't I tell ye? poisoned."

This intelligence was conveyed with true scientific calmness, and received with feminine ejaculations of horror. Mrs. Maxley was indignant into the bargain: "Don't ye go giving my house an ill name! We keeps no poison."

Sampson fixed his eyes sternly on her: "Wumman, ye know better: ye keep strychnine: for th' use an delectation of your domestic animal."

"Strychnine! I never heard tell of it. Is that Latin for arsenic?"

"Now isn't this lamentable? Why arsenic is a mital: strychnine a vigitable. Nhist me! Your man was here seeking strychnine to poison his mouse; a harmless, domestic, necessary mouse: I told him mice were a part of Nature as much as Maxleys, and life as sweet tit as tin: but he was dif to scientific and chrishin precepts; so I told him to go to the Devil: 'I will,' sis he, and went t'a docker. The two assassins have poisoned the poor beastie between em: and thin, been the greatest miser in the world, except one, he will have roasted his victim, and ate her on the sly, imprignated with

strychnine. 'I'll steal a march on t'other miser,' sis he; and that's you: t' his brain flew the strychnine: his brain sint it to his spinal marrow: and we found my lorrd bent like a bow, and his jaw locked, and nearer knowin the great secret than any man in England will be this year to live: and sairves th' assassinating old vagabin right."

"Heaven forgive you, Doctor," said Mrs. Maxley, half mechanically.

"For curin a murrderer? Not likely."

Mrs. Maxley, who had shown signs of singular uneasiness during Sampson's explanation, now rose, and said in a very peculiar tone she must go home directly.

Mrs. Dodd seemed to enter into her feelings, and made her go in the fly, taking care to pay the fare and the driver out of her own purse. As the woman got into the fly, Sampson gave her a piece of friendly and practical advice. "Nixt time he has a mind to breakfast on strychnine, you tell me; and I'll put a pinch of arsenic in the saltcellar, and cure him safe as the Bank. But this time he'd have been did, and stiff, long before such a slow ajint as arsenic could get a hold on um."

They sat down to luncheon: but neither Alfred nor Julia fed much, except upon sweet stolen looks; and soon the active Sampson jumped up, and invited Alfred to go round his patients. Alfred could not decline, but made his adieu with regret so tender, and undisguised, that Julia's sweet eyes filled, and her soft hand instinctively pressed his at parting to console him. She blushed at herself afterwards; but at the time she was thinking only of him.

Maxley and his wife came up in the evening with a fee. They had put their heads together; and proffered one guinea. "Man and wife be one flesh, you know, Doctor."

Sampson, whose natural cholera was constantly checked by his humour, declined this profuse proposal. "Here's vanity!" said he: "now do you really think your two lives are worth a guinea? Why it's 252 pence! 908 farthings!"

The pair affected disappointment; vilely.

At all events he must accept this basket of gudgeons Maxley had brought along. Being poisoned was quite out of Maxley's daily routine, and had so unsettled him, that he had got up, and gone fishing to the amazement of the parish.

Sampson inspected the basket: "Why they are only fish!" said he, "I was in hopes they were pashints." He accepted the gudgeons, and inquired how Maxley got poisoned. It came out that Mrs. Maxley, seeing her husband set apart a portion of his Welsh rabbit, had "grizzled," and asked what that was for: and being told "for the mouse," and to "mind her own business," had grizzled still more, and furtively conveyed a portion back into the pan for her master's own use. She had been quaking dismally all the afternoon at what she had done; but finding Maxley—hard but just—did not attack her for an involuntary fault, she now brazened it out,

and said, "Men didn't ought to have poison in the house unbeknown to their wives. Jem had got no more than he worked for, &c. But, like a woman, she vowed vengeance on the mouse: whereupon Maxley threatened her with the marital correction of neck-twisting, if she laid a finger on it.

"My eyes be open now to what a poor creature do feel as dies poisoned. Let her a be: there's room in our place for her and we."

Next day he met Alfred, and thanked him with warmth, almost with emotion: "There ain't many in Barkinton as ever done me a good turn, Master Alfred; you be one on em: you comes after the captain in my book now."

Alfred suggested that his claims were humble compared with Sampson's.

"No, no," said Maxley, going down to his whisper, and looking monstrous wise: "Doctor didn't go out of *his—business—for me: you did.*"

The sage miser's gratitude had not time to die a natural death before circumstances occurred to test it. On the morning of that eventful day, which concluded my last chapter, he received a letter from Canada. His wife was out with eggs; so he caught little Rose Sutton, that had more than once spelled an epistle for him; and she read it out in a loud and reckless whine:

"At—noon—this—very—daie—Muster—Hardie's a-g-e-n-t—aguent—d-i-s dis, h-o-n—Honoured—dis-Honoured—a—bill; and sayed. There—were—no—more—asses."

"Mercy on us! But it can't be asses, wench: drive your spe-ad into 't again."

"A-s-s-e-t-s. Assets."

"Ah! Go an! go an!"

"Now—Father—if—you—leave—a s-h-i-l-l-i-n-g, shilling—at—Hardie's—after—this—b-l-a-m-e—ble-am—your—self—not—me—for—this—is—the waie—the r-o-g-u-e-s—rogews—all—bre-ak—they—go—at—a—d-i-s-t-a-n-c-e—distance—first—and—then—at—h-o-m-e—whuoaime.—Dear—father—lawk o' daisy what ails you, Daddy Maxley? You be as white as a Sunday smock. Be you poisoned, again, if you please?"

"Worse than that—worse!" groaned Maxley, trembling all over. "Hush!—hold your tongue! Give me that letter! Don't you never tell nobody nothing of what you have been a reading to me, and I'll—I'll—It's only Jem's fun: he is allus running his rigs—that's a good wench now, and I'll give ye a halfpenny."

"La, Daddy," said the child, opening her eyes, "I never heeds what I *re-ads*: I be wrapt up in the spelling. Dear heart, what a sight of long words folks puts in a letter, more than ever drops out of their mouths; which their fingers be longer than their tongues I do suppose."

Maxley hailed this information characteristically. "Then we'll say no more about the half-penny."

At this, Rose raised a lamentable cry, and pearly tears gushed forth.

"There, there," said Maxley, deprecatingly;

"here's two apples for ye; ye can't get them for less: and a halfpenny, or a haporth, is all one to you: but it is a great odds to me. And apples they rot; halfpence don't."

It was now nine o'clock. The Bank did not open till ten; but Maxley went and hung about the door, to be the first applicant.

As he stood there trembling with fear lest the Bank should not open at all, he thought hard: and the result was a double resolution; he would have his money out to the last shilling; and, this done, would button up his pockets and padlock his tongue. It was not his business to take care of his neighbours; nor to blow the Hardies, if they paid him his money on demand. "So not a word to my missus, nor yet to the town crier," said he.

Ten o'clock struck, and the Bank shutters remained up. Five minutes more, and the watcher was in agony. Three minutes more, and up came a boy of sixteen, whistling, and took down the shutters with an indifference that amazed him. "Bless your handsome face," said Maxley, with a sigh of relief.

He now summoned all his firmness, and, having recourse to an art, in which these shrewd rustics are supreme, made his face quite inexpressive, and so walked into the Bank the every day Maxley—externally; but, within, a volcano ready to burst if there should be the slightest hesitation to pay him his money.

"Good morning, Mr. Maxley," said young Skinner.

"Good morning, sir."

"What can we do for you?"

"Oh, I'll wait my turn, sir."

"Well, it is your turn now, if you like."

"How much have you got of mine, if you please, sir?"

"Your balance? I'll see. Nine hundred and four pounds."

"Well, sir, then, if you please, I'll draa *that*."

"It has come!" thought Skinner. "What, going to desert us?" he stammered.

"No," said the other, trembling inwardly, but not moving a facial muscle: "it is only for a day or two, sir."

"Ah! I see, going to make a purchase. By-the-by, I believe Mr. Hardie means to offer you some grounds he is buying outside the town: will that suit your book?"

"I dare say it will, sir."

"Then perhaps you will wait till our governor comes in?"

"I have no objection."

"He won't be long. Fine weather for the gardens, Mr. Maxley."

"Moderate, sir. I'll take my money, if you please. Counting of it out, that will help pass the time till Muster Hardie comes. You han't made away with it?"

"What d' ye mean, sir?"

"Hardies bain't turned thieves, be they?"

"Are you mad, or intoxicated, Mr. Maxley?"

"Neither, sir: but I wants my own: and I wool have it too: so count out on this here counter, or I'll cry the town round that there door."

"Henry, score James Maxley's name off the books," said Skinner, with cool dignity. But, when he had said this, he was at his wits' end: there were not nine hundred pounds of hard cash in the Bank; nor anything like it.

CHAPTER XIX.

SKINNER—called "young" because he had once had a father on the premises—was the mole-catcher. The feelings, with which he had now for some months watched his master grubbing, were curiously mingled. There was the grim sense of superiority every successful Detective feels as he sees the watched one working away unconscious of the eye that is on him; but this was more than balanced by a long habit of obsequious reverence. When A. has been looking up to B. for thirty years, he cannot look down on him all of a sudden, just because he catches him falsifying accounts. Why man is a cooking animal. Commercial man especially.

And then Richard Hardie overpowered Skinner's senses: he was Dignity in person: he was six feet two, and always wore a black surtout buttoned high, and a hat with a brim a little broader than his neighbours, yet not broad enough to be eccentric or slang. He moved down the street touching this hat—while other hats were lifted high to him—a walking column of cash. And when he took off this ebony crown, and sat in the Bank parlour, he gained in appearance more than he lost; for then his whole head was seen, long, calm, majestic: that senatorial front, and furrowed face, over-awed all comers: even the little sharp faced clerk would stand and peep at it utterly puzzled between what he knew and what he eyed: nor could he look at that head and face without excusing them; what a lot of money they must have sunk, before they came down to fabricating a balance-sheet!

And by-and-by custom somewhat blunted his sense of the dishonesty: and he began to criticise the thing arithmetically instead of morally: that view once admitted, he was charmed with the ability and subtlety of his dignified sharper: and so the mole-catcher began gradually, but effectually, to be corrupted by the mole. He, who watches a dishonest process and does not stop it, is half way towards conniving; who connives, is half way towards abetting.

The next thing was, Skinner felt mortified at his master not trusting him. Did he think old Bob Skinner's son would blow on Hardie after all these years?

This rankled a little, and set him to console himself by admiring his own cleverness in penetrating this great distrustful man. Now of all sentiments Vanity is the most restless and the surest to peep out; Skinner was no sooner inflated, than his demure obsequious manner underwent a certain change; slight and occasional only; but Hardie was a subtle man, and the perilous path he was treading made him wonderfully watchful, suspicious, and sagacious: he said to himself, "What has come to Skinner?"

I must know." So he quietly watched his watcher; and soon satisfied himself he suspected something amiss. From that hour Skinner was a doomed clerk.

It was two o'clock: Hardie had just arrived, and sat in the parlour Cato-like, and cooking.

Skinner was in high spirits: it was owing to his presence of mind the Bank had not been broken some hours ago by Maxley; so now, while concluding his work, he was enjoying by anticipation his employer's gratitude: "he can't hold aloof after this," said Skinner; "he must honour me with his confidence. And I will deserve it. I do deserve it."

A grave, calm, passionless voice invited him into the parlour.

He descended from his desk and went in, swelling with demure complacency.

He found Mr. Hardie seated garbling his accounts with surpassing dignity. The great man handed him an envelope, and cooked majestic on. A wave of that imperial hand, and Skinner had mingled with the past.

For know that the envelope contained three things: a cheque for a month's wages; a character; and a dismissal, very polite, and equally peremptory.

Skinner stood paralysed: the complacency died out of his face, and rueful wonder came instead: it was some time before he could utter a word: at last he faltered: "Turn me away, sir? turn away Noah Skinner! your father would never have said such a word to *my* father." Skinner uttered this his first remonstrance in a voice trembling with awe; but gathered courage when he found he had done it, yet lived.

Mr. Hardie evaded his expostulation by a very simple means: he made no reply; but continued his work, dignified as Brutus, inexorable as Fate, cool as Cucumber.

Skinner's anger began to rise. He watched Mr. Hardie in silence, and said to himself, "Curse you! you were born without a heart!"

He waited, however, for some sign of relenting; and, hoping for it, the water came into his own eyes. But Hardie was impassive as ice.

Then the little clerk, mortified to the core, as well as wounded, ground his teeth, and drew a little nearer to this incarnate Arithmetic; and said with an excess of obsequiousness: "Will you condescend to give me a reason for turning me away all in a moment, after five and thirty years' faithful services?"

"Men of business do not deal in reasons," was the cool reply: "it is enough for you that I give you an excellent character, and that we part good friends."

"That we do not," replied Skinner, sharply: "if we stay together we are friends; but we part enemies, if we do part."

"As you please, Mr. Skinner. I will detain you no longer."

And Mr. Hardie waved him away so grandly, that he started and almost ran to the door. When he felt the handle, it acted like a prop to his heart. He stood firm; and rage supplied

the place of steady courage. He clung to the door, and whispered at his master; such a whisper; so loud, so cutting, so full of meaning and malice; it was like a serpent hissing at a man. "But I'll give *you* a reason, a good reason, why you had better not insult me so cruel: and what is more, I'll give you two: and one is that but for me the Bank must have closed this day at ten o'clock—ay, you may stare; it was I saved it, not you—and the other is that, if you make an enemy of me, you are done for. I know too much to be made an enemy of, sir: a great deal too much."

At this, Mr. Hardie raised his head from his book and eyed his crouching venomous assailant full in the face, majestically, as one can fancy a lion rearing his ponderous head, and looking lazily and steadily at a snake that has just hissed in a corner. Each word of Skinner's was a barbed icicle to him; yet not a muscle of his close countenance betrayed his inward suffering.

One thing, however, even he could not master; his blood: it retired from that stoical cheek to the chilled and foreboding heart; and the sudden pallor of the resolute face told Skinner his shafts had gone home: "Come, sir," said he, affecting to mingle good fellowship with his defiance; "why bundle me off these premises, when you will be bundled off them yourself before the week is out?"

"You insolent scoundrel! Humph. Explain, Mr. Skinner."

"Ah, what have I warmed your marble up a bit? Yes, I'll explain. The Bank is rotten, and can't last forty-eight hours."

"Oh, indeed! blighted in a day—by the dismissal of Mr. Noah Skinner. Do not repeat that after you have been turned into the streets; or you will be indicted: at present we are confidential: anything more before you quit the rotten Bank?"

"Yes, sir, plenty. I'll tell you your own history, past, present, and to come. The road to riches is hard and rugged to the likes of me; but your good Father made it smooth and easy to you, sir; you had only to take the money of a lot of fools that fancy they can't keep it themselves; invest it in Consols and Exchequer bills, live on half the profits, put by the rest, and roll in wealth. But this was too slow, and too sure, for you; you must be Rothschild in a day; so you went into blind speculation, and flung old Mr. Hardie's savings into a well. And now for the last eight months you have been doctoring the ledger;" Hardie winced just perceptibly; "you have put down our gains in white, our losses in black, and so you keep feeding your pocket-book and emptying our tills: the pear will soon be ripe, and then you will let it drop, and into the Bankruptcy Court we go. But, what you forget, fraudulent Bankruptcy isn't the turnpike way of trade: it is a broad road, but a crooked one: skirts the prison wall, sir, and sights the herring pond."

An agony went across Mr. Hardie's great face; and seemed to furrow as it ran.

"Not but what *you* are all right, sir," re-

sumed his little cat-like tormentor, letting him go a little way, to nail him again by-and-by; "you have cooked the books in time; and Cocker was a fool to you. 'Twill be all down in black and white. Great sacrifices: no reserve: creditors take everything; dividend, fourpence in the pound, furniture of house and bank, Mrs. Hardie's portrait, and down to the coalscuttle. Bankrupt saves nothing but his honour, and—the six thousand pounds or so he has stitched into his old great-coat: hands his new one to the official assignees, like an honest man."

Hardie uttered something between a growl and a moan.

"Now comes the per contra: poor little despised Noah Skinner has kept genuine books, while you have been preparing false ones. I took the real figures home every afternoon on loose leaves: and bound 'em: and very curious they will read in Court alongside of yours. I did it for amusement o' nights; I'm so solitary, and so fond of figures: I must try and turn them to profit; for I'm out of place now in my old age. Dearee me! how curious that you should go and pick out me of all men, to turn into the street like a dog—like a dog—like a dog."

Hardie turned his head away; and, in that moment of humiliation and abject fear, drank all the bitterness of moral death.

His manhood urged him to defy Skinner and return to the straight path, cost what it might. But how could he? His own books were all falsified. He could place a true *total* before his creditors by simply adding the contents of his secret hoard to the assets of the Bank; but with this true arithmetical result he could not square his books, except by conjectural and fabricated details, which would be detected, and send him to prison; for who would believe he was lying in figures only to get back to the truth? No, he had entangled himself in his own fraud, and was at the mercy of his servant. He took his line. "Skinner, it was your interest to leave me whilst the Bank stood; then you would have got a place directly; but since you take umbrage at my dismissing you for your own good, I must punish you—by keeping you."

"I am quite ready to stay and serve you, sir," replied Skinner hastily: "and as for my angry words, think no more of them! It went to my heart to be turned away at the very time you need me most."

("Hypocritical rogue!") thought Hardie. "That is true, Skinner," said he; "I do indeed need a faithful and sympathising servant, to advise, support, and aid me. Ask yourself whether any man in England needs a confidant more than I! It was bitter at first to be discovered even by you: but now I am glad you know all; for I see I have undervalued your ability as well as your zeal."

Thus Mr. Hardie bowed his pride to flatter Skinner: and soon saw by the little fellow's heightened colour that this was the way to make him a clerk of wax.

The Banker and his clerk were reconciled.

Then the latter was invited to commit himself by carrying on the culinary process in his own hand. He trembled a little: but complied, and so became an accomplice; on this his master took him into his confidence, and told him everything it was impossible to hide from him.

"And now, sir," said Skinner, "let me tell you what I did for you this morning. Then perhaps you won't wonder at my being so peppery. Maxley *suspects*: he came here and drew out every shilling. I was all in a perspiration what to do. But I put a good face on, and——"

Skinner then confided to his principal how he had evaded Maxley, and saved the Bank; and the stratagem seemed so incredible and droll, that they both laughed over it long and loud. And in fact it turned out a first rate practical jest; cost two lives.

While they were laughing, the young clerk looked in, and said, "Captain Dodd, to speak with you, sir!"

"Captain Dodd!!!" And all Mr. Hardie's forced merriment died away, and his face betrayed his vexation for once. "Did you go and tell him I was here?"

"Yes, sir: I had no orders; and he said you would be sure to see *him*."

"Unfortunate! Well, you may show him in, when I ring your bell."

The youngster being gone, Mr. Hardie explained to his new ally in a few hurried words the danger that threatened him from Miss Julia Dodd. "And now," said he, "the women have sent her Father to soften his. I shall be told his girl will die if she can't have my boy, &c. As if I care who lives or dies."

On this Skinner got up all in a hurry, and offered to go into the office.

"On no account," said Mr. Hardie, sharply. "I shall make my business with you the excuse for cutting this love-nonsense mighty short. Take your book to the desk, and seem buried in it!"

He then touched the bell, and both confederates fell into an attitude: never were a pair so bent over their little accounts; lies, like themselves.

Instead of the heartbroken father their comedy awaited, in came the gallant sailor with a brown cheek reddened by triumph and excitement, and almost shouted in a genial jocund voice, "How d'ye do, sir? It is a long time since I came across your hawse." And with this he held out his hand cordially. Hardie gave his mechanically, and remained on his guard; but somewhat puzzled. Dodd shook his cold hand heartily. "Well, sir, here I am, just come ashore, and visiting you before my very wife: what d'ye think of that?"

"I am highly honoured, sir," said Hardie: then, rather stiffly and incredulously, "and to what may I owe this extraordinary preference? Will you be good enough to state the purport of this visit—briefly—as Mr. Skinner and I are much occupied."

"The purport? Why what does one come

to a banker about? I have got a lot of money I want to get rid of."

Hardie stared; but was as much on his guard as ever; only more and more puzzled.

Then David winked at him with simple cunning, took out his knife, undid his shirt, and began to cut the threads which bound the Cash to his flannel.

At this Skinner wheeled round on his stool to look, and both he and Mr. Hardie inspected the unusual pantomime with demure curiosity.

Dodd next removed the oilskin cover, and showed the pocket-book, brought it down with a triumphant smack on the hollow of his hand, and, in the pride of his heart, the joy of his bosom, and the fever of his blood—for there were two red spots on his cheek all the time—told the cold pair its adventures in a few glowing words; the Calcutta firm,—the two pirates,—the hurricane,—the wreck,—the land sharks,—he had saved it from. "And here it is, safe in spite of them all. But I won't carry it on me any more; it is unlucky: so you must be so good as to take charge of it for me, sir."

"Very well, Captain Dodd. You wish it placed to Mrs. Dodd's account, I suppose."

"No! no! I have nothing to do with that: this is between you and me."

"As you please."

"Ye see it is a good lump, sir."

"Oh, indeed!" said Hardie, a little sneeringly.

"I call it a thundering lot o' money. But I suppose it is not much to a rich banker like you." Then he lowered his voice, and said with a certain awe: "It's—fourteen—thousand—pounds."

"Fourteen thousand pounds!!!" cried Hardie. Then with sudden and consummate coolness, "Why certainly an established bank like this deals with more considerable deposits than that. Skinner, why don't you give the captain a chair?"

"No, no!" said Dodd. "I'll heave to till I get this off my mind; but I won't anchor anywhere but at home." He then opened the pocket-book and spread the contents out before

Mr. Hardie, who ran over the notes and bills, and said the amount was 14,010*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Dodd asked for a receipt.

"Why it is not usual, when there is an account."

Dodd's countenance fell: "Oh, I should not like to part with it, unless I had a receipt."

"You mistake me," said Hardie, with a smile.

"An entry in your Banker's book is a receipt. However, you can have one in another form." He then unlocked a desk; took out a banker's receipt; and told Skinner to fill it in. This done, he seemed to be absorbed in some more important matter.

Skinner counted the notes and left them with Mr. Hardie: the bills he took to his desk to note them on the margin of the receipt. Whilst he was writing this with his usual slowness and precision, poor Dodd's heart overflowed: "It is my children's fortune, ye see: I don't look on a sixpence of it as mine: that is what made me so particular. It belongs to my little Julia, bless her!—she is a rosebud if ever there was one; and oh, such a heart; and so fond of her poor Father; but not fonder than he is of her—and to my dear boy Edward; he is the honestest young chap you ever saw: what he says, you may swear to, with your eyes shut; but how could they miss either good looks or good hearts; and her children? the best wife and the best mother in England! She has been a true consort to me this many a year, and I to her, in deep water and shoal, let the wind blow high or low. Here is a Simple Simon vaunting his own flesh and blood! no wonder that little gentleman there is grinning at me: well, grin away, lad! perhaps you haven't got any children. But you have, sir: and you know how it is with us Fathers; our hearts are so full of the little darlings, out it must come. You can understand how joyful I feel at saving their fortune from land sharks and sea sharks, and landing it safe in an honest man's hands, like you, and your Father before you."

Skinner handed him the receipt.

Barkington Nov^r 10th 1847

Received of David Dodd Esq^r the Sum of
Fourteen Thousand and ten pounds twelve Shillings
and Six pence, to account for on demand

£ 14010.12.6

For Richard Hardie
Noah Skinner

He cast his eye over it. "All right, little gentleman! Now my heart is relieved of such a weight: I feel to have just cleared out a cargo of bricks. Good-by! shake hands! I wish you were as happy as I am. I wish all the world was happy. God bless you! God bless you both!"

And with this burst he was out of the room, and making ardently for Albion Villa.

The Banker and his clerk turned round on their seats and eyed one another a long time in silence, and amazement.

Was this thing a dream? their faces seemed to ask.

Then Mr. Hardie rested his senatorial head on his hand, and pondered deeply. Skinner too reflected on this strange freak of Fortune: and the result was that he burst in on his principal's reverie with a joyful shout: "The Bank is saved! Hardie's is good for another hundred years."

The Banker started, for Skinner's voice sounded like a pistol shot in his ear, so high strung was he with thought.

"Hush! hush!" he said: and pondered again in silence.

At last he turned to Skinner. "You think our course is plain? I tell you it is so dark and complicated it would puzzle Solomon to know what is best to be done."

"Save the Bank, sir! whatever you do."

"How can I save the Bank with a few thousand pounds I must refund when called on? You look keenly into what is under your eye, Skinner; but you cannot see a yard beyond your nose. Let me think."

After a while he took a sheet of paper, and jotted down "the materials," as he called them, and read them out to his accomplice:

"1. A Bank too far gone to be redeemed: a trap; a well. If I throw this money into it, I shall ruin Captain Dodd, and do myself no good, but only my creditors.

"2. Miss Julia Dodd, virtual proprietor of this 14,000*l.*: or of the greater part, if I choose. The child that marries first usually jockeys the other.

"3. Alfred Hardie, my son, and my creditor, deep in love with No. 2, and at present somewhat alienated from me by my thwarting a silly love affair; which bids fair to improve into a sound negotiation.

"4. The 14,000*l.* paid to me personally after Banking hours, and not entered on the banking books, nor known, but to you and me.

"Now suppose I treat this advance as a personal trust? The Bank breaks: the money disappears. Consternation of the Dodds, who, until enlightened by the public settlement, will think it has gone into the well.

"In that interval I talk Alfred over: and

promise to produce the 14,000*l.* intact, with my paternal blessing on him and Miss Dodd; provided he will release me from my debt to him, and give me a life interest in half the money settled on him by my wife's father to my most unjust and insolent exclusion. Their passion will soon bring the young people to reason: and then they will soon melt the old ones."

Skinner was struck with this masterly little sketch. But he detected one fatal flaw: "You don't say what is to become of me."

"Oh, I haven't thought of that yet."

"But do think of it, sir! that I may have the pleasure of co-operating. It would never do for you and me to be pulling two ways, you know."

"I will not forget you," said Hardie, wincing under the chain this little wretch held him with, and had jerked him by way of reminder. "But surely, Skinner, you agree with me it would be a sin and a shame to rob this honest captain of his money—for my creditors; curse them! Ah, you are not a Father. How quickly he found that out! Well, I am: and he touched me to the quick: I love my little Jane as dearly as he loves his Julia, every bit: and I feel for *him*. And then he put me in mind of my own Father; poor man. That seems strange, doesn't it? a sailor and a Banker! Ah! it was because they were both honest men. Oh, it was like a wholesome flower coming into a close room, and then out again and leaving a whiff behind, was that sailor. He left the savour of Probity and Simplicity behind, though he took the things themselves away again. Why, why couldn't he leave us what is more wanted here than even his money? His integrity: the pearl of price, that my Father, whom I used to sneer at, carried to his grave; and died simple, but wise; honest, but rich; rich in money, in credit, in honour, and eternal hopes: oh, Skinner! Skinner! I wish I had never been born."

Skinner was surprised: he was not aware that intelligent men, who sin, are subject to fits of remorse: nay, more, he was frightened; for the emotion of this iron man, so hard to move, was overpowering when it came: it did not soften, it convulsed him.

"Don't talk so, sir," said the little clerk. "Keep up your heart! Have a drop of something!"

"You are right," said Mr. Hardie, gloomily; "it is idle to talk: we are all the slaves of circumstances."

With this, he unlocked a safe that stood against the wall, chucked the 14,000*l.* in, and slammed the iron door sharply; and, as it closed upon the Cash with a clang, the parlour door burst open as if by concert, and David Dodd stood on the threshold, looking terrible. His ruddy colour was all gone, and he seemed black and white with anger and anxiety. And out of this blanched, yet lowering face, his eyes glowed like coals, and

roved keenly to and fro between the Banker and the clerk.

A thunder-cloud of a man.

MADAME DE CORNEILLAN.

THE *Moniteur* of the 10th of May, 1810, published a decree, signed by Napoleon I., Emperor of the French, offering a prize of a million of francs (forty thousand pounds) to the inventor of the best machine for spinning flax. The decree, moreover, was ordered to be translated into every language, and to be sent to the French ambassadors, ministers, and consuls in foreign countries.

A few days afterwards, a French gentleman, Philippe de Girard, then five-and-thirty years of age, was on a visit to his father at Lourmarin. During the family breakfast, the servant brought in the journal which contained this magnificent challenge to inventive genius, without excluding the people of any country, not even the Esquimaux and the Hottentots. M. de Girard senior handed the paper to his son, saying, "Philippe, this is your affair."

After breakfast, Philippe took a solitary walk, with the determination of solving the problem. As yet, he had never turned his attention to anything connected with the manufacture in question. He asked himself whether he ought not first to study every previous attempt relating to it; but he soon concluded that the offer of a million proved that nothing satisfactory had been hitherto attained. He determined to remain in ignorance, to keep his mind unbiased and independent. He returned to the house; carried to his chamber some flax, some thread, some water, and a lens. Alternately regarding the flax and the thread, he said to himself, "With this, I am required to make that."

First, he examined the flax with the lens; then he steeped it in the water, and again examined it. Next morning, at breakfast, he said to his father, "The million is mine." He took a few strips of flax, decomposed them by the action of the water, separating them into their elementary fibres, made them slide one over the other so as to form a thread of extreme fineness, and added, "I have now to perform with a machine what I am performing with my fingers—and flax-spinning by machinery is invented!"

It was so, in reality, for him. The germ of the discovery had sprouted in his brain. But what patient efforts, what ingenious experiments had to be made, before he could practically execute what he had instantaneously imagined! Two months afterwards, he obtained his first patent, which contained all the essential principles of mechanical flax-spinning. After devoting two years to the perfecting of his machinery, he established, in 1813, a flax-mill in the Rue Meslay, Paris. The conditions of the imperial programme were fulfilled. The imperial promise would have been so likewise, but for the invasion of France, and the fall of Napoleon. The

Restoration was little disposed to pay the debts of the Empire; and the inventor could only obtain from the Bourbon government a loan of eight thousand francs.

M. de Girard had spent all his private fortune, and had nothing but ruin before him. Whilst he was confined in prison for debt, two scoundrels stole from one of his friends who had them in charge, the plans and descriptions of his machinery, and sold them in England for a sum amounting, it was said, to twenty thousand pounds. In consequence of this theft, a patent, taken out in London, reproduced, under a British name, the processes of the unfortunate French inventor. If Philippe de Girard had attempted to gain a livelihood in Great Britain out of his own discoveries, he would have been prosecuted as an infringer of other people's vested rights.

In 1826, he was invited to Warsaw by the Emperor of Russia. In Poland, he organised mechanical flax-spinning on a large scale. Around the establishment there soon uprose a little town which took the name of Girardow, and which figures on maps of Poland subsequently published. He afterwards accepted the office of chief engineer to the Polish mines, expressly reserving, in his oath of fidelity to the Russian emperor, his quality of French subject, and the temporary character of his engagement.

Returning to France in 1844, he addressed a *Mémoire* to the Chambers, demanding a recompense which should prove, in a manner worthy of France, that the grand problem proposed by Napoleon had been resolved by a Frenchman—and which should also place his latter days and his nearest relations out of the reach of straitened circumstances. Arago and Guizot warmly supported his claim; but the delay in making it had been too long. An inexplicable opposition arose, which poisoned the close of his life, and prevented the Cross of Honour from being placed on his bier. French Industry was more just to him. The Society of Inventors and Mechanical Spinners offered him a sort of civil list, which amounted to as much as six thousand francs (two hundred and forty pounds); but he did not live to enjoy it long. He died at the age of seventy-one, leaving to his family no other inheritance than his name.

In 1853, a commission was appointed to examine a project of law conferring, as a national recompense, pensions on the heirs of the late Philippe de Girard, the inventor of flax-spinning by machinery. It reported to the Senate that, of the three brothers de Girard, the youngest, Philippe, and the second, Frederic, were no longer in existence. The sole survivor was more than ninety years of age. Philippe had died without issue. The only remaining representatives of the family were an orphan daughter of the second son, Frederic, and a fatherless daughter of that same lady. The project of law therefore recorded, by way of a national recompense: first, to the Sieur Joseph de Girard, brother of Philippe de Girard,

a pension for life of six thousand francs. Secondly, to the Dame de Vernède de Corneillan, daughter of Frederic de Girard, another brother of Philippe de Girard, a like pension for life of six thousand francs. It is of minor public importance to know that Madame la Comtesse de Corneillan, with true female perseverance in asserting what she believes to be her rights, is not content with the united pension of twelve thousand francs, but boldly claims the promised million (and that with interest) to which her late uncle was fairly entitled. Her pretensions have hitherto been rejected by the council of state, and are likely so to remain.

Meanwhile, that lady has devoted great attention to the new silkworm,* which feeds on the leaves of the alanthus-tree. She is doing for it and its cocoons what her uncle did for the fibre of flax, and is directing her thoughts to England as a field of operations. Lady Neville's intelligent experiments have proved how possible is the acclimatation of the alanthus silkworm on the northern side of the English Channel; and it will probably be more and more extensively reared, as it becomes better known. Model silkworm houses, at Kew and other public botanical gardens, would greatly tend to popularise this new branch of sericulture. The Prince of Wales, it is whispered, intends to establish model farms on his new estate. If the idea were only suggested to him, he might be tempted to rival the memory of Henry the Fourth of France (who enriched his country with mulberry silk), by rendering alanthus silk an article of general produce in the United Kingdom.

Madame de Corneillan offers her practical experience for the furtherance of fresh attempts. She entertains, moreover, the firm belief that, without her assistance and concurrence, alanthine sericulture would remain in great measure unproductive. For the following reason:

In consequence of the organic structure of the new cocoons, which are spun by the insect so as to leave an orifice, there is so great a difficulty in reeling off the silk, that they were subjected to the process of combing; which process produced a silken flock or tow of quite inferior quality. Nevertheless (as was stated in All the Year Round), the Chinese possess the secret of reeling off the silk so as to give a continuous filament, like that obtained from the cocoons of the mulberry worm. Madame de Corneillan has had the satisfaction of discovering this secret. Her reeled silks of the alanthus and ricinus worms—after winning, in February, 1862, the large gold medal of the Imperial Acclimatation Society of France—obtained two medals and an honourable mention at London.

Certain details in the mode of rearing have been productive of injury to the new silkworms: for instance, allowing them to spend the first stage of their existence on leaves placed in bottles of water, thereby rendering their food too sloppy, and causing them to contract disease, if not in the first, certainly in the second genera-

tion. Eggs, or seeds (graines) as the French call them, have also been supplied, which in great part turned out sterile. As it is Madame's interest that these mistakes should not prejudice the new branch of industry, she is publishing a pamphlet descriptive of her mode of rearing, which is extremely simple, and has the advantage of suppressing the expenses of handiwork by leaving the worms to act for themselves. Through the agency of her associates in Italy, she is able to furnish eggs, warranted good, to whoever is desirous of procuring them. Of course, those persons will write in time, and pre-paid, and likewise bear the cost of the eggs; for the applications are so numerous, that to comply with them gratis would absorb a fortune.

By a second discovery, also very important, but which has reference to the mulberry silkworm, Madame de Corneillan has proved it to be an error that the moth, in escaping from the cocoon (which is constructed closed, or without an aperture), *cuts* it, and renders it unreleasable. It does not cut it. The lady has obtained from cocoons, from which the moth had issued, naturally, silk equally good with that from cocoons in which the chrysalis had been destroyed, thus restoring to the manufacturer, without any additional expense to the silkgrowers, a large quantity of raw material, capable of being worked into the finest fabrics. Specimens of such silks are also exhibited in the Museum of Patents.

But sericulture altogether is becoming a broader and more complex study. The area over which it may be practised promises to be wider than was ever expected. The insect of the mulberry is no longer the only one which claims the attention of cultivators. While Madame de Corneillan is devoting herself to make the most of the moths of the alanthus and the ricinus [She has obtained a hybrid race, which is reared in the open air, on alanthus-leaves, and furnishes perfectly white cocoons], others are patronising and hope for equal success with other hardy silk-producing caterpillars.

The culture of the oak silkworm, from Japan, is not the least interesting of the attempts made in this direction. A few grammes of its eggs, sent to the Imperial Acclimatation Society, were confided to some of its members. Other eggs, placed in M. Guerin Méneville's hands by Dr. Blecher, were distributed by that gentleman amongst agriculturists, who, not belonging to the Society, could not profit by the distribution made to its members. It is now possible to form some idea of the results obtainable from the oak silkworm, M. Guerin Méneville having presented to the Académie des Sciences cocoons produced by worms hatched from the eggs that had been confided to him. Those eggs, although hatched somewhat prematurely, gave caterpillars which have been successfully reared at divers and distant points of France—at Vincennes, for instance, and at Toulon; and, above all, the caterpillars feed and thrive on the leaves of the common oaks of the forest, *Quercus pedunculata* and *sessiflora*.

* See vol. iv., pages 233 and 423.

But besides the Japanese silkworm of the oak, there is another oak silkworm obtained from the north of China. The introduction of this valuable species, which had been vainly attempted for the last ten years, is now in the way of being accomplished. Larvæ, hatched on the 19th of May last, had already, at the time of writing, reached their second moult or change of skin without manifesting the slightest symptom of disease. Their colour at first was deep black. They afterwards became bright green, studded with orange and sky-blue tubercles.

If their introduction succeed, it will supply, during the cotton dearth, the material for one more branch of industry. The difference which exists between the silk of the mulberry worm and the oak worm will allow the new manufacture to prosper without causing any injurious competition with the old. On the other hand, the introduction of a new tissue, brilliant, fresh-looking, and light, and probably much cheaper than mulberry silk, will be a great benefit to the general consumer, and consequently to the artisan. It is not so very long since mulberry silk was a novelty, regarded with very questionable favour from an utilitarian point of view. With a little patience and a little painstaking, it is possible that the public may obtain equal advantages from the silk of the ailanthus and the oak.

ON THE BRINK.

On the brink of the well
To stand and hear
The sweet cool water
Bubbling near :
With parching lip,
And straining eye,
And frame all athirst,
To pant and die,
Gazing down
With hopeless pain,
On the sunken cup
And the broken chain. . . .
Oh ! 'tis harder still to stand on the brink
Of Love's own spring, and dare not drink !

When the waves run high,
And the blast is loud,
And the seaman's heart
With fear is bowed,
To see from the bow
A bright still bay,
Where your storm-driven bark
Might safely lay.
And that haven to know
In the foeman's hand,
Where 'tis ruin to anchor
And death to land. . . .

With faltering step,
And heaving breast,
Wayworn, and longing
For peace and rest,
To cross on your path
A shady dell,
In whose deep calm
'Twere joy to dwell,

Yet know that bright refreshing green
Is the deadly Upas' fatal screen. . . .
Oh ! 'tis harder still when you dare not rest
Your wearied head on the loved one's breast !

RIDING LONDON.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART I. OF OMNIBUSES.

WEIGHING thirteen stone, standing six feet high, possessed of an indomitable laziness, and having occasion constantly to go from one part of town to the other, I want to know how I am to have my requirements attended to with ease and comfort to myself. If my name were Schemsiluhar, and I had lived ages ago at Bagdad, I should have gone quietly into the garden, and, after rubbing my ring on my lamp, or burning my incense, I should have prostrated myself before an enormous genie, who would have been very much hurt by my humility, would straightway have proclaimed himself my slave, and after hearing my wants, would immediately have provided me with four feet square of best Turkey carpet, on which I had only to deposit myself to be wafted through the air to my destination; or he would have produced a roc for me to sit astride on, or an enchanted horse with a series of pegs in his neck, like a fiddle, the mere manipulation of which increased or checked his speed. But as I happen to live in the benighted year of peace '63, as my name is Nomatter, and as I reside in Little Flotsam-street, Jetsam-gardens, N.W., the carpet, the roc, and the peggy steed, are unavailable. I could walk? Yes, but I won't! I hate walking; it makes me hot and uncomfortable, and savage; when walking, I either fall into a train of thought, or I get gaping at surrounding objects and passing people, both of which feats have the same result—namely, my tumbling up against other pedestrians, straying into the road under the hoofs of horses, and getting myself generally objurgated and hi'd at. I couldn't ride on horseback, because no man with any sense in his head, combined with any weight in his body, could ride a horse over London's greasy stones. I could ride in a cab, but it is too expensive; in a Brougham, but for the same reason, doubly magnified—with the additional fact that I do not possess one. Leaving out of the question the absurdity of the proceeding, there is no living man capable of conveying me for several miles in a wheelbarrow; and when I state that I have never yet been the subject of a commission de lunatico, I need offer no further explanation of my declining to ride in a velocipede, a humorous conveyance like the under-carriage of a chariot, the occupant of which apparently rests himself by using his arms as well as his legs for his propulsion. When I was a boy at school, I recollect in the shop-windows prints of an aerial machine, a delightful conveyance like an enormous bat, sailing over London (which was represented in the print by the dome of St. Paul's and a couple of church spires), and filled with elegantly dressed company, who were

chatting to each other without the smallest appearance of astonishment. I cannot positively state that there was a captain depicted as in command of this atmospheric vessel, though my belief leans that way; but I perfectly well remember a "man at the wheel," grasping a tiller like a cheese-cutter, and directing the course with the greatest ease and freedom. This would have been an eligible mode of conveyance had the scheme ever been carried out; but the inventor only got as far as the print, and there apparently exhausted himself, as I never heard anything further of it. And this, by the way, reminds me that an occasional trip in Mr. Coxwell's balloon would be a novel and an exciting method of getting over the ground, only there being no "man at the wheel," there is a consequent absence of definite knowledge as to where you are going, and if I, bent on travelling from Jetsam-gardens to Canonbury-square, were to see Mr. Coxwell looking vaguely out, and were to hear him remarking, "Isn't that Beachy Head?" I should feel uncomfortable.

So I am compelled to fall back on a cheap, easy, and, to a certain extent, expeditious mode of locomotion, and to travel by the omnibus. I am aware that professed cynics will sneer at my use of the word expeditious. There are, I believe, journeys performed in the middle of the day, when the snail gallops gaily past the outward-bound suburban omnibus, and when the tortoise—having an appointment to keep at the Ship and Turtle—prefers to walk, in order that he may be in time; but the middle of the day is consecrated to old ladies going "into the City" on business, while my experience is confined to the early morning and the late evening, when we run "express," and when, I will venture to wager, we go as fast, the crowded state of the streets considered, as ever did the York Highflyer or the Brighton Age. My associations with omnibuses are from my youth upward. As a child, I lived in a very large thoroughfare, and I used to stand for hours at the window watching the red Hammersmith omnibuses, luminous with the name of "GEORGE CLOUD," and the white Putney and Richmond omnibuses, and the green Favorites, boldly declaring the ownership of "ELIZABETH and JOHN WILSON"—grand 'buses those, with drivers and conductors in green liveries, always renewed (with an accompaniment of nosegay for button-hole, and favours for whip, and rosettes for horses' ears) on the occasion of the Queen's birthday. I was originally taken to school in a hackney-coach—I perfectly well recollect kneeling at the bottom in the straw as we (I and a broken-hearted aunt) ascended Highgate-hill, and imploring tearfully to be taken back home, even in the lowest menial capacity—but I came back in an omnibus, in a high state of effervescence, and with a large stock of worldly experience. I first saw her who, as the bagmen's toast says, doubles the pleasures and halves the sorrows of my life, as I stepped off an omnibus; I first went down to my office on an omnibus; and I still patronise that same conveyance,

where I may incidentally mention I am a "regular," that I always have the seat next the coachman on the off-side, and that my opinion on the news from America is always anxiously expected by my fellow-passengers. Long since, however, have the omnibuses of my childhood been "run off the road." Mr. George Cloud and his compeers have retired, and the whole metropolitan service, with very few exceptions, is worked by the London General Omnibus Company. Concerning which—its rise, origin, and progress, and the manner in which it is carried on, I have, under proper official authority, made full inquiry, and now intend to report.

If the present Emperor of the French had succeeded in his memorable expedition with the tame eagle to Boulogne, it is probable that we in England might still be going on with the old separate proprietary system of omnibuses; but, as the tame eagle expedition (majestic in itself) was a failure, its smaller component parts had to escape as they best could. Among these smaller component parts was one Orsi, captain of the steamer conveying the intruding emperor; and Orsi, flying from justice, flew after the manner of his kind to England, and there established himself. Years after, in 1855, this M. Orsi bethought himself of a scheme for simultaneously improving his own fortunes and bettering the condition of the London omnibus traffic, by assimilating its management to that which for a long time had worked admirably in Paris. He accordingly associated with himself a crafty long-headed man of business, one M. Foucard, and they together drew up such a specious prospectus, that when they submitted it to four of the principal London omnibus proprietors, Messrs. Macnamara, Wilson, Willing, and Hartley, these gentlemen, all thoroughly versed in their business, so far saw their way, that they at once consented to enter into the proposal, and became the agents for Messieurs Orsi and Foucard. The division of labour then commenced; the Frenchmen started for Paris, there to establish their company (for our English laws on mercantile liability and the dangers of shareholding were, a few years ago, much foggier, and thicker, and less intelligible, and more dangerous, than they are now); and so well did they succeed, that, in a very short time, they had raised and perfected as a "Société en Commandite," the "Compagnie Générale des Omnibus de Londres," with a capital of 700,000*l.*, in shares of 100 francs (or 4*l.*) each; three-fourths of the capital—such was our neighbours' belief in our business talents and luck in matters touching upon horseflesh—being subscribed in France. Meantime, the English section were not idle; as agents for the two Frenchmen, they bought up the rolling stock, horses, harness, stabling, and good will, of nearly all the then existent omnibus proprietors; they became purchasers of six hundred omnibuses and six thousand horses, of an enormous staff of coachmen, conductors, time-keepers, horse-keepers, washers, and other workmen, and, what was very important, they possessed themselves of the

"times" of all the important routes in London and the suburbs. These "times" are, in fact, the good will of the roads, and were considered so valuable, that in some cases as much as from 200*l.* to 250*l.* were given for the "times" of one omnibus. Under this form, then, the company at once commenced work, Messrs. Macnamara, Carteret, and Willing acting as its gérants (managers), with no other English legal standing; and under this form, that is to say, as a French company with English managers, it worked until the 31st of December, 1857, when the Limited Liability Act having come into operation, by resolution of the French shareholders the "Société en Commandite" was transformed into an English company, and bloomed out, in all the glory of fresh paint on all its vehicles, as the London General Omnibus Company (Limited). With this title, and under the managerial arrangements then made, it has continued ever since.

With the exception of some very few private proprietors, and one organised opposition company (the "Citizen"), the entire omnibus service of the metropolis and its suburbs, extending from Highgate in the north to Peckham in the south, and from Hampstead in the north-west to Greenwich in the south-east, embracing more than seventy routes, is worked by—as it is called familiarly—the "London General." In this traffic are engaged upwards of six hundred omnibuses and six thousand horses, the working of which is divided into ten separate districts, each with a head district establishment. Each of these omnibuses travels on an average sixty miles a day, and to each is attached a stud of ten horses, under the care of a horsekeeper, who is responsible for them, and who knows the exact times when they will be wanted, and whose duty it is to devote himself to them. A horse is seldom changed from one stud to another, or removed—except in case of illness; each horse is numbered, and all the particulars relating to him are entered in a book kept by the foreman of the yard. The purchase-cost of these horses averages twenty-six pounds apiece, and the majority of them come from Yorkshire, though agents of the company attend all the principal fairs in England. They are of all kinds; long straggling bony hacks, short thick cobs; some looking like broken-down hunters, some like "cast" dragoon chargers, some like Suffolk Punches who have come to grief; but the style most valued is, I am told, a short thick horse, low in the leg, round in the barrel, and with full strong quarters, whence all the propelling power comes. They are of all colours, blacks, bays, chesnuts, browns, greys, though the predominant shade is that reddish bay so ugly in a common horse, so splendid (more especially when set off by black points) in a velvet-skinned thorough-bred; a colour particularly affected by the manufacturers of the studs in those toy-stables which are always furnished with a movable groom in top-boots, a striped jacket, and a tasselled cap, with a grin of singular vacuity on his wooden countenance.

The average work of each horse is from three to four hours a day, and each horse consumes daily an allowance of sixteen pounds of bruised oats and ten pounds of mixture, formed of three parts hay and one part straw. Their general health is, considering their work, remarkably good; to attend to it, there are eight veterinary surgeons, who are responsible for the health of the whole horse establishment, and who are paid by contract, receiving four guineas a year for each stud of ten horses. The shoeing is also contract-work, twenty-five farriers being paid two pounds per month for each stud. At Highbury, where there is a large dépôt of six hundred horses, there are exceptions to both these rules: a veterinary surgeon and a farrier, each the servant of the company, being attached to the establishment. I went the round of the premises—a vast place, covering altogether some fifteen acres—with the veterinary surgeon, and saw much to praise and nothing to condemn. True, the stables are not such as you would see at Malton, Dewsbury, or any of the great racing establishments, being for the most part long, low sheds, the horses being separated merely by swinging bars, and rough litter taking the place of dry beds and plaited straw; but the ventilation was by no means bad, and the condition of the animals certainly good. My companion told me that glanders, that frightful scourge, was almost unknown; that sprains, curbs, and sand-cracks, were the commonest disorders; and that many of his cases resulted from the horses having become injured in the feet by picking up nails in the streets and yards. There are a few loose boxes for virulent contagious disorders and "suspicious" cases, but it appeared to me that more were wanted, and that as "overwork" is one of the most prevalent of omnibus-horse disorders, it would be a great boon if the company could possess itself of some large farm or series of field-paddocks, where such members of their stud as are so debilitated could be turned out to grass to rest for a time. Some such arrangement is, I believe, in contemplation, but the company has only a short lease of their Highbury premises, and is doubtful as to its future arrangements there. While on this subject I may state that an omnibus horse generally lasts from three to four years, though some are in full work for six or seven, while there are a few old stagers who have been on the road ten or twelve.

The coach-building department also has its head-quarters at Highbury, and employs one hundred and ninety men, whose average wages are two hundred and fifty pounds a week. Here, all the omnibuses (with the exception of some six-and-twenty provided by two contractors) are built and repaired, as are also the vans used in conveying the forage to the outlying establishments from the central dépôt (of which more anon), and the chaise-carts and four-wheelers in which the superintendents visit their different districts. Every morning, at six a.m., three compact little vans leave Highbury for the various districts, each containing three men and

an assortment of wheels, axles, and tools, for any repairs that may be wanted. One of these men is always left behind at the head district depôt, to meet any contingency that may arise during the day. When an accident occurs in the street, an omnibus is immediately despatched to take the place of that which has broken down; the "plates" (i.e. the legal authorisation of the Inland Revenue) are shifted from one to the other; and, if the smash has been serious, a large van arrives and brings off the disabled omnibus bodily up to Highbury. But such accidents are very rare, owing to the constant supervision given to the axles, tons of which are constantly thrown aside. These axles are all manufactured on the premises, and are composed of ten or twelve pieces of iron "faggotted" together. The trade or cost price of an ordinary omnibus is one hundred and thirty pounds, but the large three-horse vehicles, which are of tremendous weight (those from Manchester, in use last year plying to the Exhibition, weighed thirty-six cwt.), cost two hundred pounds. The ordinary time of wear is ten years; after that, they are of little use, though some last seventeen years. The wheels require entire renewal every three years, and during that time they are under frequent repairs, the tires lasting but a few months. So soon as an omnibus is condemned, it is broken up; such portions of it as are still serviceable are used up in repairing other omnibuses, but in a new omnibus every bit is thoroughly new. The condemned omnibuses stand out in an open yard, abutting on the line of the North London Railway; and the superintendent of the coach-builders told me he had often been amused at hearing the loudly-expressed indignation of the railway passengers at the shameful condition of the company's omnibuses—they imagining that the worn-out old vehicles awaiting destruction, which they saw from their railway-carriage windows, were the ordinary rolling stock of the London General. The wood used in the composition of the omnibuses, is English and American ash, elm, deal, and Honduras, but the poles are invariably formed of stout English ash. The superintendent told me that these poles last far less time than formerly: and this he attributes to the stoppages having become so much more frequent, owing to the introduction of short fares; the strain upon the pole, occasioned by constant pulling-up, gradually frays the wood and causes an untimely smash. Before I left, I was shown an ingenious contrivance for defeating the attacks of those universal enemies, the street-boys. It appears that the passengers of a little omnibus which runs from Highbury-terrace to Highbury Barn, and which, for its short journey, has no conductor, were horribly annoyed by boys who would ride on the step and jeer with ribaldry at the people inside. To beat them, my friend the superintendent invented what he calls a "crinoline," which, when the door is shut, entirely encloses the step, and so cuts away any resting-place or vantage ground for the marauding boy.

The depôt where all the provender is received, mixed, and served out for all the district establishments, is at Irongate Wharf, Paddington, on the banks of the Regent's Canal: a convenient arrangement when it is considered that the barges bring stores to the doors, at the rate of fourpence-halfpenny per quarter, while the land transport for the same would cost one shilling. Hay is, however, generally brought in at the land gates, for the facility of the weigh-bridge immediately outside the superintendent's office, over which all carts going in or out are expected to pass. There is no settled contractor for hay, but there is no lack of eager sellers, for the company are known to be quick ready-money purchasers, and a transaction with them saves a long day's waiting in the market. On this same account the company are gainers in the deal, to the extent of the expenses which a day's waiting in the market must involve for rest and refreshment for driver and horses. When a sample load is driven into the yard and approved of by the superintendent, a couple of trusses are taken from it and placed under lock and key, to serve as reference for quality; and when the general supply comes in, every truss which is not equal to the quality of the sample is rejected by the foreman, who carefully watches the delivery. The whole of the machinery-work of the building is performed by steam power, erected on the basement-floor, and consisting of two engines of two hundred and fifteen horse-power, consuming four tons of coal a week. By their agency the hay received from the country waggons is hoisted in "cradles" to the topmost story of the building, where it is unpacked from its tightened trusses; to the same floor come swinging up in chain-suspended sacks, the oats from the barges on the canal, and these are both delivered over to the steam-demon, who delivers them, the hay separated and fined, and the oats slightly bruised (not crushed), and freed from all straw and dirt and stones, through wooden shoots and "hoppers," into the floor beneath. There—in the preparation-room—the ever-busy engines show their power in constantly-revolving leather bands, in whirling wheels, and spinning knife-blades, and sparkling grindstones; there, are men constantly allaying the incessant thirst of the "cutters" with offerings of mixed hay and straw, which in a second are resolved into a thick impervious mixture; while in another part of the room the bruised oats into which it is to be amalgamated are slowly descending to their doom. All the "cutters" are covered over with tin cases, else the dust germinated from the flying chaff would be insupportable: while at the hand of every man is a break, a simple lever, by the raising of which, in case of any accident, he could at once reverse the action of the machinery. Descending to the next floor, we find the results of the cutters and the bruisers; there, stand stalwart men covered with perspiration, stripped to the shirt sleeves, and who have large baskets in front of them at the mouths of the shoots, anxiously awaiting their prey. Down comes a mass of

chaff, the basket is full, a man seizes it, and empties it into a huge square trough before him; from another shoot, another basket is filled with bruised oats: these he empties into the trough on the top of the chaff; he pauses for one minute; and a whistle, forming the top of a pipe, descending into the basement story is heard, that signals "All right and ready." He turns a handle, and presto! the floor of the trough turns into tumbling waves of metal, which toss the oats and the chaff hither and thither, mix them up, and finally drop them, a heterogeneous mass of horse-food, into sacks waiting their arrival below. Three of these sacks are sent away daily as food for each stud of ten horses; seven large provender vans are, throughout the whole of the day, conveying sacks to the different district establishments; twenty-six men are engaged at this *dépôt*, each from six A.M. to six P.M.; and the whole affair works without a hitch.

I have treated of the horse-service, the coach-building service, and the foraging service of the company. I may in conclusion come to its human service, the drivers and conductors.

Each man, before entering on his duties, is required to obtain from the Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, a license to act. To obtain this, he must give reference to three respectable householders, and deposit five shillings for the expenses attendant on the necessary inquiries and issue of the license. If the references be satisfactory, a license, in printed form, describing the name, address, and general appearance of the holder, is granted, and with it the metal badge to be worn when on duty. These licenses are renewable on the first of June in each year, and as the magistrates endorse on the paper every conviction or reprimand, the renewal of the license is necessarily dependent on the possessor showing a clean bill of health. If the driver have no serious blot on his character, and can prove to the satisfaction of the superintendent that he is competent for the management of horses, he is generally at once accepted; but the conductor's character must stand a greater test. He is virtually the representative of the company on the omnibus, and to him is confided a large amount of discretionary power, such as the refusal to carry intoxicated people, or such persons as by dress, demeanour, &c., may be "fairly objectional to the passengers." He is constituted the arbitrator among "brawling passengers," and has, indeed, a very stringent code of rules laid down for his guidance—one of which is, that he is to "abstain from any approach to familiarity," which—as in case of a pretty maid-servant with a not unnatural susceptibility to approach—is, I take it, soul-harrowing and impossible to be carried out. As regards the collection of money, each conductor is provided with a printed form of "journey ticket," on which, at the end of every journey, he is required to render an account at some office on the route, of the number of passengers carried, and amount of moneys received. At the end of the day he makes a summary, on another form, of the whole of

his journey-tickets, and next morning he pays over, to the clerk in the office, the money he has received during the previous day, deducting his own wages and those of the driver, and any tolls he may have paid. Every driver receives six shillings a day, every conductor four shillings, out of which the driver has to provide his whip and apron, and the conductor the lamp and oil for the interior of the omnibus. Both classes of men are daily servants, liable to discharge at a day's warning, but either can rest occasionally by employing an "odd man," of whom there are several at each district establishment, ready to do "odd" work, from which they are promoted to regular employment.

The receipts of the company are very large, averaging between eleven and twelve thousand pounds a week (in one week of the Exhibition year they were above seventeen thousand pounds), and I asked one of the chief officers if he thought they were much pillaged? He told me he had not the least doubt that, by conductors alone, they were robbed to the extent of *twenty-five thousand pounds a year*; and a practical superintendent of large experience, on my repeating this to him, declared that he believed that sum did not represent the half of their losses from the same source. I asked whether no check could be devised, and was told none—at least, none so efficient as to be worthy of the name. Indicators of all kinds have been suggested, but every indicator was at the mercy of the conductor, who could clog it with wood, and so allow three or more persons to enter or depart, while the indicator only recorded the entrance or exit of one; and unless some such turntable as the turn-table in use at Waterloo-bridge could be applied (for which there is obviously no space in an omnibus), check was impossible. The sole approach to such check lay in the services rendered by a class of persons technically known as "bookers," who were, in fact, spies, travelling in the omnibus, and yielding to the company an account of every passenger, the length of his ride, and the amount of his fare. But it was only in extreme cases, where the conductor was incautious beyond measure, that such evidence could be efficient against him. These "bookers" are of all classes, men, women, and children, all acting under one head, to whom they are responsible, and who alone is recognised by the company. The best of them is a woman, who, it is boasted, can travel from Islington to Chelsea, and give an exact account of every passenger, where he got in, where he got out, what he was like, and the fare he paid.

I think I have now enumerated most of the prominent features of our omnibus system. When I have casually mentioned to friends the work on which I was engaged, I have been requested to bring forward this grievance and that. Brownsmith, weighing fifteen stone, wants only five persons allowed on one seat; little Iklass, standing four feet six in height, wants easier method of access to the roof. But my intention was description, not criticism, and, even if it were, I doubt whether I should be

inclined to represent that any large public body, comparatively recently established, could on the whole be expected to do their work better than the "London General."

LATEST NEWS FROM THE DEAD.

SCATTERED about the world are dead and buried cities that it is one of the labours of the living in our day to disentomb. Old Roman towns lie buried in English soil, and one of them, at Wroxeter, the ancient Uriconium, has lately been dug up. We reported on its re-appearance in one of the early numbers of this journal.* Then there are also Pompeii and Herculaneum open, to bear witness yet more impressively to the life of the past. At Pompeii the disentanglement is now going on with fresh activity and good result. Old Egypt is delivering up fresh secrets of her dead, at Thebes and elsewhere. Spades and picks have been busy over the grave of Carthage, and other dead and buried cities of the Carthaginians. Nineveh and Babylon, having been in the hands of such resurrectionists as Mr. Layard, Sir Henry Rawlinson, and others, are left at peace for a short time. Any news thence is old news, but from the graves of other cities what is the latest intelligence?

By the sunny shores of the Bay of Naples, stood for centuries the remnants of an old wall; and the people who lived near it never cared to dig below the surface. It is now one hundred and fifteen years ago that a workman, engaged in digging a well near this ruin, cut into a hollow chamber, of which the walls were covered with paintings. By the slow clearing away of the earth from buildings made by men who lived at the beginning of the Christian era, dwelling-houses, temples, altars, statues, built for the worship of heathen deities, baths and theatres, were found all struck to silence like the Sleeping Beauty, only for a great many hundred years instead of one; and, in our day, so restored to light and life, that we see what the townspeople were doing in the house and in the street, in the month of August A.D. 79. There is written record of the cause of this sudden burial of a city, whose inhabitants were in the full tide of luxurious enjoyment. The letter remains in which the younger Pliny tells Tacitus the horrors of a three days' eruption of Vesuvius, in which his uncle (admiral of the Roman fleet, then lying in the bay), having approached too near the burning mountain although still miles distant from it, met his death by the exhalations bursting from beneath his feet. The admiral had asthma, and the sulphurous vapours appear to have suffocated him at once, so that he fell, while his attendants fled from the scene of destruction to embark on board their ships. Returning, as soon as it became light, which was not until after the end of three days, they found their master

lying, stretched as they had left him, as if he had fallen asleep.

Of late years, the removal of the mass of mud, ashes, and pumice-stones, which the burning mountain had thrown out upon the city, has confirmed the statement of another ancient writer, that the town of Pompeii had been, at the time of its total destruction, in course of rebuilding after the consequences of a violent earthquake which had happened sixteen years before. For, as we walk along its streets, we not only see the theatre and many other edifices to have been in process of reconstruction at the time of their burial, but, in the quarter once occupied by the stone and marble masons, there lie portions of an old frieze, executed in volcanic stone, beside which stand copies of the same decoration cut in white marble ready for erection in a restored temple. There are wheel-tracks in the lava pavement; there are worn stone-steps leading up to temples and places of business; and, curiously enough, there is stone, worn by the hands of those who daily stopped to drink at the fountains placed at the street-crossings. By constantly leaning on one hand whilst they stooped to drink the running water, these people, who for so many centuries have known no more thirst, wore a hollow in the stone rim of the basin upon which they leant. Terrible testimony is given as to the suddenness of the last catastrophe. Bread is in the bakers' shops; there is a meal prepared, but never tasted, in a tavern. Outside that gate in the town wall which led towards Herculaneum, was found a skeleton in armour. It was that of the soldier on guard, who, faithful to duty, had not left his post. In a niche sheltering a seat for the use of tired travellers, were found the bones of a woman and a baby, and those of two other persons clasped in one another's arms. A few paces further on, were three more skeletons, two of persons who had been running one way, and the other of a person who had been hastening in the opposite direction. Of these, one held sixty-nine pieces of gold and one hundred and twenty-one of silver. Money was found lying beside the remains of people who had died in the vain endeavour to carry away means of the life whose sands were run. In a room of the Temple of Isis, the priest of that Egyptian deity had met death with feasting; for near him were lying egg-shells, and the bones of fowls and of a pig, together with a broken glass and a wine vase. In the house known as that of Diomed were the remains of a man, with that of a goat having a bell slung round its neck. In this dwelling were discovered more than twenty human beings. In a stable were the bones of a mule, still with its bronze bit between its teeth; in another place was the skeleton of a dog beside the bones of his master. Some skeletons had four gold rings on the same finger; one had a bronze lantern in his hand, with which he had doubtless been trying to find his way out of the thick darkness of that day of terror.

All these remains were discovered many years ago, but the work of excavation was then very

* See vol. i., page 53.

slow. Now, the recent change of government has given a new impulse to this most interesting labour, insomuch that during the last few months, more has been done towards disinterment of the secrets of this buried community than had been accomplished in the previous quarter of a century. There is a regular organisation of labour, and about three hundred persons, many of them girls and women, are employed in removing the crust formed eighteen centuries ago by eruption from the mountain which now rises behind the scene, without even a wreath of smoke upon its summit. Upon a regular tramway, trucks impelled by their own weight run down an inclined plane, and discharge their loads at the end, just as is done at the formation of a railway. An entirely new quarter of the town has been thus opened out; and there has been found within the last few days the roof of a house, with all its tiles lying at their proper angle of inclination, the ashes and mud having poured into and filled the room beneath it so completely as to support its covering. There are two houses with walls painted in fresco, looking, when disclosed, as fresh as when first placed upon the walls. Unfortunately, in a very little time the colours fade away and alter. The reds especially soon become quite black.

These changes are probably due to chemical alteration produced by the sun's rays, and to the oxidising power of the air. If, therefore, as soon as one of these paintings is discovered it could be washed over with a solution of boiling glass, such as is used by the modern fresco painters in Munich, these interesting specimens of ancient art might be preserved. The writer has suggested this to Signor Fiorello, the director of the excavations. The very substance is sold in Italy for the purpose of preserving wood from the effects of fire, and is known by the name of *liquore di selce*. Several bodies have been recently found embedded in a mass of hardened mud; and the fortunate idea struck Signor Fiorello of pouring plaster of Paris into the moulds thus formed. In this manner an exact cast was made, enclosing such parts of the contained bodies as remained undecomposed. Thus were obtained, first, the body of a man lying stretched upon his back, his features very well preserved; in fact, so perfectly, that his friends, were they alive still, could have sworn to his identity. Afterwards the remains of two females, a woman and a young girl, were preserved in the same manner; so that, while of the dress only a *cast* remains, the skull-bones themselves are there, resting upon the outstretched arm. At the moment of death, the left hand seems to have been clasping the dress. In the elder female the left hand is shut, one of the fingers having a ring upon it. This group consisted of one man and three women, probably all of the same family, who were attempting to save themselves by flight, after having hastily secured certain objects which they valued. Silver money; besides four earrings and a finger-ring all made of gold,

together with the remains of a linen bag, were lying near the woman.

One is struck by the fact that very many of the persons thus disclosed expired while engaged in the act of drawing their dress over their features. Two reasons may be given for this. One, that it was done in the endeavour to prevent suffocation from the mephitic vapours given off by the volcano. The other and the better, that it was customary amongst the Romans to hide the face, when in the act of death. Thus, true to history, Shakespeare makes Antony say of "the mightiest Julius:"

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,

Even at the base of Pompey's statua,

Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.

Time, though he shovels slowly, gets through more work than the liveliest volcano, and is a sexton who has dug the grave of many a proud city. The remains of Roman London lie buried fifteen feet below the level of the present streets. You are on the Nile, and see, on either bank, a green plain under a cloudless sky. The columns and towers of the great temple of Luxor, rise from among the miserable hovels of a starved little modern market town. You say by, and it is all bright green plain again till a mile further to the north the towers of Karnak overtop a palm grove, that partly hides the wonders of its widespread ruins. But on the green plain between Luxor and Karnak, and for twelve miles towards the hills of the Eastern Desert, stood the temples, palaces, and gardens, of hundred-gated Thebes, for a thousand years the capital of the great nation of the ancient world. Time has done its work in its own slow way, and the Nile, rising from its newly-discovered source in a great tropical lake, and swollen by the periodical rains of the tropics (not by melting snows), has played the part of a Vesuvius. Harvests wave eight feet above the buried ground on which the glory of the Pharaohs was displayed. At Thebes, also, there have been recent excavations and discoveries. Diodorus stated the circuit of old Thebes, as reported in his time, to have been sixteen miles. Strabo says that in his day the vestiges extended in length nine miles and a quarter. Those old sunny cities, with their included gardens, lay large upon the cultivated soil. Babylon was fourteen miles square; Syracuse, twenty-two miles; Carthage, of which also the remains are now being dug upon, was twenty-three miles in circuit. Yet London is larger than them all, excepting Babylon. The greatest length of London street is from east to west, in which direction one may pass between houses for fourteen miles. With all its straggling feelers into the country brought into a compact square, the size of London would be seven miles by four, and its circuit twenty-two miles. This would include a population packed together, with but a few little breathing grounds of park and square to answer to the Babylonian gardens, fields, and orchards, which gave men the enjoyments of a country-house in the heart of a capital.

We have details from Mr. Rhind of his own recent excavation at Thebes of the unrifled tomb of an Egyptian dignitary. He found it by help of the forty men who dug under his order. In seven weeks a doorway into the rock was uncovered. This door had been opened; the tomb within, and another within that, had been rifled; there were broken mummy-boxes; and mummies themselves lay where they had been tossed out, with their wrappings ripped up along throat and breast. But further along, at the foot of the same piece of rock, other men had been set to dig, and two months of work cleared the way to a tomb yet with its seal apparently unbroken. The first entrance was into a gallery within the rock, about eight feet square and fifty-five feet long, its walls smoothly plastered with clay. Half way down this gallery Mr. Rhind came to a funeral canopy of brightly-painted pillars, supporting a painted roof, with a sort of temple front in miniature, all very gay with red and blue and yellow. This corresponded to our hearse and feathers over the dead, and had been delivered up as well as charged for, by the ancient undertaker. Further inward there sat, carved in stone, a pair of monumental figures, two feet high, male and female, side by side. Their superscription showed that the deceased gentleman had been a chief of the military police of the Temple of Ammon Ra, at Thebes. He was decidedly plump, and on his dress was inscribed, "All food off the tables of Ammon Ra and Mut is given to the deceased." The lady by the gentleman's side was inscribed, "His sister beloved from the depth of his heart." The statues were flanked by tall jars.

After this couple had been buried, further use had been made of their tomb. Two entrances were found, still built up, leading to passages, one midway in this gallery, the other at the end of it. There was also at the end of the gallery, a massive wooden door, barred, locked, and protected by a barricade of large stones built in front of it to half its height. Great was the excitement of the whole body of resurrectionists. The sealed entrances were guarded through the night by sailors from the boat; for there was no trusting the fellahen of Gourneh, demoralised by a successful traffic in antiquities. Early next morning the entrance to the side-passage was opened. It led to a couple of small cells, both in confusion, with their plain black wooden mummy cases broken, and the bodies turned out, many of them unwrapped. There were a few sepulchral images, and in the innermost cell yet lay the plain Roman lamp of terra-cotta, with black nozzle and half-burnt wick, that had lighted the plunderers two thousand years ago. There remained the massive door, of such substantial timber that in ill-timbered Egypt it was a prize worthy to be competed for by a bishop, a deacon, a consular agent, and two sheikhs. The door opened on a sloping tunnel, in which a man could walk upright. It was a tunnel seventy feet long, leading to a shaft or well, ten feet by six.

Half way down this gallery also there were cells which had been rifled. Hope now lay, like truth, at the bottom of the well. The well, twenty feet deep, was crossed by strong beams, over which still hung the rope of twisted palm fibres, by which the dead and those who carried them, descended centuries ago. At the bottom there were again chambers. Of these, three contained mummies of persons who had been buried in ordinary cases; but a fourth death-chamber contained a massive dark granite sarcophagus, with the rollers and planks by which it had been moved into position still lying about it. The want of veneration for antiquity shown by these people, now themselves so ancient, appeared in the use, as planks, of broken mummy cases covered with hieroglyphics. At the doorway of this principal vault was a tall jar nearly full of palm-nuts; there were nuts also scattered about the floor. At the head of the sarcophagus was the preserved body of a dog, like a small Italian greyhound, swathed in osiers; also a mummied ibis, a doll of a hawk, and a ball of bitumen. The dog was an emblem of Anubis, genius of tombs. Whenever a house-dog died in the course of nature, all the inmates of the house shaved their whole persons. The ibis was emblematical of the recording angel. The hawk was the symbol of Horus, who ushered the souls that were saved into the presence of Osiris; and within the ball of bitumen was a coiled snake, probably the horned snake sacred to Ammon Ra, the god especially honoured at Thebes.

The solid cover of the sarcophagus, freed from the cement which fastened it, was raised, and the sarcophagus itself was then found to have been filled with bitumen poured in hot over the mummy. The clearing away of this was a long work, and early in the course of it the glitter of a golden chaplet excited the Arab workmen, who dream wildly of treasures to be found in the unopened tombs. The face of the mummy was cased by a gilt mask, and the temples were wreathed with a chaplet of copper thickly gilt, having eleven bay-leaves of thin gold attached to it by pliant stalks. The outer cloth covering of the rest of the body was painted in a diagonal pattern, answering to that on the top of the wooden funeral canopy at the first entrance. Under the painted shroud, were folds steeped in fine bitumen and pungent gums, with small thin plates of gold, some of them beetle-shaped, and glassy pieces interspersed. From the left side of the dead was taken a large ritual papyrus. When the body itself was reached—that of a man of mature years, with strongly marked features—the skin of the upper part of his body was found to have been covered with thick gold leaf. In another case was the wife of this dignitary, also with the upper part of her skin gilt, and a papyrus by her side. Others were differently adorned, and one had a gilt mask. The dignitary in the sarcophagus was named Leban; he had had charge of the royal horses, and died nine years before our era, at the age of sixty. His wife's name was Tabai, daughter of

a priest and lord, who is described as "one very great among mortals." They went down to the pit, with the records that are their letters of introduction to the antiquaries of the nineteenth century.

Carthage, too, has, after all, been incompletely blotted out. After three months' labour on the site of ancient Carthage, Mr. Nathan Davis found, two or three years ago, that the keeper of the French chapel there had been stimulated, by observation of his wanderings, to dig at the foot of a piece of wall near a wide pit that had been opened in vain by searchers among the apparently poor ruins of the temple of Astarte. He found in a few hours a charming mosaic, measuring about four feet by two and a half. It was complete, and the nature of the ground made it appear to him impossible that there could be more. But Mr. Davis, setting men to work, soon disclosed the bright mosaics of the corner of a temple floor adorned with a colossal female bust, and with two full robed priestesses dancing before their goddess. More digging brought to light more of the rich pavement trodden by the worshippers in a great temple that had been restored when Carthage became the capital of Roman Africa. Much more of old Carthage has since been found. The Carthaginian houses were built, above the lower story, with what Pliny called formacean walls; of earth enclosed between boards; such walls being declared proof against rain, wind, and fire. There yet remain turrets of earth built by Hannibal as watch-towers on Spanish mountain-tops. But when these earthen walls of Carthage fell in ruins they formed heaps of rubbish, that a few years would transform into mounds of apparently natural soil, with nothing left under them but unsuspected pavements, through which the Romans often dug in the rebuilding of the city. A thin layer of charcoal, or some other evidence of the action of fire, is always found on the remains of ancient Carthage. The use of clay bricks for building has been assigned as one main cause of the complete disappearance of Babylon. For Babylon the mighty city is fallen. Scarcely a detached figure or tablet has been dug from the vast heaps that are the graves of all its glory.

A POODLE AT THE PROW.

"I KNOW," he seemed to say, "that four-leggedness is at a discount in this amphibious place. I am aware that Lord Byron is dead, and that nobody since his lordship's time has ridden a horse along the Riva degli Schiavoni. I have been told, by an uncle of mine, that in the last century the idea, in the superlative sarcastic degree, of a sinecure, was that of Master of the Horse to the Chief of the late Republic. I apprehend that the old Lion on the pillar yonder, and on the myriad bas-reliefs, brooches, and panels in mosaic and fresco besides, was furnished with wings through a pre-

conceived conviction on the part of his designers that legs could be of no possible use to him. I grant that I might be more welcome were I a dolphin, or a mermaid, or a Nereid, or a Triton, or something scaly, or watery, or finny. At all events, the force of circumstances has driven me here. Let me put in a plea in favour of the four-legged creation. You won't see many quadrupeds during your stay in these parts. I will walk on my hind-legs, if you insist upon it, but don't utterly disdain my fore-paws. Mayn't I come too?"

There was no refusing a poodle so remarkably well behaved and so scrupulously clean shaven. He had an insinuating way about him that disarmed objection. Grave yet urbane, learned yet devoid of pedantry, polite but not servile, he was a pattern to all possible poodles. Pray understand, to begin with, that he was not a Frenchman. I was rashly about to address him as Monsieur, but haply reflected, and, accosting him as Signore, asked him when he was last at Bologna? No grinning, chattering, mopping, mowing Parisian mountebank was he. His ears and tail gave emphasis to the parlance of his eyes, but in gesticulation he never indulged. There was nothing theatrical, nothing tawdry in his appearance or demeanour. They have gotten a dreadful habit in the French capital of staining their poodles all over with sky-blue or rose-pink. Had this Italian poodle been subjected to such an affront, he would have died, I believe. Yes; he was a scholar and a gentleman. He took every morning, it was easy to notice, his salt-water bath, then had a douche of the warm soft fresh, and was ultimately lathered with fine soap, and shaved. His frills, and tuckers, and whiskers remaining after the application of the razor, were not crisped and pinched into impertinent and obtrusive gauffres, but hung in soft and flossy curls, the Order of the Snowy Fleece, about him. His shaven parts blushed with a delicate, creamy carnation. He had never had sore eyes. His nose, only, seemed to have been tipped with a little patent blacking. His nails were beautifully pared, filibert fashion. For all ornament, he had a slender collar of blue silk fastened with a golden shell. He had a gentle way of pattering about, and hesitating when he found his front paw on a slippery part of the boat. He had a persuasive way of wagging, or rather of mildly undulating, his tufted tail. No violence, no haste, no irrational uncertainty, but a deliberate, well-weighed expression of complacency. Had the old lion on the pillar wagged *his* tail, he could not have done it more majestically. At a glance, you saw this poodle to be intelligent, well educated, and refined—a poodle that had seen men, if not cities, and marked their ways.

He was larger than the ordinary run of poodles, but an inch shorter than a remarkable specimen of the breed in question I once knew called Neno. *He* was from Bergamo. He visited this country in 1859, but getting into some trouble through a whimsical habit of pulling off people's hats in Hyde Park, and throwing them

into the Serpentine, he was compelled to return to the Continent. He subsequently joined the army, and has now, I believe, the honour of marching at the head of the Hundred and First Regiment of the Line.

I knew this present poodle to be an animal, a brute beast, soulless and futureless; at least, my miserable human conceit taught me thus to regard him. He had no reason, of course, only instinct. He could know no pleasures beyond the gratification of his sensual appetites. And yet, all brute as he was, he did not look like a poodle that would over-eat himself. He was, patently, a total abstainer from intoxicating liquors. He was a brute, but he didn't bark at passing strangers; and from the little I saw of him on dry land, he was not prone to association with low dogs. It was very strange, and very irreverent, and a vagabond kind of thought altogether, but the more I considered him, the more I grew to deem that, to be complete, he ought to have a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles across his nose, a neatly puckered frill with a diamond brooch in his bosom, a snuff-box, or a golden-headed cane in one paw, and a sprinkling of hair-powder on his pate. Thus accoutred he would have been, to me, the image of a grave, wise, cultivated physician of the old school—no solemn humbug, no voluble quack, but a sapient, polished medico. The allusion was enhanced by the fact of there being at the corner of the canal, where I took oars, a cool and shady chemist's shop; and I fancied that he had been writing prescriptions in the Pharmacy, and had now come out for a mouthful of the sea breeze, or to see a patient at the Giudecca. He was not, however, attached to the compounder of drugs. He was the friend and Mentor of the boatman I had just engaged. He, the boat, and the boatman, belonged to each other, and made up one harmonious whole. As I have noted, he appeared, as a matter of courtesy, to ask my permission to be of the party for a stroll on the Canalazzo; and, that being granted, he tripped blithely over the bulwarks from the marble landing-stairs to the carpeted keelson, and was of us directly.

"Alci, qui?" said the boatman.

Observe, that to the "qui" I have appended a note of interrogation. The inflection of the boatman's tone justifies me in the act. It was not a brutal command—a savage "come here!" It was a kindly query as to where he intended to sit. "Qui" meant the afterpart, behind my cabin. The poodle did not shake his head. Instinct did not go so far as that; but his tail deflected in the wag negative. He elected to sit at the prow, and at that carved and fiddle-headed promontory he took his station immediately over against the bench where I was reclining. The boatman called him "Alci," whence I conjectured that the poodle's name was Alcibiades.

The water-side, in England, is associated with noise, scurrility, and extortion. The waterman you have hired makes up his mind to cheat you. The Tom Tugs who have failed in securing you,

curse their colleague and his fare as the wherry pushes off. You depart from a shore of mud, ordure, broken bottles, and fragments of pottery. Abroad, even, I have found the canotiers at Asnières a ruffianly crew, and the red-shirted and bearded Charons who ferry you over the Neva little better than savages. Here we went off in cheerful tranquillity. In a place where everybody *must* take a boat, competition is robbed of its feverish fierceness. If it be Giacomo's turn this time, it will be Paolo's within five or ten minutes. Extortion does not obtain to any great extent. You cannot be ten minutes in the city, without somebody telling you that the water-fare for the first hour (single-oared) is a franc, and for every succeeding hour half that sum, and that for five francs you may have a boat and boatman for the entire day. As for the extra gratuity, the "buonamano," a couple of soldi will suffice, and a hundred soldi go to a florin. The only little "pull" possessed by the boatman lies in the franc in these latitudes being an imaginary coin, and in the quarter florin, which he tells you is worth only half a franc, representing about a third more. Altogether, the financial state of things is curious. You see in actual circulation nothing but Austrian florins, zwanzigers, kreuzers, and soldi; but the accounts are all kept in francs and centimes—the Italian lire and centesimi. In adopting this mode of reckoning, perhaps, the people cherish a mournful chimera that they have still some kind of union with the beloved and distant land—the land beyond the lagunes and the Quadri-lateral—the land where human speech and action are free—the land where Victor Emmanuel, the fighting king who tells no lies, reigns by the grace of God and the national will, over twenty-two millions of Italians who can call their souls their own.

Back, then, I stretched myself upon the cushions in full enjoyment of the long-desired at last-attained haven; and the poodle sat outside the door, calmly contemplating me, his wise head a little on one side. No Mordecai in the gate he, full of minatory remonstrance; the rather, a cheerful harbinger, a pleasant cicero, an obliging gentleman-usher, murmuring, "Welcome to the wonderful city that is moored on the bosom of the salt, salt sea." "Poodle," I said, "you and the boatman shall be my guides to-day, and I will have no other. Into the hands of the abhorred valet de place I know that sooner or later I must fall. He has been looming in handbooks and continental Bradshaws these ten days past. I was threatened with him at the railway station, just as I stepped into the omnibus. The omnibus is a boat—a shabby Bucentaur. He flitted through the vestibule of the Hotel Victoria, and the waiter had all but consigned me to his custody, when I declared that, for one day at least, I would go out alone. I see him smirking at me now, from every pair of water-stairs: rings in his ears, a pink umbrella under his arm, expectant. His little brown brats at home may have but a

meagre mess of maize pottage for dinner to-day, but he will say to them, 'Rejoice, my children. To-morrow we devour an Englishman!' He is waiting for me, I am certain, in St. Mark's Place, calmly confident that I cannot do without him. It is only a question of time. I have a shivering foreknowledge of what he will show me, and what he will tell me about the Golden Staircase, and the Hall of the Ambassadors, and the veiled niche where Marino Faliero's picture should be, and the Dogana, and the Bridge of Sighs. Not to-day, oh, valet de place! I ask for but twenty-four hours' grace, and then I will go into leading-strings with the alacrity of a fool going to the correction of the stocks. Let me have but this one day with the poodle at the prow, and let us 'do' VENICE for ourselves."

In this city of a hundred and seventy-five thousand inhabitants I did not know one living soul. Does it matter, when every instant you can commune with millions of the mighty dead? In a churchyard you seldom feel lonely. You can almost dispense with the clergyman's white pony, quietly browsing on parishioners that have sprouted up into salad. The dead by daylight are no such very bad company. If their tombstones lie, you can gird at them for their fibbing, and they have never a word to answer. You can pick out simple truthful tombs now and then, of good old dames and yeomen who in their livetime you feel sure were friendly, and merry, and single-hearted. Beyond a poodle, you require nothing more that has life in it, during your first day in Venice. For a season turn away from the quick. This place belongs to the dead. The dead alive, the modern Venetians, have buried their dead-departed—their history, their wealth, their happiness, their love, in stately mausoleums of many-coloured marbles. These sepulchres are not whitened. They have the reverent hue of age. Time has beaten upon them with his wing, and the strong pinion has worn down the sharp edges and blunted the chisel's fine tracery; but the marble is, after all, too hard for his scythe, and Time hacks at the palaces in vain.

I lighted a cigarette, and was lazy, and not ashamed of myself; activity would be almost a crime in this voiceless city. Industry:—where was the use of being industrious? People don't come here to work, but to idle. From the loom there hangs a gorgeous piece of Venice stuff, cunningly brodered, shot with gold and silver thread. But it is a fragment, rent and frayed. Warp and woof are tarnished and faded. And the loom is motionless, and the shuttle flies no more, and the weaver has sickened and died.

Thus having comfortably settled myself, and in reply to the boatman's inquiry as to whither I wished to be conducted, having informed him that my view did not extend beyond a "piccolo giro" of an hour's duration,—in other words, that he might go anywhere he liked about Venice, which he construed into a stroll from the Palazzo Corner to the Rialto and back again—I had full leisure to inspect the apartment of which I had become a denizen. The worst of the

matter is, that in presuming to say anything about Venice, you can scarcely, if you have any modesty left about you, avoid a sensation of nervous shame lest what you are saying should have been said by ten thousand persons in terms analogous, if not identical, ten thousand times before. For instance, is there, can there be, anything new in the way of description to be written about the interior of a gondola? The gondola is your first acquaintance in Venice, and it is your last. It brings you from the railway terminus to your hotel on your arrival, and it takes you to the rail or the steamer when you depart; consequently the tourist is usually as minute in his notes of its appearance and peculiarities as of that of the packet-ship which conveys him across the Atlantic. The only healing salve I can put to my conscience is this. When you have had a remarkably good dinner—say at Véfour's, or the Four Seasons at Munich—there is, I conceive, no social law against your expatiating on the perfection of the bill of fare and the wine card on the morrow, although good dinners are given, and good gourmets dine, in the Palais Royal and the Maximilian Strasse every day in the year. A gondola is the first and most delightful dish in the intellectual banquet spread out, in permanence, on the Adriatic Sea; why then should not I descant on its aspect, just as I might lovingly dwell on the Charlotte or the Suprême I tasted yesterday?

The outward gondola—the boat itself—it would be impertinent to describe. See Turner, see Roberts, see Stanfield, see Cooke, see Holland, see Pyne, see Carl Haag, see Finden's tableaux, see Heath's Landscape Annual, see the delightful pictures of Mr. John Rogers Herbert, before he took to painting St. Lawrence on the grid-iron, and St. Bartholomew being flayed alive. For the gondolas of the past, see Canaletto. The only quarrel I have with the admirable artists just named—always excepting Antonio da Canal, who never gave vent to his imagination, and if he saw dirt and ugliness in Venice, painted the dirty and the ugly in rude juxtaposition to the pure and beautiful—is in the persistency with which they strive to make stay-at-home Englishmen believe that gay-coloured gondolas are at all common in Venice. There never was a greater error. Mr. Turner's gondolas were of all the colours of the rainbow. It is true that he might have excused himself on the score that their sides are generally of polished wood, and that his radiant hues were merely the reflexion of the sunrise and the sunset. But the tourist, who looks for truth, knows that the pervading hue of the Venetian gondola is deep funereal black; and that the mortuary appearance of the craft is heightened by the ebony-like carvings, by the metal prow and rullocks, which have an odd guise of being made of coffin-plates beaten out, by the brazen knobs and beads and plates on the door, and by the serried rows of black tufts, like sable ostrich plumes stunted in their growth on the housing over the tilt. Among five hundred gondolas—there are, it is said, over four thou-

sand in Venice—you may see, perhaps twenty with brown or blue hulls, and with gaily-striped awnings. You may be sure at once, that these are not regular Venetian gondolas, and that they are not rowed by regular Venetian gondoliers. When the night comes, you shall see whence they spring. You shall find them moored to the yellow and black-striped posts of the Austrian domination, and then it shall be revealed to you that they belong to Governors-General, Military Commandants, Chiefs of Haupt-Directoriums, and other yellow moustached members of the abhorred tribe of Tedeschi. They are manned by pudding-faced men in uniform, no more like gondoliers than I am to Endymion; Carls and Ludwigs, not Giacomos and Paolos. Also shall you see prowling about the water-streets, at all hours of the day and night, barges and cutters belonging to the Austrian war-steamers which are moored off the Arsenal, or the island of St. George the Great. There are a great many forts about Venice, and a great many Croat soldiers to garrison them.

The boatmen who go out to sea, who coast along the Adriatic seaboard, and sometimes cross the gulf to the Turkish littoral, are brightly clad enough, and delight in coloured striped shirts, scarlet and sky-blue caps, sashes, and other accessories of salt-water dandyism. Picturesque and bizarre creatures they still are, barefooted and open-chested, and they lounge and sprawl and grovel in the most romantic attitudes all about and over St. Mark's Place, and the Mole and the Riva, and every inch of quay or stairs that offers room for lazing upon. They are often ragged, but in justice I must admit that they are all very clean, and have a manlier, worthier look than the aquatic scamps who decorate the Chiaja at Naples. Your gondolier is quite another character. I was prepared for all kinds of disappointments in Venice—from the romantic point of view—and underwent, as it turned out, very few; for the real Venice is, to my mind, twenty times more astounding than the ideal one; but I cannot avert the acknowledgment that the actual gondolier is a sad destroyer of illusions. He is not the least like the personage you fondly imagined him to be. His ordinary head covering is a felt hat of the pattern known as wide-awake. He wears no sash. He patronises a shooting-jacket. His pantaloons are by no means out of the common. The sole romantic feature in his attire is a negative one—the general absence of shoes and stockings. My particular gondolier—he of the poodle—was a dandy; but in what did his dandyism consist? In a laced front to his shirt—such a shirt as I could have purchased for twelve francs fifty, in the Passage des Panoramas, Paris; in a resplendent watch-guard, and a bunch of charms. I was wofully disappointed. I turned to the poodle, seeking consolation. He flapped his tail against the prow, with the wag mournful. "What would you have?" he seemed to ask. "Venice is not what it used to be." I turned with a sigh; when a ray of relief shot through me. The gondolier wore a pretty cameo in the

band of his wide-awake. That was something. Presently I gave him a cigarette, and thanking me with the frank and dignified courtesy which it strikes me favourably distinguishes the Italians from the French, he inserted my gift in a meerschau tube with an amber mouthpiece. I am afraid the tube was made at Vienna; but it bore the Lion of St. Mark carved in the meerschau, and that was something more.

Goethe, fifty years ago, Byron and Rogers, forty years ago, noticed that the gondoliers had ceased to sing. They are, indeed, songless. I never heard when in company with the poodle, or elsewhere, any barcaroles, any ritornellas, any recitations from Tasso or Ariosto. The gondolier is, however, by no means mute. He is an exceedingly merry fellow, and for centuries has been renowned as a wag. A thick volume might be collected of the droll sayings of these Hansom cabbies of the sea. The stranger, it is true, does not understand much of his facetiæ, for he converses mainly in the soft and flowing Venetian dialect, which dulcifies "padre" into "pare," "madre" into "mare," and abbreviates "casa" to "ca." Then he has his professional gondolier's language, the origin, structure, and syntax of which must alike remain mysterious to those who are not to the Venetian manner born. The most salient points in the vocabulary seemed to me:

First. "Ayéhehi!" This is when he approaches the corner of a canal; it is intended as a warning to any unseen gondolier who may be coming round the said corner.

Next. "Tái!" or "Tahyi!" This is when he has turned the corner, and is an aviso to any comrade who is close on his heels.

Last. "Allajevaismayfachayeh-eh-eh!" ad libitum. This is a very complex and prolonged sound, like the sweep of an oar, and is employed when a gondolier wishes to cut through a group of boats collected together, in order to land. As the cry is prolonged, they divide, and allow him to pass. How these sounds are spelt, or what they really mean, I have not the remotest notion; and I question whether the gondoliers themselves are much better informed. It is probable that their forefathers have cried "Ayéhehi" and "Tayli," and "Allajevaismayfachayeh-eh-eh," ever since the days of blind old Dandolo, if not longer.

Fouling is almost unknown in the navigation of the canals. The gondoliers drive their boats, if the term will be permitted me, with exquisite skill and accuracy. When, in rare instances, a slight bump occurs, there is a slanging match of moderate intensity between the gondoliers. There is one form of objurgation invariably and plentifully made use of. It is "Figlio di——" I need not particularise. Have you never observed in what terms of reverential affection foreigners are accustomed to speak of their mothers; and have you never observed how ready they are to take away the characters of other people's mothers when they are quarrelling?"

I was cockney enough, just now, to speak of the gondoliers as the Hansom cabbies of the

sea. When you have been to Venice, my hypercritical friend, and have gone through your gondola-apprenticeship, you may arrive at the confession that between the gondola and the Hansom, the gondolier and the cabby, there are many points of similarity. First, in the good driving. Next, in the fact that you don't see the driver, but occasionally hear his witticisms behind you. Thirdly, in your having a look-out straight ahead, and side prospects from the two small windows. And, lastly, there will scarcely fail to come over you the impression that the gracefully tapering prow, of which the head, looked straight at, seems no thicker than the blade of a carving-knife, forms, not the end of a boat, but the head and shoulders of a fleet black horse, intelligent, obedient to the will of the charioteer. Only, you never get the charioteer's whip in your face, as is sometimes your misfortune in a Hansom.

But the poodle at the prow is scanning me reproachfully, and I leave exterior objects, to turn to the inside of my gondola. It is two o'clock in the afternoon—I don't mean by Venetian time, which seems to be regulated anyhow—but by my watch, which is set by the meridian of Munich, in Bavaria. It is very hot. By-and-by, at sunset, the sea will be of a deep purple, the sky of an intense azure, but both are now as sheets of burnished gold. But I am as cool as a cucumber inside the gondola. The windows are slightly drawn on one side, and hot as is the sun, a cool sea breeze comes stealing through. Ah! that breeze, how well I remember it a week afterwards at Milan, howling in the agonies of the toothache. The cabin of the gondola is a little black chamber with a high-coved ceiling. It is panelled with rich carved work. There is room in it for three persons to sit at ease on the soft black leather cushions trimmed with black lambswool; but I desire no company. There are a couple of mirrors in carved ebony frames, garnished with gilt bosses. The door is a wonder of carved work. There are arm-rests, and leg-rests, and every enticement to be lazy. The transverse bench has a raised and sloping back, like an arm-chair, but the space between that and the tilt is covered only by the pendant portion of the black awning, which you can lift at will, to converse with the gondolier. In one instance only is the sable rule departed from. The carpet, which extends from stem to stern, is of a lively polychromatic pattern.

In winter-time, of course the cabin door is shut, the curtains are drawn, a false panel is inserted in the back, and all things are made snug and comfortable. In summer, the black awning forms the most delightful of sun-shades. But why is it black? Tell me, Venetian antiquarians. Tell me, chatty correspondents of Notes and Queries. I was always given to understand that black absorbed heat, and that white was the only wear for hot climates. I stretched out my arm and touched the roof of

the cabin, but it was cool. Do they put saturated felt, or wet cloths, between it and the awning?

Many travellers, on their first arrival in this enchanted town, and in their eager impatience to drink in its beauties, rush from the cabin, and sit or stand in the open, in the forepart of the boat, drinking up the glorious perspective which surrounds them. That I think is a mistake. The windows, the open doorway, form *picture-frames*, and in those frames are set, in gentle succession, all the marvellous pictures the world has been wondering at for centuries. There is the Grimani Palace, there the Pesaro, there the Vendramin, there the Dogana, there Santa Maria della Salute; there, by Jove! there's the Rialto, which is not unlike the Burlington Arcade on arches. "Signor Antonio, many a time and oft—" but Signor Antonio politely asks me whether we shall turn back, and I say him yea, and bid him land me at the Mole.

All this time the poodle has been regarding, now me, and now the panorama of panoramas, on either side. The latter he inspects with an air that is accustomed, but not stale. One does not grow tired of Venice. In the cortile of the Ducal Palace you may see the common people eyeing every day, with reverent astonishment ever fresh, the wonderful statues, and friezes, and bas-reliefs. The poodle looked at the palaces as though he were acquainted with them all, but was as fond of them as when he first set eyes on Venice and sat at the prow of a gondola. Oh, poodle, how long? Did he belong to the mainland—was he ever at Bologna? Was he ever—no; I spurn the thought. He could never have been an Austrian poodle. The gondolier would have tipped him into the sea, and held him down with the oar till he was drowned, had the faintest suspicion come across him that Alcibiades was a Tesesco.

The poodle, and I, and the gondolier came slowly back to the Mole. And there I paid the boatman a little more than his fare, and left him pleased. I shook paws with Alcibiades, and left him pleased, too, if the jocund wag of his tail was to be accepted as evidence. I felt that I had made a friend; and solitary travellers are always privileged to form two kinds of friendships. To be on talking terms with dogs and with little children you require no letters of introduction. And then I traversed the Mole, and finding myself between the two great columns guarding the approach to the Piazzetta, with the Doge's Palace on one side and the Zecca on the other, I lost my senses at once, and was whirled away into the midst of Venetian life, and was as mad as a March hare for the rest of the week.

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VERY HARD CASH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

CHAPTER XX.

JAMES MAXLEY came out of the Bank that morning with nine hundred and four pounds buttoned up tight in the pocket of his leather breeches, a joyful man; and so to his work; and home at one o'clock to dinner.

At 2 P.M. he was thoughtful; uneasy at 3; wretched at 3.30.

He was gardener as well as capitalist; and Mr. Hardie owed him thirty shillings for work.

Such is human nature in general, and Maxley's in particular, that the 900*l*. in pocket seemed small, and the 30*s*. in jeopardy, large.

"I can't afford to go with the creditors," argued Maxley: "dividend on thirty shillings? why, that will be about thirty pence; the change for a hard half-crown.

He stuck his spade in the soil and made for his debtor's house. As he came up the street, Dodd shot out of the Bank radiant, and was about to pass him without notice, full of his wife and children: but Maxley stopped him with a right cordial welcome, and told him he had given them all a fright this time.

"What, is it over the town already, that my ship has been wrecked?" And Dodd looked annoyed.

"Wrecked? No; but you have been due this two months, ye know. Wrecked? Why captain, you haven't ever been wrecked?" And he looked him all over as if he expected to see "WRECKED" branded on him by the elements.

"Ay, James, wrecked on the French coast, and lost my chronometer, and a tip-top sextant. But what of that? I saved *It*. I have just landed *It* in the Bank. Good-by: I must sheer off; I long to be home."

"Stay a bit, captain," said Maxley: "I am not quite easy in my mind; I saw you come out of Hardies; I thought in course you had been in to draa; but you says different. Now what was it you did leave behind you at that there shop, if you please: not money?"

"Not money? Only fourteen thousand pounds. How the man stares! Why, it's not mine, James; it's my children's: there, good-by;" and he was

actually off this time. But Maxley stretched his long limbs, and caught him in two strides, and gripped his shoulder without ceremony: "Be you mad?" said he, sternly.

"No, but I begin to think you are."

"That is to be seen," said Maxley, gravely. "Before I lets you go, you must tell me whether you be jesting, or whether you have really been so simple as to drop fourteen—thousand—pounds at Hardies?" No judge upon the bench, nor bishop in his stall, could be more impressive than this gardener was, when he subdued the vast volume of his voice to a low grave utterance of this sort.

Dodd began to be uneasy: "Why, good Heavens, there is nothing wrong with the old Barkington Bank?"

"Nothing wrong?" roared Maxley: then whispered: "Holt! I was laad once for slander, and cost me thirty pounds: nearly killed my missus it did."

"Man!" cried Dodd, "for my children's sake tell me if you know anything amiss. After all, I'm like a stranger here; more than two years away at a time."

"I'll tell you all I know," whispered Maxley: "'tis the least I can do. What (roaring) do you—think—I've forgotten you saving my poor boy out o' that scrape, and getting him a good place in Canada, and—why, he'd have been put in prison but for you, and that would ha' broken my heart and his mother's—and—" The stout voice began to quaver.

"Oh, bother all that now," said Dodd, impatiently. "The Bank! you have grounded me on thorns."

"Well, I'll tell ye: but you must promise faithful not to go and say I told ye, or you'll get me laad again: and I likes to laa *them*, not for *they* to laa *me*."

"I promise, I promise."

"Well then, I got a letter to-day from my boy, him as you was so good to, and here 'tis in my breeches-pocket.—Laws! how things do come round surely: why, lookee here now, if so be *you* hadn't been a good friend to *he*, *he* wouldn't be where he is, and if so be *he* warn't where *he* is, *he* couldn't have writ *me* this here, and then where should *you* and *I* be?"

"Belay your jaw and show me this letter," cried David, trembling all over.

"That I wool," said Maxley, diving a hand into his pocket. "Hush! lookce yander now; if there ain't Master Alfred a watching of us two out of his window: and her have got an eye like a hawk, *he* have. Step in the passage, captain, and I'll show it you."

He drew him aside into the passage, and gave him the letter. Dodd ran his eye over it hastily, uttered a cry like a wounded lion, dropped it, gave a slight stagger, and rushed away.

Maxley picked up his letter and watched Dodd into the Bank again; and reflected on his work. His heart was warmed at having made a return to the good captain.

His head suggested that he was on the road which leads to libel.

But he had picked up at the assizes a smattering of the law of evidence; so he coolly tore the letter in pieces. "There now," said he to himself, "if Hardies do laa me for publishing of this here letter, why they pours their water into a sieve. Ugh!" And with this exclamation he started, and then put his heavy boot on part of the letter, and ground it furtively into the mud; for a light hand had settled on his shoulder, and a keen young face was close to his.

It was Alfred Hardie, who had stolen on him like a cat. "I'm laad," thought Maxley.

"Maxley, old fellow," said Alfred, in a voice as coaxing as a woman's, "are you in a good humour?"

"Well, Master Halfred, sight of you mostly puts me in one, especially after that there stryeh-nine job."

"Then tell me," whispered Alfred, his eyes sparkling, and his face beaming, "who was that you were talking to just now?—was it?—wasn't it?—who was it?"

CHAPTER XXI.

WHILE Dodd stood lowering in the doorway, he was nevertheless making a great effort to control his agitation.

At last he said in a stern but low voice, in which, however, a quick ear might detect a tremor of agitation: "I have changed my mind, sir: I want my money back."

At this, though David's face had prepared him, Mr. Hardie's heart sank: but there was no help for it: he said faintly: "Certainly. May I ask?"—and there he stopped; for it was hardly prudent to ask anything.

"No matter," replied Dodd, his agitation rising even at this slight delay: "come! my money! I must and will have it."

Hardie drew himself up majestically. "Captain Dodd, this is a strange way of demanding what nobody here disputes."

"Well, I beg your pardon," said Dodd, a little awed by his dignity and fairness: "but I can't help it."

The quick, supple, Banker, saw the slight ad-

vantage he had gained, and his mind went into a whirl: what should he do? It was death to part with this money and gain nothing by it: sooner tell Dodd of the love affair; and open a treaty on this basis: he clung to this money like limpet to its rock; and so intense and rapid were his thoughts and schemes how to retain it a little longer, that David's apologies buzzed in his ear like the drone of a beetle.

The latter went on to say: "You see, sir; it's my children's fortune, my boy Edward's, and my little Julia's: and so many have been trying to get it from me, that my blood boils up in a moment about it now.—My poor head!—You don't seem to understand what I am saying; there then, I am a sailor; I can't go beating and tacking, like you landsmen, with the wind dead astarn; the long and the short is, I don't feel it safe here: don't feel it safe anywhere, except in my wife's lap. So no more words: here's your receipt; give me my money."

"Certainly, Captain Dodd. Call to-morrow morning at the Bank, and it will be paid on demand in the regular way: the Bank opens at ten o'clock."

"No, no; I can't wait. I should be dead of anxiety before then. Why not pay it me here, and now?—You took it here."

"We receive deposits till four o'clock; but we do not disburse after three. This is the system of all Banks."

"That is all nonsense: if you are open to receive money, you are open to pay it."

"My dear sir, if you were not entirely ignorant of business, you would be aware that these things are not done in this way: money received is passed to account, and the cashier is the only person who can honour your draft on it: but, stop; if the cashier is in the Bank, we may manage it for you yet: Skinner, run and see whether he has left: and, if not, send him in to me directly." The cashier took his cue, and ran out.

David was silent.

The cashier speedily returned, saying, with a disappointed air: "The cashier has been gone this quarter of an hour."

David maintained an ominous silence.

"That is unfortunate," remarked Hardie. "But, after all, it is only till to-morrow morning: still I regret this circumstance, sir; and I feel that all these precautions we are obliged to take must seem unreasonable to you: but experience dictates this severe routine; and, were we to deviate from it, our friends' money would not be so safe in our hands as it always has been at present."

David eyed him sternly, but let him run on. When he had concluded his flowing periods, David said quietly: "So you can't give me my own, because your cashier has carried it away?"

Hardie smiled: "No, no; but because he has looked it up; and carried away the key."

"It is not in this room, then?"

"No."

"Are you sure?"

"Positive."

"What, not in that safe of yours, there?"

"Certainly not," said Hardie, stoutly.

"Open the safe: the keys are in it."

"Open the safe? What for?"

"To show me It is not in the right hand partition of that safe; there: there." And David pointed at the very place where it was.

The dignified Mr. Hardie felt ready to sink with shame: a kind of shudder passed through him, and he was about to comply, heart-sick: but then wounded pride, and the rage of disappointment, stung him, and he turned in defiance: "You are impertinent, sir: and I shall not reward your curiosity and your insolence by showing you the contents of my safes."

"My money! my money!" cried David, fiercely: "no more words, for I shan't listen to them: I know you now for what you are; a thief. I saw you put It into that safe: a liar is always a thief. You want to steal my children's money: I'll have your life first. My money! ye pirate! or I'll strangle you." And he advanced upon him purple with rage, and shot out his long threatening arm, and brown fingers working in the air. "D'ye know what I did to a French land shark that tried to rob me of It? I throttled him with these fingers till his eyes and his tongue started out of him; he came for my children's money, and I killed him so—so—so—as I'll kill you, you thief! you liar! you scoundrel!"

His face black and convulsed with rage, and his outstretched fingers working convulsively, and hungering for a rogue's throat, made the resolute Hardie quake; he whipped out of the furious man's way, and got to the safe pale and trembling. "Hush! no violence!" he gasped: "I'll give you your money this moment, you ruffian."

While he unlocked the safe with trembling hands, Dodd stood like a man petrified; his arm and fingers stretched out and threatening; and Skinner saw him pull at his necktie furiously, like one choking.

Hardie got the notes and bills all in a hurry, and held them out to Dodd.

In which act, to his consternation, and surprise, and indignation, he received a back-handed blow on the eye that dazzled him for an instant; and there was David with his arms struggling wildly, and his fists clenched, his face purple, and his eyes distorted so that little was seen but the whites; the next moment his teeth gnashed loudly together, and he fell headlong on the floor with a concussion so momentous, that the windows rattled, and the room shook violently; while the dust rose in a cloud.

A loud ejaculation burst from Hardie and Skinner.

And then there was an awful silence.

CHAPTER XXII.

WHEN David fell senseless on the floor Mr. Hardie was somewhat confused by the back-handed blow from his convulsed and whirling arm. But Skinner ran to him, held up his head, and whipped off his neckcloth.

Then Hardie turned to seize the bell and ring for assistance; but Skinner shook his head and said it was useless; this was no faint: old Betty could not help him:

"It is a bad day's work, sir," said he, trembling: "he is a dead man."

"Dead? Heaven forbid!"

"Apoplexy!" whispered Skinner.

"Run for a doctor then: lose no time: don't let us have his blood on our hands.—Dead?"

And he repeated the word this time in a very different tone; a tone too strange and significant to escape Skinner's quick ear. However, he laid David's head gently down, and rose from his knees to obey.

What did he see now, but Mr. Hardie, with his back turned, putting the notes and bills softly into the safe again out of sight. He saw, comprehended, and took his own course with equal rapidity.

"Come, run!" cried Mr. Hardie; "I'll take care of him; every moment is precious."

("Wants to get rid of me!") thought Skinner.

"No, sir," said he, "be ruled by me: let us take him to his friends: he won't live; and we shall get all the blame if we doctor him."

Already egotism had whispered Hardie, "How lucky if he should die!" and now a still guiltier thought flashed through him: he did not try to conquer it; he only trembled at himself for entertaining it.

"At least give him air!" said he, in a quavering voice, consenting in a crime, yet compromising with his conscience, feebly.

He threw the window open with great zeal, with prodigious zeal; for he wanted to deceive himself as well as Skinner. With equal parade he helped carry Dodd to the window; it opened on the ground: this done, the self-deceivers put their heads together, and soon managed matters so that two porters, known to Skinner, were introduced into the garden, and informed that a gentleman had fallen down in a fit, and they were to take him home to his friends, and not talk about it: there might be an inquest, and that was so disagreeable to a gentleman like Mr. Hardie. The men agreed at once, for a sovereign apiece. It was all done in a great hurry and agitation, and, while Skinner accompanied the men to see that they did not blab, Mr. Hardie went into the garden to breathe and think. But he could do neither.

He must have a look at It.

He stole back, opened the safe, and examined the notes and bills.

He fingered them.

They seemed to grow to his finger.

He lusted after them.

He said to himself, "The matter has gone too

far to stop; I *must* go on borrowing this money of the Dodds; and make it the basis of a large fortune: it will be best for all parties in the end."

He put it into his pocket-book; that pocket-book into his breast-pocket; and passed by his private door into the house: and to his dressing-room.

Ten minutes later he left the house with a little black bag in his hand.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"WHAT will ye give me, and I'll tell ye," said Maxley to Alfred Hardie.

"Five pounds."

"That is too much."

"Five shillings, then."

"That is too little. Lookee here, your garden owes me thirty shillings for work: suppose you pays me, and that will save me from going to your Dad for it."

Alfred consented readily, and paid the money. Then Maxley told him it was Captain Dodd he had been talking with.

"I thought so! I thought so!" cried Alfred, joyfully, "but I was afraid to believe it: it was too delightful: Maxley, you're a trump: you don't know what anxiety you have relieved me of; some fool has gone and reported the Agra wrecked; look here!" and he showed him his Lloyd's; "luckily, it has only just come; so I haven't been miserable long."

"Well, to be sure, news flies fast now-a-days. He have been wrecked, for that matter." He then surprised Alfred by telling him all he had just learned from Dodd; and was going to let out about the fourteen thousand pounds, when he recollected this was the Banker's son; and while he was talking to him, it suddenly struck Maxley that this young gentleman would come down in the world, should the Bank break: and then the Dodds, he concluded, judging others by himself, would be apt to turn their backs on him. Now he liked Alfred, and was disposed to do him a good turn, when he could without hurting James Maxley. "Mr. Alfred," said he, "I know the world better than you do: you be ruled by me, or you'll rue it: you put on your Sunday coat this minute; and off like a shot to Albyn Vilee; you'll get there before the captain: he have got a little business to do first; that is neither here nor there: besides, you are young and lissom. You be the first to tell Missus Dodd the good news; and, when the captain comes, there sets you aside Miss Julee: and don't you be shy and shamefaced: take him when his heart is warm, and tell him why you are there: 'I love her, dear,' says you. He be only a sailor, and they never has no sense nor prudence: he is amost sure to take you by the hand, at such a time: and once you get his word, he'll stand good, to his own hurt; he's one of that sort, bless his silly old heart."

A good deal of this was unintelligible to Alfred;

but the advice seemed good; advice generally does when it squares with our own wishes: he thanked Maxley, left him, made a hasty toilet, and ran to Albion Villa.

Sarah opened the door to him; in tears.

The news of the wreck had come to Albion Villa just half an hour ago; and in that half hour they had tasted more misery than hitherto their peaceful lot had brought them in years. Mrs. Dodd was praying and crying in her room; Julia had put on her bonnet, and was descending in deep distress and agitation, to go down to the quay and learn more, if possible.

Alfred saw her on the stairs, and at sight of her pale, agitated face, flew to her.

She held out both hands piteously to him: "Oh, Alfred!"

"Good news!" he panted. "He is alive; Maxley has seen him—I have seen him—He will be here directly—my own love—dry your eyes—calm your fears—He is safe; he is well: hurrah! hurrah!"

The girl's pale face flushed red with hope, then pale again with emotion, then rosy red with transcendent joy: "Oh, bless you! bless you!" she murmured, in her sweet gurgle so full of heart: then took his head passionately with both her hands, as if she was going to kiss him: uttered a little inarticulate cry of love and gratitude over him, then turned and flew up the stairs, crying "Mamma! mamma!" and burst into her mother's room. When two such Impetuosities meet, as Alfred and Julia, expect quick work.

What happened in Mrs. Dodd's room may be imagined: and soon both ladies came hastily out to Alfred, and he found himself in the drawing-room seated between them, and holding a hand of each, and playing the man delightfully, soothing and assuring them; Julia believed him at a word, and beamed with unmixed delight and anticipation of the joyful meeting; Mrs. Dodd cost him more trouble: her soft hand trembled still in his; and she put question upon question. But, when he told her he with his own eyes had seen Captain Dodd talking to Maxley, and gathered from Maxley he had been shipwrecked on the coast of France, and lost his chronometer and his sextant, these details commanded credit; bells were rung: the captain's dressing-room ordered to be got ready; the cook put on her mettle, and Alfred invited to stay and dine with the long-expected one: and the house of mourning became the house of joy.

"And then it was he who brought the good news," whispered Julia to her mother; "and that is so sweet."

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Dodd, "he will make even me love him. The 14,000! I hope that was not lost in the wreck."

"Oh, mamma! who cares? when his own dear, sweet, precious life has been in danger, and is mercifully preserved. Why does he not come? I shall scold him for keeping us waiting: you

know I am not a bit afraid of him, though he is papa: indeed, I am ashamed to say, I govern him with a rod of, no matter what. Do, do, do let us all three put on our bonnets, and run and meet him. I want him so to love somebody the very first day."

Mrs. Dodd said, "Well: wait a few minutes, and then, if he is not here, you two shall go. I dare hardly trust myself to meet my darling husband in the open street."

Julia ran to Alfred: "If he does not come in ten minutes, you and I may go and meet him."

"You are an angel," murmured Alfred.

"You are another," said Julia, haughtily.

"Oh dear, I can't sit down: and I don't want flattery, I want papa. A waltz! a waltz! then one can go mad with joy without startling propriety; I can't answer for the consequences if I don't let off a little, little, happiness."

"That I will," said Mrs. Dodd; "for I am as happy as you, and happier." She played a waltz.

Julia's eyes were a challenge: Alfred started up and took her ready hand, and soon the gay young things were whirling round, the happiest pair in England.

But in the middle of the joyous whirl, Julia's quick ear, on the watch all the time, heard the gate swing to: she glided like an eel from Alfred's arm, and ran to the window. Arrived there, she made three swift vertical bounds like a girl with a skipping rope, only her hands were clapping in the air at the same time; then down the stairs, screaming: "His chest! his chest! he is coming, coming, come."

Alfred ran after her.

Mrs. Dodd, unable to race with such antelopes, slipped quietly out into the little balcony.

Julia had seen two men carrying a trestle with a tarpaulin over it, and a third walking beside. Dodd's heavy sea chest had been more than once carried home this way. She met the men at the door, and overpowered them with questions:

"Is it his clothes? then he wasn't so much wrecked after all. Is he with you? is he coming directly? Why don't you tell me?"

The porters at first wore the stolid impassive faces of their tribe: but, when this bright young creature questioned them, brimming over with ardour and joy, their countenances fell, and they hung their heads.

The little sharp-faced man, who was walking beside the other, stepped forward to reply to Julia.

He was interrupted by a terrible scream from the balcony.

Mrs. Dodd was leaning wildly over it, with dilating eyes, and quivering hand that pointed down to the other side of the trestle: "Julia!! Julia!!"

Julia ran round, and stood petrified, her pale lips apart, and all her innocent joy frozen in a moment.

The tarpaulin was scanty there, and a man's hand and part of his arm dangled helplessly out.

The hand was blanched: and wore a well known ring.

RIDING LONDON.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART II. OF CABS, JOBS, AND BLACK JOBS.

THERE is a very large class of Riding London, which, while not sufficiently rich to keep its private carriage, holds omnibus conveyance in contempt and scorn, loathes flies, and pins its vehicular faith on cabs alone. To this class belong lawyers' clerks, of whom, red bag-holding and perspiration-covered, there are always two or three at the Holborn end of Chancery-lane, flinging themselves into Hansoms, and being whirled off to Guildhall or Westminster; to it belong newspaper reporters, with their note-books in their breast-pockets, hurrying up from parliament debates to their offices, there to turn their mystic hieroglyphics into sonorous phrases; to it belong stockbrokers having "time bargains" to transact, editors hunting up "copy" from recalcitrant contributors, artists hurrying to be in time with their pictures ere the stern exhibition gallery porter closes the door, and, pointing to the clock, says, "It's struck!" young gentlemen going to or coming from Cremorne, and all people who have to catch trains, keep appointments, or do anything by a certain specified time, and who, following the grand governing law of human nature, have, in old ladies' phraseology, "driven everything to the last." To such people a Hansom cab is a primary matter of faith, and certainly when it is provided with a large pair of wheels, a thick round tubby horse (your thin bony rather blood-looking dancing jumping quadruped lately introduced is no good at all for speed) and a clever driver, there is nothing to compare to it. Not the big swinging pretentious remise of Paris or Brussels; not the heavy rumbling bone-dislocating droskies of Berlin or Vienna, with their blue-bloused, accordion-capped drivers; not the droschky of St. Petersburg, with its vermin-swarming Ischvostehik; not the shatteradan calesas of Madrid, with its garlic-reeking conductor! Certainly not the old vaulty hackney-coach; the jiffing dangerous cabriolet, where the driver sat beside you, and shot you into the street at his will and pleasure; the "slice," the entrance to which was from the back; the "tribus," and other wild vehicles which immediately succeeded the extinction of the old cabriolet, which had their trial, and then passed away as failures. There are still about half a dozen hackney-coaches of the "good old" build, though much more modest in the matter of paint and heraldry than they used to be; but these are attached entirely to the metropolitan railway stations, and are only made use of by Paterfamilias with much luggage and many infants on his return from the annual sea-side visit. Cabs, both of the Hansom and Clarence build, are the staple con-

veyance of middle-class Riding London, and of these we now propose to treat.

Although there are, plying in the streets, nearly five thousand cabs, there are only some half-dozen large masters who hold from thirty to fifty vehicles each, the remainder being owned by struggling men, who either thrive and continue, or break and relapse into their old position of drivers, horsekeepers, conductors, or something even more anomalous, according to the season and the state of trade. Our inquiries on this subject were made of one of the principal masters, whose name we knew from constantly seeing it about the streets, but with whom we had not the smallest personal acquaintance. We had previously written to him, announcing our intended visit and its object, but when we arrived at the stables we found their owner evidently perceiving a divided duty, and struggling between natural civility and an enforced reticence. Yes, he knew this journal! he knew the name of its conductor, Lor' bless me! but—and here he stopped, and cleared his throat, and looked, prophetically, afar off, over the stables' roof, and at the pigeons careering over Lamb's Conduit-street. We waited and waited, and at last out it came. Would we be fair and 'boveboard? We would! No hole and corner circumventin? We didn't clearly know what this meant, but we pledged our word then there should be none of it. Well, then—were we a agent of this new cab company as he'd heard was about to be started? Explaining in full detail our errand, we never got more excellent information, more honestly and cheerfully given.

Our friend had on an average thirty-five cabs in use, and all of these were built on his own premises and by his own men. There was very little, if any, difference between the price of building a Hansom or a Clarence cab, the cost of each, when well turned out, averaging fifty guineas. To every cab there are, of necessity, two horses; but a careful cab-master will allow seven horses to three cabs, the extra animal being required in case of overwork or illness, either or both of which are by no means of unfrequent occurrence. These horses are not bought at any particular place, but are picked up as opportunity offers. Aldridge's, and the Repository in Barbican furnish many of them. Many are confirmed "screws," some are well-bred horses with unmistakable symptoms of imminent disease, others with incurable vice—incurable, that is to say, until after a fortnight's experience of a Hansom's shafts, when they generally are reduced to lamb-like quietude. There is no average price, the sums given varying from ten to five-and-twenty pounds; nor can their lasting qualities be reduced to an average, as some knock up and are consigned to the slaughterer after a few weeks, while other old stagers battle with existence for a dozen years. In the season, cabs are generally out on a stretch of fifteen hours, going out between nine or ten A.M., returning to change horses between three and five P.M., starting afresh, and finally returning home between midnight and one A.M. Of course there

are cabs which leave the yard and return at earlier times, and during the height of the Cremorne festivities there are many which do not go out till noon, and very seldom put in an appearance at the stables until broad daylight, about four A.M. These are by no means the worst paid of the cab fraternity, as a visit to Cremorne and a mingling in its pleasures is by no means productive of stinginess to the cabman, but occasionally results in a wish on the part of the fare to ride on the box, to drive the horse, and to proffer cigars and convivial refreshment on every possible occasion. Each cabman on starting carries a horse-bag with him containing three feeds of mixed chaff, which horse-bag is replenished before he leaves for his afternoon trip. The cab-masters, however, impress upon their men the unadvisability of watering their horses at inn-yards or from watermen's pails, as much disease is generated in this manner.

The monetary arrangements between cab-masters and cabmen are peculiar. The master pays his man no wages; on the contrary, the man hires horse and vehicle from his master; and, having to pay him a certain sum, leaves his own earnings to chance, to which amicable arrangement we may ascribe the conciliatory manners and the avoidance of all attempts at extortion which characterise these gentry. For Clarence cabs the masters charge sixteen shillings a day, while Hansoms command from two to three shillings a day extra; and they are well worth it to the men, not merely from their ordinary popularity, but just at the present time, when, as was explained, there is a notion in the minds of most old ladies that every four-wheel cab has just conveyed a patient to the Small-Pox Hospital, the free open airy Hansoms are in great demand. In addition to his lawful fares, the perquisites or "pickings" of the cabman may be large. To him the law of treasure-trove is a dead letter; true, there exists a regulation that all property left in any public vehicle is to be deposited with the registrar at Somerset House; but a very small per-centage finds its way to that governmental establishment. The cabman has, unwittingly, a great reverence for the old feudal system, and claims, over anything which he may seize, the right of free-warren, saccage and soccage, cuisage and jambage, fosse and fork, infang theofe, and outfang theofe; and out of all those porte-monnaies, pocket-books, reticules, ladies' bags, portmanteaus, cigar-cases, deeds, documents, books, sticks, and umbrellas, duly advertised in the second column of the Times, as "left in a cab," very few find their way to Somerset House. We knew of an old gentleman of middle-headed tendencies who left four thousand pounds' worth of Dutch coupons, payable to bearer, in a hack Clarence cab; years have elapsed, and, despite all the energies of the detective police, and the offer of fabulous rewards, those coupons have never been recovered, nor will they be, until the day of settlement arrives, when the adjudication as to who is their rightful owner—with a necessarily strong claim on the part of

their then possessor—will afford a pretty bone of contention for exponents of the law. All that the driver has to find as his equipment, is his whip (occasionally, by some masters, lost nose-bags are placed to his account), and having provided himself with that, and his license, he can go forth.

But there is a very large class of London people to whom the possession of a private carriage of their own is the great ambition of life, a hope long deferred, which, however sick it has made the heart for years, coming at last yields an amount of pleasure worth the waiting for. Nine-tenths of these people job their horses. Those pretty, low-quartered, high-crested Brougham horses, with the champing mouths and the tossing heads, which career up and down the Ladies' Mile; those splendid steppers, all covered with fleck and foam, which the bewigged coachman tools round and round Grosvenor-square while "waiting to take up;" those long, lean-bodied, ill-looking but serviceable horses which pass their day in dragging Dr. Bolus from patient to patient, all are jobbed. It is said that any man of common sense setting up his carriage in London will job his horses. There are four or five great job-masters in town who have the best horses in the metropolis at command, and who are neither dealers nor commission-agents, but with whom jobbing is the sole vocation. And, at a given price, they can, at a few days' notice, provide you with any class of animal you may require. Either in person, or by a trusty agent, they attend all the large horse-fairs in the kingdom; or should they by any chance be unrepresented there, they are speedily waited on by the dealers, who know the exact class of horse which the job-master requires. Horses are bought by them at all ages, from three to seven. Young horses are begun to be broken-in at four years old, and when their tuition is commenced in the autumn, they are generally found ready for letting in the succeeding spring. The breaking-in is one of the most difficult parts of the job-master's business. The young horse is harnessed to a break by the side of an experienced old stager, known as a "break-horse," who does nothing but "break" work, who is of the utmost assistance to the break-driver, and who, when thoroughly competent, is beyond all price. Such a break-horse will put up with all the vagaries of his youthful companion, will combine with the driver to check all tendencies on the part of the neophyte to bolt, shy, back, or plunge, and if his young friend be stubborn, or devote himself to jibbing or standing stock-still, will seize him by the neck with his teeth, and, by a combination of strength and cunning, pull him off and set him in motion.

The prices charged by job-masters vary according to the class of horse required and according to the length of the job. Many country gentlemen bringing their families to London for the season, hire horses for a three or a six months' job, and they have to pay in proportion a much higher rate than those who enter into a yearly

contract. For the very best style of horse, combining beauty, action, and strength, a job-master will charge a hundred guineas a year, exclusive of forage; but the best plan for the man of moderate means, who looks for work from his horses in preference to show, and who has neither time, knowledge, nor inclination to be in a perpetual squabble with grooms and corn-chandlers, is to pay for his horses at a certain price which includes forage and shoeing. Under these conditions, the yearly price for one horse is ninety guineas; for a pair, one hundred and sixty guineas; and for this payment he may be certain of getting sound, serviceable, thoroughly creditable looking animals (which he may himself select from a stud of two or three hundred), which are well fed by the job-master, and shod whenever requisite by the farrier nearest to the hirer's stables, to whom the job-master is responsible, and which, when one falls lame or ill, are replaced in half an hour. Having made this arrangement, the gentleman setting up his carriage has only to provide himself with stables, which, with coach-house, loft, and man's room, cost from twenty pounds to thirty pounds a year, to hire a coachman, costing from one guinea to twenty-five shillings a week, to purchase a carriage-setter (a machine for hoisting the wheels to allow of their being twisted for proper cleaning), and the ordinary pails, brushes, and sponges, and to allow a sum for ordinary expenses, which, according to the extravagance or economy of his coachman, will stand him in from six pounds to twelve pounds a year. If more than two horses are kept, the services of a helper at twelve shillings a week will be required, and it is scarcely necessary to add that if day and night service have to be performed, at the end of three months neither horses nor coachman will fulfil their duties in a satisfactory manner. Indeed, there are several otherwise lucrative jobs which the job-masters find it necessary to terminate at the end of the first year; the acquisition of "their own carriage" proving such a delight to many worthy persons that they are never happy except when exhibiting their glory to their friends, and this is aided by ignorant, unskilful, and cheap drivers taking so much out of their hired cattle as utterly to annihilate any chance of gain on the part of the real proprietor of the animal.

As a provision for sick or overworked horses, each principal job-master has a farm within twenty miles of London, averaging about two hundred acres, where, in grassy paddock or healthy loose-boxes, the debilitated horses regain the health and condition which the constant pelting over London stones has robbed them of. Generally speaking, however, the health of a jobbed horse is wonderful; in the first place, he is never purchased unless perfectly sound, and known by the best competent judges to be thoroughly fitted for the work which he is likely to undergo; then he is fed with liberality (six feeds a day are on the average allowed when in full work); and, lastly, there is generally a certain sense of decency in his hirer which pre-

vents him from being overworked. This fact, however, is very seldom realised until a gentleman, urged by the apparent economy of the proceeding, determines upon buying a Brougham-horse and feeding it himself. On the face of it, this looks like an enormous saving; the horse is to cost—say from sixty to eighty pounds, the cost of keep is fourteen shillings a week, of shoeing four pounds a year; but in nine cases out of ten, owned horses take cold, throw out splints or curbs, pick up nails, begin to “roar,” or in some fashion incapacitate themselves for action during so large a portion of the year that their owner is glad to get rid of them and to return again to the jobbing system.

Although most readily job-masters profess to let saddle-horses on job, yet—for yearly jobs at least—there is seldom a demand for them. A saddle-horse is in general a petted favourite with its owner, who would not regard with complacency the probability of its being sent, on his leaving town, to some ignorant or cruel rider. So that the jobbing in this department is principally confined to the letting of a few horses for park-riding in the London season. For these from eight to ten guineas a month are paid, and the animals provided are in most cases creditable in appearance, and useful enough when the rider is a light-weight, and a good horseman; heavy men, unaccustomed to riding, had better at once purchase a horse, on the advice of some competent person, as hired hacks acquire, under their various riders, certain peculiarities of stumbling, backing, and shying, which render them very untrustworthy. Some job-masters have a riding-school attached to their premises, and whenever an evident “green hand” comes to hire a hack for a term, the job-master, who reads him like a book, asks with an air of great simplicity whether he is accustomed to riding. In nine cases out of ten the answer will be, “Well! scarcely!—long time since—in fact, not ridden since he was a boy,” and then the job-master recommends a few days in the school, which, to quote the words of the card of terms, means “six lessons when convenient, 2l. 2s.”

Probably the next day the victim will arrive at the school, a large barn-like building, and will find several other victims, old and young, undergoing tuition from the riding-master, a man in boots, with limbs of steel and lungs of brass, who stands in the middle of the school, and thence roars his commands. This functionary, with one glance, takes stock of the new arrival's powers of equitation, and orders a helper to bring in one of the stock-chargers for such riders, a strong old horse knowing all the dodges of the school, and accustomed, so far as his mouth is concerned, to the most remarkable handling. He comes in, perhaps, with a snort and a bound, but stands stock-still to be mounted—a ceremony which the pupil seems to think consists in grasping handfuls of the horse's mane, and flinging himself bodily on to the horse's back. The stern man in boots advances and gives him proper instruction, off starts the

horse and takes his position at the end of a little procession which is riding round the school. Then upon the pupil's devoted head comes a flood of instruction. Calling him by name, the riding-master tells him that “Position is everything, sir! Don't sit your horse like a sack! Body upright, elbows square, clutch the horse with that part of the leg between the knee and the ankle, toes up, sir—this is managed by pressing the heel down—where are you turning them toes to, sir? Keep 'em straight, pray! Tr-r-ot!” At the first sound of the familiar word the old horse starts off in the wake of the others, and the rider is jerked forward, his hat gradually works either over his eyes or on to his coat-collar, his toes go down, his heels go up, he rows with his legs as with oars. When the word “Can-tarr!” is given, he is reduced to clinging with one hand to the pommel, but this resource does not avail him, for at the command “Circle left!” the old horse wheels round unexpectedly, and the new pupil pitches quietly off on the tan-covered floor. The six lessons, if they do not make him a perfect Nimrod, are, however, very useful to him; they give him confidence, and he learns sufficient to enable him to present a decent appearance in the Row. (Until a man has ridden in London, he is unaware of the savagery of the boy population, or of their wonderful perseverance in attempting to cause fatal accidents.) These riding-schools are good sources of income to the job-master, and are generally so well patronised that the services of a riding-master and an assistant are in requisition, with very little intermission, from seven A.M. till seven P.M. The middle of the day is devoted to the ladies, who sometimes muster very strongly. In the winter evenings the school is also much used by gentlemen keeping their private hacks at livery with the job-master, and being warm, well lighted, and spacious, it forms a capital exercise-ground. These schools are also much frequented by foreigners, for the sake of the leaping-bar practice, which enables them to prepare themselves for the gymnastic evolutions of “Fox-Ont.”

Having treated of the arrangements in force in London for those who ride in omnibuses, cabs, private carriages, and on horseback, we now come to the preparation for that last journey which one day or other must be made by us all, and which has its own peculiar staff of vehicles, horses, and attendants.

The black-job, or black-coach business (as it is indifferently called) of London, is in the hands of four large proprietors, who manage between them the whole vehicular funeral arrangements of the metropolis. These men are wholly distinct from the undertakers, although they will take no direct orders from the public, but are only approachable through the undertakers, whose contract for the funeral includes conveyance. They provide hearse, mourning coaches, horses, and drivers, and one of their standing rules is, that no horse can be let without a driver, i.e. that none of their horses must be driven by persons not in their employ. These horses are

fine, strong, handsome animals, costing 50*l.* apiece, and are all imported from Holland and Belgium. They are all entire horses, no mares are ever used in the trade, and their breeding—for what reason we know not—is never attempted in this country. They are mostly of a dull blue-black colour, but they vary in hue according to their age, and, as their personal appearance is always closely scanned by bystanders, they are the recipients of constant care; a grey patch is quickly painted out; and when time has thinned any of the flowing locks of mane or tail, a false plait, taken from a deceased comrade, is quickly interwoven. They are for the most part gentle and docile, but very powerful, and often have to drag their heavy burdens a long distance. The black job-masters manufacture their own hearses at a cost of forty-five pounds each, but mourning coaches are never built expressly for their dreary work. They are nearly all old fashionable chariots, which, at their birth, were the pride of Long-acre, and in their heyday the glory of the Park; but which, when used up, are bright for the black-job business, and covered with japan, varnish, and black cloth; are re-lined with the same sad colour; and thus, at an expense not exceeding thirty-five pounds, including the cost, are changed into mourning coaches, likely to be serviceable in their new business for many years.

Among other items of information, I learned that Saturday is looked upon as the aristocratic day for funerals, while poor people are mostly buried on Sunday; that there is a very general wish among undertakers that cemeteries should be closed on Sunday; that very frequently no hearse is employed, the coffin being placed crossway—under the coachman's seat, and hidden by the hammercloth; that in cheap funerals one horse has often to convey from eight to twelve passengers; and that, after the ceremony is over, the most effectual thing to stanch the flow of mourners' grief is often found to be a game of skittles at the nearest public-house, accompanied by copious libations of beer.

LITERARY FRENCH WOMEN.

In the old feudal times, which it pleases many of our more imaginative young people to believe were as far superior to these days of modern degeneracy, as real heroes are superior to carpet knights, one or two little points of morality, which we are accustomed to think rather seriously of, were on a very unsatisfactory footing. Not the least unsatisfactory of them all was the condition of women in those grim baronial halls, where romancers and pre-Raphaelites would have us believe they passed their time in the perpetual reception of incense going up from the knights and warriors assembled, and were held in the same high honour as now. We could not make a greater mistake. In those old feudal times, when wives were divorced

without scruple or offence, handed about from baron to baron, as a man would now hand over his hunter or his racer—for a consideration—marriage had neither sanctity nor surety; it was mere personal possession and legalised brutality; when mothers were regarded only as the appointed nourishers of their sons, like any other form of laical creature; maternity had no holiness, and brought with it no respect; when maidens were the prey of the strongest, and the prize of the most daring, wooed, won, and cast off without love, without regard, and without regret, maiden honour was a fable, and virgin modesty a dream; while as for love—what there was of it in woman's nature grew only round her own heart in sorrowful dreams and pensive longing for an impossible ideal—not a fibre of it went to that hairy brute who drank and gamed and swore and fought in the hall, and held his lady in her bower as no better, and not so pleasant, as his "gentle tapel" on its perch, or his horse within its stall. No; the womanhood of the feudal times sat in darkness and humiliation, possessed and despised; and it was from this degraded condition, with all its savage instincts and traditions, that chivalry came, like a new Perseus, to rescue the helpless Andromeda of the human world. Chivalry gave women the two things denied in their feudal marriage—respect and love; it gave them poetry and purity in place of passion and possession, and allowed them their choice of a knight—the friend who was to defend them, honour, celebrate, and love—as some consolation against the husband who held them like any other of his baronial fiefs and chattels; and with as little regard.

This chivalric custom of the adoption of a knight or friend, freely chosen and publicly maintained, who was to be all, and to do all that his lady desired or demanded, was, as a recent writer justly says, the moral protest of woman against the humiliation of their legal condition. Very solemn was that choice; hallowed by the most sacred forms used in the holiest ceremonies of the times, and blessed by priest or bishop as a contract binding on their souls, and of heavenly value in their lives. Never lightly dealt with, nor losing itself in dishonouring familiarity or the stain of sense, it was woman's badge of loving purity, and her first attempt to set herself on an equality with man. Her knight devoted himself to redress her wrongs, as he devoted himself to redress the wrongs of all the oppressed—consecrated to that office by the Church which preached celibacy as one of the gateways to heaven, and granted the San Graal only to the pure in heart and the chaste in life; and it would have been impossible, according to the morality of the times, that his love should have had any unseemly meaning or culmination. The most solemn as well as the most passionate pledge of that love was the kiss the lady gave him, when, kneeling before her, his hands clasped between hers, he devoted himself to her

service for life, and the priest and court around blessed the union and bore witness to its celebration. Then, giving him a ring as the sign of their everlasting union, the lady raised him with that one holy kiss which was the last and dearest and highest consecration of their love. So thoroughly spiritualised was this knightly union of friend and lady, that a woman was assumed to have *lost* her lover if by chance she married him; for it was impossible, according to the ideas of the times, that the knight and the husband, the lover and the possessor, should be one and the same person. Wherefore the lady who married her knight, but who had promised another aspirant that if ever she changed her friend she would take him in his stead, was held by Eleanor de Guienne, presiding over the Cours d'Amour, to be bound by her promise, seeing that she had lost her knight when she became his wife—an anecdote sufficiently expressive of the spirit of these chivalric unions, and the sharp line drawn between marriage and love.

There were four degrees or stages in the progress of this knightly love. When desirous of pleasing, but afraid to speak and paying only mute court, the knight was then a *hésitant*; when encouraged so far as to humbly express his feelings otherwise than by dumb show, he was a *priant*; when retained as a knight and given a silken cord, gloves, or a sash to wear—her colours, in fact—he was then an *écouté*, a knight who had the right to maintain the supremacy of his lady's charms against all comers, and wear her favours in his helmet; but if after this she publicly pledged her love to him, and gave him a kiss, then he was her *drutz* or *ami*, her friend nearer and dearer to her than any other human being, for whom was reserved all the ineffable love of her soul, all the gracious tenderness of her heart and fancy. This was the boon which fair and fruitful Provence gave to the women of the middle ages; the effects of which were felt to the furthest corner of the then civilised world, and which have not entirely died away even to this day. Dante is full of this chivalric, or what we should now call passionless and platonic, love for Beatrice; and in many of the older poets before Dante the same exalted state of spiritual ecstacy is to be traced; the same rendering up of heart and soul, with never a trace of grosser longing than for that divine charity of love, that noble pity of womanhood, which would give back thought for thought, and gracious acceptance of faithful service.

Trustful in servitude

I have been and will be,
And loyal unto love my whole life through.
A hundredfold of good
Hath he not guerdon'd me
For what I have endur'd of grief and woe?
Since he hath given me unto one of whom
Thus much he said,—Thou mightest seek for aye
Another of such worth, so beauteous.
Joy therefore may keep house

In this my heart, that it hath loved so well
Meseems I scarce could dwell

Ever in weary life or in dismay
If no true service still my heart gave room.*

These chivalric unions never throve heartily in England. A less imaginative race, with thicker senses, it was scarcely possible for us to subtilise and refine on this subject; perhaps well for us, in one sense, since it led us earlier than most others to the perception of the fact that the truest love is contained in the happiest marriage, and that the lady does not always lose her friend when she transforms him into her husband.

In France, that earlier chivalrous respect for women which acknowledged their moral superiority and besought grace and guidance at their hands, still exists in modernised form; less distinctly than a couple of centuries ago, but with marked emphasis yet, and undeniable social and legal results. The notable facts that women possess half the capital of France—that they are habitually employed in many of the callings devoted here solely to men,—that they are considered intellectually capable of managing large commercial concerns, and are always associated with the husband's business as he would associate any other intelligent and trusty friend, their wide social influence, and the moral hold which, as mothers, they retain on every man to the end of his life, and the allowance of strong personal friendships between them and men without scandal necessarily accruing, so long as strict personal respect is maintained, and the world sees no familiarity—all these circumstances of social life in France are remnants of chivalric times, filtered through the salons of the sixteenth century. What those salons were, one of the best of our new writers shall tell us, in that delightful book of hers which goes by the name of the loveliest woman of the last generation.†

In the beginning of the seventeenth century the Hôtel Rambouillet took its place in the civilised world as the latest form of the spirit of chivalry which had never died out from France. Madame de Rambouillet was only twenty-two, when ill health and her own inborn refinement drove her from the coarse and noisy fêtes of the court, and led her to form a court of her own; a salon in which beauty of language, delicacy of manner, and the acceptance of men for what they were themselves and not for their fathers' names, were the principal features. Malherbe and Vaugelas, the one a poet, the other a purist, grammarian, and academician, and both creators of French style, were among the most favoured guests. They were each between forty-five and fifty years of age, not personally attractive in any special manner, and not of the social class usually courted by ladies since the race of the Troubadours had ceased in the land, and song was no longer a claim to favour.

* Rinaldo d'Aquino. Rossetti's translation.

† Madame Ricamier. By Madame M.

Then other literary men came into the circle, among whom were Balzac, Voiture, and Racan—which last fell madly in love with the marquise, and wrote a play in which—under the name of Arthenice, an anagram on Catherine, her own name—he described his love, but afterwards suppressed the description, “lest it should make her unhappy.” Surely a trait of noble delicacy and self-sacrifice quite chivalric! Among other things, the Hôtel Rambouillet assigned to itself the task of purifying the language from certain grossnesses and vulgarities; nay, of even adding new words, if occasion served; as when it coined the famous word, “urbanity,” and the world accepted the coinage. This small beginning in the drawing-room of a private lady came afterwards to its full perfection in the celebrated Institut, the most successful conservatory of language ever known. Few know that the French Académie was originally due to the refinement and graceful taste of a woman. In time, the purity of the Hôtel Rambouillet, getting its exaggerative imitators degenerated into prudery and affectation, and *Les Précieuses Ridicules* of Molière were no bad photographs of what beauty had become when travestied by folly. To Richelieu, the jealous, anxious, arbitrary minister, those pleasant meetings at the Hôtel were especially distasteful. He wanted to know all that was said and done there, and could not believe that so many persons could be gathered without plotting and evil-speaking. So, one day, he sent his secretary and spy, Boisrobert, to the marquise, asking her as a favour to tell him what her people said of him there. “Sir,” said the marquise grandly, “my friends know my attachment to his Eminence, and would not, therefore, be so unpolite as to speak ill of him in my presence.” His Eminence never asked again, and the meetings went on as briskly as before.

No cards or music were called in to help the leaden-footed hours at the Hôtel Rambouillet, but all the guests talked; they cultivated the quickness of repartee, the terseness of epigram, the brilliancy of fancy, the swift bright play of thought, which give spirit to conversation. They did not, each, make up his thought into a pellet, which he launched at the head of his nearest neighbour, then withdrew nervously from the fray, as is too often the only talking to be had here; but they toyed, and sported, and played, and fenced like Arab warriors in the jereed game. This new art or grace became one of the greatest refiners of manner and helps to pleasant living known to modern society. In those days, too, the world recognised the possibility of attachments which should include all the tenderness, and exclude all the passion, of love. Julie d’Angennes, the eldest daughter of the marquise, was a striking exemplification of this, as also of the greater freedom allowed then than now to unmarried women. She was her mother’s lieutenant in that graceful army of wit and beauty, and had as many lovers as there were days in

the year; but she would listen to none of them, and always said that she would never marry any one lower than Gustavus Adolphus, the greatest hero of his age. M. de Montausier, however—a hero in his way, if not quite equal to the ideal the fair Julie had made for herself—after nine years of patient and loyal serving, succeeded in convincing her that a husband may sometimes remain a lover. It was M. de Montausier who caused the famous *Guirlande de Julie* to be made; a highly characteristic manner of wooing, with still a dash of the old chivalric sentiment clinging to it. This Garland was a folio volume of twenty-nine pages. On each page was a leaf or flower, painted in miniature by the best artists of the day; and underneath each painting was an ode or madrigal, written by the best poets—the whole executed by Jarry, the noted calligrapher.

Immediately after the Hôtel Rambouillet, with its graceful, dignified, and refined mistress, came the salon of Mademoiselle de Scudéry, where the two friends, Courart, the jealous secretary of the Académie, and Pélisson, the secretary and defender of Fouquet, met to dispute possession of her heart. Pélisson, sixteen years her junior, and painfully disfigured by the small-pox, was the finally favoured, and Courart had to digest his disappointment as he best might. The friendship between Mademoiselle de Scudéry and Pélisson stands almost unrivalled in the annals of Platonism. It lasted through the five years of solitary confinement in the Bastille, where he was imprisoned for the defence of Fouquet, and where he formed that celebrated friendship with the spider which has made his name more famous, perhaps, than his friendship with La Scudéry; and it lasted up to the day of his death, when he was seventy and she eighty-six, and the grave parted them for but a brief day. No one ever dared to slander this noble affection. The bitterest satirists left it alone; the most cynical disbelievers in human purity were forced to respect its innocence. It was a fine-hearted woman’s verdict in favour of intelligence against station, and of the superior charms of mind against the mere outside graces of form.

Madame de Sablé next carried on this grand war of womanhood against the degrading influences of class and caste, and in her salon, as in those of her predecessors, the literary man and the refined man were always welcome—more welcome than the titled or the wealthy, if brainless or coarse. She, too, maintained her place as lawgiver and superior, and recognised no holiness in the *Griselda* type of woman.

Our next queen of society was not so true to her class. The Duchesse de Longueville forsook her pride for a lower, if a more natural love, and her biography shows us the rare phenomena of a lady who humbled herself to her lover, and accepted laws instead of framing them. La Rochefoucault—whose wise and foolish, true and false Maxims were, like the nobler *Thoughts* of Pascal, mainly elaborated from the conversations held at Madame de Sablé’s—found means

to bend the duchess to his selfish will, and to break the sceptre of a dethroned queen. La Longueville is the first woman of salon notoriety who bowed herself at the foot of man; and in her humiliation may be traced the beginning of that comparative decline in female influence which has been of such evil consequence to France. I say comparative, for there were still many years of salon supremacy to come: years when Madame de Maintenon and Madame de Sévigné, Madame Roland, Madame de Staël, Joséphine, and Madame Récamier gave laws to their various worlds; years when woman's grace and purity and fine moral perceptions and spiritual insight helped men through many a miry way of conscientious difficulty, made many a doubtful matter clear and bright, made politics, religion, and friendship, an article of faith, and preserved still to modern manners something of the fragrant delicacy of the old chivalric times.

But the greatest result which this recognised influence of women has worked in France—far greater, even now in its decay, than what has ever been allowed with us—is the higher position it has accorded the literary men. When our best poets and authors were standing, shabby and mean, hat in hand, humbly waiting on some rich man's levee, or wallowing in every species of low vice; when they were hiding in the contemptuous poverty of Grub-street, unable to face a dun or pay a milkwoman's paltry score; when they took their victuals behind a screen, and submitted to the insolence of footmen for sake of the paltry pound which was the price of a fulsome dedication,—in France they were courted, fêted, caressed, protected; the favourite visitors to those desired salons which sifted out all that was best and brightest for their special keeping; the only kings holding joint rule with those beloved queens. "Where, except in France, do we find it a general rule and custom for women of all ranks to make common cause with the whole talent and genius of the country?" asks Madame M. Assuredly not here in England, nor yet in Germany. Here a woman waits for a man's fame before she extends her hand to him; in France she makes his fame by her friendship; here, he must add to his reputation some aroma of birth or wealth before becoming thoroughly adopted in our drawing-rooms (temporary lionising is not adoption); there, he needs only to be witty, and well bred, to have the entrée to the best salons in Paris. Therefore, in France, literature is the highest profession a man can follow, higher even than art; here, it is no passport of itself, but only the occasion, the accident. Women who love art and literature and all the finer phases of mind, have so little social influence here, that they do not rule and refine. If they did, we should never have heard a word of the penny-a-liner, or the old degrading Grub-street taunt; such histories as Chatterton and Otway in the past. The chivalry which exalted women would react upon men, and the homage paid to beauty, would be rewarded by the

purification and refinement of force. Wherever women have had most influence, there has society been most virtuous, and manners and intelligence more cared for than mere birth and possessions.

NIGHT.

WHEN the glaring day
Slow has died away,
The glowing sun
Gathers his barbs of light
Into his quiver bright
And Day is done.

O'er the brilliant scene
Stealth Night serene
Majestic, calm;
From the drowsy Earth
Ascends in pious mirth
A wondrous Psalm

Of thanks and praise to Him
Who gave to us the dim
And shad'wy Night;
A Psalm of Hope and Love
To Him who rules above
O'er dark and light.

With footsteps soft and calm,
Breathing heav'ly balm
Glides on the Night;
O'er the sleeping World
Holdeth she unfurld
Her flag of might.

Peace with her she brings
On her dusky wings
To breaking hearts,
E'en when gentle Sleep,
Poppied, soft, and deep,
From them departs.

Her great tender eyes
From the darkened skies,
Mournfully look;
Look with grief on those
Who with many throes
Learn in Life's Book

That what always seems
Fair and bright in dreams
Is bitter truth;
One by one they lie
Stricken and then die,
The hopes of youth.

Of the aching heart
Calmeth she the smart,
And on the head
And sleepless weary lids
Lays her hands, and bids
The pain be dead.

Anguish deep, that flees
Man's cold look, she sees
With her calm eyes;
Grief that longs for tears—
Jealous, biting fears—
Hate that ne'er dies.

Deep remorse and keen—
All this she has seen;
Her pity'ng care
She extends o'er all,
Be they great or small,
Who mis'ry share.

At her quiet tread
Sinks the aching head
That longed for rest,
Rugged paths seem smooth'd,
Pain to peace is sooth'd,
Upon her breast.

Bright stars her veil do stud,
The pale moon sheds a flood
Of silver sheen;
Alike on good and bad,
On weeping eyes and glad,
Shines she serene.

Beneath the star-light pale,
Watching the Queen Moon sail
Through the dim sky,
With deep Night all around,
Without an Earthly sound—
Thus would I die!

THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

WHEN I think I deserve particularly well of myself, and have earned the right to enjoy a little treat, I stroll from Covent-garden into the City of London, after business-hours there, on a Saturday, or—better yet—on a Sunday, and roam about its deserted nooks and corners. It is necessary to the full enjoyment of these journeys that they should be made in summer-time, for then the retired spots that I love to haunt, are at their idlest and dulllest. A gentle fall of rain is not objectionable, and a warm mist sets off my favourite retreats to decided advantage.

Among these, City Churchyards hold a high place. Such strange churchyards hide in the City of London; churchyards sometimes so entirely detached from churches, always so pressed upon by houses; so small, so rank, so silent, so forgotten, except by the few people who ever look down into them from their smoky windows. As I stand peeping in through the iron gates and rails, I can peel the rusty metal off, like bark from an old tree. The illegible tombstones are all lop-sided, the grave-mounds lost their shape in the rains of a hundred years ago, the Lombardy Poplar or Plane-Tree that was once a drysalter's daughter and several common councilmen, has withered like those worthies, and its departed leaves are dust beneath it. Contagion of slow ruin overhangs the place. The discoloured tiled roofs of the enviroing buildings stand so awry, that they can hardly be proof against any stress of weather. Old crazy stacks of chimneys seem to look down as they overhang, dubiously calculating how far they will have to fall. In an angle of the walls, what was once the tool-house of the grave-digger rots away, encrusted with toadstools. Pipes and spouts for carrying off the rain from the encompassing gables, broken or feloniously cut for old lead long ago, now let the rain drip and splash as it lists upon the weedy earth. Sometimes there is a rusty pump somewhere near, and, as I look in at the rails and meditate, I hear it working under an unknown hand with a creaking protest: as though the departed in the churchyard urged, "Let us lie here in peace; don't suck us up and drink us!"

One of my best beloved churchyards, I call the churchyard of Saint Ghastly Grim; touching what men in general call it, I have no information. It lies at the heart of the City, and the Blackwall Railway shrieks at it daily. It is a small small churchyard, with a ferocious strong spiked iron gate, like a jail. This gate is ornamented with skulls and cross-bones, larger than the life, wrought in stone; but it likewise came into the mind of Saint Ghastly Grim, that to stick iron spikes a-top of the stone skulls, as though they were impaled, would be a pleasant device. Therefore the skulls grin aloft horribly, thrust through and through with iron spears. Hence, there is attraction of repulsion for me in Saint Ghastly Grim, and, having often contemplated it in the daylight and the dark, I once felt drawn towards it in a thunderstorm at midnight. "Why not?" I said, in self excuse. "I have been to see the Colosseum by the light of the moon; is it worse to go to see Saint Ghastly Grim by the light of the lightning?" I repaired to the Saint in a hackney cab, and found the skulls most effective, having the air of a public execution, and seeming, as the lightning flashed, to wink and grin with the pain of the spikes. Having no other person to whom to impart my satisfaction, I communicated it to the driver. So far from being responsive, he surveyed me—he was naturally a bottle-nosed red-faced man—with a blanched countenance. And as he drove me back, he ever and again glanced in over his shoulder through the little front window of his carriage, as mistrusting that I was a fare originally from a grave in the churchyard of Saint Ghastly Grim, who might have flitted home again without paying.

Sometimes, the queer Hall of some queer Company gives upon a churchyard such as this, and, when the Livery dine, you may hear them (if you are looking in through the iron rails, which you never are when I am) toasting their own Worshipful prosperity. Sometimes, a wholesale house of business, requiring much room for stowage, will occupy one or two or even all three sides of the enclosing space, and the backs of bales of goods will lumber up the windows, as if they were holding some crowded trade-meeting of themselves within. Sometimes, the commanding windows are all blank, and show no more sign of life than the graves below—not so much, for *they* tell of what once upon a time was life undoubtedly. Such was the surrounding of one City churchyard that I saw last summer, on a Volunteering Saturday evening towards eight of the clock, when with astonishment I beheld an old old man and an old old woman in it, making hay. Yes, of all occupations in this world, making hay! It was a very confined patch of churchyard lying between Gracechurch-street and the Tower, capable of yielding, say an apronful of hay. By what means the old old man and woman had got into it, with an almost toothless haymaking rake, I could not fathom. No open window was within view; no window at all was within view, sufficiently near the ground

to have enabled their old legs to descend from it; the rusty churchyard-gate was locked, the mouldy church was locked. Gravely among the graves, they made hay, all alone by themselves. They looked like Time and his wife. There was but the one rake between them, and they both had hold of it in a pastorally-loving manner, and there was hay on the old woman's black bonnet, as if the old man had recently been playful. The old man was quite an obsolete old man, in knee-breeches and coarse grey stockings, and the old woman wore mittens like unto his stockings in texture and in colour. They took no heed of me as I looked on, unable to account for them. The old woman was much too bright for a pew-opener, the old man much too meek for a beadle. On an old tombstone in the foreground between me and them, were two cherubim; but for those celestial embellishments being represented as having no possible use for knee-breeches, stockings, or mittens, I should have compared them with the haymakers, and sought a likeness. I coughed and awoke the echoes, but the hay-makers never looked at me. They used the rake with a measured action, drawing the seanty crop towards them; and so I was fain to leave them under three yards and a half of darkening sky, gravely making hay among the graves, all alone by themselves. Perhaps they were Spectres, and I wanted a Medium?

In another City churchyard of similar cramped dimensions, I saw, that self-same summer, two comfortable charity children. They were making love—tremendous proof of the vigour of that immortal article, for they were in the graceful uniform under which English Charity delights to hide herself—and they were overgrown, and their legs (his legs at least, for I am modestly incompetent to speak of hers) were as much in the wrong as mere passive weakness of character can render legs. O it was a leaden churchyard, but no doubt a golden ground to those young persons! I first saw them on a Saturday evening, and, perceiving from their occupation that Saturday evening was their trysting-time, I returned that evening se'nright, and renewed the contemplation of them. They came there to shake the bits of matting which were spread in the church aisles, and they afterwards rolled them up, he rolling his end, she rolling hers, until they met, and over the two once divided now united rolls—sweet emblem!—gave and received a chaste salute. It was so freshening to find one of my faded churchyards blooming into flower thus, that I returned a second time, and a third, and ultimately this befel:—They had left the church door open, in their dusting and arranging. Walking in to look at the church, I became aware, by the dim light, of him in the pulpit, of her in the reading-desk, of him looking down, of her looking up, exchanging tender discourse. Immediately both dived, and became as it were non-existent on this sphere. With an assumption of innocence I turned to leave the sacred edifice, when an obese form stood in the portal, puffily demanding Joseph,

or, in default of Joseph, Celia. Taking this monster by the sleeve, and luring him forth on pretence of showing him whom he sought, I gave time for the emergence of Joseph and Celia, who presently came towards us in the churchyard, bending under dusty matting, a picture of thriving and unconscious industry. It would be superfluous to hint that I have ever since deemed this the proudest passage in my life.

But such instances, or any tokens of vitality, are rare indeed in my City churchyards. A few sparrows occasionally try to raise a lively chirrup in their solitary tree—perhaps, as taking a different view of worms from that entertained by humanity—but they are flat and hoarse of voice, like the clerk, the organ, the bell, the clergyman, and all the rest of the Church-works when they are wound up for Sunday. Caged larks, thrushes, or blackbirds, hanging in neighbouring courts, pour forth their strains passionately, as scenting the tree, trying to break out, and see leaves again before they die, but their song is Willow, Willow—of a churchyard cast. So little light lives inside the churches of my churchyards, when the two are co-existent, that it is often only by an accident and after long acquaintance that I discover their having stained glass in some odd window. The westering sun slants into the churchyard by some unwonted entry, a few prismatic tears drop on an old tombstone, and a window that I thought was only dirty, is for the moment all bejewelled. Then the light passes and the colours die. Though even then, if there be room enough for me to fall back so far as that I can gaze up to the top of the Church Tower, I see the rusty vane new burnished, and seeming to look out with a joyful flash over the sea of smoke at the distant shore of country.

Blinking old men who are let out of work-houses by the hour, have a tendency to sit on bits of coping-stone in these churchyards, leaning with both hands on their sticks and asthmatically gasping. The more depressed class of beggars too, bring hither broken meats, and munch. I am on nodding terms with a meditative turncock who lingers in one of them, and whom I suspect of a turn for poetry: the rather, as he looks out of temper when he gives the fire-plug a disparaging wrench with that large tuning-fork of his which would wear out the shoulder of his coat, but for a precautionary piece of inlaid leather. Fire-ladders, which I am satisfied nobody knows anything about, and the keys of which were lost in ancient times, moulder away in the larger churchyards, under eaves like wooden eyebrows; and so removed are those corners from the haunts of men and boys, that once on a fifth of November I found a "Guy" trusted to take care of himself there, while his proprietors had gone to dinner. Of the expression of his face I cannot report, because it was turned to the wall; but his shrugged shoulders and his ten extended fingers, appeared to denote that he had moralised in his little straw chair on the mystery of mortality until he gave it up as a bad job.

You do not come upon these churchyards violently; there are shades of transition in the neighbourhood. An antiquated news shop, or barber's shop, apparently bereft of customers in the earlier days of George the Third, would warn me to look out for one, if any discoveries in this respect were left for me to make. A very quiet court, in combination with an unaccountable dyer's and scourer's, would prepare me for a churchyard. An exceedingly retiring public-house, with a bagatelle-board shadily visible in a sawdusty parlour shaped like an omnibus, and with a shelf of punch-bowls in the bar, would apprise me that I stood near consecrated ground. A "Dairy," exhibiting in its modest window one very little milk can and three eggs, would suggest to me the certainty of finding the poultry hard by, pecking at my forefathers. I first inferred the vicinity of Saint Ghastly Grim, from a certain air of extra repose and gloom pervading a vast stack of warehouses.

From the hush of these places, it is congenial to pass into the hushed resorts of business. Down the lanes I like to see the carts and waggons huddled together in repose, the cranes idle, and the warehouses shut. Pausing in the alleys behind the closed Banks of mighty Lombard-street, it gives one as good as a rich feeling to think of the broad counters with a rim along the edge, made for telling money out on, the scales for weighing precious metals, the ponderous ledgers, and, above all, the bright copper shovels for shovelling gold. When I draw money, it never seems so much money as when it is shovelled at me out of a bright copper shovel. I like to say "In gold," and to see seven pounds musically pouring out of the shovel, like seventy; the Bank appearing to remark to me—I italicise *appearing*—"if you want more of this yellow earth, we keep it in barrows, at your service." To think of the banker's clerk with his deft finger turning the crisp edges of the Hundred-Pound Notes he has taken in a fat roll out of a drawer, is again to hear the rustling of that delicious south-cash wind. "How will you have it?" I once heard this usual question asked at a Bank Counter of an elderly female, habited in mourning and steeped in simplicity, who answered, open-eyed, crook-fingered, laughing with expectation, "Anyhow!" Calling these things to mind as I stroll among the Banks, I wonder whether the other solitary Sunday man I pass, has designs upon the Banks. For the interest and mystery of the matter, I almost hope he may have, and that his confederate may be at this moment taking impressions of the keys of the iron closets in wax, and that a delightful robbery may be in course of transaction. About College-hill, Mark-lane, and so on towards the Tower, and Dockward, the deserted wine-merchants' cellars are fine subjects for consideration; but the deserted money-cellars of the Bankers, and their plac-cellars, and their jewel-cellars, what subterranean regions of the Wonderful Lamp are these! And again: possibly some shoeless boy in rags passed through this street yesterday, for whom

it is reserved to be a Banker in the fulness of time, and to be surpassing rich. Such reverses have been, since the days of Whittington; and were, long before. I want to know whether the boy has any foreglittering of that glittering fortune now, when he treads these stones, hungry. Much as I also want to know whether the next man to be hanged at Newgate yonder, had any suspicion upon him that he was moving steadily towards that fate, when he talked so much about the last man who paid the same great debt at the same small Debtors' Door.

Where are all the people who on busy working-days pervade these scenes? The locomotive banker's clerk, who carries a black portfolio chained to him by a chain of steel, where is he? Does he go to bed with his chain on—to church with his chain on—or does he lay it by? And if he lays it by, what becomes of his portfolio when he is unchained for a holiday? The waste-paper baskets of these closed counting-houses would let me into many hints of business matters if I had the exploration of them; and what secrets of the heart should I discover on the "pads" of the young clerks—the sheets of cartridge-paper and blotting-paper interposed between their writing and their desks! Pads are taken into confidence on the tenderest occasions, and oftentimes when I have made a business visit, and have sent in my name from the outer office, have I had it forced on my discursive notice that the officiating young gentleman has over and over again inscribed AMELIA, in ink of various dates, on corners of his pad. Indeed, the pad may be regarded as the legitimate modern successor of the old forest-tree: whereon these young knights (having no attainable forest nearer than Epping) engrave the names of their mistresses. After all, it is a more satisfactory process than carving, and can be oftener repeated. So these courts in their Sunday rest are courts of Love Omnipotent (I rejoice to bethink myself), dry as they look. And here is Garraway's, bolted and shuttered hard and fast! It is possible to imagine the man who cuts the sandwiches, on his back in a hayfield; it is possible to imagine his desk, like the desk of a clerk at church, without him; but imagination is unable to pursue the men who wait at Garraway's all the week for the men who never come. When they are forcibly put out of Garraway's on Saturday night—which they must be, for they never would go out of their own accord—where do they vanish until Monday morning? On the first Sunday that I ever strayed here, I expected to find them hovering about these lanes, like restless ghosts, and trying to peep into Garraway's through chinks in the shutters, if not endeavouring to turn the lock of the door with false keys, picks, and screw-drivers. But the wonder is, that they go clean away! And now I think of it, the wonder is, that every working-day pervader of these scenes goes clean away. The man who sells the dogs' collars and the little toy coal-seattles, feels under as great an obligation to go afar off, as Glyn and Co., or Smith, Payne, and

Smith. There is an old monastery-crypt under Garraway's (I have been in it among the port wine), and perhaps Garraway's, taking pity on the mouldy men who wait in its public-room all their lives, gives them cool house-room down there over Sundays; but the catacombs of Paris would not be large enough to hold the rest of the missing. This characteristic of London City greatly helps its being the quiet place it is in the weekly pause of business, and greatly helps my Sunday sensation in it of being the Last Man. In my solitude, the ticket-porters being all gone with the rest, I venture to breathe to the quiet bricks and stones my confidential wonderment why a ticket-porter, who never does any work with his hands, is bound to wear a white apron, and why a great Ecclesiastical Dignitary, who never does any work with his hands either, is equally bound to wear a black one.

PERSIAN PREJUDICES.

A FOREIGN merchant named Meczra Ali, who had been robbed of some shawls, was advised to apply to the grand vizier. The vizier told him to go to the shop of the merchant who had received the stolen shawls, and there wait. By-and-by his highness passed on horse-back in great state. "Ah, Ali, is that you?" said the vizier; "how long have you been here? Where are you stopping? I hope you mean to lodge with me?" Then making a servant dismount from one of his finest horses, he requested Ali to ride with him, and passed on to his palace, where he assigned rooms to his astonished guest. The thief shortly after came and threw himself at the feet of Ali, and gave back the stolen shawls with a handsome present.

The fact is, that if one man is unfortunate enough to owe money to another who has more influence than his debtor, the essential fact in the case illustrated above, the peace of the debtor's life is henceforth at an end. The creditor employs a terrible species of nightmare—a bailiff, who never leaves him night nor day, and pesters him constantly by repeating the demand in a sing-song tone of voice till the debt is paid. This sort of torture is called sitting on a man. It is a decree very frequently resorted to. A Persian, who considered that he had a claim on the British government, once found his way to England, and went to the Foreign-office, taking his carpet with him, and determined to lie down before the door till he was satisfied. There was some difficulty in getting rid of him, with due regard to justice and good feeling.

No rank or position in life is beyond the reach of the stick in Persia, and the people really seem only to admire and respect those who have the power and the will to use it. I have seen a Persian minister whose toe-nails had been beaten off by the shah, and whose feet were so lacerated that they festered, and he was obliged to keep his bed for six months in con-

sequence; but he seemed to feel no anger, irritation, or shame upon the subject, but spoke of it without hesitation or reserve. "He is a very great king, the shah! A very great king, indeed!" he would say. "Look at my feet!"

When Lady MacNiell visited the royal harem by invitation, a number of young princes were at play in the apartments of their mothers, blindfolded. Lady MacNiell inquired why the children were thus blindfolded, and their mothers composedly replied that they were merely practising to acquire dexterity, that in case their eyes should be put out when they became men, they might be able to walk about, and be less dependent in consequence of this early training.

The King of Persia is called "king of kings," and "the centre of the world." He often concludes an official document with the information that if the receiver does not obey the commands contained in it, he shall have a kick from which he will not recover in this world.

A kind and merciful man was, not long ago, appointed governor of a province through the influence of one of the European embassies, and he had got, somehow, many new-fangled ideas into his head. Among other things, he desired to govern with justice and moderation as far as the rapacity of the court would allow him; and, for some time, he could not understand how it happened that he was so universally unpopular. There was no overlooking the fact that the people not only disliked, but they despised him. In his perplexity, he asked counsel of one of the oldest inhabitants of the city which was the seat of his government. The venerable sage, who had been brought to his presence with some difficulty, eyed him slyly. "We are," said he, "accustomed to be beaten, and you do not beat us; we, therefore, naturally suppose that you cannot and dare not do so, and we consider it as an affront that a person of so little consequence has been appointed to rule over us." "If this is the case," returned the governor, reconverted at once to the faith and customs of his country by an argument so unanswerable, "you shall be satisfied to your hearts' content; and, to mark my respect for your person, I will have you beaten first." The old man made no objection, and, some time after, hobbled away with sore feet to tell his admirers that the governor was not really such a contemptible person as he seemed. This opinion was confirmed on the following day, when all the chief merchants were seized and flogged, after which the governor got on very well with them, till, in due time, he was, of course, replaced by one who had no European prejudices at all. These stories would have no salt in them if they were not true, but, indeed, the stick is the principal element in the life of a Persian. There was a khan with whom I was in the habit of dining while in Persia, and one day it must be confessed that the pilaff was less succulent than could have been wished. I innocently confided my sentiments upon the subject to my entertainer, and, shortly afterwards, we heard some shrill cries. "It is,"

said my host politely, in answer to my inquiring glance, "the cook; we shall have a better pilaff next time." And, in truth, when I dined with the khan again, the pilaff was quite a gastro-nomic triumph. The stick and its uses are so well known in Persia, that it is considered the extreme of ill manners to enter a house with a cane in one's hand.

In the Persian method of bastinadoing, the ankles of the culprit are bound to a pole from ten to fifteen feet long; he is then thrown down on his back upon the pavement, and the pole is raised and supported by men at the two ends. The culprit thus lies entirely helpless, however much he may struggle, and his legs extending upwards, the bottoms of his feet present a fine flat surface to the application of the rod. An officer brings forward a large bundle of rods, perhaps a hundred in number, six or eight feet long, from the storehouse of the magistrate, in which they are always kept ready; three or four other officers take each a rod, and thump away till it is worn out, and then renew it from the bundle.

The late prime minister received three thousand blows with sticks on the soles of his feet for striking one of the king's servants. He was then minister for war. He was laid up for a long time, and lost all his toe-nails.

Of course the effects of torture in obtaining confessions from accused people are such as may be imagined. "How much did you steal?" inquired a judge of one quivering state criminal. The man shrieked out in his agony that he had stolen one hundred thousand tomanauns. The sum missed, however, was only twenty-one thousand, and he was tortured again till he named that sum.

Even the very precincts of the court and the interior of the Anderoon itself, are often the scene of great barbarity. The following is from an eye-witness: The queen happened to sneeze. A little child who was present sneezed also. "Take away that child for sneezing," said the queen. "No, no!" interposed one of the women, kindly, "sneezing is lucky." The queen complained to the king, who ordered the woman to be dragged before him by the hair. A common punishment is to brand a criminal on the forehead, and then to burn down his house.

Of course such a state of things as this could only exist together with extreme ignorance, and truly the ignorance of the Persians can hardly be surpassed, though they have indeed great natural wit.

Some innocent American missionaries, who founded a school among the Nestorians, were much delighted by the cheerfulness and regularity with which three scholars, the sons of a widow, attended at their seminary, and the comfort and benefit they were glad to declare that they derived upon all occasions from the instruction provided for them. This agreeable state of affairs lasted about three weeks, when the old lady, their mother, sent in a bill for their attendance, and upon the astonished missionaries making some objections to pay a demand so unexpected, she at once removed her children from

the school, saying, "that they were not slaves to work all day for nothing, and that the politeness which they had hitherto shown in reading the missionary books for them had its limits, and was now exhausted."

The ignorance of the Persians is not less than their intolerance and fanaticism.

A Persian nobleman, who was very sick, was induced by the example of the court to consult a Frank doctor, but he begged that a Persian might be allowed to prepare the medicine which he was to take, for he could not consent to swallow anything which had been made up by Christian hands.

The Persians wash their hands after touching a Christian even by accident, and say a short prayer. They will not allow a Christian to go even to their public baths. They wash a cup three times after he has drank from it. They will not again sit upon the same carpet that he has pressed. But they have learned to know that some of the Franks are angry men. They have seen their most terrible chiefs go down before the Frankish swords like corn before the sickle. They have seen their clouds of innumerable horsemen scattered like dust by the mighty array of Christian armies. They are also a polite and courteous people—the Frenchmen of the East. They are therefore at much pains to reconcile fanaticism and a fear of the consequence of its exhibition. A Frankish stranger, on entering a Persian house, will probably notice that there is a smart carpet laid down apart in a particular corner of the room for him, that upon the tea-tray there is one particular cup prettier than the rest which is offered to him, and that the sherbet is served to him in a glass differing from the others, and probably more costly. All these are devices to conceal the utter loathing with which he is regarded by his host.

Their intolerance and superstition are about on a par, as may be supposed. Though they pretend to despise the Christian faith, they like to have a Bible in the room for a sick person. They suppose that it prevents the entrance of evil spirits. A sick person is, moreover, never left alone, for fear of demons.

Among the Koords are a tribe called Sypokees, who are Zezidees, or reputed worshippers of the devil. They regard the devil as a malignant being, but high in rank, and the prime minister of the Divine displeasure. They call him Milik Tasos (mighty angel), and regarding such to be his rank and influence, they deem it at least good policy for them to conciliate his favour. Accordingly, while they profess adoration for the one true God, and much respect for Christ as his messenger, and higher reverence still for Mahomet as the greatest of prophets, they are deeply solicitous to keep on friendly terms with Satan, and are very careful to say and do nothing to displease him. When one of another nation pronounces the word Satan in their presence they are distressed and offended by it, supposing that others, whenever they allude to the devil at all, do it always with disrespect. Not being

fully aware of their sensitiveness, I inquired one evening of a Zezidee who was present, in what estimation his people hold the Evil One, wishing merely to elicit information. But he manifested such indications of annoyance and kindling anger, that I desisted from questioning him, and endeavoured to obtain some facts on the subject from the Armenians of the village where I was staying. The secrets of the religious system of the Zezidees are, however, so studiously concealed, that it is but very imperfectly known to others. One remarkable fact in the system is, that if a circle be described about them either by marking the ground with a stick or walking around them, they conceive the circle to involve some magical charm, and are very reluctant to leave it until it is broken. They are also superstitious in drinking wine about spilling a drop on the ground.

The Persians attribute the frequent earthquakes in their country to the fact that the earth stands upon a great bull, which, being now and then stung by a fly, shakes his head, and thus causes a shock to his burden.

The custom of trying a fall—that is to say, of opening the Koran where it will, and taking the first passage that meets the eye for counsel in time of difficulty—is a common practice. They place such implicit faith in it, that they will not take medicine during sickness if the fall is unfortunate. They observe happy hours, and consult astrologers respecting them. Even the king has an astrologer, and the priesthood do not reprove the custom of taking advice from him. Superstitions become often grave matters of state, upon which important affairs may depend. I remember a French ambassador having been conducted in state to the capital, during an awful snow-storm, because it had been declared by the astrologers to be his “happy hour.” It is the fashion, and a very old one, to keep a pig in the stable of valuable horses, that the evil eye may fall upon him, or demons may play their pranks with him rather than with the horses. When a great man is travelling, a sheep or a cow, according to his rank, is killed at the entrance of every village through which he passes. The throat of the animal is cut, and the blood allowed to flow across the path so that his horse may step upon it. Perhaps even the head of the slaughtered animal is thrown across the road as he goes by. It is hoped that the Fates may be thus propitiated, and that any evil which might have otherwise overtaken him will be by these means averted and attracted to the beast. It is not always a cow or a sheep that is selected to take upon itself the evil which might befall a great man. At the marriage of a wealthy and powerful khan, I have heard that a beggar threw himself from a great height, and broke one of his limbs for the same purpose. The khan pensioned him handsomely.

If a Persian sneezes when he is about to do anything, he will not do it. The sneeze is looked upon as a warning.

The principles and practice of physic are much the same in Persia now as during the dark

ages in Europe. Thus barren women are fed on sparrow soup. The lungs of foxes are given for consumption, rose-leaves for melancholy. The general average of longevity is from ten to fifteen years less than in England.

Ignorant, savage, intolerant, superstitious, as they are, the Persians are extraordinarily ceremonious. They have even an art of getting up and an art of sitting down, which must in no case be infringed. The Persians do not sit cross-legged like the Turks. They sit upon their knees. To sit cross-legged is considered boorish, unless permission is first asked from the company. On getting up, it is necessary to rise without making any use of the hands.

In no country are visits so strictly regulated and so intolerable a nuisance as in Persia. A man calls upon you to pass the morning as if life had no other object than visiting, and as long as time was got rid of, it did not matter how.

In conversation, they speak low and soft to superiors and equals. Loudly and haughtily to inferiors. The person employed to negotiate with Pasley, Sir John Malcolm's secretary, begged to be excused roaring at him in public, declaring that he was obliged to do so by his official rank.

Their talk, which is at first amusing, soon grows wearisome when one gets accustomed to it, and it is dreadfully troublesome in business. Their chief object in talking appears always to clothe nothing in fine phrases and round-about language. They have a remarkable faculty of finding excuses, and always take the best answer they can invent wholly irrespective of its truth or falsehood. Their talk is sententious, but usually dull and common-place enough. Only fancy the feelings of a sane man in being talked to constantly like this:

Is your health good?

Is your palate lusty?

Are you in fat keeping?

Thanks unto God.

By your auspices.

Only let your condition be prosperous, and I am of course very well.

Your coming is delightful.

Your arrival is gladsome.

You are the joy of my eyes.

Peace be with you.

May God give you strength.

Your coming is welcome.

May God grant you increase.

May God give you the kingdom of heaven.

May God bless your garment to you.

May God bless your house.

Sometimes, however, they strike upon a quaint and original idea.

“If I make shoes to last,” said a cobbler to me, “how am I to live?”

And sometimes they hit upon a pretty thought.

“It is impossible,” said a Persian khan, alluding to a friend whom he was told had slandered him—“it is impossible that one I love so much should speak ill of me.”

“What do you mean,” said I once to an ambassador, who had passed a long time in

Europe—"what do you mean by the salutation 'May your shadow never be less?'"

"We live," answered the khan, pleasantly, "under a very hot sun in Persia, and we retire to the shadow for repose and peace. The power of a great man gives rest and tranquillity to many, for none dare to injure or molest those whom he protects. So we call that power his shadow, and hope for our own sakes as well as his that it may never diminish."

The superstitious peculiar to Persia are very numerous. If the fast preceding Christmas happens to commence on Sunday, expect a hard winter and much snow, followed by a wet spring and a sickly summer.

If on the first Friday of the moon her corners are nearly perpendicular, expect a famine, wars in Turkey, and the birth of many children.

A skewbald horse is said to bring disaster to its owner. Commonly the death of a child.

The Persians are, perhaps, the most licentious people in the world, but side by side with all this depravity of manners is an odd kind of prudery. One day an acquaintance of mine sent for a barber's apprentice. Another came. My acquaintance asked why the man who usually came did not come on that occasion.

"Oh!" replied the master-barber, "he is gone to Mazanderan."

"And when will he be back?"

"I do not know. I am not anxious for his return."

"Why not?"

"He is a very disreputable man."

"How so?"

"When he goes to bed he takes off his trousers."

"Indeed, shocking depravity."

"All Persians should sleep in their clothes."

A bath belonging to a great khan fell down and smothered sixteen people during some heavy rains. Attempt was made to rescue them, but the high priest interfered and refused to allow the bodies to be dug out, alleging that naked men and women could not be thus exposed together in case any of them should be still alive. The ground was then given up for a cemetery.

In spite of bad government, waste, and false ideas of every kind, Persia is still, perhaps, the most prosperous kingdom of the East. The state of agriculture in Persia, for instance, is far better than in Turkey, although it presents the same Oriental picture of waste and unthrift. Field labour in Persia is chiefly performed by women. All crops in Persia must be artificially irrigated, as rain seldom falls there during the warm months of the year. The fact that the plains are nearly level facilitates the process. Water is taken by canals from the small rivers that roll down the mountains, and conveyed along near the foot of the declivities. Smaller canals leading from the main ones carry it down to prescribed sections of the plain; and these are again subdivided and conducted to particular fields, as it is needed. The openings from the main canals are readily closed when sufficient water is taken out for a given field, and the

stream then passes on to cheer and fertilise the thirsty soil of the next neighbour. The ease with which the gardener changes these streams, by closing or opening a channel with his spade, or even with his foot, vividly illustrates the scriptural allusion to Divine sovereignty: "The king's heart is in the hand of the Lord as the rivers of water: He turneth it whithersoever He will." If the fields are not level, they must be divided and worked by a spade or plough into level sections, each enclosed within a ridge a few inches high; and these divisions are successively watered.

The water privileges are a great subject of contest, a portion each farmer or landowner being entitled to only on particular days or hours of the week; and it often happens towards the close of summer, when the streams are low, that quarrels arise on the subject, the water being exhausted before it reaches the lower parts of the plain, and then there is a fight. Where streams do not exist, or cannot readily be conducted, wells are in some cases dug, from which water is drawn with a bucket of skin upon a windlass turned by an ox, as in ancient Egypt. In other cases a well is sunk upon a descending plain till a spring is found, and a canal cut from the bottom underground, descending just enough to convey its water along; and a few yards from the first a second well is dug, that the earth, in cutting the subterranean passage, may be drawn out; and the same process is repeated till the spring is conveyed to the surface, and made to irrigate the adjacent fields. The rapidity with which the wells are dug is surprising. Two men—one at the top with a small hand-windlass, and a leather bucket to draw up the soil, and the other below with an iron prong like a tusk, furnished with a short handle, to dig it up, and a huge iron spoon with which to fill the bucket—will work down twenty to twenty-five feet per day; and the soil is so dry as to leave no curve nor wall to prevent it from passing.

The grist mill is the only species of machinery moved by water in Persia. This is exceedingly simple in its construction, consisting merely of a perpendicular shaft with a water-wheel attached to the bottom, and the upper millstone placed upon the top. Water is conveyed from the canal down to the buckets of the wheel by a large spout or trough dug from the trunk of a tree very narrow at the surface, and often entirely covered over with pieces of board. This spout is placed at an angle of at least forty-five degrees, and, with a head of fifteen to twenty feet, it turns the wheel with prodigious rapidity and power. The Persians, having no means of bolting their flour, sift it with coarse sieves by hand. "Two women grinding at the mill," a small hand-mill, is still a familiar scene in Persia among the peasants.

The pleasures of the country gentlemen are the same as those known in Europe in the middle ages. Hawking is, perhaps, the chief. A nobleman often rides abroad with a falcon on his wrist. The right hand is covered with a glove, the only case in which the Persian makes

use of gloves, except a few who have recently borrowed the practice from Europeans, and the hawk is taught to perch itself upon the hand thus secured, being held there by small leather strings noosed about its legs. The party ride over the fields in promiscuous order, and as a quail or other bird is started up, the hawk is let fly from the hand and darts in an instant upon the prey, grasps it in his claws, and begins to devour it, when a servant gallops up and seizes the game, throwing merely the head to the hawk. When the hawk fails of taking the game, he flies away in apparent mortification, and lights leisurely on some distant tree, but a very small bell, attached to the strings on his legs soon reveals his retreat to a pursuer, who by throwing up a chicken kept ready for the purpose, brings him down to the ground, and as he commences feeding upon the bait, he is easily retaken. Hawks are used also in hunting wild animals. The favourite game so hunted is the deer, of which there are several kinds. That usually chased is the antelope. A common mode of hunting them is with hawks and dogs, which are trained to aid each other. Two hawks are flown when the deer is at a great distance. They soon reach it, and strike, one after the other, at the head. This annoys and interrupts the flight of the animal so effectually that the dogs are enabled to come up with it. It is also usual to surround the antelope with a number of horsemen, each holding a dog in a slip. When the antelope tries to escape, the aim is to endeavour to intercept it; and though no dog, however swift, can reach it, at the commencement of the chase, it is tired out by fresh ones being continually slipped. In this mode of hunting, the object is to bring the game near the king or chief person present, who probably holds a favourite dog in a slip.

Buffalo fighting is a common amusement among the peasantry in some provinces at the Noorosc. If the buffaloes have been well fed during the winter, they are now fresh and strong. The Persians have a trick of making them drunk to excite their pugnacity, they being naturally peaceable beasts enough.

A TRIP IN THE UNHOLY LAND.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

WHEN I decided on visiting the Unholy Land, I determined to lay aside some of the habits of an Englishman. I did not even take a bath-tub, and I left my library in London: for I deemed it possible that I might sometimes be constrained, amid the disorders of men, mud, and things, to fill the situation of my own porter. Then I said to myself, "I will read men instead of books, and to this end I will make their acquaintance, whether I am introduced or not."

The first incivility I met, was on the deck of the Persia. I had just stepped on board, when I saw a middle-sized man, with a brown full beard, and abundance of long hair; a shaggy light-coloured over-coat, though I found the

weather very uncomfortably hot; and a crush hat, crushed rather than put, on his head. He held an immense St. Bernard dog by a small chain attached to the dog's collar. No sooner was I fairly on deck than the animal broke from his master and rushed upon me. The master called his dog peremptorily, but he was tardily and unwillingly obedient.

"Beg your pardon, sir, but I wonder if you ever owned this dorg. I got him six months ago at the convent on the Alps. I paid ten pounds for him. He is true blue, you see. I hope he ain't your dorg, sir."

I suddenly remembered that I had a parcel of sandwiches in my pocket, and I answered with suavity: "I never owned your dog, sir, but he has reason to be partial to me."

Upon this I heroically produced the provision, and divided it with the dog.

"That's the ticket," said the master, who was evidently an American. "I have been running about from Dan to Basheba, and I forgot to feed the dorg, as sure as my name's Jeremiah Grierson! You are a gentleman. You are a Christian. You are a good fellow. You are just the thing." Here he held out his hand. "It is like an Englishman, not to be ashamed of a pocket full of sandwiches. Why, I should have starved, and so would any Yankee, rather than own up to such a prudent provision, for we should be afraid it would be considered economy. It was English to have the sandwiches, but it was Christian and gentlemanly, and all that sort of thing, to divide 'em with the dorg. Muster, shake hands with the gentleman, and thank him. He's your benefactor, sir."

The dog offered me his paw, and made an awkward shaky bow, which his master said meant "Thank you." At this point, there came up to us a small man, with a bald head shaped like a sugar-loaf, a rich crop of earrotty beard, and a lady on his arm. As I am a conscientious traveller, I beg to remark that I use the words gentleman and lady out of the profundity of my politeness, and not from the exigencies of my moral nature. The lady had many curls of the hue of her husband's beard, a long sharp nose, thin lips, and a red shawl. She was taller than her lord, and wore a light-coloured dress, black kid gloves with tolerable ventilation at the fingers' ends, a heavy gold chain, and a brooch, supposed to be diamond.

"A nice dawg you have there," said the bald-headed man.

"Yes, I take it he's some pumpkins of a dorg," replied my new friend.

"You are from New Yawk, I see. I never heard the word dorg except from a New Yawker. Why don't you speak English, and say dawg?"

"I always *do* say dorg," replied the New Yorker, a little nettled.

Here the lady interposed.

"Are you from New Yawk?" she asked, in a conciliatory manner.

"I reckon I am."

"What part of New Yawk?"

Jeremiah looked up with a twinkle in his eye,

which seemed to say, "You want to place me, and you shan't."

"Dey-street, I reckon."

"I mean, where does your family reside?"

"Our folks live on Staten Island."

There was an unsatisfied expression on the face of the questioner. She bit her glove finger, and drew her spouse away. Jeremiah looked after her.

"You didn't find me out, Mrs. Teazle. I might keep a pea-nut stand in Dey-street, or be an importer of big things; and I might live at New Brighton, on Staten, or over at Irish Hollow, and have the fever, and ague, and so on." Jeremiah settled himself into his overcoat, while I threw open my light tweed and complained of the heat. "Look o' here," said my new friend, leaning on his dog, who was just now in a state of natural beatitude, "you will have *such* a cold by to-morrow, or next day, as will lay you up, or down, half the way over. I advise you to get out your great-coat, or wrap yourself in a railroad rug. It is a change going to sea, nigh upon as hard as being born rich, and getting poor just as you have come to know the good of money. Now you are sure, if you keep on your own road, to have the influenza, and be sea-sick by to-morrow, or next day. You are tremenjus sea-sick when you're fairly in for it; ain't you, now?"

"Certainly I am," I was constrained to own. "But how did you know it?"

"Well, straws show the way of the wind. How did we both know that feminine, with the black gloves and the light-coloured gauze dress, was not a lady?"

"I think you have given some of the signs."

"Well, I'll tell you some of the signs. You are what you call stout—*fat*, we Yankees say. I call myself a Yankee, though I was born in New York. That fellow with the bald head was born in New Hampshire, and he says keow for cow. As I was saying, you are fat and florid, and carry sandwiches in your pocket. You like good eating, and you are bound to be sea-sick. You should have come on board ship, fasting, and you should have ate little till you get your sea legs on, and you should guard against a chill by putting on flannel, or a great-coat."

"I do not believe in preventives against sea-sickness. As to the flannel, or the over-coat, I dare say you are right."

"Well, just as you can afford," said Jeremiah.

"They say them that's born to be hanged will never be drowned; but if they put their heads under water, and keep 'em there, I wouldn't insure 'em. I am apt to give advice that folks ain't apt to take; but good counsel breaks no bones. Muster and I will stand your friend, and we shan't be sea-sick, or have a bad cold."

"But the dog ate the sandwiches."

"A dorg should always go to sea on a full stomach, and a man fasting. Them's my sentiments. They don't cost you anything. But I suppose you haven't got any precedent of this kind, and what hain't been done by an Englishman never can be."

Twenty-four hours later, when I had an inverted stomach, a great pain in my bones, and was otherwise in a state that I have no wish to remember, I heard a cheerful voice inside my door, saying, "Well, cap'n!" Now, there are times when a cheerful voice is specially disagreeable, when all men seem your natural enemies, and you only want to be let alone. I made no answer. After half a minute I heard the voice again. "Well, cap'n! Muster and I have come to see you. Folks that ain't invited must take such welcome as they can get." My room-mate was in a more unevil state than I was, and he groaned some sort of answer; Jeremiah did not notice him, but came to me. "Look o' here, cap'n. My state-room is well aired, and I have got a sofa, and there's only me and Muster. You just come in there. I'll help you to a bath and clean linen." I made a gesture of impatience. It did no good or harm. The man had a will, and I was a poor limp mortal, minus any such sea store. I was invested in a dressing-gown, and removed with a delicate degree of force into a state-room the obverse of my own. It was sweet, clean, a very heaven upon earth of a state-room. Here I was, as Jeremiah remarked, bedewed like a fading flower with a sponge full of cold water, and then a spoonful of old port really rested on my perturbed stomach. In half an hour I thought of my fellow-sufferer, I was so comfortable, and I spoke to Jeremiah of his intense misery. "Just so," said he, quietly; "they are mostly bad off, but a man can't be in two places at once, let alone twenty. He will breathe better now you are away. That's all I can do for him. As to you, you'll do by to-morrow. You've thrown up your knee-pans, or you would not keep down this port. You will be at large to-morrow."

Next day I was able to take my place at table. The bald-headed man and his wife were later in coming into society, but they made up for their absence when they did appear by extra attention to every one. My room-mate proved taciturn when he escaped from durance, and, in pursuance of my resolution to read men, I talked with the bald-headed man. Whatever subject we started, was sure to merge in the civil war. If the man could not veer the talk to that point, his wife was sure to do it. After several conversations, bald-head said to me, "I take it you are Brummagem."

"That I am what?"

"Brummagem. You could not take such an interest in our rebels, if you had not hardware to sell—guns, I mean. You see I know a thing or two. You English are sure to sell your sympathies; it's human nature, but, above all, it's English human nature."

"You may wrong the gentleman," said his wife. "After all, he may not be from Birmingham."

I assured her I was not.

The man assumed an air of mystery. "It's no use," he said, "playing fast and loose." The wife hurried away, and we were alone. "If you have ships or guns to sell, I am your man. Fact

is, I'm agent for a party that shall be nameless. I can talk about rebels as severe as anybody, but I've got an agency, and if you want to deal, I'm your man." I said I had no ships and no guns to deal in. "You do well to be prudent," he replied. "I am prudent too. I am a zealous Federal, as you will observe; but when you want to deal, I'm your man."

When I was next in Jeremiah's state-room, he was ill at ease. After fidgeting a little, he said: "That infernal Avery is after you. I know him like a book. I have tracked him like a bloodhound. He shakes in his shoes when I am at his elbow. I tell you as a friend, and as Muster's friend, he is a Yankee detective. He is one of Seward's spies. He would buy guns of you, and send them South, and run the blockade, and make a tremenjus profit, but he'd spot you all the same. He'd sell you to Seward for fifty cents, or five hundred dollars, and go on his way rejoicing. I hope you are too old a bird to be caught with *his* chaff."

"I am only an honest traveller. I have not a motive beyond seeing the world, learning all I can, and profiting by my knowledge."

"I believe you. You are an honest man, and I'm another. I believe in the Union, but I am sorry for the South. I can't endure rascals who believe in nothing, and worship nothing but the almighty dollar. That fellow Avery is one of 'em, though he has a sneaking fear of hell too. He used to be a Baptist minister. There are two things he's afraid of; one's the devil, and the other's me."

"Your country's is an unnatural quarrel, Mr. Grierson, and it is the opportunity of the Evil One. I am friendly to all. I pity North and South."

"That's the fix I am in! I pity both sides, though I believe in the Union, and think the South is in the wrong; but blood is thicker than water. They are our blood, and we are all snarled up by marriages, and, on the whole, we are in a tremenjus bad fix. Look o' here, cap'n. You are a man of honour, and have a heart, and you ain't mixed up with our quarrels, and I can trust you. Mordant that's in your room, is a Southerner. I used to trade at the South. I know a Southerner when I see him, let alone hearing him speak. Their motions ain't like a Northerner's. We are in dead earnest about everything, walking, talking, eating, drinking, working. They take everything easy. They are slow pokes. A Southerner will take an hour to eat his dinner and drink his wine, and think he is hurried. A Northerner will bolt his grub in ten minutes, and wash it down with cold water or whisky at the next bar-room. A Southerner always says Sir, or Madam, when he is talking to you, at the end of every sentence, as if you was quality, or as if he was, and he wanted to elevate you to his level while he is doing you the honour to talk to you. They say a *heap* when they mean a *great deal*, and they say mighty for very, and so on that way. Mordant is hiding. He wants to get over to New York, and then follow his nose

South. I only hope he may do it. I have given him good counsel. I told him to stick to his French, unless he wanted to be spotted in no time. He has not spoken English out of his room yet. But what takes my breath away is that little pink and white Englishwoman, Mrs. Pendleton, with her two babies. You have noticed her?"

"Certainly."

"Well, sir, have you seen me speak to her?"

"Hardly."

"And yet she is under my care. Her husband is a lieutenant in the Southern army. He is at Charleston, I suppose, and she expects to run the blockade and get to him."

"Bless my soul! Why did not she go to Nassau from Liverpool?"

"For good reasons; but that is my part of the story. I am her husband's friend. We were at Princeton together; both started to be clergymen; both flashed in the pan. He is a grand fellow. When Sumpter opened the ball, he was in England on a visit to his wife's friends. He was born in Charleston. When he heard the news of Sumpter, he came home like a streak. When he found the North would not give in, he said, 'I am so sorry I left Mary in London.' I was in Charleston then, trying to wind up some business. I said, 'You ought to be glad your wife and children are safe.' 'Mary will die,' he said, 'unless she can come to me. She told me so in her last letter. She is quiet and strong, and means all she says.' 'Well, Harry,' says I, 'I am going over the big pond.' 'Oh, bring Mary and my little ones to me,' he cried out, and he burst into tears. And so I promised him, and here we are."

"But how on earth are they to get to Charleston?"

"They can hardly get there on earth," said Jeremiah, smiling, "but I take it they can go by water to Nassau, and then——"

"Perhaps the bald-headed man will freight a ship to take them?"

"The secondrel would be glad to, but my finger is in this pie, and I will only take medicines, and needles, pins, thread, and salt, and such things as humanity cries aloud for. I tell you it ain't human to deny medical aid to the sick. I shall take my chance of serving God and man, according to Mr. Seward's 'higher law.' If I fail, better men than I have failed."

"Are you Mr. Seward's agent?"

"Well, yes, after a fashion I am. He trusts me with such matters as my conscience will let me attend to, and he knows I am to be trusted. He believes in me, and I think I am one of the few folks he does believe in."

"How then can you go on this mission to Charleston?"

"Because it's a mission of mercy. I shall serve my friend and his poor little wife and babies, and the sick and the afflicted to the best of my ability, and make a tremenjus profit of doing my dooty, which after all ain't bad——"

After this I began to be tenderly civil to Mr. Mordant. Honesty always commends itself to

honest men, and kindness is an "open scsame" to most hearts. As Jeremiah remarked, "Mr. Mordant opened like a bud in the sunshine." One day I invited him to go on deck with me. "I shall meet that slimy reptile, sir, and I would a heap sooner meet Old Nick, sir."

"And who may the reptile be?" I asked, knowing very well.

"That spy, Avery, sir."

"And what harm can he do you?"

"Harm enough, if he heard me speak English, sir."

"Mr. Mordant, I am your friend."

"I know it, sir. I am under a cloud now, sir, like my country; but the sun will shine again, in this world or another. I have been to London, sir, in the service of my country—on my own hook, you will take notice, sir. I was not sent by any man, or by any body of men. I went on my own hook, sir, and I return a disappointed man. I thought the English would help us, sir, for their own sake. I thought that cotton was king. I went, sir, to offer my editorial services to the London Times. I wrote, and made them an offer. I would have struck blows, sir, that would have told, sir. I offered my service without fee or reward. My letter was not answered, sir. Then I wrote an editorial. It was not noticed, sir. I waited a month; would you believe that in all that time they did not answer my letter, and took no notice of my article? Would you believe it, sir?"

"I have no difficulty in believing your statement, Mr. Mordant; not the least."

"Well, sir. I made up my mind from that, and I am on my way home. The sword is my weapon now. I repudiate the pen, sir; and I renounce England, sir."

"Do you hold anger against England on account of the Times, Mr. Mordant?"

"Well, sir, I feel mighty bad all round; I'm so riled. I can hardly tell what hurts me worst, sir. I'm riled all through, and I'm afraid I'll have a mighty hard chance to settle, sir."

I respected Mr. Mordant's despondency, and left him, thinking I would pursue my acquaintance with Mrs. Pendleton, my "pink and white" countrywoman, and her little babies. I found her listening earnestly to a venerable gentleman whom I had often noticed. He was said to be Bishop of Trinidad. He was in a green old age, being about sixty. His white hair, his cheerful rosy face and rotund person, his deep musical voice, all were impressive and delightful. He did not look less a lord, spiritual or temporal, with Mrs. Pendleton's two children, one on each knee. As I have said, I was told that he was Bishop of Trinidad, but I had no very clear idea about his sec. He was clearly worthy to be a bishop, or anything else, in the opinion of those about him. Jeremiah treated him with as much reverence as if he had been a Roman Catholic bishop, and he a humble son of that communion. Mr. Mordant bowed low, and did not recover his perpendicular gracefully, when- ever he met the bishop. The perfect ease of this

elegant prelate contrasted strongly with the home-made and too-careful address of Mr. Mordant. The two were as different as a bee-sting and a file, and yet it turned out that they were born in the same State. They were both Southern men. But I am telling my story in advance.

When I was again in my state-room, where Mr. Mordant was still gloomily reflecting on the apathy of England and his neglect by the Times, Jeremiah came in quickly and closed the door. Then he sat down and smothered his face in his hands. Presently he raised his head like a soldier, and courage illumined his countenance. His first remark was respecting a silk purse, and the ear of a certain quadruped. Then he asserted that no amount of praying would make rotten tow-ropes into good sound flax cables.

"You speak truth, Mr. Grierson, but where is the pertinence? Please explain."

"That Avery is a rotten rope, every fibre of him. He'll break in anybody's hands that tries to use him. His wife is a vulgar vixen. He has been buzzing about the bishop, but he'll take nothing by that motion. She has been pumping Bridget, Mrs. Pendleton's Irish nursemaid."

"Mr. Grierson, this ship is full of mysteries. You believe in the Union, and you help the other side; Mr. Mordant believes in himself and the South, and hates the Union with all his might; and you and he are friends. He renounces and denounces England and the Times, and he and I are friends. The bishop is a gentleman; but 's there a Church of England see on the island of Trinidad?"

"Bishop Monkton is a glorious man," said Jeremiah, not noticing my question; and Mordant echoed, as if on his knees, "A glorious man!"

I turned to Mr. Grierson. He was not disposed to explain; but Mordant looked me full in the face, with the frank expression of perfect trust.

"That noble gentleman is a Southern senator, and no bishop at all, sir."

"Your confidence in me is not misplaced, Mr. Mordant."

"I am not the fool to misplace my confidence, if I misplace myself, sir," he said.

"We must play our cards skilfully, I tell you, now," said Jeremiah, "for Avery means mischief. I can throttle him, if the worst comes to the worst; I mean, I can report his manners and customs to head-quarters, but I don't want to do it. I have given him a touch of my quality. He knows who I am, which was more than he or his wife guessed when I came on board. He knew there was such a fellow as Jeremiah Grierson, but I reckon he had not the ghost of a notion that I should turn up in this ship. Didn't he shake in his shoes when I introduced myself! I reckon his wife won't ask again what part of New Yawk I live in? She may get safe back to her ginger-beer shop in Jersey City, but her chance is not first-rate, in my opinion. Brown earthen pots come to pieces when they are mixed up with potash kettles in a tremenjuss muss. At present, the

lady with the gloves and jewellery is putting Bridget, Mrs. Pendleton's nurse, through her catechism. "This morning, says she, 'Your mistress is a widdy, ain't she, Bridget?' 'If she is,' said Biddy, 'she's got a husband that any widdy might be proud of.' 'Where is he, Bridget?' 'Across the say, he is, ma'am.' 'What's the name of the place where you are to meet him?' 'It is somewhere fore-nest New York, but I can't remember, where I have not been.' 'But you have heard the name of the place?' 'Haven't I, now! And I'll ask Mrs. Pendleton, and tell her you are wanting to know.' 'Oh no, Bridget, she will think I am full of curiosity.' 'But she likes to be noticed, and to have the childer noticed.' 'No doubt of that, and she gets plenty of notice. Do you think it's right, Bridget, for a lady who is away from her husband to have so much attention from gentlemen?' 'The bishop is like a father intirely; and as to the captain, we are all under his care.' 'But everybody is attentive to her, Bridget. She has a crowd of admirers. I've even heard some of 'em say she's pretty.' 'When there is a crowd in the street at night I always feel safe,' said Bridget. That girl's a trump," remarked Jeremiah, for the second or third time; and we adjourned to the deck.

It was a brilliant day; what Jeremiah called "Yankee weather." The sky was intensely blue, and the air seemed full of powdered gold. We were sailing up the bay of New York, and ought to have been in high spirits; but deeds of darkness, petty and gigantic wrong, suffering, death, widowhood, and orphanage, appeared to lie a miserable weight on every heart. The external world was grandly beautiful. The bay one of the noblest on the earth; the country on either side burdened with wealth and brightened with beauty. Villages reaching onward to cities, and cities melting into each other. Beautiful Staten Island was on our left, with its lovely cottages nestling in gardens, and its castle-like villas surrounded by parks and grand old trees. As we neared New York, Fort Lafayette, the political Bastille, frowned before us.

I swept the horizon with my glass, wondering and admiring, until I became conscious of a little bustle on the deck. I looked around. Mrs. Pendleton had fainted in the arms of her maid; the bishop clutched a prayer-book in one hand, and with the other sprinkled water in her face. She revived after a little time, and was supported into the cabin.

A group was left standing together. It consisted of Avery and his wife, and Jeremiah. They showed rebel colours, for Grierson was red, Avery was white, and his wife was blue.

"Avery," said Jeremiah, in a low concentrated tone, "you and I know one another. It is of no use to threaten when you can stab, and I shan't do it. You and your wife must haul in your horns. For aught you know, this poor lady has come over here to meet her husband when the boat's nose touches the shore. But

suppose he is in Charleston, as you say, is his wife to blame for it? Poor little English girl, is she to be blamed or killed for our quarrels?"

"A wife has no separate existence from her husband. She is of his country," said the spy. "I know no difference between male and female rattlesnakes."

"Not if they'll sell for just as much a head," said Jeremiah. "But just you move to sell *her*, Bill Avery, and I'll fix your flint! I will! I am a Seward man, and Seward trusts me. I hain't been his spy, and I hain't sold guns and ships to the South while I was being spy. If I can't send as much over the wires to-night as you can, my name ain't Grierson, and I ain't as honest as you are mean and double—"

"Do settle this dreadful business," whispered the blue wife to her white husband.

"Tain't my business, Saree. I did not look in the prayer-book. I should never a thought on't."

"There's nothing to settle," said Jeremiah, quietly, "only you will just both hold up your hands, and swear that you will let that poor soul go in peace, that you will not molest her any more than if she was in heaven where she belongs, and you in the place where *you* belong. You needn't look around. Nobody sees us. Everybody has got business of their own. Now hold up your hands." They did so, and Jeremiah swore them both. When the oath was administered, he said, "Now, if you break this oath, you will have me to deal with in this world, and the devil in the next. I do not think there will be much to choose between us. He may have a cloven foot, but I can kick as hard as if I had one."

The male and female Avery slunk away, and I met Jeremiah by himself.

"What *is* all this?" I asked.

"It's all about a prayer-book and Jezebel. Mrs. Pendleton had been making her thanksgiving, I suppose, for getting safe over the big pond, and that she-spy somehow got hold of her prayer-book, and read, 'Mary Pitt Pendleton, from her affectionate husband, Harry Lee Pendleton, Charleston, S.C.' When Mrs. Pendleton looked for the book, Jezebel gave it her, and said, as spiteful as a wasp, 'Here it is, and I only hope you ain't intendin to go where this come from; if you be, I take it you may be hindered.' The poor lady fainted away, and when she came to, I saw her put her handkerchief to her mouth, and it was presently stained with blood. I have got off fugitive slaves more than once, but I never pitied any one as much as I pity this poor lady with her two babies; and her husband may be in hospital, or may be buried in a trench."

"What will Avery do?"

"Nothing while his hands are in my steel trap; but there's work for me ahead, and perhaps a most tremenjuss muss. I shall stick to the higher law, and you'll see who'll win. When the devil is to pay, I always have pitch hot. Where's my dorg?"

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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VERY HARD CASH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

CHAPTER XXIV.

In the terror and confusion no questions were then asked: Alfred got to David's head and told Skinner to take his feet; Mrs. Dodd helped, and they carried him up and laid him on her bed. The servant girls cried, and wailed, and were of little use; Mrs. Dodd hurried them off for medical aid, and she and Julia, though pale as ghosts, and trembling in every limb, were tearless, and almost silent, and did all for the best: they undid a shirt button, that confined his throat: they set his head high, and tried their poor little eau-de-Cologne and feminine remedies: and each of them held an insensible hand in both hers, clasping it piteously, and trying to hold him tight, so that Death should not take him away from them.

"My son, where is my son?" sighed Mrs. Dodd.

Alfred threw his arm round her neck: "You have one son here: what shall I do?"

The next minute he was running to the telegraph office for her.

At the gate he found Skinner hanging about, and asked him hurriedly how the calamity had happened. Skinner said Captain Dodd had fallen down senseless in the street, and he had passed soon after, recognised him, and brought him home; "I have paid the men, sir; I wouldn't let them ask the ladies at such a time."

"Oh, thank you! thank you, Skinner! I will repay you: it is me you have obliged." And Alfred ran off with the words in his mouth.

Skinner looked after him, and muttered: "I forgot *him*. It is a nice mess. Wish I was out of it." And he went back, hanging his head, to Alfred's father.

Mr. Osmond met him; Skinner turned and saw him enter the villa.

Mr. Osmond came softly into the room, examined Dodd's eye, felt his pulse, and said he must be bled at once.

Mrs. Dodd was averse to this: "Oh, let us try everything else first," said she; but Osmond told her there was no other remedy: "All the

functions we rely on in the exhibition of medicines are suspended.

Dr. Short now drove up, and was ushered in.

Mrs. Dodd asked him imploringly whether it was necessary to bleed. But Dr. Short knew his business too well to be entrapped into an independent opinion where a surgeon had been before him; he drew Mr. Osmond apart and inquired what he had recommended: this ascertained, he turned to Mrs. Dodd, and said, "I advise venesection, or cupping."

"Oh, Dr. Short, pray have pity and order something less terrible. Dr. Sampson is so averse to bleeding."

"Sampson? Sampson? never heard of him."

"It is the chronothermal man," said Osmond.

"Oh, ah! But this is too serious a case to be quaked. Coma, with stertor, and a full, bounding pulse, indicates liberal blood letting. I would try venesection; then cup, if necessary, or leech the temporal artery: I need not say, sir, calomel must complete the cure. The case is simple; and, at present, surgical; I leave it in competent hands." And he retired, leaving the inferior practitioner well pleased with him and with himself; no insignificant part of a physician's art.

When he was gone, Mr. Osmond told Mrs. Dodd that however crotchety Dr. Sampson might be, he was an able man, and had very properly resisted the indiscriminate use of the lancet: the profession owed him much. "But in apoplexy the leech and the lancet are still our sheet anchors."

Mrs. Dodd uttered a faint shriek: "Apoplexy! Oh, David! Oh, my darling; have you come home for this?"

Osmond assured her apoplexy was not necessarily fatal: provided the cerebral blood vessels were relieved in time by depletion.

The fixed eye, and terrible stertorous breathing on the one hand, and the promise of relief on the other, overpowered Mrs. Dodd's reluctance. She sent Julia out of the room on a pretext; and then consented with tears to David's being bled. But she would not yield to leave the room; no; this tender woman nerved herself to see her husband's blood flow, sooner than risk his being bled too much by the hard hand of eustom. Let the peevish fools, who make their own troubles in love, compare their slight and

merited pangs with this : she was his true lover and his wife : yet there she stood with eye horror-stricken yet unflinching, and saw the stab of the little lancet, and felt it deeper than she would a javelin through her own body ; and watched the blood run that was dearer to her far than her own.

At the first prick of the lancet, David shivered, and, as the blood escaped, his eye unfixed, and the pupils contracted and dilated, and once he sighed. "Good sign that!" said Osmond.

"Oh, that is enough, sir," said Mrs. Dodd : "we shall faint if you take any more."

Osmond closed the vein, observing that a local bleeding would do the rest. When he had stanchd the blood, Mrs. Dodd sank half fainting in her chair ; by some marvellous sympathy it was she who had been bled, and whose vein was now closed. Osmond sprinkled water in her face : she thanked him : and said sweetly, "You see we could not have lost any more."

When it was over she came to tell Julia ; she found her sitting on the stairs crying, and pale as marble. She suspected. And there was Alfred hanging over her, and in agony at her grief ; out came his love for her in words and accents unmistakable, and this in Osmond's hearing and the maid's.

"Oh, hush! hush!" cried poor Mrs. Dodd ; and her face was seen to burn through her tears.

And this was the happy, quiet, little villa of my opening chapters.

Ab, Richard Hardie! Richard Hardie!

The patient was cupped on the nape of the neck by Mr. Osmond, and, on the glasses drawing, showed signs of consciousness, and the breathing was relieved: these favourable symptoms were neither diminished nor increased by the subsequent application of the cupping needles.

"We have turned the corner," said Mr. Osmond, cheerfully.

Rap! rap! rap! came a telegraphic message from Dr. Sampson, and was brought up to the sick room.

"Out visiting patients when yours came. In apoplexy with a red face and stertorous breathing put the feet in mustard bath and dash much cold water on the head from above. On revival give emetic: cure with sulphate of quinine. In apoplexy with a white face treat as for a simple faint; here emetic dangerous. In neither apoplexy bleed. Coming down by train."

This message added to Mrs. Dodd's alarm; the whole treatment varied so from what had been done. She faltered her misgivings; Osmond reassured her. "Not bleed in apoplexy!" said he, superciliously, "why, it is the universal practice. Judge for yourself! You see the improvement."

Mrs. Dodd admitted it.

"Then as to the cold water," said Osmond, "I would hardly advise so rough a remedy. And

he is going on so well. But you can send for ice; and, meantime, give me a good sized stocking."

He cut and fitted it adroitly to the patient's head: then drenched it with eau-de-Cologne, and soon the head began to steam.

By-and-by David muttered a few incoherent words: and the anxious watchers thanked God aloud for them.

At length Mr. Osmond took leave with a cheerful countenance, and left them all grateful to him, and with a high opinion of his judgment and skill; especially Julia. She said Dr. Sampson was very amusing to talk to; but she should be sorry to trust to that rash, reckless, boisterous man, in time of danger.

Mr. Osmond, returning home, passed Munday and Co., the undertakers. The shop was shut long ago; but Munday junior was standing at the private door, and invited him in.

"Well, sir; buried old Mrs. Jephson to-day: and went off capital. Your little commission, sir, for recommending them our firm." With this he slipped four sovereigns into Mr. Osmond's hand. Osmond smiled benignly at their contact with his palm, and said in a grateful spirit: "There is an apoplexy at Albion Villa."

"Oh indeed, sir!" and Munday junior's eyes sparkled.

"But I have bled and cupped him."

"All right, sir: I'll be on the look out; and thank you."

About two in the morning a fly drove rapidly up to the villa, and Sampson got out.

He found David pale and muttering, and his wife and children hanging over him in deep distress.

He shook hands with them in silence, and eyed the patient keenly. He took the nightcap off, removed the pillows, lowered his head, and said quietly, "This is the cold fit come on: we must not shut our eyes on the pashint. Why, what is this? he has been cupped!" And Sampson changed colour, and his countenance fell.

Mrs. Dodd saw, and began to tremble: "I could not hear from you; and Dr. Short and Mr. Osmond felt quite sure; and he seems better. Oh, Doctor Sampson, why were you not here? We have bled him as well. Oh, don't, don't, don't say it was wrong! He would have died; they said so. Oh, David! David! your wife has killed you." And she knelt and kissed his hand and implored his pardon, insensible.

Julia clung sobbing to her mother, in a vain attempt to comfort her.

Sampson groaned:

"No, no," said he: "don't go on so, my poor soul; you did all for the best; and now we must make the best of what is done. Hartshorn! brandy! and caution! For those two assassins have tied my hands."

While applying those timid remedies, he inquired if the cause was known. They told him they knew nothing; but that David had been wrecked on the coast of France, and had fallen down

senseless in the street: a clerk of Mr. Hardie's had recognised him, and brought him home: so Alfred said.

"Then the cause is mental," said Sampson; "unless he got a blow on the hid in bein' wrecked."

He then examined David's head carefully, and found a long scar:

"But this is not it," said he; "this is old."

Mrs. Dodd clasped her hands, and assured him it was new to her: her David had no scar there when he left her last.

Pursuing his examination, Sampson found an open wound in his left shoulder.

He shoved it them; and they were all as pale as the patient in a moment. He then asked to see his coat, and soon discovered a corresponding puncture in it, which he examined long and narrowly.

"It is a stab—with a one-edged knife."

There was a simultaneous cry of horror.

"Don't alarm yourselves for that," said Sampson: "it is nothing: a mere flesh-wound. It is the vein-wound that alarms me. This school knows nothing about the paroxysms and remissions of disease. They have bled and cupped him for a *passing fit*. It has passed into the cold stage, but no quicker than it would have done without stealing a drop of blood. Tomorrow, by Disease's nature, he will have another hot fit in spite of their bleeding. Then those ijits would leech his temples; and on that paroxysm remitting by the nature of Disease, would fancy their leeches had cured it."

The words were the old words, but the tone and manner were so different: no shouting, no anger: all was spoken low and gently, and with a sort of sad and weary and worn-out air.

He ordered a kettle of hot water and a quantity of mustard, and made his preparations for the hot fit as he called it, maintaining the intermittent and febrile character of all disease.

The patient rambled a good deal, but quite incoherently, and knew nobody.

But about eight o'clock in the morning he was quite quiet, and apparently sleeping: so Mrs. Dodd stole out of the room to order some coffee for Sampson and Edward. They were nodding, worn out with watching.

Julia, whose high-strung nature could dispense with sleep on such an occasion, was on her knees praying for her Father.

Suddenly there came from the bed, like a thunder-clap, two words uttered loud and furiously:

"HARDIE! VILLAIN!"

Up started the drowsy watchers, and rubbed their eyes. They had heard the sound but not the sense.

Julia rose from her knees bewildered and aghast: she had caught the strange words distinctly; words that were to haunt her night and day.

They were followed immediately by a loud

groan: and the stertorous breathing recommenced, and the face was no longer pale, but flushed and turgid. On this Sampson hurried Julia from the room, and, with Edward's help, placed David on a stool in the bath, and getting on a chair discharged half a bucket of cold water on his head: the patient gasped: another; and David shuddered, stared wildly, and put his hand to his head: a third, and he staggered to his feet.

At this moment Mrs. Dodd coming hastily into the room, he looked steadily at her, and said, "Lucy!"

She ran to throw her arms round him, but Sampson interfered: "Gently! gently!" said he; "we must have no violent emotions."

"Oh no! I will be prudent." And she stood quiet with her arms still extended, and cried for joy.

They got David to bed again, and Sampson told Mrs. Dodd there was no danger now from the malady, but only from the remedies.

And in fact David fell into a state of weakness and exhaustion; and kept muttering unintelligibly.

Dr. Short called in the morning, and was invited to consult with Dr. Sampson. He declined. "Dr. Sampson is a notorious quack: no physician of any eminence will meet him in consultation."

"I regret that resolution," said Mrs. Dodd, quietly, "as it will deprive me of the advantage of your skill."

Dr. Short bowed stiffly: "I shall be at your service, madam, when that empiric has given the patient up." And he drove away.

Osmond, finding Sampson installed, took the politic line; he contrived to glide by fine gradations into the empiric's opinions, without recanting his own, which were diametrically opposed.

Sampson, before he shot back to town, asked him to provide a good reliable nurse.

He sent a young woman of iron: she received Sampson's instructions, and assumed the command of the sick room; and was jealous of Mrs. Dodd and Julia; looked on them as mere rival nurses, amateurs, who, if not snubbed, might ruin the professionals: she seemed to have forgotten in the hospitals all about the family affections, and their power of turning invalids themselves into nurses.

The second night she got the patient all to herself for four hours; from eleven till two.

The ladies having consented to this arrangement, in order to recruit themselves for the work they were not so mad as to entrust wholly to a hireling, nurse's feathers smoothed themselves perceptibly.

At twelve the patient was muttering and murmuring incessantly about wrecks, and money, and things: of which vain babble nurse showed her professional contempt by nodding.

At 12.30 she slept.

At 1.20 she snored very loud, and woke instantly at the sound.

She took the thief out of the candle, and went like a good sentinel to look at her charge.

He was not there.

She rubbed her eyes, and held the candle over the place where he ought to be; where, in fact, he must be; for he was far too weak to move.

She tore the bedclothes down: she beat and patted the clothes with her left hand, and the candle began to shake violently in her right.

The bed was empty.

Mrs. Dodd was half asleep, when a hurried tap came to her door: she started up in a moment, and great dread fell on her; was David sinking?

"Ma'am! Ma'am! Is he here?"

"He! Who?" cried Mrs. Dodd, bewildered.

"Why *him*! he can't be far off."

In a moment Mrs. Dodd had opened the door; and her tongue and the nurse's seemed to clash together, so fast came the agitated words from each in turn; and, crying "Call my son! Alarm the house!" Mrs. Dodd darted into the sick room. She was out again in a moment, and up in the attics rousing the maids, while the nurse thundered at Edward's door, and Julia's, and rang every bell she could get at. The inmates were soon alarmed, and flinging on their clothes: meantime, Mrs. Dodd and the nurse scoured the house and searched every nook in it down to the very cellar; they found no David.

But they found something.

The street door ajar.

It was a dark drizzly night.

Edward took one road, Mrs. Dodd and Elizabeth another.

They were no sooner gone, than Julia drew the nurse into a room apart, and asked her eagerly if her Father had said nothing.

"Said nothing, Miss? Why he was a talking all the night incessant."

"Did he say anything particular? think now."

"No, Miss: he went on as they all do just before a change. I never minds 'em; I hear so much of it."

"Oh nurse! nurse! have pity on me! try and recollect."

"Well, Miss, to oblige you then; it was mostly fights this time—and wrecks—and villains—and bankers—and sharks."

"Bankers???" asked Julia eagerly.

"Yes, Miss, and villains, they come once or twice, but most of the time it was sharks, and ships, and money, and—hotch-potch I call it the way they talk: bless your heart they know no better: everything they ever saw, or read, or heard tell of, it all comes out higgledy-piggledy just before they goes off: we that makes it a business never takes no notice of what they says, Miss: and never repeats it out of one sick house into another: that you *may* rely on."

Julia scarcely heard this: her hands were tight to her brow as if to aid her to think with all her force.

The result was, she told Sarah to put on her bonnet: and rushed up-stairs.

She was not gone three minutes; but in that short interval the nurse's tongue and Sarah's clashed together swiftly and incessantly.

Julia heard them. She came down with a long cloak on, whipped the hood over her head, beckoned Sarah quickly, and darted out. Sarah followed instinctively, but, ere they had gone many yards from the house, said, "Oh, Miss, nurse thinks you had much better not go."

"Nurse thinks! Nurse thinks! What does she know of me and my griefs?"

"Why, Miss, she is a very experienced woman, and she says—Oh dear! oh dear! And such a dark cold night for you to be out!"

"Nurse? Nurse? What did she say?"

"Oh, I haven't the heart to tell you: if you would but come back home with me! She says as much as that poor master's troubles will be over long before we can get to him." And with this Sarah burst out sobbing.

"Come quicker," cried Julia, despairingly. But after a while she said, "Tell me; only don't stop me."

"Miss, she says she nursed Mr. Campbell, the young curate that died last Harvest-time but one, you know; and he lay just like master, and she expecting a change every hour: and oh, Miss, she met him coming down stairs in his night-gown: and he said, 'Nurse, I am all right now,' says he, and died momentarily in her arms at the stair-foot. And she nursed an old farmer that lay as weak as master, and, just when they looked for him to go, lo and behold him dressed and out digging potatoes, and fell down dead before they could get hands on him mostly: and nurse have a friend, that have seen more than she have, which she is older than nurse, and says a body's life is all one as a rushlight, flares up strong momentarily, just before it goes out altogether. Dear heart, where ever are we going to in the middle of the night?"

"Don't you see? to the quay."

"Oh, don't go there, Miss, whatever! I can't abide the sight of the water; when a body's in trouble." Here a drunken man confronted them, and asked them if they wanted a beau: and, on their slipping past him in silence, followed them, and offered repeatedly to treat them. Julia moaned, and hurried faster. "Oh, Miss," said Sarah, "what could you expect, coming out at this time of night? I'm sure the breath is all out of me; you do tear along so."

"Tear? we are crawling. Ah, Sarah, you are not his daughter. There, follow me! I cannot go so slow." And she set off to run.

Presently she passed a group of women standing talking at a corner of the street; and windows were open with nightcapped heads framed in them.

She stopped a moment to catch the words; they were talking about a ghost which was said to have just passed down the street; and dis-

cussing whether it was a real ghost, or a trick to frighten people.

Julia uttered a low cry, and redoubled her speed, and was soon at Mr. Richard Hardie's door: but the street was deserted, and she was bewildered, and began to think she had been too hasty in her conjecture. A chill came over her impetuosity. The dark, drizzly, silent night, the tall masts, the smell of the river, how strange it all seemed: and she to be there alone at such an hour.

Presently she heard voices somewhere near. She crossed over to a passage that seemed to lead towards them; and then she heard the voices plainly, and among them one that did not mingle with the others, for it was the voice she loved. She started back and stood irresolute. Would he be displeas'd with her?

Feet came trampling slowly along the passage. His voice came with them.

She drew back and looked round for Sarah.

While she stood fluttering, the footsteps came close, and there emerged from the passage into the full light of the gas-lamp Alfred and two policemen carrying a silent, senseless, figure, in a night-gown, with a great-coat thrown over part of him.

It was her Father; mute and ghastly.

The policemen still tell of that strange meeting under the gas-light by Hardie's Bank; and how the young lady flung her arms round her father's head, and took him for dead, and kissed his pale cheeks, and moaned over him; and how the young gentleman raised her against her will, and sobbed over her; and how they, though policemen, cried like children. And to them I must refer the reader: I have not the skill to convey the situation.

They got more policemen to help, and carried him to Albion Villa.

On the way, something cold and mysterious seemed to have come between Julia and Alfred. They walked apart in gloomy silence broken only by foreboding sighs.

I pass over the tempest of emotions under which that sad burden entered Albion Villa; and hurry to the next marked event.

Next day the patient had lost his extreme pallor, and wore a certain uniform sallow hue; and at noon, just before Sampson's return, he opened his eyes wide and fixed them on Mrs. Dodd and Julia, who were now his nurses. They hailed this with delight, and held their breath to hear him speak to them the first sweet words of reviving life and love.

But soon to their surprise and grief they found he did not know them. They spoke to him, each in turn, and told him piteously who they were, and implored him with tears to know them, and speak to them. But no, he fixed a stony gaze on them, that made them shudder; and their beloved voices passed over him like an idle wind.

Sampson, when he came, found the ladies weeping by the bedside.

They greeted him with affection, Julia especially: the boisterous controversialist had come out a gentle, zealous, artist, in presence of a real danger.

Dr. Sampson knew nothing of what had happened in his absence. He stepped to the bedside cheerfully; and the ladies' eyes were bent keenly on his face in silence.

He had no sooner cast eyes on David than his countenance fell, and his hard but expressive features filled with concern.

That was enough for Mrs. Dodd: "And he does not know me," she cried: "he does not know my voice. His voice would call me back from the grave itself. He is dying. He will never speak to me again. Oh, my poor orphan girl!"

"No! no!" said Sampson, "you are quite mistaken: he will not die. But——"

His tongue said no more. His grave and sombre face spoke volumes.

AN ESCAPE FROM PRISON.

IN the month of April, 1803, my ship, the brig Rachel, of Liverpool, two hundred and forty tons burden, sixteen guns and thirty-five men, was captured, while on her voyage to Honduras, by the French frigate Vaillant, commanded by one Captain Etienne.

On arriving at Bordeaux we were lodged in a filthy fort, and on the fifth day we commenced our march to Verdun, five or six hundred miles distant, each of us receiving thirty sous a day for travelling expenses. On the thirty-sixth day we entered Verdun, having made an average march of eighteen miles a day. At the citadel, the commandant took a careful description of our persons, we signed our parole, and, having had billets given us on the various inns, were turned loose into the town.

The détenus lodged at the different inns and shops in the town, employed themselves chiefly in gambling. A young man named J—— having just come into a large legacy, tried to break the bank, but eventually lost all he had, besides a large sum he borrowed from the bankers. The governor, hearing of this, shut him up in the Tour d'Angoulême, hoping that his friends would send and discharge his debts; but they left him to his bread-and-water. Another poor young fellow, surgeon of a gun-brig that had run ashore off Dunkirk, lost all his money; he borrowed a rouleau of fifty Louis and lost them; he then drew bills upon his agent and forged his senior officer's signature as indorser, and all these too he lost. He then invited his friends to a grand supper, and next morning was found dead in bed,—he had poisoned himself; an empty laudanum-bottle was upon the table, labelled, "The Cure for all Diseases;" scattered near it were seraps of paper on which the poor fellow had been practising Captain B.'s signature.

A friend of mine was a constant speculator on the red and black, and got very much in debt. One night he made a great coup and won, he instantly scooped up the money, put it in his pocket, ran out and knocked up his creditors, and paid every soul of them.

A purser's clerk lost a month's pay, and then tried to borrow a couple of crowns of the banker. He was asked for security; he instantly took out a knife and cut off the lobe of his right ear; the money was given him.

There were but few deaths among the prisoners. Amongst those who died, however, were the Marquis and Marchioness of Tweedale. Permission could not be obtained to send their bodies to England. There was also a young Westmoreland doctor who had run over to France just for a few days, and, the war breaking out, was detained. He died of a broken heart. One day, while out bathing, I came on the dead body of one of my countrymen, a naval officer who had just been shot in a duel. He had been forced to the field against his will by a threat to deprive him of his rank if he did not fight.

Wearied at last of this idle and profitless life, I determined to make my escape with three friends. It was first necessary that we should not injure our bondsmen by breaking our parole; but before guarding against this we bought maps, gimlets, small lock saws, knapsacks, and oilskin capes. We then collected a quantity of small rope, and bound it round our bodies under our clothes; the saws we hid in the crowns of our hats. We then stayed out beyond the prescribed time, and, as we had expected, were ordered up into the citadel (convent) for several days' confinement.

About five o'clock I descended the stairs leading from the citadel and the adjoining church, and bored holes with a gimlet all round the panels of the door, then with my knife cut it all through but one corner, I then filled the nicks with fallow and sprinkled ashes over it. This took me about half an hour. All this time one of my friends guarded the stairs. We went to bed at eight, and at ten the gendarmes visited the rooms, as they were compelled to do every two hours. As soon as they were gone, I called my three friends and stole down. To my horror, the panel, instead of breaking quietly off, made a noise like a pistol, but it luckily caused no alarm. I, and King, and Innis, were through in a moment, but Alison (a purser), a big man, stuck fast, and kept crying out lustily, "Pull, pull;" we eventually pulled him through. Then crossing the church we climbed up one of the windows by the iron bars, but found the tracery too small to let us through. Then groping about for another place, we upset a clothes-horse (the church had been turned into a store-room), and this made a fearful noise; the dogs barked and the guard turned out; but we were not discovered.

Soon after, all was quiet. We mounted an altar on the left side of the choir, and finding a part of a window without glass or bars,

dropped quietly some six feet into the convent garden. We had then a tiled wall to surmount. We got up by means of a rail, and unroofed a place, unobserved by a neighbouring sentinel. As the church clock struck one, the last of us descended and walked across the green in the direction of the general's house, then unoccupied. To our astonishment, we almost ran against a sentinel, but he was probably a new conscript and frightened, for he challenged us, but gave no alarm. We darted into the general's garden, Innis foremost. He leapt over a wall three feet high, expecting the fall to be trifling, but he found that he had to drop twenty feet. He then called out to us softly, to ease ourselves down: which we did.

We soon came in sight of a sentry-box, with the sentinel asleep. We passed him, and I, foremost, got over the rampart and was standing on the cordon, when Innis, who had better eyes, came up and warned me of danger. Another moment and I should have been dashed to pieces; there was a fall of sixty feet. The night was dark, the sight of the sentinel had confused us, and we could not see the spot where we had intended to descend, and where the fall was only about thirty-five feet.

We had no time to lose. We stripped and unwound our rope, and tied one end to a stone. We had previously drawn lots which should be the last, and I had drawn it. When my turn came, I found the cord so stretched, so smoothed down and so slimy, that it would not support my weight. I fell flat on my back about twenty feet. I heard Alison say: "He is killed;" but I soon undeceived him by jumping on my feet. We then scrambled out of the dry fosse and reached a wood where we had hid our stores. Just as I was stooping to open my knapsack, I fainted, but soon recovered. Alison, too, had hurt his ankles in falling, and could scarcely stand. After having eaten and drunk, we took some sleep, and as soon as it was daylight penetrated further into the wood. About five we heard the gun, a signal for the peasants to hunt us. About ten we heard voices and a rustling among the bushes, but no one came very near us. Innis, who was a doctor, as soon as all was quiet, bled Alison's ankles and examined my back.

Here we lay four days, the first two fine, the last two continual rain. The third night I was better, and able to go with Innis two miles to fill our canteens at a rivulet. On the fifth night Alison's ankles grew stronger, and we left the wood, and pushed on to the Meuse.

In the middle of the river there was land, connected by bridges with an island on either side. We passed through one, where every one seemed asleep; but as we stepped on the first bridge the church bell began to toll the tocsin. On approaching the second, we were met with three or four pistol-shots. By this time all the villagers were up, sounding their horns and shouting. What was to be done? The enemy was before and behind, and none of us could swim. We turned off the road and

ran along the bank; to our great joy, at the end of the island we found a boat, jumped into it, and in a moment were across and out of hearing. At daylight we found ourselves in a forest, where all the brushwood had been cut down, and we had to hide ourselves behind the tree trunks, and keep a bright look-out till dark.

We marched all night, and lay in the woods all day, suffering only from want of clear refreshing water. When we had plenty of water, we shaved and washed. We had brought provisions for eighteen days. A day's allowance was one inch and a half of Bologna sausage, a quarter of a pound of bread, and two mouthfuls of brandy, measured in a shaving-brush case. Our sleep by day was disturbed, first by the cold and then by the heat.

By the help of our maps, we kept in a pretty direct course, never entering a house, nor speaking to more than two persons. One directed us round the town of Toul, without asking a question. The other invited us to his cottage, and guided us for several miles, taking us for runaway conscripts.

On the eleventh day it rained incessantly, and we had to sit against the roots of trees, cold, wet, and hungry, afraid of falling over precipices. Alison's ankles began to fail him again, and he had grown thin from pain and fatigue. That night we started sooner than usual, though not until near dark. About half-past ten we entered the small town of Charmes, thinking the rain would keep the inhabitants in-doors. On passing a corner a gendarme demanded our passports. Innis, who knew French perfectly, coolly produced some letters from his bankers, and declared they were the new sort of passports issued at Paris. Just as we thought we had safely humbugged him, in came a brigadier, and good humouredly said, "Ah, gentlemen, I am glad to see you; I have been expecting you for above a week;" and then pulling out a paper, read our names and descriptions. Finding ourselves caught, we made the best of it, and invited the brigadier and gendarme to share some dinner. The gendarme told us that he had been in bed, but that, having been sent by his wife to the apothecary, he had been talking with some acquaintance, who kept him until we had happened to come up.

The next day we were sent back to Verdun, where all our friends were waiting to receive us. We were instantly put into the tower d'Angoulême and searched. They cut open our buttons to search for money, and took away our knives, razors, and pocket-handkerchiefs. But they did not leave me so bare as they imagined, for I kept five double Louis sewn inside my flannel waistcoat, and one under the arm of my coat. We were ironed and shut up in the round tower.

A few days after, we were sent to Bitche: ten leagues north of Strasburg, a fortress situated upon a rock in the midst of a valley. In the little souterrain we found twenty Englishmen, chiefly masters of merchant ships, and midshipmen, and in the contiguous grand sou-

terrain, about one hundred and seventy British seamen. My companions here were the sweepings of the sweepings—all the most violent and dissolute of the prisoners from Verdun—smugglers, gamblers, duellists, and thieves.

Few attempts to escape from Bitche had succeeded; the walls were so lofty, the guard so good. A ship's carpenter, who escaped and was taken trying to swim over the Rhine with his son, a little boy, on his back, was brought to the grand souterrain. He had not been in long before he again attempted to escape. He one night forced two wooden doors, and undermined one or two iron doors. On the awful night when the last door was to be passed, a spy informed the commandant. Just as three prisoners had stepped through, the gendarmes in waiting fired on them, and then cut them down with their sabres. The carpenter and a companion were killed; the third jumped back through the door and escaped. His son was afterwards one of four daring boys who descended an angle of the citadel at Verdun without a rope, but were recaptured, brought back, and whipped.

On another occasion, an Italian prisoner hid himself in the cavern well of the prison, three hundred feet deep; he escaped, but was recaptured, and sent to the galleys.

Another time, Lieutenant Essel and five sailors escaped through a grating which they had loosened, having previously made a rope out of their linen. Unfortunately, just as they were in the embrasure about to descend, the sergeant of the rounds came by and fell over the rope they had fastened. In their alarm, they went down the rope too rapidly and too near together, and it snapped. The lieutenant was dead before he could reach the bottom, having struck against a jutting rock. Only one midshipman could move away, and he was recaptured in the morning. Yet, although the four had dropped ninety feet, only one man's leg was broken.

As the winter approached, I and Innis and Alison commenced making preparations for a second attempt. We purchased coarse linen, and made it up during the night into rope. The barrack in which we were confined had two fronts, with a wall running lengthwise through the centre, the staircases on opposite sides communicating by doors which were locked. The one side was strongly guarded, but on the other no sentinels were placed till eight o'clock at night. As soon as it was dark (on the 20th of November), we forced open the inner lock, and then tried to cut out the clamp by which the outer clasp was secured; but our knives making little impression, we put a stiff piece of iron within and across the keyhole of the box lock, to which we fastened the end of a strong cord. Twelve of us then got hold of it, and pulling all together, open it flew. All this time we kept shouting, to prevent the five gendarmes who lived in the room below, hearing us. A working party then ascended the stairs, while those in the room below kept up the noise. After a long and fruitless attempt, we found the

gimlet too small; we therefore went to bed brooding over our certain removal to the dungeon the next morning. Rising early, a thought struck me. I filled up the gimlet-holes with tallow and ashes; then boring holes where the nails of the clamp had been, I tied the clamp on again and shut the door. It was a dark foggy morning, and the gendarme never detected the state of the clamp. Next day we got a large gimlet from an English gentleman who was on parole in the town.

The night we chose was one to our mind. It blew hard, with sleet and snow. In the evening, directly after muster, we placed ourselves in a row along both stairs to pass the alarm if anything happened. One of us, with an axe, started all the nails at the bottom of the door, and cut through the last plank. Once at the bottom of the stairs, we darted across, and fastened our rope to a stone in one of the embrasures. We descended with great rapidity a distance of about ninety feet, lacerating our hands with the rope, which we had bound with hard twine. The drawbridge was still down; we crossed it, and divided into three parties. We had scarcely cleared the town before the gun fired to give the alarm. We made for the first wood, and walked till five o'clock, when we sat down to rest, uncertain whether we were going right or wrong.

At daybreak I found I was the only man who had the full use of his hands. Some of the party had their fingers cut to the bone; others had scarcely any whole skin remaining on the palms of their hands. I was surgeon. I cut off strips from their shirts, and bound up their wounds. We had only half a loaf and a bladder of brandy. Alison had had a ham, which he had tried to bring down the wall in his teeth, but it fell and was lost. At night, cold, hungry, and benumbed, we reached the small town of Niederbrun, where one of our party was taken ill, and we had to venture into a lonely wine-house, where the heat of the stove made us all ill, and took away our appetites. We hired a guide, and went on till we came to a village, where we paid a crown to two men thrashing by candlelight, to conceal us under the straw for a few hours. We lay unmolested for an hour, when a man and woman discovered us, called us thieves, and roused the village; but we escaped.

Next day, as we were going along, cold, lame, and hungry, we met a douanier, and gave him fifteen Louis to take us across the Rhine. As we were crossing a bridge, twenty or thirty armed men ran out at us. All of us were captured but Innis and myself, who were taken a few hours after, just as we were unclaining a boat to cross the Rhine. The surgeon who dressed our hands told us that they would have mortified if exposed much longer to the weather.

On our return, the commandant accused us of ingratitude, and of breaking our parole. Then ordering us sternly down to the petit souterrain, he said:

"I have been hitherto a lamb, but you will now find me a tiger."

Our place of confinement was a room about twenty-five feet by ten, having a guard bed running the whole length. The passage to the room was guarded by two doors, and the entrance into it by other two, the wall being four feet thick. We soon found that the room above us was unoccupied, and had no bars to the window. Our difficulties were, however, now fourfold.

How to get to the window!

How to descend from the window by the tin spout which was in the roof, and projected two feet from the wall!

How to elude the sentinel who paced round the tower!

How to descend quietly so as not to awaken the jailer, who slept under us, and whose window we should have to pass!

Our plans were soon made. We cut up sheets, blankets, shirts, trousers, and towels. Our friends smuggled in needles, thread, and linen, almost daily. My companions were now anxious to be off; but I, having the master instrument (the gimlet), obliged them to wait my pleasure, and stay till I had raised twenty-one Louis in the town and paid my debts.

Our rope, reinforced by a last pair of new sheets, was now one hundred and forty feet long, and we were ready. We took the precaution, this time, of covering the upper end with strips of an old brown coat, as its whiteness had on the last occasion caught the sergeant's eye, when he went round to post the sentinels.

The 12th of February being a *good* night, that is, squally and dark, we resolved to start. That morning we laid in a good store of beef-steaks and brandy, and wished our friends good-by. When all was quiet, we began by sticking a mattress against the window to prevent the light being seen; we then piled the rest of the mattresses one upon another, and began to break down the ceiling with an old poker.

The dust nearly smothered us, and when we got through the plaster we found, instead of laths, oak battens and beams eighteen-inches square. Then came the floor of the next story, which was of three-inch oak, with knots so hard that they twisted the gimlet. At about ten we heard the jailer unlock the outer door; this seemed to turn us to stone; but it was a false alarm, for he was only going to bed. After giving him a reasonable time to compose himself, we recommenced, when our saw broke in one of the mortises. We sat down in despair, when all of a sudden Innis leaped up, and cried, "Where are the pieces? I am not going to give up in this way!" With the help of his knife, a piece of wood and some twine, he contrived a handle, to our great joy, which answered the purpose. At three in the morning, after nine hours' hard and unceasing labour, the last stroke was given, and the way made clear.

The affecting part of the concern came next: we had to part with two of our sick companions.

It was painful to us, but what must it have been to them!

The parting over, we scrambled through the hole, and our enterprise began.

Arrived in the upper room, we had a clear view of the two sides of the building. It was a dark wild morning, blowing wild and squally, and by a break in the clouds we could see the distant sentry snug in his box.

The first of us who went down, carried the rope with two pieces of iron to stick in the walls to keep it firm. It was Alison, the heaviest; but the spout held firm and made no noise. One of those who remained, threw down the rope when we were all safe, and the last man threw it over the wall. In the course of a few minutes we found ourselves safe at the bottom of the second rampart. Our first descent had been seventy or eighty feet: our second, forty or forty-five. We now began to congratulate each other on being clear of the fort without having hurt a hair of our heads.

But, we had not proceeded more than forty yards, when we came to another rampart, and then Wheelan (one of our party) suddenly remembered that there were three ramparts, and bursting into tears, said, "And this is the very place where Davis broke his thigh last year;" but still he could not remember the height. Determining to go on and make a leap in the dark, we cut off about nine feet of rope. It was agreed that the two last should hold the rope for the others, and that their predecessors, if safe, should catch the others, and break their fall. After three had landed, Alison begged me to let him go before me, and I consented. I in my turn arrived safe. Wheelan, who came last, fell, and broke his tendon Achilles.

Poor fellow! He begged that we would carry him up to the fort gate, but we were in the situation of soldiers on the field of battle; we had no time to mourn fallen companions, but had to push on or be vanquished. We could do no more than place him in an easy position, shake him by the hand, and wish him good-by.

On looking round, we were surprised and hurt to find two of our party gone, and much more so when Alison told us that they had tried to persuade him and Innis to go with them, saying they were safe, and why should they risk waiting for the others? We were now in the ditch; we ran along it until we came to a flight of steps leading to the glacis; on arriving at the top, we made straight for the mountains. At daybreak we scrambled up a hill, and, sighting a small wood between two roads, made for it. We saw people pass and repass the whole day, but we still lay there undisturbed, although we could hear the signal-gun, and knew we were not yet more than five miles from the fort.

As soon as it was dark we came to a village, which, by the number of lights, seemed to be a large one. We tried to get round it, but in doing so Alison fell, first into a quarry and then down a declivity. Fearing to make any further attempts, we waited until midnight in an old roofless building, and while we were there it rained

heavily. When all was quiet, and the lights were out, we entered the village, which was knee-deep in mud. We had not got far, when a dog barked. This brought a man out and he blew his horn, so we ran across a swampy common, and followed the course of a large river till we came to a wood, where we slept till daylight.

During the next forenoon we skirted the wood, looking for a lone house, and at last found one. Just at dark we went up to it and found a man in the court-yard dressing a pig. Inside was another man, who told us we could have some wine; he recognised Alison, and said: "But you are from Bitehe, I heard the gun yesterday morning." We did not deny it, but he cheered us up and promised not to betray us; and he bade us go up-stairs lest any of the forest guards should come in. All that his house afforded he brought out in a frank open way, and for six crowns lent us his own servant as a guide.

Next day we rested under a cliff in a fir wood, where, except some goats with bells round their necks, there was nothing to disturb us. The same night we ascended one of the Vosges mountains, in a dreadful thunder-storm, and with the rain bursting down like a water-spout. Finding no cover, we had to make a gigantic effort for tired men and scramble to the summit.

Alison, a robust man standing six feet high, and able to take a chair in his teeth and throw it over his head, was here seized with a fever and unable to go further, so we sat by him, though we heard voices all round us. In a little while two woodmen approached, told us there was no fear of gendarmes, lighted us a fire, and went and got Alison some soup, and the rest some bread and wine. Alison having revived, one of these honest fellows offered to see us out of the mountains. He procured us a man at midnight, who, for six francs, offered to guide us through the adjoining village, which was half a mile long, intersected by two rivers, and close to the Rhine. To our great joy we got through unmolested, without even a dog barking. That night we slept in a swamp, on beds made of branches that we tore down from the trees. We were by this time so accustomed to fatigue that we slept soundly in this horrible place, although it rained hard all night.

Our new guide did all he could to terrify us, declaring that every horseman he met was a gendarme, and demanding his money beforehand. Next day, another guide took us across the Rhine on a sort of raft made of five boards, and, after a fresh demand for crowns, we leaped ashore in Baden, about five leagues below Strasburg. This was the seventh day since we left Bitehe, yet in direct distance we were not yet more than twelve leagues from the fortress.

We now (with seven Louis in our pockets) commenced our march of four hundred miles through an enemy's country. Unfortunately, we had forgotten the names of all the places between the Rhine and Ulm, for which place

we were bound; but at last, after many inquiries, we hit upon a direct route.

In the Black Forest we came to a wine-house, and were startled at seeing a number of carabines hanging up belonging to the forest guard. For fear of exciting suspicion, we did not retreat, but stayed and took a meal, though we observed on the wall a decree of Napoleon ordering the Baden people to arrest all persons travelling without passports.

At night we stopped at a small village, and a Frenchman, who took us for countrymen, obtained us beds, but, to our great disappointment, they were German cushion-beds, and the heat of the feathers kept us awake nearly all night. In the morning we told the Frenchman what we were, and, as he saw us out of the village, he warned us that it was safer passing as Englishmen than Frenchmen, as his countrymen were hated in Germany. He advised us to avoid the Wurtemberg main roads, as they were infested by the landwehr, who stopped travellers who had no passports. At a house, where some peasants in their best clothes were merry-making (for it was Sunday), we obtained a guide, who led us across the frontier into Wurtemberg. After a walk of six miles, he took us to the house of a friend, a good-natured jocosé fellow, with whom we were soon at home. He brought out plenty of wine, and, not understanding us clearly, sent for a lively French lad. We told him we were going to join the French army at Ulm, and wanted to know the shortest way. He at first wanted to go to the mayor of the village for a guide, but eventually, at our request, obtained a map for us, to mark down the villages, by which we might avoid the great military road; for we knew that we were only a few days in advance of the French army that was advancing to attack Austria.

Next night we slept at the house of a fine open-hearted Frenchman, to whom we at once told our secret. He told us we were quite right to pass as his countrymen, for the peasants, we should find, would be civil to us through fear. And this we found to be true, for we were never asked what we were, or whence we came. Here we had our shirts washed for the first and last time during our journey. On parting, the Frenchman gave us certificates, such as the itinerant German mechanics use, but we had no faith in them, and when we got out of sight of him threw them away.

Our next guide promised to lead us round a town, but we got into a lane whose entrance had been lately built up, and we were obliged to clamber over a high wall, in sight of a hundred windows. Fortunately it was raining hard, and no one observed us. Next day, in a heavy fall of snow, we crossed the Danube, and then walked along the banks of the river Iller, till we came near to Biberach.

We had now no retreat, for the river was on one side of us and the mountain on the other. Still, in despair, we pushed on, trembling, and found a narrow carriage-road, that led round the ramparts. Turning a corner, we saw a guard-

house with its window staring full at us. A man seeing us, came out and posted himself in the middle of the road.

"This," said we, "is our last day's march; this fellow is sure to stop us; but let us show a good face and go boldly on."

We did so, walking in a careless dare-devil way, and he did not say a word, though we felt much inclined to run. In a little time we came to an unguarded bridge, and crossed the Iller, and coming to the junction of two roads, one leading to Augsburg and one to Memmingen, chose the latter.

Alison's stamina now began to fail. The once fat robust man, was now a scarecrow; his coat hung loose upon him; his hat, soaked with rain, drooped over his ears; his frame was bent double; and he had to use a stick to support himself. Innis and I, unable to bear his complaints and piteous moans, generally kept a good way before him. Often at twilight, when we drew near a village, his haggard eyes brightened up, and he would say:

"Now we have made an excellent day's march. We must sleep here."

And as often we were pained to say:

"No, Alison, we must go on another stage."

Then his eyes would resume their languor, and moaning he would droop behind. Happily his sleep and appetite never forsook him; and he always rallied in the morning. Otherwise, we must have left the poor fellow to his fate, for our funds would admit of no resting day.

Next day a woman refused us a lodging, for fear of the landwehr, as we had no passports. We slept at a small pot-house, and next morning an honest German offered to guide us to Memmingen. It was a fearful morning, the snow coming down in large flakes, the cold keen east wind cutting our faces till they bled. We had to be our own pioneers. We could hardly trace our way through the drifts, that were sometimes up to our knees. Our German was affable and friendly, and manifested no curiosity. He would scarcely believe us when we told him we were escaped English prisoners; but when he was convinced, he declared we must accompany him to his house at Kempten. But at the post-house they warned us not to go there, as the passes in the Tyrol were blocked with snow, and they were strict about passports at Memmingen.

The day we crossed the Wurtemberg frontier, the cold had detained the gendarmes round the fire (as we supposed), and we passed a long covered bridge over the Iller without hindrance. A league further we saw the gates of Memmingen, and here we had to experience the pain of parting with our kind German. He pressed us much to wait till he could get us food and passports; but we tore ourselves away.

Avoiding Landsberg by walking across fields, dangerously deep in snow, we crossed a river on planks, and coasted Munich; and here Alison's legs almost entirely failed. We supported him for six weary miles, and then reached a village, where we got comfortable lodgings, rubbed

his legs with soft-soap and brandy, and put him to bed. He had no other ailment than sheer downright fatigue.

We had now to skirt Wasserburg, the last fortified town in Bavaria; but Alison broke down in crossing a swampy marsh, and six hours more of incessant toil and climbing entirely prostrated him. We rested and dined, and Alison exerted all his eloquence to detain us; but we knew the next post-house, seven miles off, was on the Bavarian frontier, and we wanted all next day to elude the outposts. We gave him an hour and a half to rest. A few yards, however, and he dropped; nature was exhausted.

"Stay by me or leave me," he said; "I cannot go a step further."

A sledge coming by at the moment, I asked the driver to give a poor unfortunate worn-out traveller a ride. "I will give you all one," he said, and drove us to the frontier.

Here, by the landlord's advice, we took a sledge, hoping to brazen it out with the police. We were stopped; but we passed ourselves off as Americans returning home from Barcelona by Trieste, who had thrown away our passports. Innis handed in a forged American letter, and we were all allowed to pass. This was a miraculous escape.

On reaching the Austrian frontier, we jumped out of the carriage and claimed protection as Englishmen. After a toilsome march among enemies for twenty-two days, we were now safe, and were sent guarded to Salzburg, where our two companions who had deserted us at Bitche joined us. The police director there gave us passports as Americans.

Unable to raise money at Salzburg, we met at the inn an Austrian general of engineers, who lent us seven pounds; we had now spent our last sixpence. We left Alison there, and pushed across the mountains to Trieste, two hundred and eighty miles distant. The roads were choked with snow, the Carinthian people rude and inhospitable. Everywhere the same incessant demand for passports. My shoes were by this time worn out; our legs began to swell, and our feet to burn like coals. But for the want of shoes, we should have been as fresh as when we started, for our feet had never blistered, nor had we lost much flesh.

As soon as we got near Trieste, we went into an inn to shave, brush, and wash, for we looked like tramps. Our faces were dirty brown, our hats brimless, our hair long and tangled, our shirts seventeen days from the laundress, our pantaloons encrusted with mud, our stockings trodden away, our shoes tied to our feet, our gaiters in rags, and our coats looking as if they had been stolen from scarecrows.

At three o'clock on the seventh day from Salzburg, and at the two hundred and eightieth mile, we saw Trieste lying below us with all its shipping and the free blue sea. After our tedious march of thirty days, we sat down to contemplate the shipping, and realise God's goodness and our freedom.

Then to carry out our old prison proverb,

"down the hill to Trieste," we marched with light hearts into the town to the British consul, and to our delight met Alison, quite recovered and in good spirits. We rigged ourselves out, and in three days started for Malta in an Austrian brig. We reached Malta in twenty days, and in two days more, the governor, the excellent Sir Alexander Ball, gave us passages home on board H.M.S. Lucifer (bomb). She was soon under weigh, with two brigs of war, and we glided out of the harbour with a brave train of forty sail of merchantmen as our convoy.

WOODS AND FORESTS.

KINGS have at all times had a personal regard towards wild beasts, and often of old they took more care of their forests than of their towns, that were but covers of an ignoble game. The forests used to be the king's. Even long since, when Nehemiah was in captivity in the court of Artaxerxes, the prophet, after having asked for letters of safety to the governors beyond the river, also requested "a letter unto Aseph, the keeper of the king's forest, that he may give me timber to make beams for the gates of the palace." Our own kings formerly might turn towns into forests if they pleased. Manwood, a good authority on these matters, says: "It is allowed to our sovereign lord the king, in respect of his continual care and labour for the preservation of the whole realm, among other privileges, this prerogation: to have his places of recreation and pastime wheresoever he will appoint. For, as it is at the liberty and pleasure of his grace to reserve the wild beasts and the game to himself, for his only delight and pleasure, so he may also, at his will and pleasure, make a forest for them to abide in." And so, even at the time of the Heptarchy, every petty prince had his royal demesnes. In Anglo-Saxon days, forest law was in force, and not considered very burdensome by the great mass of the community. But under the Norman princes, forest law especially assumed a harsher character. William the Conqueror, to begin with, ordered the fertile lands between the Humber and the Tees to be laid waste for the extent of sixty miles, and seized upon the whole tract for a royal forest. To make it, many towns and villages were burnt down, implements of industry destroyed, people and cattle driven away. Lord Lyttleton, speaking of these devastations, and those occasioned by the forest laws, observes: "That Attila no more deserves the name of the 'scourge of God,' than did this merciless tyrant, nor did he, nor any other destroyer of nations, make more havoc in an enemies' country than William did in his own."

In those old times, there were constant encroachments on private property, cruel punishments for even slight offences within royal forests. Heavy tolls were levied upon all merchandise passing through them, and extravagant claims were made by various officers, whose names and duties have become obsolete. We

have, however, some particulars of the king's men, who were entrusted with the care of Charnwood Forest, which now, like Merry Sherwood, has lost nearly all traces of the shady groves in which, says the tradition of the country, "a squirrel might be hunted six miles without once touching the ground, and when a traveller might journey from Beaumanor to Bardon, on a clear summer's day, without seeing the sun."

The ancient forest courts in Charnwood were the "Justice-seat," and the "Swainmote," or "Swanmote." The Justice-seat was presided over by one of the Justices in Eyre, and was the superior court of appeal. The Swainmote assembled three times in the year. It was the petty session of the forest, held in the open air, and in Charnwood these places of assemblage still may be pointed out. The court of attachment, or woodmote, was kept every forty days. To this the foresters brought in the attachments "touching verdure and venison," and the presentments thereof the verderers received and enrolled. This court could enquire, but not convict.

The court of regard, or survey of dogs, was held every third year, "for expedition or lawing of dogs." This was done by cutting off to the skin three claws of the fore-feet, to prevent them from running at or killing the deer. Only mastiffs were left in possession of their claws, because it was supposed that those only were necessary for the defence of a man's house. The chief officer of the royal forests was the Lord Warden. The verderer was a judicial officer of the forest, chosen by the freeholders of the county by the king's writ; his office was to keep the assize and laws of the forest, view, receive, and enrol the attachments and presentments, make presentments of all trespasses of the forest of vert and venison, and to do equal right and justice to the people. The regarders were to make regard of the forest, and to view and enquire of offences. Before any Justice-seat was held, these officers had to make their regard perambulating the whole forest.

The foresters were sworn to take presentment of all trespasses. A forester was also taken for the wood-ward. Every forester, when called to a Justice-seat, knelt and presented his horn. The wood-ward knelt and presented his axe. An agister's office was to attend upon the king's woods and lands, and receive and take in cattle by agisement—that is, to pasturage within the forest. A ranger's proper duty was to chase the wild beasts from the outskirts of the forest into the more central parts.

In the olden times the proper periods for hunting the various beasts of the forest were thus limited: that of the hart, or buck, began at the feast of St. John the Baptist, and ended on Holyrood-day. That of the hind and doe began at Holyrood and ended at Candlemas. Boar-hunting began at Christmas and ended at Candlemas. Fox-hunting began at Christmas and lasted till Lady-day. Hare-hunting was from Michaelmas to Candlemas. But the king's subjects were his game all the year round until

the people took their private rights and means into their own custody.

One very great cause of dissatisfaction against Charles the First was an attempt to revive ancient forest laws fallen into desuetude. The Earl of Holland held a court almost every year as Chief Justice in Eyre, for the recovery of the king's forest rights, and made great havoc upon private property bordering the royal domains. The Essex forests were so enlarged as to include almost the whole county. The Earl of Southampton was nearly ruined by a decision which stripped him of his estate near the New Forest. The boundaries of Rockingham Forest were increased from six miles to sixty, and enormous fines imposed upon the so-called trespassers: Lord Salisbury being amerced in twenty thousand pounds, Lord Westmoreland in a sum almost as great, and Sir Christopher Hatton in twelve thousand pounds. Charles the First made Richmond Park by means of depriving many proprietors of not only of common, but of freehold rights. The Long Parliament, however, when it abolished the Star Chamber, determined for ever the extent of the royal forests, being then in accordance with the boundaries prescribed in the reign of James, annulling all the perambulations and inquests by which they had been enlarged.

Since that day it may be said that encroachments have been made rather upon, than by the crown. Squatters have sat down in the forests, and, by dint of years of occupation, have secured a kind of freehold, out of which it has been found difficult to oust them. Others purchasing land on the edges of the forests enlarge the boundaries of it by various encroachments: one of the most ingenious being the "rolling hedge"—a thick mound; of which the earth is thrown over systematically from the inside to the outside, and, in no long time a circumference of encroachment effected, considerably increasing the acreage of the property at the expense of the crown.

Among the abolitions of our day is that of the office of chief ranger and all that pertains thereto. The last hereditary ranger vanished with the disafforesting of Whichwood four or five years ago. The woods and forests of the crown are now under the care of a commission, and certain rights and privileges being reserved to the sovereign, their surplus income is paid into the Consolidated Fund. Ten or eleven years ago the charge of the public works and buildings was placed under a separate commission from that of the woods and forests, to which it had before appertained, only the Windsor parks being left with the forests. During the ten years following that change, the policy of the commissioner for England, the Hon. C. A. Gore, has raised the gross receipts from the crown lands, exclusive of parks and gardens, by as much as seventy-five thousand pounds a year, and the sum paid annually into the Consolidated Fund has become ten per cent larger than it was but seven years ago. The more profitable management of the crown lands has arisen partly by the sale, wherever full value

could be had, of small detached estates and plots of land, quit rents and scattered rights of the crown over private persons, such lands and privileges being usually of more value to the private persons who for their own advantage are glad to buy out the small rights of the crown, than they are to the crown as troublesome out-lying rights and possessions. The money obtained by these sales, about three-quarters of a million in the ten years, has been invested in enlargement or improvement of the more compact and valuable tracts of crown land. And the land bought has been not only from position more productive to the crown than the land sold, but the average price got for the land sold has been thirty-six years' purchase, while the average price paid for the land bought has been only twenty-nine years' purchase. Again, of the money obtained, more than two hundred thousand pounds were for wastes, encroachments, foreshore, and other rights that had been producing nothing.

Then there have been the gains by disafforestation. Hainault was disafforested in the year 'fifty-two. For the five years before that time, owing to the conflict of rights between the crown, the hereditary lord warden, and the commoners, the crown revenue was but five hundred pounds a year. The cost of reclaiming the share allowed to the crown by the act of parliament was covered by sale of the timber and underwood that stood upon it, and a rental of more than four thousand a year was secured from farmers of the land thus cleared. In Whichwood Forest the same conflict of rights between the crown, the hereditary ranger, and the commoners, left to the crown little profit. Whichwood has been disafforested, and the share of the crown is now an estate worth five thousand a year. At Whittlewood Forest the share of the crown was nearly all sold advantageously to the adjoining owners, and the act of parliament that disposed finally of forest claims on Whittlewood dealt with the last forest in which there remained the office of hereditary ranger.

NOT A NEW "SENSATION."

IT is much the fashion now to dwell with severity on certain morbid failings and cravings of the grand outside Public—the universal customer—the splendid bespoker, who goes round every market, purse in hand, and orders plays, poems, novels, pictures, concerts, and operas. Not by any means a grudging purchaser, or one to drive a hard churlish bargain. He is ready with a good price for a good thing—a fair day's pay for a fair day's work, and all other suitable sentiments. Yet, because this faithful patron chooses to have his meats highly spiced and flavoured, the cry is, an unnatural appetite for *sensation!* This is a new and unhealthy greed—a diseased craving, an unwholesome fancy. This hungering after "sensation" is a diseased and morbid appe-

tite, something novel and significant of degeneration.

And yet this taste for fiery sauces, and strongly-seasoned meats and drinks, is of very ancient date; nay, with the public—so long as it has been a public—it has been a constant taste. Not now, for the first time, has the collective British novel-reader sat up of night's reading how the wicked but fascinating lady has married a baronet of ancient family during the lifetime of an absent but obscure husband—how, when this latter becomes obtrusive, she buries him in a convenient well, and thus happily disposes of an unpleasant and disagreeable persecution. Not now, for the first time, has the collective British playgoer endured heat and hustling, and crush and struggle to see a plunge (without a splash) into mimetic waters, and gallant rescue from drowning; or the prevention of a Deed of Blood in a lonely quarry, happily accomplished by the agency of a bending sapling. Such devices were popular years and years ago, and the dramatic "sensation," more or less modified, will always be in favour.

Travelling backward nearly seventy years, we find ourselves—as the collective British playgoer—struggling with heat and pressure through the narrow entrances of Old Drury, during the run of one very famous "sensation" piece, which, for effects and "thrilling" situations, is rather in advance of our modern efforts. Everybody was hurrying to see Mr. Matthew Gregory Lewis's famous melodrama of *The Castle Spectre*. The common mind had been suitably prepared by draughts from the goblet of German horrors, and the notorious Monk, and Tales of Wonder, had produced a suitable tone. The *Castle Spectre* still keeps the stage; and though inflated, and every instant in danger of tottering over into burlesque, it is a far more artistic "sensational drama" than our modern attempts.

The ingredients, mixed in this dish, are all highly effective. A gloomy castle, with dungeons, "movable panels, subterranean passages, and secret springs" for the scene; a truculent, ruffianly, and splendidly dressed "Earl Osmond" for the authorised villain, assisted by a troop of "black slaves"—Hassan, Sahib, and Muley—who are always coming on in a most effective procession, and always eager for employment in their own nefarious line of business; a monk, fishermen, a fool, and a frightfully persecuted heroine, Angela; all these baked together skilfully in a melodramatic pie, ought to make a dish acceptable to any epicure. Yet the whole strength of this class of play would seem to have lain in the stage directions most minutely insisted on by our dramatic forefathers. In witness, here is the end of Act the Fourth—the grand sensation scene of the piece—which was talked of at Brookes's, and at which the packed and crowded audiences of Old Drury gazed without daring to breathe. Wicked Earl Osmond has been striving to accomplish his nefarious ends in reference to the persecuted Angela; infuriated by her resistance, he is about to resort to a

violence which every well-ordered mind must deplore, and then ensues the following striking "situation":

Ang. Horrible! horrible!

Osm. Must Reginald die, or will Angela be mine?

Ang. Thine? She will perish first!

Osm. You have pronounced his sentence, and his blood be upon your head! Farewell!

Ang. (*detaining him and throwing herself on her knees*). Hold! hold! . . . Mercy, Osmond! O mercy! mercy!

Osm. Lovely, lovely suppliant! Why owe to cold consent what force may this instant give me? It shall be so; and thus—(*Attempting to clasp her in his arms, she starts from the ground suddenly, and draws her dagger with a distracted look.*)

Ang. Away! Approach me not! Dare not to touch me, or this poniard—

Osm. Foolish girl! let me but say the word and thou art disarmed this moment. (*Attempting to seize it, his eye rests upon the hill, and he starts back with horror.*) By hell, the very poniard which—

Ang. (*in an exulting tone*). Ha! hast thou found me, villain? Villain! dost thou know this weapon? Know'st thou whose blood encrusts the point? Murderer! It flowed from the bosom of my mother!

Osm. Within there! Help! (*Hassan and Alaric enter. He falls senseless in their arms.*)

Ang. He faints! Long may the villain wear thy chains, oblivion! (*She remains for some moments prostrate on the ground in silent sorrow. The castle bell strikes "one." She rises.*) Hark! the bell! (*A plaintive voice sings within, accompanied by a guitar.*)

Ang. Heavens! The very words—the door, too! It moves! It opens! Guard me, good angels! (*The folding-doors unclose, and the oratory is seen illuminated. In its centre stands a tall female figure, her white and flowing garments spotted with blood; her veil is thrown back, and discovers a pale and melancholy countenance; her eyes are lifted upwards, her arms extended towards heaven, and a large wound appears upon her bosom. At length the spectre advances slowly to a soft and plaintive strain: she stops opposite to Reginald's picture, and gazes upon it in silence. She then turns, approaches Angela, seems to invoke a blessing upon her, points to the picture, and retires to the oratory. The music ceases. Angela rises with a wild look and follows the vision. Instantly the organ's swell is heard: a full chorus of female voices chant Jubilate. A blaze of light flashes through the oratory, and the folding-doors close with a loud noise. Angela falls motionless on the floor.*)

Beside these marvellous stage directions, all modern "business" seems tame: the "large wound" in the unhappy lady's bosom, palpable and appreciable to the remotest eye in the gallery, was an effective stroke.

But for a true sensation scene, of real merit

and excitement, the escape at the end of the second act is really artistic. It dwells on the memories of children taken at Christmas time to the pantomime, for which this piece furnished an agreeable introduction and gentle palpitation. The two blacks are playing at dice on the ground while their prisoner sleeps. Fishermen outside sing and invite the prisoner to throw himself from the window. The blacks are absorbed in their game, and the audience must be a dull one which does not feel a little nervous as the captive climbs up softly to the window and gets through. Few modern dramas have anything so effective as this, without being in the least strained or far fetched.

Quite akin to the Castle Spectre, and of the same school, was The Bleeding Nun, or Raymond and Agnes: positively steeped in blue fires, forest glades, white figures, and slow music. In this wonderful drama, towards the close, comes a scene which opens in what is called, "A Cut and Back Wood—a mound, c." Without pausing to inquire the meaning of this character of glade, the business commences in this wise: "*Enter the Bleeding Nun and Raymond through the wood: Raymond, still supposing her to be Agnes, follows her till she gets on the mound, c.—as he approaches to embrace her she vanishes, and a transparency rises on the mound with the following inscription:*

"PROTECT THE CHILD OF THE MURDERED
ALICE!"

"*Ray.* Ye powers of mercy! Yes, I swear to obey the injunction. My Agnes, then, is the hapless orphan! Beatified spirit! hear me renew the solemn vow to protect thy lovely child, the injured Agnes, and may I be happy or wretched as I keep my oath! [*Music. Exit L.*"]

At the last scene a still more effective "business" takes place. "Raymond and Agnes meet—they embrace and kneel, c—a loud crash is heard—the back of the cavern falls to pieces, and discovers the BLEEDING NUN in a blue ethereal flame, invoking a blessing on them—she slowly ascends, still blessing them—they form a tableau, and the 'curtain descends.'" Much stress is laid through these pieces on the "music," which must be of a "plaintive" character, and lies in wait at every turn. In this Bleeding Nun, too, there is effective service done with a "dagger," which is "dropped," "drawn," flourished and exhibited in every conceivable pose. Some one even "aims a dagger" at another.

Canning, in his Merry-men of the anti-Jacobin, was not slow to see what burlesque lay on the surface of this grim wallet of horrors; and in that pleasant periodical appeared very shortly an imitable travesty from the pen of the future prime minister, entitled, The Rovers, with its admirable cast of characters, which makes the comic lists given in modern play-bills read a little feebly. There is the *Prior of the Abbey of Quedlingburgh*, "very corpulent and cruel," and "Roger," the suffering hero. Could better names be found for stage English noble-

men than "Puddingfield and Bccfington," who some way queerly suggest Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, though there is no similarity in the names; and there is Roderic, Count of Saxe-Weimar, a "bloody tyrant with red hair." There is one scene famous because introducing the well-known lyric on the "University of Gottingen," but which is no less remarkable as scarcely an exaggeration of the "sensation" school of sixty years since.

"*Scene.* A subterranean vault in the abbey of Quedlingburgh, with coffins, scutcheons, death's-heads and cross-bones. Toads and other loathsome reptiles are seen crossing the obscured parts of the stage. Rogero appears in chains in a suit of rusty armour, with his beard grown, and a cap of grotesque form upon his head. Beside him is a crock, or pitcher, supposed to contain his daily allowance. A long silence, during which the wind is heard to whistle through the cavern. Rogero rises, and comes slowly forward with his arms folded."

It is quite plain that this was aimed at Monk Lewis, and his Castle Spectre soliloquy. "Eleven years," says Rogero, moodily; "it is now eleven years since I was first immured in this living sepulchre, by the cruelty of a woman and the perfidy of a monk." He complains that he has been "chained, confined, and confined." "Soft, what have we here. (*Stumbles over a bundle of sticks.*) Oh, the register of my captivity. (Takes them up and turns them over with a melancholy air, then stands silent for a few minutes, as if absorbed in calculation.) *Eleven years and twenty-eight days! Hah! the twenty-eight of August. Soft! What air was that? It seemed a sound of more than human warblings. Again! (Listens for some minutes.) Only the wind! It is well, however; it reminds me of that melancholy air which has so often solaced the hours of my captivity. Let me see whether the damp of this dungeon have not yet injured my guitar.* (Takes his guitar, tunes it, and begins the following air with a full accompaniment of violins from the orchestra:

Whene'er with haggard eyes I view
This dungeon that I'm rotting in,
I think of those companions true
Who studied with me at the U—
— niversity of Gottingen.
— niversity of Gottingen.

(Weeps, and pulls out a blue kerchief, with which he wipes his eyes; gazing tenderly at it, he proceeds.)"

At the end of the next verse he "clanks his chains in cadence," and during the last stanza "Rogero dashes his head repeatedly against the wall of his prison, and finally so hard as to produce a visible contusion. He then throws himself on the floor in an agony, the music still continuing to play."

Looking over a tremendous melodrama which "ran" triumphantly for innumerable nights, which attracted by its "new and startling effects," and was talked of in drawing-rooms and at dinner parties, and for which Doctor

Hook, father of a certain fellow of infinite jest, called Theodore, wrote "appropriate" music, it becomes a little difficult to determine where Canning's burlesque ends, or "Tekeli" (for that was the name of the successful drama) begins. It was Hungarian, and "spectacular"—"Tekeli; or, the siege of Montgatz!" in which figured the persecuted hero, his faithful friend, Wolf, almost canine, like all theatrical faithful friends, in his attachments; "Conrade the Miller;" Alexina, the heroine; a comic coward, called "Brasdefer;" and a general chorus of useful people, known as "peasants, millers, soldiers, &c." Beside the inflated language of this piece, modern efforts of the Victoria and Surrey muse sound thin and feeble. When the scene opens, which it does during "a storm" in the orchestra, it discovers "night—a forest: on the right, a large tree near the middle of the stage, and, on the left, a thick cluster of small trees." And the hero, Tekeli, is discovered lying on a branch of the large tree, addressing his heart personally: "Heart, heart, lie still! Calm thy tumultuous beatings! For Providence, who guards the sea boy through the tempest's blast, will not forget the child of virtue in the hour of grief." The faithful emblem of canine attachment here enters, and tells the "child of virtue" of certain dangers which are imminent; that he had seen "a lambent flame among the briars," which it would appear are tokens of soldiers. Then, as these latter come on the stage, "Wolf beckons Tekeli. Music. Wolf and Tekeli having got into the middle of the stage, Edmund, *in action*, orders the men to make ready and present. Tekeli and Wolf lie down on their faces, so that the balls may pass over. The instant they are down, and *at the proper place in the symphony*, the soldiers fire. Expressive music the whole time."

After this trying ordeal, which must have made the heart "flutter," the faithful Wolf asks the child of virtue, "How is my prince?" No wonder that the other should reply, "O Wolf! these repeated shocks, the damp of the night, and the want of food, all are too much for me."

This, though a good sensation in its way, is tame as compared with what may be called the grand barrel scene. This exhibits an "Interior view of the Mill of Reben—in front, a barn filled with implements—beyond, a courtyard bounded by a brick wall two feet high. A barrel, &c." The hunted child of virtue succeeds in reaching this friendly retreat with the "bloodhounds" on his track (the bloodhounds wear the uniform of a "hateful despot"), and is invited by the friendly owner of the mill to conceal himself in the prominent barrel. Naturally Tekeli exhibits a pantomimic "unwillingness," but ultimately enters his barrel and is cleverly hidden away to agitated music. By-and-by come in, drunken soldiers, who in their cups propose the dangerous but exciting pastime of firing at that special barrel—also to music. With difficulty this unsoldierlike practice is averted, but a prodigious sensation is produced during that mo-

ment of suspense, the inebriated soldiery being every moment about to discharge their pieces. Yet there is a greater sensation in store. The perils of a protracted residence in a barrel are too fearful to be encountered again; so it is determined to exchange this domicile for the more convenient one of a sack. Into one of which articles is the luckless child of virtue assisted, and put on a miller's man's back to be carried away in a regular series of sacks, up the stage, and up the hill, and so out of sight, making a picturesque procession.

Yet still even attending this simple process, what perils! Who could guess that the drunken or sober soldiery would be here again on duty, suspicious of treachery, and prodding each sack as it passes, with a bayonet—still to music. As the turn of the sack containing the person of the child of nature came round to be prodded, the excitement became tremendous. But a happy device of a friend, who good naturedly took on him the soldiers duty and pretended to prod, saved him.

There is a strange and mysterious entry of soldiers, described as "a march observed at a distance till they increase in size and cross the bridge." But this remarkable performance, the music to which all the genteeler schoolgirls of the land were busy thrumming on their pianos, is as nothing to the last scene, where "a mine is sprung. Part of the castle appears in flames! Tekeli overcomes Caraffa—he falls—shouts—"They fly! they fly! Live, live Tekeli! Music. Re-enter Alexina. He catches her in his arms—stage fills on all sides—shouts—flourish, &c." And with this strange hurly-burly the grand sensation drama of our forefathers closes.

Just as the comic prints of this day make merry with such stimulants as "headers," "bending trees," "old quarries," and the like, so sixty years ago, the "sensation" incidents of the barrel and sack were laughed at abundantly; yet, of course, without thinning the crowds at Old Drury. Lord Byron found room for the barrel in his famous satire:

Now to the drama turn. Oh, motley sight!

What precious scenes the wondering eyes invite,
Puns and a prince within a barrel pent.

To which there is a note. "In the melodrama of Tekeli that heroic prince is clapped into a barrel on the stage, and Count Evrard in the fortress, hides himself in a greenhouse expressly built for the occasion." Later on, he returns to the subject again metrically:

On those shall Farce display buffoonery's mask,
And Hook conceal his heroes in a cask.

Holcroft's Tale of Mystery was another of the grand exciting spectacles which drew all London about the year 1806 for thirty-seven nights. It leans tremendously on the music, which has to express the most wonderful variety of emotions. Thus when Stephano "enters with his fowling-piece, net, and game," the orchestra works agreeably at "hunting music;" and when the same Stephano makes a remark about "Romaldi's

wickedness of heart," there is "music to express contention." When Francisco enters, "who is poor in appearance, but clean, with a reserved, placid, but dignified air," and "Bonamo" remarks "he has a manly form, a benevolent eye," there is "music." Then there is "music expressive of horror," suggested by an allusion to those who "stabbed me among the rocks; and "music to express disorder." Another gentleman "exits in haste" to "confused music."

But this is nothing to the situation when Montano enters, when "music plays alarmingly, but piano when he enters and stays." After a few remarks, "music, loud and discordant at the moment the eye of Montano catches the figure of Romaldi." As the interest of the scene increases, "music pauses, music dies away," and finally, "music of sudden joy while they kneel."

The last scene, however, embodies all that could be conceived of the grand or the exciting, and if the stage directions were strictly carried out, must have been impressive in the last degree. It exhibits "the wild mountainous country called the Nant of Arpena (?) with pines and massy (?) rocks. A rude wooden bridge on a small height thrown from rock to rock, a rugged mill-stream (?) a little in the background, the miller's house on the right, a steep ascent by a narrow path to the bridge, a stone or bank to sit on, on the right hand side. The increasing storm of lightning, thunder, rain, and hail becomes terrible. Suitable music!"

With this wonderful miscellany, the mind is at least tolerably well prepared to see Romaldi "enter from the rocks with terror," pursued as it were by the storm. "Whither fly?" he exclaims; "where shield me from pursuit, and death, and ignominy?" (Falls on the bank. Then come "more fearful claps of thunder, and he again falls on his face." Presently, he addresses the ground: "Cover me, earth; cover my crimes;" and the whole winds up with general confusion, chasing up and down along massy rocks, agitated music again, and stage directions a page long.

RIDING LONDON.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART THE LAST. OF THE PARCELS DELIVERY COMPANY AND "PICKFORD'S."

YEARS ago, not merely when "this old cloak was new," but when this old cloak (which we never possessed, by the way, and which is a mere figurative garment to be hung on pegs of trope or hooks of metaphor) was a short jacket, ornamented with liquorice marks and fruit stains, and remarkably puffy in the region of the left breast with a concealed peg-top, half a munched apple, and a light trifle of flint-stone used in the performance of a game called "duck," we were presented with a serviceable copy of Shakespeare, and immediately entered on an enthusiastic study of the same. In a very little time we had made such progress as to identify

very many persons with the characters in the plays; thus, a humpbacked blacksmith, a morose ill-conditioned fellow, always snarling at us boys over the half-hatch door of his forge, stood for Caliban; the fat man with the bald head, who was always taking turnpike-tickets with one hand and mopping himself with the other, was obviously Falstaff; the headmaster was Prospero (somewhat hazy this, but, if we remember rightly, a confused mixture of the former's cane and the latter's wand); the French usher was Dr. Caius; and Snecsh, the tobacconist and news-vendor, whose shop door was graced by a wooden Highlander, a perfect Tantalus, in the way he was always expecting a pinch of snuff and never got it, was Macbeth. Nor were the minor characters unfilled. We particularly remember that we identified the proprietor of the oil and pickle shop in the High-street as Rumour—perhaps on account of his establishment being “full of tongues;” while both the famous carriers of the Rochester Inn-yard, those good fellows who wanted Cut's saddle beaten, who so heartily abused the oats, who had a gammon of bacon and two razes of ginger to be delivered as far as Charing Cross, and who showed such an invincible disinclination to lend Gadshill a lantern, were embodied in Cokeham, who connected us with the metropolis. A sharp, clever, 'cute man, Cokeham, with a moist eye and a red nose, and an invariable crape hatband, respected by the masters, popular with the boys (we made a subscription for him when his grey mare was supposed to have staked herself in the night in Upton's fields, and bought him a fresh horse, only regretting our money when we learned that Cokeham himself had staked her to trot against a butcher's horse, had-won the match, and had then sold her for fifteen pounds to the loser), punctual in his delivery of home-sent cakes and play-boxes, and never “telling” when a shower of stones would rattle against his tilted cart as he passed the playground wall. There was not very much difference, possibly, between the Rochester carriers of Henry the Fourth's time and Cokeham. Until very lately, “carrying” seems to have been a fine old Conservative institution, and with the exception of the substitution of a tilted-cart for Cut's pack-saddle, and a few other minor details of that kind, to have gone on in a very jog-trot fashion. In a small and very humble fashion the Rochester men, even to this day, have their descendants; walking through some behindhand suburb, one may still observe a parlour-window decorated with a small placard bearing a capital letter of the alphabet, a bouncing B, or a drop-sical and swollen S—the initial letter of Bolland, or Swubble, the village-carrier, who furnishes his clients with these mystic symbols of indication, to be placed in the window when his services are required.

But so far as London and what is commonly known as the London district are concerned, the old body of carriers has been entirely superseded by the London Parcels Delivery Com-

pany, which was established in 1837, and which, after many severe struggles at the outset, has become a recognised and necessary institution, admirably conducted, serviceable to the public, and remunerative to its shareholders. Its principal establishment is in Rolls' Yard, Fetter-lane, where the whole of the practical detail is devised and carried out under the superintendance of a manager, who has been in the company's service since its earliest days. The plan originated by the Post-office, and in force therein until the recent division of London into districts, is followed by the Parcels Delivery Company. Every parcel collected for delivery is brought into Rolls' Yard, and sent out thence, even though it was originally only going from one street in the suburb to another, a hundred yards off, and this is found to afford the only efficient system of check. In all respectable and thriving neighbourhoods, at graduated distances according to the amount of business to be done, the company has its agents for the receipt of the parcels to be conveyed. These agents, who are paid by a per-centage on the number and amount of their transactions, were at the outset, nearly all keepers of Post-office Receiving-houses. It was naturally thought that such persons would be the most respectable in their various neighbourhoods, and their holding their little government appointments was a guarantee of their position. But, like other great creatures, the Post-office has its weaknesses, one of which is found to be an overweening jealousy; it ill brooked the divided attention which its receivers bestowed upon the Parcels Delivery Company; but when rivals started up and called themselves the Parcel Post and Parcel Mail, then St. Martin le Grand rose up in fury, called to his aid the services of the redoubtable Mr. Peacock, well known in connexion with dishonest postmen and mornings in Bow-street, and having, with the great hammer of the law, smashed the rash innovators who had dared to appropriate those sacred words “post” and “mail,” which a sagacious legislature has dedicated solely to St. Martin's use, St. Martin issued an edict forbidding his servants to have anything to do with receipt or despatch of parcels, for whatsoever company, and commanding them to serve him and him alone. So, since then the company have selected the best agents they could find, furnishing them with a blue board, with a well executed picture of a delivery cart proceeding at a rapid rate—which board, in many instances, is imitated as closely as possible by the carrier of the vicinity, who places it at the door of a neighbouring shop, and, thanks to the heedlessness and ignorance of domestic servants generally, obtains a certain share of the patronage intended for the company.

Again, following the example of the Post-Office, the Parcels Delivery Company have an inner and an outer circle, one not exceeding three miles from Rolls' Yard, the other extending somewhat over twelve miles from the same point. The further places embraced are Twickenham Common in the south-west, and

Plumstead in the south-east. In the far-lying districts there are two deliveries a day, nearer localities have four deliveries. There is a small difference in the rates charged between the two "circles," but in both the collection and delivery are made by the ordinary carts, though in the City, where the general class of parcels is cumbersome and weighty, the collections are made by pair-horse vans.

The company possesses about eighty carts and about a hundred and sixty horses. Although there are some thirty stables scattered about London belonging to it, the majority of the horses, about a hundred, are stabled in Rolls' Yard. They are good serviceable-looking animals, better in stamp and shape than either the omnibuses or the cab horses, being larger boned, stronger, and altogether less "weedy" looking; they cost more, too, averaging forty pounds apiece. Each horse works five days out of the seven, and covers in his journeys about thirty miles a day. To every cart are attached a driver, and a boy who acts as deliverer: the former with wages of twenty-five shillings a week, the latter fourteen shillings, with such little perquisites as they may obtain from the public. The general conduct of these men and lads is, I was told, excellent, and never—save at Christmas, when the generosity of the public takes the form of gin—is there any irregularity. Then, looking at the extra work imposed on them, the rigidity of discipline is wholesomely relaxed, and the superintending eye suffers itself to wink a little. For, at Christmas the labour in Rolls' Yard is tremendous. During the four days preceding Christmas-day, last year, upwards of thirty-two thousand parcels, principally of geese, turkeys, game, oyster-barrels, and cheeses, were conveyed by the company. At such a time, the manager does not take off his clothes, and looks upon sleep as an exceptional luxury.

We had proceeded thus far in our "carrying" experiences, and were debating where to turn for further information, when the question was settled for us (as many questions are) by our friends: enterprising creatures who rushed at us crying "Pickford's." Old gentlemen told us how that this very firm of Pickford's had been carriers by land upwards of a century, even before canals were introduced by the Duke of Bridgewater in 1758; how that they then commenced the water traffic, and carried it on with the same regularity as they do their present business, but in rather a different manner, as it then took five days to convey goods from London to Manchester—a feat which is now performed in twelve hours. Young gentlemen were full of the reckless daring of Pickford's drivers, the power of Pickford's horses, and the weight of Pickford generally. Ladies young and old, agreed in condemning Pickford as a "horrid" person, who blocked up the road perpetually, and prevented cabs and carriages drawing up at shop-doors. So we decided on calling upon Pickford—who, by the way, is not Pickford at all—and having been most

courteously received, and accredited for all the information we required to a practical gentleman whose kindness and readily-given information we hereby acknowledge, we set to work to take Pickford's measure, and to find out all about him.

We first called on Pickford—who is not Pickford—in Wood-street, at the Castle Inn—which is not an inn, and which has not the least appearance of ever having been one; for Pickford has so gutted it and twisted it for his own purposes, has thrown out so much yard constantly resounding with champing horses and lumbering vans, has enclosed so much gallery, has established so many offices public and private, has so perforated it with speaking tube and telegraph wire, and has so completely steeped the place in business, doing away with any appearance of inn comfort and hotel luxury, that the idea of anybody's taking his ease in his Castle Inn is ridiculous on the face of it. Here Pickford, who is not Pickford, and of whom it may be further remarked that he is three gentlemen rolled into one, has his head-quarters for correspondence and general management, but here he professes to have nothing to show us beyond the ordinary routine of a mercantile office, of course marked with the special individuality of the carrying business. Wanting to see Pickford in full work, we must go to one of his depôts—Camden Town, City Basin, Haydon-square in the Minorities, which will we visit? We choose Camden Town.

At Camden Town—invariably abbreviated in Pickfordian language into Camden—Pickford, who is the recognised agent of the London and North-Western Railway Company, has enormous premises adjoining the goods' station, and is to be seen in full swing. Employing more than nine hundred horses in London, he keeps three hundred of them at Camden. Going into these stables, we are at once struck with an air of substantiality in connexion with Pickford, which is different to anything we have yet seen during this tour of inspection of the ways and means of "Riding London." There is special potentiality in his stables with their asphalt pavements and their large swinging oaken bars, in his big horses, in his strong men, in his enormous vans. Most of the horses are splendid animals, many of them standing over sixteen hands high, and all in excellent condition. They are all bought by one man, the recognised buyer for the establishment, who attends the principal fairs throughout the country; the average cost price of each is forty-five pounds. They are fed on a mixture of bruised oats, crushed Indian corn, and peas, which is found to be capital forage. Each horse, when bought, is branded with a number on the front of his fore-foot hoofs, and is named; name and number are entered in the horse-book; and by them the horse's career, where he may be working, and anything special relating to him, is checked off until he dies or is sold. Pickford's horses last on an average seven or eight years, and then they are killed; but in many instances, when no

longer fit for roughing it over the stones— for what the dealer poetically described as the “’ammer, ’ammer, ’ammer on the ’ard ’igh road”—they will be bought by some farmer for plough-work, and after a hard London life will peacefully end their days in some secluded village. The last duty which some of them perform while in Pickford’s service is to pull the trucks which arrive by the line under the shed. These trucks, arriving in long strings from all parts of the line, are shunted into an enormous covered space, and are then unloaded on what is called the “bank :” a broad landing-stage, on the other side of which are the empty vans ready to receive the goods, and carry them off to the various districts into which Pickford, in common with the Post-office, has divided London. On this bank are placed at intervals numerous desks, by each of which is a weigh-bridge. By the truck which is being unloaded stands a clerk, known as the “caller-off,” with the invoice in his hand; he shouts out the description, destination, and proper weight, of each article to the clerk at the desk; the load is placed on the weigh-bridge, and, found correct, is freshly invoiced, and sent off by van. We observed a very miscellaneous collection of articles here—chairs, fenders, barrels, looking-glasses, pottery, and an open basket of Welsh mutton, merely covered by an old newspaper. There are very few accidents here, and, it is believed, very little undetected theft; printed documents relating to the conviction of recently-discovered culprits—one of whom we read was a “sheeter”—were freely stuck about the walls. The goods, being packed in vans, are then sent off to their destination. The vans are very strong, and, judged by the weight they carry, tolerably light. They are all built by one firm in the Borough, at a cost price of about eighty pounds each. The foot-board for the driver folds up on a hinge—a very convenient arrangement—and immediately under the seat there is a “boot” for holding the macintosh-cover for goods, with which each driver is supplied. In these vans a ton and a half in weight is allowed for each horse—that is to say, a full three-horse van carries between four and five tons, never more. All the vans, entering or leaving the establishment, pass over a weigh-bridge, by which, in a glass-case, sit two clerks. If the van prove too heavily loaded, it is sent back to be lightened. Each van has a number conspicuously painted on it; and the number, the name of the driver, the number of his invoice, and his place of destination, are all duly entered by the clerks in the glass-case. Each team of horses takes out for delivery, and returns with, two loads of goods daily. The bulk of the goods arrive by night trains, and are at once sent out; indeed, Manchester goods are at their consignee’s door as soon as the invoice announcing their arrival is delivered by the morning’s post. Every van has a driver and a “book-carrier,” who acts as conductor, and delivers the goods. At night, when his van is unloaded, and after its final journey, the book-carrier goes to his head-office, and “books his

work”—which means giving a detailed and statistical account of his transactions during the day. These accounts are then sent to Wood-street, and there duly filed.

Before leaving Camden, we went into the vaults, now used as store-cellars for pale ale by Messrs. Bass, but formerly Pickford’s stables. These stables, holding three hundred horses, were full on the night when a great fire broke out, some six years ago. The horsekeepers go off duty at eleven p.m. About half-an-hour before that time the foreman of the stables discovered that another portion of the premises was on fire. The stables were shut off by large gates, still standing; the key of these gates the foreman had about him; with great presence of mind he rushed off and unlocked the gates, and called to the horsekeepers to let loose all the horses. The order was obeyed, the horses were untied, and, amid the whoops and shouts of the helpers, came out three hundred strong, charging up the incline, and tearing into the streets. Away they went, unfollowed and unsought for; but of all those horses not one was lost. All were brought in, during the succeeding few days from all parts of London, whither they had fled in their fright, but none were stolen, and none were damaged. Only one horse was burnt: a very big beast, known as a “waggon-sitter,” and used for backing the waggons under cranes or against the “banks.” He was a dangerous brute, and so violent that only one man could manage him; this man unloosed him, but he would not move, and he was burnt in his stall.

Pickford is at home in about ten other places in London, besides having country-houses agreeably situate at Liverpool, Birmingham, Manchester, Edinburgh, Aberdeen, and where not. But we visited him at only one other residence: a little villa on the City Basin of the Regent’s Canal, where, before railway-times, all his principal business was transacted. Everything here was carried on much in the same manner as at Camden, the only noticeable feature being what is called the “order warehouse,” corresponding very much to the “cloak room” of a metropolitan railway station, a receptacle for things left till called for. To this order warehouse, are sent Manchester goods or silks bought at a favourable turn of the market, and left in store until required to be despatched for foreign consignment or country trade; here, among this heterogeneous assemblage, we saw casks of glue from France, bales of stockings and hosiery from Leicester, sewing-machines, their stands and cases, in vast numbers from America, barrels of soda ash, a large church organ, the boiler of a steam-engine, baskets of shells, piles of cheeses, two or three hip-baths, a bit of sacking full of bones, several spruce trunks, a sailor’s chest, a packet of wire for bonnet-shapes, a parcel of theatrical wardrobes, a packet of vermin-destroying powder, &c. &c. All these wait either a long or a short time, as the case may be, in Pickford’s custody; but it very rarely happens that they are not eventually reclaimed.

When we took farewell of Pickford, who is

not Pickford, we left him with a smile upon his face—a smile which seemed to say, “You’ve got a smattering of me, a taste, a notion, but it would take you months to learn all my business.” We nodded in reply—on the Lord Burleigh principle—intending our nod to convey that we knew all that, but that we had got sufficient for our purpose—the rest was his business, and very well he does it.

A TRIP IN THE UNHOLY LAND.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

“THEY are not to be excused, sir; neither the government nor the Times, and you are mighty mean, begging your pardon, for trying to excuse them. As to the Times, there are no gentlemen in the concern, or they would know how to treat a gentleman. I pay my bets, and answer my letters, and you may call me a Yankee, and no gentleman, when I neglect either, sir.” Thus argued and remonstrated my long loose-jointed ungraceful companion, Mr. Mordant, raising himself lazily on his elbow in his berth, where he lounged, when he was not on deck. There was no sign about him, ordinarily, of the life and enthusiasm of his nature, except his burning hazel eyes. “And then,” continued Mordant, “these fellows have no humanity, sir! They must have known that my country was lying like a stone on my heart. They might have said ‘Our rules exclude your pieces, sir, but we feel for you as a man and as a Southerner.’ They did nothing of the kind, sir. They simply non-snited me in their cursed court. Corporations have no souls, sir; and when human beings are organised into machines, they cease to be human, sir. Your government has got the same complaint as the Times; neither of the two is human, sir.”

“Justice to many often bears hard on the individual, Mr. Mordant.”

“There is no use in talking, sir. You English see the fix we are in; we feel it. There’s the difference. If any how you come to feel it, your government will move; not till then.”

“But we have felt your troubles in our cotton famine.”

“A mere fleabite, sir. Your trade is all the better for the fast-day, sir, and your operatives have not fasted. I wonder how they’d relish a pint of Indian meal, and a quarter of a pound of bacon a day! They’d fight about it, as hard as our soldiers fight on it, sir. But it’s no use talking. I’ve tried for British help and sympathy, and failed. I’ll go home and help our folks to help themselves.” And he turned his face to the wall. I could not enlighten his dim and partial perception, but I felt a sincere sympathy for him.

As we drew near our port, everybody seemed in dread of something, or somebody. Avery and his wife were more eringingly attentive to us; but no one seemed really happy and honestly friendly, like the dog Muster. Even Jeremiah

was for some hours in a brown study, during our last day at sea. But when I said to him significantly, “Are you troubled at landing in New York with such a variety of affairs on your hands?” he pulled Muster’s ears, as if his cares were over.

“I have worked it out,” he said. “I was skeery a bit, but, fact is, I always fall on my feet. I have had good luck t’other side. I have done what Seward set me to do, and I have tended to my own affairs, and my friends’, and I have an anchor to windward for humanity. Now, about going ashore. I think you’d better go up to the Fifth Avenue Hotel. You are short of breath, and they’ve got a what-do-you-call-it there, to carry folks to the upper regions. You step on to a platform, as if you was going to be weighed, and up you rise, like a Medium or a Millerite, and stop at the second, third, or seventh story. If your room should be five thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine, as it probably will be considering the crush, the machine will be very convenient.”

“Are there no hotels that are not so crowded, Mr. Grierson?”

“You are in for an Almighty squeeze now, with the army and the anniversaries, but I have engaged a room at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and I can stay with my relations and let you have my place. You will a *leetle* more than fill it,” he said, smiling at my stout form. “You will pay *three-fifty* a day, unless you have extras, and you look a *leetle* like extras.”

“You are very kind, sir.”

He pulled his dog’s ears.

“You did not throw a sprat to catch a whale, but the dog and I know who was friendly; don’t we, Muster?”

“How are you going to dispose of the rest of your family, Mr. Grierson?”

“Well, Mrs. Pendleton is going to the Columbia at Jersey City. It’s up by the outskirts, and she and the babies will smell the sweetbriar. The bishop, I take it, will go with them. I was puzzled about Mordant, but I have concluded to adopt him for my cousin from Iowa. West and South are all the same to most of our folks. He would get caught like a sheep, if he had not a protector, and he would stare and stamp like one, and draw a revolver, and a bowie knife, and a sword from his cane, all ‘to one,’ as the Western folks say. I want a cousin, and he wants common sense, and exchange is no robbery.”

“He does not want for courage, or a kind heart,” I remarked.

“That’s so; but how much do you think his kind heart would pass for with Avery? ’Twouldn’t fetch much in the New York market, either. I’d like to fit him out with a sky-blue tail for a monkey, and a cloven foot for his other parent. My cares are off my mind now unless something turns up, but nothing ever happens just as you expect. We might reasonably suppose that the first policeman who came on deck would clutch Mordant like a hawk does a hen, and so I am in hopes he won’t.”

When the ship ran her sharp nose ashore at Jersey City, it was not without a thrill that I saw a policeman come on board. I believe my heart beat audibly when he went straight up to Mordant and touched his arm. The Southerner's hand clutched his revolver, but a word from the legal functionary who held an open letter before him, caused him to let go his pistol and bend his tall form so that the short policeman could reach his ear. A moment more, and he prepared to walk away peacefully with the new comer. Jeremiah took no notice except to take the policeman's number. Mordant said, as he shook hands with him, "I'll send you a note as soon as I can," and then he hurried away.

I took leave of Mr. Mordant with the outward calm of an indifferent Englishman, but I felt curious to know where he was going, and by what magic he went so quietly. The element of unexpectedness was not yet exhausted. A gentleman of imposing mien came on board, and looked about for friends. A meek-looking man, with an unmistakably clerical collar, came forward, holding a boy by the hand. They were evidently a consignment to the gentleman, and he welcomed the boy and his guardian cordially. They were about to go on shore, when the attention of the gentleman was attracted toward the bishop. His countenance was of the impassive kind, but he started perceptibly, and I felt sure with painful surprise. He looked as if he were a younger brother of the bishop. In height and breadth, he was his counterpart. In rosy health and brilliancy of expression, he had the advantage. In grace and dignity of movement they were "a noble pair of brothers." The younger advanced to meet the elder, with that grave cordiality which is peculiarly English.

"My dear doctor, this is a most pleasant surprise," said the bishop.

The one addressed as doctor replied, in an almost inaudible voice, aside: "My dear sir, why have you come to put your head in the lion's mouth?"

The bishop replied, in the same key: "A hard necessity has brought me, but I trust no harm will come of it."

"You will go home with me?" said the doctor.

"No, my hotel is chosen."

"You may choose again, and be glad you have the chance of choice. You have only to change the destination of your baggage."

There was a quiet and tender authority in the manner of the doctor, who seemed to me to have decided instantly to perform the Christian duty of hospitality to a friend, or brother, whatever might be the consequence.

The bishop took leave of Mrs. Pendleton, promising to see her next day. He gave me his hand, which I took, as I might have taken that of Sir Thomas More on his way to the Tower. Bridget had Mrs. Pendleton's baby in her arms, and she quietly made her way towards the gentleman. As the bishop kissed the baby

the doctor noticed the nurse. His face brightened, and he said: "Is this you, Bridget?" and gave her his hand tenderly.

"It is meself, father," she replied, in a low respectful tone. I came to the conclusion that "the bishop" was also a Roman Catholic.

When all our party were gone, Jeremiah said, "Well! I wonder what will happen next! Now you and I and the dorg will take our leave."

He was silent, or bustling about, most of the time that we were crossing the ferry from Jersey City to New York: only remarking of a parcel of ragged Irish recruits, that they were "the sovereigns in America." When we were in a hackney-coach, he burst into a torrent of talk: "I don't see through it. Here's Mordant gone like a cosset lamb with A 436, and said nothing to his *cousin*, only that he would send me a note as soon as he could. And the bishop is carried off by a Jesuit, or somebody who's nigh akin to one."

"Is the bishop a Roman Catholic?"

"Not a bit of it. He is a good Churchman. There's something under the meal that I don't see. The doctor is a character. He's a priest, and does something besides say his prayers. When others wet their shoe-soles, he goes in up to his knees. I believe Tom Hyer, one of our muscular Christians, likes him better than his bishop does, for he is a thorn in the flesh to the powers that be. Tom says 'he is a devilish good fellow, and treats a prize-fighter as if he had a soul.'"

"He does not look like a priest," I remarked. "He looks like a member of parliament."

"That's so," said Jeremiah. "Cross John—that's the archbishop—tried to get the clerical collar on to him. But he declined—said he was not Gurth the Saxon. He says a Catholic has more right to think than a Protestant, inasmuch as his faith is settled for him. I heard him say, 'My bishop may tell me what to believe, but he has no right to tell me what to think; and he thinks the Pope has no right to the temporal power. 'If the Holy Father would take a vow of poverty to-morrow,' said he, 'I think he would be more Pope.'"

"If we are to have more Pope by destroying his temporal power, I, for one, would vote for preserving it," I remarked.

"Exactly," ejaculated Jeremiah. "No more Pope for me. And it stands to reason that he would be more Pope if he was not bothered with being king. I guess the best way to spoil the whole pot of broth is the way the fools are going on. One tyrant always toadies another, and I reckon you don't know what anybody really thinks. I wish I knew what A 436 has done with Mordant. Muster, don't bother. The dorg is as glad to get ashore as a Christian. Just you look out, sir. This is the old park. I told the driver to go up Broadway to let you see the best part of all creation. This is the park and the barracks, and there are the waggons, that are seasoning to pieces already, I warrant you. The men's uniforms dissolved at first, as soon as it rained. They knew enough afterwards to come in when

it rained. I suppose you have heard of the shoddy uniforms?"

"Yes, and I was amazed at such a fraud."

"Well, I wasn't born in the woods to be scared at an owl. I know our folks. Some of 'em keep a conscience. Mostly the article's too expensive. I do know men who won't cheat one another, but I don't know one who won't cheat a corporation, or the government. Pay, politically, means plunder."

"But you do not justify these gigantic frauds on your government, Mr. Grierson?"

"Look o' here, now. I am an honest fellow, as you have found me. I wouldn't contract for good clothes, and sell shoddy. I would feel too much for the poor soldiers, to do such a mean contemptible thing, let alone being honest. I would never sell a lame blind spavined horse for a sound one. I would never sell shoes with pasteboard soles, instead of leather. I would never enlist men, and share the bounty money, and then get the surgeon to condemn them, and then list 'em again in another regiment, and share the bounty over again, and keep on that way, as long as it would pay. All these things, and a great many more of the same sort, are done every day and every hour in the day. I tell *you* I would not do them. I should feel insulted if any man, who is a man, thought I would; but I'll tell you what I would do and could do with a clear conscience. If I could get a good fat contract to furnish anything for double the value of the thing furnished, I'd take it, and I'd sell my contract for all I could get. I believe in turning an honest penny."

"And cheating your government?"

"A thing is worth to me what I can get for it."

"You would sell a coat to me for ten dollars, and take twenty from your government, Mr. Grierson?"

"I would."

"And you would not consider that you were robbing yourself in fact, with the rest of your people; for all this must be paid for in taxes?"

"Never you believe that. Providence may make us pay for this war. I sometimes think it will, somehow. But Providence can't make us pay taxes. No, sirree! We will slip from under the load, somehow. I don't see exactly how—but leave eels alone to learn how to squirm. I've seen 'em fling themselves out of the frying-pan after they were skinned."

"And into the fire?"

"Well, that's their affair, don't you see? Now, does not Broadway beat all creation? Does not our white marble world look as though it had just been created and bathed in new sunshine? Look o' here, now. This is Union-square, where we have out-door political meetings."

"Are you a republican, Mr. Grierson?"

"I reckon, I be just that."

"And you are an anti-slavery man?"

"Up to the hub! But I don't want the niggers North."

"What do you want done with them?"

"Well, it's a long story. I want 'em to keep out of *my* way, unless I am South, and then they may wait upon me. I tell you what, we are a queer mixture. Anyhow, we are a great country, and can raise a million of soldiers in no time."

"And clothe them in shoddy uniform that will last till the first shower; and shoe them with pasteboard equally durable."

"Exactly; but here we are!"

We were in front of a white marble edifice, and two sentinels were standing before the entrance, one on each side. The building was magnificent, and a large adjacent square aided its fine effect.

Presently we were at the clerk's office.

"Your room? Ah! your room," said the clerk. "Colonel Blank has it, but he leaves with his staff this afternoon. Just step forward, gentlemen; he is coming."

We passed on, and remained still in the vicinity of the clerk's cage. The colonel came in with his regimental paymaster, and called out to the clerk, "Here, you sir!"

"I am here," civilly responded the clerk.

"Just hand over de money dat pelongs to our regiment in your safe; we are off to Washington dis afternoon."

"There is your bill, colonel," said the clerk, putting before him an official-looking piece of paper.

"Tam de pill; tam all pills," said the officer, not even deigning to look at the amount. He and his staff had held high carnival with their friends for several days at this hotel; the bill for dinners, champagne, &c., amounted to some three hundred pounds.

"You must pay this, colonel, or allow me to take the amount from the regimental funds, or I cannot return your money."

I decline to report the reply of the colonel. Being interpreted, it was an assurance to the clerk that he would not "bay de pill;" that he would see the clerk in the centre of the most tropical region of the next world, before he would bay de pill; that the government might bay de pill, or go to the same no latitude.

The clerk remained firm under this torrent of German-American-English. The colonel, in his rage, sent the paymaster for the sentries at the door, and ordered them to charge upon the clerk, and compel him to deliver the funds.

The clerk took a revolver from the desk before him. "There are four of you," he said; "There are six bullets here. Who wants the first one?"

He fixed his eye on the colonel, and it looked as though it would bore a hole through him, without the bullet.

"Petter bay de pill," whispered the paymaster to the colonel.

The bully in the colonel was cowed, and the paymaster saw that he might act. "I am de one to bay pills," said he.

An amicable surrender of the funds, minus the amount of the bill, was soon effected, the clerk

keeping his revolver in convenient proximity during the transaction. The colonel and his men withdrew, and the clerk called out cheerfully, "Here's the key, Grierison. You can have your baggage up, and the chambermaid will do up the room while you are at dinner. I can't answer for the way in which the pigs have left the premises."

Jeremiah took the key. "Do we go up on the live-stock dumb-waiter?" he asked.

"Oh no, that got out of order in a week; everybody goes up the natural way."

"That's mean. It was part of the attraction here that we were all to *levitate*."

"Part of the advertisement, you should say. You surely ain't so green as to think we'd keep the thing up, after the house was filled."

"Well, you ought to be a colonel, anyhow, for the way you managed to get that bill paid."

"Not colonel of a regiment of German blackguards, I hope," said the clerk, turning to some new comers, as if nothing particular had happened.

Jeremiah led the way into a parlour nearly all mirrors and sofas, and said, "You rest here. I'll reconnoitre. I have got more breath than you have." Presently he returned. "It was a rose-leaf room when I left it. It is a stable now; but Kitty Maguire will do her best this afternoon, and by bedtime I can see you installed. Then Muster and I will be a real blessing to mothers, up at Thirty-first Street. I have two sisters up there; both got crying babies, had health, and worse servants. To-morrow morning I hope to hear from Mordant, and possibly from the bishop, though I may see him at Jersey City. I shall go over there and comfort little pink and white. I'll carry the baby some flowers, and the boy a drum and gun, and bestow Muster there, for his safety and the protection of his friends; and in the evening I'll go on to Washington and report progress." In the evening my room was ready, and my friend took his leave. "I may never see you again," he said; "but you, and I, and Muster, will always be good friends. Won't we, sir?" he said to the dog, pulling his ears. He often said *sir* to the dog, seldom to me, unless greatly in earnest, and then he said "*Sirree*." He rose to go; I clasped his extended hand cordially.

"I hope we may meet again," I said.

"Risky, risky," he replied. "*You* are right side up, and there's nobody trying to pitch you over. I have my own case to tend to. I like you, like you was a brother, and so does the dorg. Here, Muster, shake hands."

And Jeremiah went away with a kind heart under his vest, whatever might be said of the clearness of his head or the correctness of his conscience.

Such was the pressure of the New World on my mind, that I did not think to inquire how I could communicate with my friend, or ask him to let me know the fate of Mordant, when he should learn it.

I had no idea how much alone I could feel,

until Jeremiah and his dog had left me. Night, and loneliness, and confusion, seemed to close around me in the Babel of a city. I went to bed, and tried to reason with my feelings. I speedily reasoned myself to sleep.

Life in an American hotel consists in eating your way with incredible rapidity through an astonishingly long bill of fare, in drinking what you choose to pay for, and in being alone in a crowd. Everywhere around me, was war. Camps, recruiting-offices, and what Jeremiah called "an Indian summer foliage of flags" on all buildings. Long processions of men and boys, barefoot, ragged, young and old, ill and well, were marched through the city to the camps. They were of all sorts and sizes. Few of all these were born Americans. They had come from "all over" to seek their fortune, and they had found it. There was a camp of Zouaves near my hotel. They were picked men wearing turbans—Germans, Irish, English, American; any one who was tall enough, and stout enough, could be one of them. I learned afterwards that they went into the war twelve hundred. They came away one day, from the field of battle, when the fight was raging furiously, because their "time was out." They had no homes to defend on the field, no wives or children to fight for. Why, then, should they not secure their own safety: especially as they had lost, in mercenary service, eight hundred of their number? And yet there were no tall men, on that day of battle, on the other side, whose "time was out"—except those whose time was out for ever, and who could never again enlist upon this earth.

My letters brought friends around me, and I soon found myself in a palatial home in Staten Island. Here among camps, tents, and barracks, and the order and disorder of forming men for soldiers, I spent some weeks, and had my share of adventures. When I was settled with my friends at Staten Island, I went over to Jersey City. I found the Columbia House on the edge of a pretty green field, with fruit-trees and shrubbery, and I was pleased to find the children resting for a time in such a home. I was shown into a drawing-room darkened from the brilliant light and heat, and I was glad when I was encumbered in the dim light by the two children and Muster, and felt myself collared by Jeremiah, who exclaimed, "I'm as glad as the dorg to see you, and no mistake." The sweet and gentle greeting of Mrs. Pendleton contrasted strongly with all the rest. I soon perceived that she was pale and agitated, and Jeremiah drew me away for a walk.

We went out into the grounds, and were soon in a cozy little summer-house.

"I have got something to say," said Jeremiah, taking the dog's ears in hand. "I got that note from Mordant, and I have seen him to-day. Curses, like chickens, come home to roost, and blessings have the same domestic habits, I am thankful to know. When Mordant was in London he lodged with a worthy widow named Masterton. The widow's husband had

left his business in a bad way, and she and a family of children were on the verge of ruin. Mordant gave her fifty pounds, which was little to him and much to her. She learned his fix, and wrote to her husband's brother, who had been some time in New York, full particulars. She described him too. I suppose she must have said his arms and legs were long enough to tie in a bow-knot, for the brother-in-law knew him as soon as he clapped eyes on him. The brother-in-law has a confidential place in the police, and he is an important person just now. He came on board the Persia with his sister's letter in his hand, and marched Mordant off, like he had arrested him, and gave him the best room in his nice house over by Tompkins-square, where Mordant is in clover."

"Has Mrs. Pendleton any trouble?" I inquired.

"I reckon not now; but she has been scared out of a year's growth to-day. When I was coming over here, I was intercepted at the ferry-house by Mrs. Jezebel Avery. She was watching at the window, and saw me passing, and stopped me to tell a pitiful story. 'Only think, Mr. Grierson, I have been robbed! My brooch — my diamond brooch — worth a thousand dollars! I put it into my pocket-book before I left Mrs. Pendleton's. I had been over to see the poor lonesome little soul, and I had ten dollars beside in my porte-monnaie, and I carried it in my hand for fear my pocket would be picked. When I come on to the boat, there was a company of soldiers and a lot of recruits all crowding like sheep, and somebody trod on the flounces of my skirt behind, and when I looked back, somebody snatched the pocket-book. The soldiers and the ragged recruits was all mixed up, and they was drunk, and the boat was no place for a lady. I could not find out who did it, and I got a policeman this side, and I'm a waitin'.' I left her 'a waitin',' and I found that Mrs. Pendleton had been robbed, too, and dreadfully frightened too. Before we left the Persia, Mrs. Pendleton gave me her gold and jewels for safe keeping, and I gave her two five-dollar green backs. Mrs. Jezebel called, and came up unannounced, and frightened our little friend with the information that Avery was going to report all suspicious characters. 'Now, I think, Mrs. Pendleton,' said Jezebel, 'if you would give him something he wouldn't say nothin' about you or your prayer-book. He's awful greedy of money, and I think you have a good likelihood to buy him off.' The end of it all was, that Jezebel walked off with the ten dollars, and also a little garnet pin that Mrs. Pendleton fastened her collar with. Jezebel thought it was a ruby and brilliants, and worth ten guineas; but it happened to be garnet and paste, and worth ten shillings. She transferred it to her scraggy neck, and put her brooch in her pocket-book, and lost it and the green backs. I should like to give the

soldier that robbed her a premium for his light-fingered performance."

For weeks and weeks after I left my friends at the Columbia House, in Jersey City, I longed to hear of their fate. They had disappeared, and made no sign beyond a mysterious rose-coloured note from Mrs. Pendleton, who thanked me warmly for kindnesses which I really had not done her, for want of opportunity. She said she was to leave Jersey City next day after writing, and bade me farewell with much feeling. This was all.

It seemed to me several centuries after this, when I found myself one evening on the muddy banks of the Ohio, within the district governed by General Burnside. I thought I had enough to contend with in the mud, which was deep and tenacious; but my difficulties, with darkness, rain, and impossibility of finding any vehicle to carry me, were complicated by my being arrested. The general was making a microscopic examination for traitors. Why should I be out in such a horrible night, in such horrible rain and mud, floundering in the darkness, minus one boot, if I were not a spy? Why indeed? I have not answered the question to myself yet. I said when I was arrested, like a cheerful philosopher, "Now I shall get on!" I did get on to a good hotel in the city of Cincinnati, and there the first person who greeted me as I entered with my captors was Jeremiah. Both he and Muster threw themselves upon my bosom with the impulsive joy of genuine Americans, and when it appeared that I was under arrest, it also appeared in ten minutes more, that I was not a prisoner, but the guest of a man having authority. I was at once invested in clean, dry clothes, and made most comfortable. For Jeremiah was in high position.

"I am as glad to see you as the dorg," again exclaimed Jeremiah, almost shaking my arm from my shoulder, and then sitting down by me, with Muster laying his head first on his knee and then on mine. "They are all safe in Charleston. I saw Pendleton meet his wife and babies, and I left him and them in good health. It was worth a cargo of quinine to see them meet. The bishop and Mordant, they got safe home, too. I left them all in good heart. The last words Mordant said to me were, 'When I write another piece for the Times, they'll print it.' Shouldn't wonder! Well, I'm for the Union and the old flag, and I am as glad to see you as the dorg. Now for a ten o'clock supper and champagne. What a storm it is, to be sure, to-night! The streets run rivers. We'll get up an opposition Niagara of sparkling Catawba. Can't do better, I reckon!"

THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER,

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By CHARLES DICKENS,

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VERY HARD CASH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

CHAPTER XXV.

To return to the Bank: Skinner came back from the Dodds' that miserable afternoon, in a state of genuine agitation, and regret. He was human, and therefore mixed; and their desolation had shocked him.

The footman told him Mr. Hardie was not at home; gone to London, he believed. Skinner walked away dejected. What did this mean? Had he left the country?

He smiled at his fears, and felt positive Mr. Hardie had misled the servants, and was quietly waiting for him in the Bank parlour.

It was now dusk: he went round to that little dark nook of the garden the parlour window opened on, and tapped: there was no reply; the room looked empty. He tried the sash: it yielded: Mr. Hardie had been too occupied with embezzling another's property to take common precautions in defence of his own; never in his life before had he neglected to fasten the iron shutters with his own hand, and to-day he had left the very window unfastened. This augured ill. "He is off: he has done me along with the rest," thought Skinner. He stepped into the room, found a lucifer-box, shut the shutters, lighted a candle, and went peering about amongst the Banker's papers, to see if he could find a clue to his intentions: and, as he pattered and peered, he quaked as well: a detector by dishonest means feels thief-like; and is what he feels. He made some little discoveries, that guided him in his own conduct; he felt more and more sure his employer would outwit him if he could; and resolved it should be diamond cut diamond.

The church clock struck one.

He started at the hour, crept out, and closed the window softly: then away by the garden gate.

A light was still burning in Alfred's room: and at this Skinner had another touch of compunction; "There is one won't sleep this night, along of our work," thought he.

At three next afternoon Mr. Hardie reappeared.

He had gone up to town to change the form of the deposit:—He took care to think of it as a deposit still, the act of deposit having been complete, the withdrawal incomplete, and by no fault of his,

for he had offered it back; but Fate and Accident had interposed—He had converted the notes into gold direct, and the bills into gold through notes; this was like going into the river to hide his trail. Next process: he turned his gold into 500*l.* notes; and came flying home with them.

His return was greeted by Skinner with a sigh of relief. Hardie heard it, interpreted it aright, and sent for him into the parlour: and there told him, with a great affectation of frankness, what he had done: then asked significantly if there was any news at Albion Villa.

Skinner, in reply, told Mr. Hardie of the distress he had witnessed up at Albion Villa: "And, sir," said he, lowering his voice, "Mr. Alfred helped carry the body up-stairs.—It is a nice mess altogether, sir, when you come to think."

"Ah! all the better," was the cool reply; "he will be useful to let us know what we want; he will tell Jane, and Jane me. You don't think he will live, do you?"

"Live! no: and then who will know the money is here?"

"Who should know? Did not he say he had just landed, and been shipwrecked? Shipwrecked men do not bring fourteen thousand pounds ashore." The speaker's eyes sparkled; Skinner watched him demurely. "Skinner," said he, solemnly, "I believe my daughter Jane is right; and that Providence really interferes sometimes in the affairs of this world: you know how I have struggled, to save my family from disgrace and poverty: those struggles have failed in a great degree: but Heaven has seen them, and saved this money from the sea, and dropped it into my very hands to retrieve my fortunes with. "I must be grateful: spend a portion of it in charity; and rear a noble fortune on the rest. Confound it all!"

And his crestfallen countenance showed some ugly misgiving had flashed on him quite suddenly.

"What, sir? what?" asked Skinner, eagerly.

"The receipt?!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

"THE receipt? Oh, is that all? *you* have got that," said Skinner, very coolly.

"What makes you think so?" inquired the other, keenly. He instantly suspected Skinner of having it.

"Why, sir, I saw it in his hand."

"Then it has got to Albion Villa; and we are ruined."

"No, no, sir; you won't hear me: I am sure I saw it fall out of his hand, when he was taken ill: and, I think, but I won't be sure, he fell on it. Any way, there was nothing in his hands when I delivered him at Albion Villa; so it must be here: I dare say you have thrown it into a drawer or somewhere, promiscuously."

"No, no, Skinner," said Mr. Hardie, with increasing alarm: "it is useless for us to deceive ourselves: I was not three minutes in the room, and thought of nothing but getting to town and cashing the bills."

He rang the bell sharply, and on Betty coming in, asked her what she had done with that paper that was on the floor.

"Took it up and put it on the table, sir. This was it, I think." And she laid her finger upon a paper.

"No, no!" said Mr. Hardie: "the one I mean was much smaller than that."

"What," said she, with that astonishing memory for trifles people have who never read, "was it a little crumpled up paper? lying by the basket?"

"Yes! yes! that sounds like it."

"Oh, I put that *into* the basket."

Mr. Hardie's eye fell directly on the basket, but it was empty. She caught his glance, and told him she had emptied it in the dust-hole as usual. Mr. Hardie uttered an angry exclamation. Betty, an old servant of his wife's, resented it with due dignity by tossing her head as she retired.

"There is no help for it," said Mr. Hardie, bitterly; "we must go and grub in the dust-hole now."

"Why, sir, your name is not on it, after all."

"What does that matter? A man is bound by the act of his agent: besides, it is my form, and my initials are on it. Come, let us put a good face on the thing." And he led the way to the kitchen; and got up a little laugh, and asked the scullery maid if she could show Mr. Skinner and him the dust-hole. She stared, but obeyed, and the pair followed her, making merry.

The dust-hole was empty.

The girl explained: "It is the dustman's day: he came at eleven o'clock in the morning and carr'd all the dust away: and grumbled at the paper and the bones, he did. So I told him beggars mustn't be choosers: just like his impudence! when he gets it for nothing, and sells it for a mint outside the town." The unwonted visitors left her in dead silence almost before she had finished her sentence.

Mr. Hardie sat down in his parlour thoroughly discomposed; Skinner watched him furtively.

At last the former broke out: "This is the devil's doing; the devil in person. No intelligence nor ability can resist such luck. I almost wish we had never meddled with it: we shall never feel safe, never be safe."

Skinner made light of the matter—treated the receipt as thrown into the sea. "Why, sir," said he, "by this time it will have found its way to that monstrous heap of ashes on the London road; and who will ever look for it there? or notice it if they find it?" Hardie shook his head: "That monstrous heap is all sold every year to the farmers. That Receipt, worth 14,000*l.* to me, will be strewed on the soil for manure: then some farmer's man, or farmer's boy that goes to the Sunday-school, will read it, see Captain Dodd's name, and bring it to Albion Villa, in hopes of a sixpence: a sixpence. Heaven help the man who does a doubtful act, and leaves damning evidence, on paper, kicking about the world."

From that hour the cash Hardie carried in his bosom, without a right to it, began to blister.

He thought of telling the dustman he had lost a paper, and setting him to examine the mountain of ashes on the London road: but here caution stepped in; how could he describe the paper without awakening curiosity and defeating his own end? He gave that up. It was better to let the sleeping dog lie.

Finally, he resolved to buy security in a world where after all one has to buy everything; so he employed an adroit agent, and quietly purchased that mountain, the refuse of all Barkington. But he felt so ill used, he paid for it in his own notes; by this means the treaty reverted to the primitive form of barter:* ashes for rags.

This transaction he concealed from his confederate.

When he had completed it, he was not yet secure; for another day had passed, and Captain Dodd alive still. Men often recover from apoplexy, especially when they survive the first twenty-four hours. Should he live, he would not now come into any friendly arrangement with the man who had so nearly caused his death. So then good-by to the matrimonial combination Hardie had at first relied on to patch his debt to Alfred, and his broken fortunes. Then as to keeping the money and defying Dodd, that would be very difficult and dangerous; mercantile bills are traceable things: and criminal prosecutions awkward ones. He found himself in a situation he could not see his way through by any mental effort; there were so many objections to every course, and so many to its opposite. "He walked among fires," as the Latins say. But the more he pondered on the course to be taken should Dodd live, the plainer did this dilemma stare him in the face; either he must refund, or fly the country with another man's money, and leave behind him the name of a thief. Parental love, and the remains of self-respect, writhed at this thought; and with these combined a sentiment less genuine, but by no means feeble; the love of reputation. So it was with a reluctant and sick heart he went to the shipping office, and

* Or exchange of commodities without the aid of money: see Homer, and Welsh Villages, *passim*.

peered at the posters, to see when the next ship sailed for the United States. Still he did go.

Intent on his own schemes, and expecting every day to be struck in front, he did not observe that a man in a rusty velvet coat followed him, and observed this act; and indeed all his visible acts.

Another perplexity was, when he should break. There were objections to doing it immediately; and objections to putting it off.

With all this the man was in a ferment: by day he sat waiting and fearing, by night he lay sleepless and thinking; and, though his stoical countenance retained its composure, the furrows deepened in it, and the iron nerves began to twitch at times, from strain of mind and want of sleep, and that rack, suspense. Not a night that he did not awaken a dozen times from his brief dozes with a start, and a dread of exposure by some mysterious, unforeseen, means.

It is remarkable how truths sometimes flash on men at night in hours of nervous excitement: it was in one of these nightly reveries David Dodd's pocket-book flashed back upon Mr. Hardie. He saw it before his eyes quite plain, and on the inside of the leather cover a slip of paper pasted, and written on in pencil or pale ink, he could not recal which.

What was that writing? It might be the numbers of the notes, the description of the bills. Why had he not taken it out of the dying man's pocket? "Fool! fool!" he groaned; "to do anything by halves."

Another night he got a far severer shock. Lying in his bed dozing, and muttering, as usual, he was suddenly startled out of that uneasy slumber by three tremendous knocks at the street door.

He sprang out of bed, and in his confusion made sure the officers of justice were come for him: he began to huddle on his clothes with a vague notion of flight.

He had got on his trousers and slippers, and was looking under his pillow for the fatal cash, when he heard himself called loudly and repeatedly by name; but this time the sound came from the garden into which his bedroom looked. He opened it very softly, in trepidation and wonder, which were speedily doubled by what met his eyes; for there, right in front of his window, stood an unearthly figure; corresponding in every particular to that notion of a ghost in which we are reared, and which, when our nerves are healthy, we can ridicule as it deserves; but somehow it is never cleaned out of our imagination so thoroughly as it is out of our judgment.

The figure was white as a sheet, and seemed supernaturally tall; and it cried out in a voice like a wounded lion's, "You villain! you Hardie! give me back my money: my fourteen thousand pounds. Give me my children's money, or may your children die before your eyes: give me my darlings' money; or may the eternal curse of God light on you and yours, you scoundrel!"

And the figure knelt on the grass, and repeated the terrible imprecation almost in the same words; that Hardie shrank back, and, resolute as he was, covered with superstitious awe.

But this sentiment soon gave way to vulgar fears; the man would alarm the town. And in fact Mr. Hardie, in the midst of his agitation, was dimly conscious of hearing a window open softly, not very far from him. But it was a dark night. He put his head out in great agitation, and whispered, "Hush! hush! And I'll bring it you down directly."

Internally cursing his hard fate, he got the fatal cash; put on his coat: hunted for the key of the Bank parlour, and, having found it, went softly down the stairs, unlocked the door, and went to open the shutters.

At this moment his ear caught a murmur; a low buzzing of voices in the garden.

He naturally thought that Captain Dodd was exposing him to some of the townspeople; he was puzzled what to do; and, like a cautious man as he was, remained passive, but on the watch.

Presently the voices were quiet, and he heard footsteps come very slowly towards the window at which he stood, and then make for the little gate. On this he slipped into the kitchen, which faced the street, and got to a window there, and listened. His only idea was to catch their intentions, if possible, and meet them accordingly. He dared not open the window; for above him on the pavement he saw a female figure half standing, half crouching: but soon that figure rushed wildly out of his sight to meet the footsteps, and then he ventured to open the window, and, listening, heard cries of despair, and a young heartbroken voice say her father was dead.

"Ah!—that is all right," muttered Hardie.

Still even this profound egotist was not yet so hardened, but that he felt one chill of horror at himself for the thought; a passing chill.

He listened and listened; and by-and-by he heard the slow feet recommence their journey, amidst sobs and sighs; and those sorrowful feet, and the sobs and sighs of his causing, got fainter and fainter, retreated, and left him in quiet possession of the fourteen thousand pounds he had brought down to give it up: two minutes ago it was not worth as many pence to him.

He drew a long breath of relief. "It is mine; I am to keep it. It is the will of Heaven."

Poor Heaven!

He went to his bed again, and by a resolute effort composed himself, and determined to sleep. And in fact he was just dropping off, when suddenly he started wide awake again: for it recurred to him vividly that a window in his house had opened, while David was cursing him and demanding his children's money.

Whose window?

Half a dozen people and more slept on that side of the house.

Whose window could it be?

He walked among fires.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A LITTLE crowd of persons stood in front of the old Bank, looking half stupified at the shutters, and at a piece of paper pasted on them announcing a suspension, only for a month or so, and laying the blame on certain correspondents not specified.

So great was the confidence inspired by the old Bank, that many said it would come round, it must come round, in a month: but other of Mr. Hardie's unfortunate clients recognised in the above a mere formula to let them down by degrees: they had seen many statements as hopeful end in a dividend of sixpence in the pound.

Before the day closed, the scene at the Bank door was heartrending: respectable persons, reduced to pauperism in that one day, kept arriving and telling their fellow-sufferers their little all was with Hardie, and nothing before them but the workhouse or the almshouse: ruined mothers came and held up their ruined children for the Banker to see; and the doors were hammered at, and the house as well as the Bank was beleaguered by a weeping, wailing, despairing crowd.

But, like an idle wave beating on a rock, all this human misery dashed itself in vain against the Banker's brick walls and shutters, hard to them as his very heart.

The next day they mobbed Alfred and hissed him at the back door. Jane was too ashamed and too frightened to stir out. Mr. Hardie sat calmly putting the finishing strokes to his fabricated balance-sheet.

Some innocent and excited victims went to the mayor for redress; to the aldermen, the magistrates: in vain.

Towards afternoon the Banker's cool contempt for his benefactors, whose lives he had darkened, received a temporary check; a heavy stone was flung at the Bank shutters: this ferocious blow made him start, and the place rattle: it was the signal for a shower; and presently tink, tink, went the windows of the house, and in came the stones starring the mirrors, upsetting the chairs, denting the papered walls, chipping the mantel-pieces, shivering the bell-glasses and statuettes, and strewing the room with dirty pebbles, and painted fragments, and glittering ruin.

Hardie winced: this was the sort of appeal to touch him. But soon he recovered his sang froid: "Thank you," said he, "I'm much obliged to you; now I'm in the right and you are in the wrong." And he put himself under protection of the police; and fee'd them so royally that they were zealous on his behalf, and rough and dictatorial even with those who thronged the place only to moan and lament and hold up their ruined children: "You *must* move on, you Misery," said the Police. And they were right; Misery gains nothing by stopping the way; nothing by bemoaning itself.

But if the Banker, naturally egotistical, and now entirely wrapped in his own plans, and fears, and well-earned torments, was deaf to the anguish of his clients, there were others in his house who

felt it keenly and deeply. Alfred and Jane were heartbroken: they sat hand in hand in a little room, drawn closer by misfortune; and heard the groans at their door; and the tears of pity ran down their own cheeks hot with shame; and Alfred wrote on the fly-leaf of his "Ethics" a vow to pay every shilling his father owed these poor people—before he died. It was like him, and like his happy age; at which the just and the generous can command, in imagination, the means to do kindred deeds.

Soon he found, to his horror, that he had seen but a small per-centage of the distress his father had caused; the greater griefs, as usual, stayed at home: behind the gadding woes lay a terrible number of silent, decent, ruined homes, and broken hearts, and mixed sorrows so unmerited, so complicated, so piteous, and so cruel, that he was ready to tear his hair to know them and not be able to relieve them instantly.

Of that mere sample I give a mere sample: giving the bulk then; and revolve a page of human history often turned by the people, but too little studied by statisticians and legislators.

Mr. Esgar, a respectable merchant, had heavy engagements, to meet which his money lay at the old Bank. Living at a distance he did not hear the news till near dinner-time: and he had promised to take his daughters to a ball that night. He did so; left them there; went home, packed up their clothes and valuables, and next day levanted with them to America, taking all the money he could scrape together in London: and so he passed his ruin on to others. Esgar was one of those who wear their honesty long; but loose: it was his first disloyal act in business: "Dishonesty made me dishonest," was his excuse. Valeat quantum.

John Shaw, a steady footman, had saved and saved, from twenty-one years old to thirty-eight, for "Footman's Paradise," a public-house. He was now engaged to a comely barmaid, who sympathised with him therein, and he had just concluded a bargain for the "Rose and Crown" in the suburbs. Unluckily—for him—the money had not been paid over. The blow fell: he lost his all; not his money only, but his wasted life. He could not be 21 again; so he hanged himself within forty-eight hours, and was buried by the parish, grumbling a little, pitying none.

James and Peter Gilpin, William Scott, and Joel Paton, were poor fishermen, and Anglo-Saxon heroes; that's heroes with an eye to the main chance; they risked their lives at sea to save a ship and get salvage; failing there they risked their lives all the same, like fine fellows as they were, to save the crew. They succeeded, but ruined their old boat. A subscription was raised, and prospered so, that a boat-builder built them a new one on tick, price eighty-five pounds; and the publicans said, "Drink, boys, drink; the subscription will cover all: it is up to 120 already." The subscription money was swallowed with the rest, and the Anglo-Saxon heroes hauled to prison.

Doctor Phillips, aged 74, warned by growing infirmities, had sold a tidy practice, with house, furniture, and good will, for a fair price; and put it in the bank, awaiting some investment. The money was gone now, and the poor old doctor, with a wife and daughter and a crutch, was at once a pauper and an exile: for he had sold under the usual condition, not to practise within so many miles of his successor. He went to that successor, and begged permission to be his assistant at a small, small, salary. "I want a younger man," was the reply. Then he went round to his old patients, and begged a few half guineas to get him a horse and chaise and keep him over the first month in his new place. They pitied him, but most of them were sufferers too by Hardie, and all they gave him did but buy a donkey and cart; and with that he and his went slowly and sadly to a village ten miles distant from the place, where all his life had been spent in comfort and good credit. The poor old gentleman often looked back from his cart at the church spires of Barkington.

From seventeen till now almost four score,
There lived he, but now lived there no more.
At seventeen many their fortunes seek;
But at four score it is too old a week.

Arrived at his village, he had to sell his donkey, and trust to his crutch. And so Infirmary crept about begging leave to cure Disease—with what success may be inferred from this: Miss Phillips, a lady-like girl of eighteen, was taken up by Farmer Giles before Squire Langton, for stealing turnips out of a field: the farmer was hard, and his losses in Hardie's bank had made him bitter hard, so the poor girl's excuse, that she could not let her father starve, had no effect on him: to jail she should go.*

Took to the national vice, and went to the national dogs, Thomas Fisher, a saving tinman, and a bachelor: so I expect no pity for him.

To the same jail, by the same road, dragging their families, went the Rev. Henry Scudamore, a curate; Philip Hall, a linen-draper; Neil Pratt, a shoemaker; Simon Harris, a greengrocer; and a few more; but the above were all prudent, laborious men, who took a friendly glass, but seldom exceeded, until Hardie's bankruptcy drove them to the devil of drink for comfort.

Turned professional thief, Joseph Locke, working locksmith, who had just saved money enough to buy a shop and good will; and now lost it every penny.

Turned Atheist, and burnt the family Bible before his weeping wife and terrified children and gaping servant girl, Mr. Williams, a Sunday-

* I find, however, that Squire Langton resolutely refused to commit Miss Phillips. The real reason, I suspect, was, that he had a respect for the Gospel, and not much for the law, except those invaluable clauses which restrain poaching. The reason he gave was: "Turnips be hanged! If she hadn't eaten them, the fly would." However, he found means to muzzle Giles, and sent the old doctor two couple of rabbits.

school teacher, known hitherto only as a mild, respectable man, a teetotaler, and a good parent and husband. He did not take to drinking; but he did to cursing; and forbade his own flesh and blood ever to enter a church again. This man became an outcast, shunned by all.

Three elderly sisters, the Misses Lunley, well born and bred, lived together on their funds which, small singly, united made a decent competence. Two of them had refused marriage in early life for fear the third should fall into less tender hands than theirs. For Miss Blanche Lunley was a cripple: disorder of the spine had robbed her, in youth's very bloom, of the power not only to dance, as you girls do, but to walk or even stand upright; leaving her two active little hands, and a heart as nearly angelic as we are likely to see here on earth.

She lay all day long, on a little iron bedstead, at the window of their back parlour that looked on a sunny little lawn; working eagerly for the poor; teaching the poor, young and old, to read, chiefly those of her own sex; hearing the sorrows of the poor, composing the quarrels of the poor, relieving their genuine necessities with a little money, and much ingenuity, and labour.

Some poor woman, in a moment of inspiration, called Miss Blanche "the sunshine of the poor." The word was instantly caught up in the parish, and had now this many years gently displaced "Lunley," and settled on her here below, and its echo gone before her up to Heaven.

The poor "sunshine of the poor" was happy: Life was sweet to her. To know whether this is so, it is useless to inquire of the backbone; or the limbs: look at the face! She lay at her window in the kindred sunshine, and in a world of sturdy, able, agile cursers, grumblers, and yawners, her face, pale as ashes, wore the eternal sunshine of a happy, holy, smile.

But there came one to her bedside and told her the Bank was broken, and all the money gone she and her sisters had lent Mr. Hardie.

The saint clasped her hands and said, "Oh my poor people! What will become of them?" And the tears ran down her pale and now sorrowful cheeks.

At this time she did not know the full extent of their losses.

But they had given Mr. Hardie a power of attorney to draw out all their consols. That remorseless man had abused the discretion this gave him, and begged them—they were his personal friends too—to swell his secret hoard.

When "the sunshine of the poor" heard this, and knew that she was now the poorest of the poor, she clasped her hands and cried, "Oh my poor sisters! my poor sisters!" and she could work no more for sighing.

The next morning found the sunshine of the poor extinct, in her little bed: ay, dead of grief with no grain of egotism in it; gone straight to Heaven without one angry word against Richard Hardie or any other.

Old Betty had a horror of the workhouse. To save her old age from it she had deposited her wages in the Bank for the last twenty years; and also a little legacy from Mr. Hardie's father. She now went about the house of her master and debtor, declaring she was sure he would not rob *her*, and, if he did, she would never go into the poor-house. "I'll go out on the common, and die there. Nobody will miss *me*."

The next instance led to consequences upon consequences: and that is my excuse for telling it the reader somewhat more fully than Alfred heard it.

Mrs. Maxley, one night, found something rough at her feet in bed. "What on earth is this?" said she.

"Never you mind," said Maxley: "say it's my breeches; what then?"

"Why what on earth does the man put his breeches to bed for?"

"That is my business," roared Maxley, and whispered dryly, "'tain't for you to wear 'em, howsoever."

This little spar led to his telling her he had drawn out all their money: but, when she asked the reason, he snubbed her again, indirectly; recommended her sleep.

The fact is, the small-clothes were full of bank notes; and Maxley always followed them into bed now, for fear of robbers.

The Bank broke on a Tuesday: Maxley dug on impassive; and when curious people came about him to ask whether he was a loser, he used to inquire very gravely, and dwelling on every syllable, "Do—you—see—anything—green—in this here eye?"

Friday was club day; the clubmen met at the "Greyhound" and talked over their losses. Maxley sat smoking complacently; and, when his turn came to groan, he said dryly: "I draad all mine a week afore. (Exclamations.) I had a hinkling: my boy Jack he wrote to me from Canada as how Hardies was rotten out there: now these here Bankers they be like an oak tree: they do go at the limbs first, and then at the heart."

The club was wroth; "What? you went and made yourself safe and never gave any of us a chance! Was that neighbourly? was that—clubbable?"

To a hailstorm of similar reproaches, Maxley made but one reply: "'Twarn't *my* business to take care o' *you*." He added, however, a little sulkily: "I was laad for slander once: scalded dog fears lue-warm water."

"Oh," said one, "I don't believe him. He puts a good face on it; but his nine hundred is gone along with ourn."

"'Tain't gone far, then." With this he put his hand in his pocket, and after some delay pulled out a nice new crisp note and held it up: "What is that? I ask the company."

"Looks like a ten pun note, James."

"Well, the bulk 'grees with the sample; I

knows where to find eight score and nine to match this here."

The note was handed round: and on inspection each countenance in turn wore a malicious smile; till at last Maxley, surrounded by grinning faces, felt uneasy.

"What be 'e all grinning 'at like a litter o' Chessy cats? warn't ye ugly enough without showing of your rotten teeth?"

"Haw! haw!"

"Better say 'tain't money at all, but only a wench's curl paper:" and he got up and snatched it fiercely out of the last inspector's hand. "Ye can't run your rigs on me," said he.

"What an if I can't read words, I can figures; and I spelt the ten out on every one of them, afore I'd take it."

A loud and general laugh greeted this boast.

Then Maxley snatched up his hat in great wrath, and some anxiety, and went out, followed by a peal.

In five minutes he was at home; and tossed the note into his wife's lap. She was knitting by a farthing dip. "Dame!" said he, controlling all appearance of anxiety, "what d' ye call that?"

She took up the note and held it close to the candle: "Why, Jem, it is a ten pound note, one of Hardie's—as *was*."

"Then what were those fools laughing at?" And he told her all that had happened.

Mrs. Maxley dropped her knitting and stood up trembling: "Why you told me you had got our money all safe out?"

"Well, and so I have, ye foolish woman;" and he drew the whole packet out of his pocket and flung them fiercely on the table. Mrs. Maxley ran her finger and eye over them, and uttered a scream of anger and despair:

"These! these be all Hardie's notes," she cried; "and what vally be Hardie's notes when Hardies be broke?"

Maxley staggered as if he had been shot.

The woman's eyes flashed fury at him: "This is your work, ye born idiot: 'mind your own business,' says you: you *must* despise your wedded wife, that has more brains in her finger than you have in all your great long useless carcase: you *must* have your secrets: one day poison, another day beggary: you have ruined me, you have murdered me: get out of my sight! for if I find a knife, I'll put it in you, I will." And in her ungovernable passion, she actually ran to the dresser for a knife: at which Maxley caught up a chair and lifted it furiously above his head to fling at her.

Luckily the man had more self-command than the woman; he dashed the chair furiously on the floor, and ran out of the house.

He wandered about half stupid: and presently his feet took him mechanically round to his garden. He potted about among his plants, looking at them, inspecting them closely, and scarce seeing them. However, he covered up one or two, and muttered, "I think there will be a frost to-night: I think there will be a frost."

Then his legs seemed to give way. He sat down and thought of his wedding-day: he began to talk to himself out loud, as some people do in trouble: "Bless her comely face," said he, "and to think I had my arm lifted to strike her, after wearing her so long, and finding her good stuff upon the whole. Well, thank my stars I didn't. We must make the best on't: money's gone; but here's the garden and our hands still: and 'tain't as if we were single to gnaw our hearts alone: wedded life cuts grief a two. Let's make it up: and begin again. Sixty, come Martinmas: and Susan forty-eight: and I be amost weary of turning moulds."

He went round to his front door.

There was a crowd round it; a buzzing crowd, with all their faces turned towards his door.

He came at their backs, and asked peevishly what was to do now. Some of the women shrieked at his voice. The crowd turned about; and a score of faces peered at him: some filled with curiosity, some with pity.

"Lord help us!" said the poor man, "is there any more trouble a foot to-day? Stand aside, please; and let me know."

"No! no!" cried a woman, "don't let him."

"Not let me go into my own house, young woman?" said Maxley, with dignity: "be these your manners?"

"Oh, James: I meant you no ill. Poor man!"

"Poor soul!" said another.

"Stand aloof!" said a strange man. "Who has as good a right to be there as he have?"

A lane was made directly, and Maxley rushed down between two rows of peering faces, with his knees knocking together, and burst into his own house. A scream from the women inside, as he entered, and a deep groan from the strong man bereaved of his mate, told the tragedy. Poor Susan Maxley was gone.

She had died of Breast-pang, within a minute of his leaving her; and the last words of two faithful spouses were words of anger.

All these things, and many more less tragic, but very deplorable, came to Alfred Hardie's knowledge, and galled and afflicted him deeply. And several of these revelations heaped discredit high upon Richard Hardie, till the young man, born with a keen sense of justice, and bred amongst honourable minds, began to shudder at his own Father.

Herein he was alone: Jane, with the affectionate blindness of her sex, could throw her arms round her father's neck, and pity him for his losses—by his own dishonesty—and pity him most when some victim of his unprincipled conduct died, or despaired. "Poor Papa will feel this so deeply," was her only comment on such occasions.

Alfred was not sorry she could take this view; and left her unmolested to confound black with white, and wrong with right, at affection's dictates: but his own trained understanding was not

to be duped in matters of plain morality. And so, unable to cure the wrongs he deplored, unable to put his conscience into his pocket, like Richard Hardie, or into his heart like Jane, he wandered alone, or sat brooding and dejected: and the attentive reader, if I am so fortunate as to possess one, will not be surprised to learn that he was troubled too with dark mysterious surmises he half dreaded, yet felt it his duty, to fathom. These and Mrs. Dodd's loss by the Bank combined to keep him out of Albion Villa. He often called to ask after Captain Dodd, but was ashamed to enter the house.

Now Richard Hardie's anxiety to know whether David was to die or live had not declined, but rather increased. If the latter, he was now resolved to fly to the United States with his booty, and cheat his alienated son along with the rest: he had come by degrees down to this. It was on Alfred he had counted to keep him informed of David's state: but, on his putting a smooth inquiry, the young man's face flushed with shame, or anger, or something, and he gave a very short, sharp, and obscure reply. In reality he did not know much, nor did Sarah, his informant: for of late the servants had never been allowed to enter David's room.

Mr. Hardie after this rebuff, never asked Alfred again; but having heard Sampson's name mentioned as Dodd's medical attendant, wrote and asked him to come and dine, next time he should visit Barkington: "You will find me a fallen man," said he; "to-morrow we resign our house and premises and furniture to the assignees, and go to live at a little furnished cottage not very far from your friends the Dodds. It is called 'Shamrock Cottage.' There, where we have so little to offer besides a welcome, none but true friends will come near us; indeed, there are very few I should venture to ask for such a proof of fidelity to your broken friend.

"R. H."

The good-hearted Sampson sent a cordial reply, and came to dinner at Shamrock Cottage.

Now all Hardie wanted of him in reality was to know about David; so when Jane had retired, and the decanter circulated, he began to pump him by his vanity. "I understand," said he, "you have wrought one of your surprising cures in this neighbourhood. Albion Villa!"

Sampson shook his head sorrowfully: Mr. Hardie's eyes sparkled: Alfred watched him keenly and bitterly.

"How can I work a great cure after those ass-ass-ins Short and Osmond? Look, see! the man had been wounded in the hid, and lost blood: thin stabbed in the shoulder; and lost more blood."—Both the Hardies uttered an ejaculation of unfeigned surprise.—"So, instid of recruiting the buddy thus exhausted of the great liquid material of all repair, the professional ass-ass-in came and exhausted him worse; stabbed him while he slept; stabbed him unconscious, stabbed him in a vein; and stole more blood from him. Wasn't that enough? No! the routine

of professional ass-ass-ination had but begun; next they stabbed him with cupping needles, and so stole more of his life-blood. And they were gone from their stabs to their bites, gone to leech his temporal arteries, and so hand him to the sixton."

"But you came in and saved him," cried Alfred.

"I saved his life," said Sampson, sorrowfully: "but life is not th' only good thing a man may be robbed of by those who steal his life-blood, and so impoverish, and water, the contents of the vessels of the brain."

"Doctor Sampson," said Alfred, "what do you mean by these mysterious words? you alarm me."

"What, don't you know? Haven't they told you?"

"No, I have not had the courage to enter the house since the Bank—" he stopped in confusion.

"Ay, I understand," said Sampson: "however, it can't be hidden now—

"HE IS A MANIAC."

Sampson made this awful announcement soberly and sorrowfully.

Alfred groaned aloud, and even his father experienced a momentary remorse; but so steady had been the progress of corruption, that he felt almost unmixed joy the next instant: and his keenwitted son surprised the latter sentiment in his face, and shuddered with disgust.

Sampson went on to say that he believed the poor man had gone flourishing a razor; and Mrs. Dodd had said "Yes, kill me, David: kill the mother of your children," and never moved: which feminine, or in other words irrational, behaviour, had somehow disarmed him. But it would not happen again: his sister had come; a sensible, resolute woman. She had signed the order, and Osmond and he the certificates, and he was gone to a private asylum. "Talking of that," said Sampson, rising suddenly, "I must go and give them a word of comfort; for they are just breaking their hearts at parting with him, poor things: I'll be back in an hour."

On his departure, Jane returned and made the tea in the dining-room: they lived like that now.

Mr. Hardie took it from his favourite's little white hand, and smiled on her: he should not have to go to a foreign land after all: who would believe a madman if he should rave about his thousands? He sipped his tea luxuriously, and presently delivered himself thus, with bland satisfaction:

"My dear Alfred, some time ago you wished to marry a young lady without fortune; you thought that I had a large one: and you expected me to supply all deficiencies. You did not overrate my parental feeling; but you did my means: I would have done this for you, and with pleasure, but for my own coming misfortunes. As it was, I said 'No.' And, when you demanded, somewhat peremptorily, my reasons, I said, 'trust me.' Well, you see I was right:

such a marriage would have been your utter ruin. However, I conclude after what Dr. Sampson has told us, you have resigned it on other grounds, Jane, my dear, Captain Dodd, I am sorry to say, is afflicted. He has gone mad."

"Gone mad?! oh, how shocking! What will become of his poor children?" She thought of Edward first.

"We have just heard it from Sampson. And I presume, Alfred, you are not so far gone as to insist on propagating insanity, by a marriage with his daughter."

At this conclusion, which struck her obliquely, though aimed at Alfred, Jane sighed gently; and her dream of earthly happiness seemed to melt away.

But Alfred ground his teeth, and replied with great bitterness and emotion: "I think, sir, you are the last man who ought to congratulate yourself on the affliction that has fallen on that unhappy family I aspire to enter, all the more that now they have calamities for me to share—"

"More fool you," put in Mr. Hardie, calmly.

—"For I much fear you are one of the causes of that calamity."

Mr. Hardie assumed a puzzled air: "I don't see how that can be: do you, Jenny? Sampson told us the causes: a wound on the head, a wound in the arm, bleeding, cupping, &c."

"There may be other causes Dr. Sampson has not been told of—yet."

"Possibly. I really don't know what you allude to."

The son fixed his eyes on the father, and leaned across the table to him, till their faces nearly met.

"THE FOURTEEN THOUSAND POUNDS, SIR."

BEWICK'S BIRDS.

As, according to Charles Lamb, there are *Biblia Abiblia*—Books that are no Books—so also indubitably there are Books which are more especially *Books*. Of these, Bewick's Birds is one of the most precious to a genuine book-lover, always supposing that the genuine book-lover is also a lover of nature. There is no man who has set forth natural history so captivately as Bewick; and that, not because of the dry bones of a text, but through the art which Horace says brings objects before the faithful eyes—the pictorial art. And in a double way. His birds themselves are admirable, perfect in shape and attitude, glossy of feather, and placed characteristically on bough, rock, or marsh-encircled island; but, besides, they are served up with a garnish of vignettes, or tail-pieces, which sometimes admirably illustrate bird-life and bird-habits; at others, relieve the monotony of the subject by a dash into human life, a dash at human follies, a dash into the highest realms of humour. It is more particularly in this last aspect of a genial artist that we would now chiefly regard Thomas Bewick.

If we mistake not, his immortality and fame is in the woodcuts that accompany his *History of British Birds*. To be sure his golden eagle is a fine fellow; his wren is a nice little bobbing bird; his peacock has almost colour in the eyes of his tail; his swan, and, above all, his scaup-duck, breasts the waters proudly. Doubtless, also, Bewick's text, though not equal to the writing of White of Selborne, shows the lover of nature; and, when odd birds have come into our garden, we have looked them up successfully in Bewick, and have got knowledge about them; but it is not on these accounts that we value our large-copy two-volumed edition of the birds, 1797-1804, first edition, with the wicked piece of humour in it, which was decently modified after a few copies had been drawn, and which is dear to a Bibliolater as *proving* the first edition. We value our Bewick because nowhere else do we find within the compass of two volumes such a full and quaint pictorial exhibition of a lively fancy, of a half-mournful satiric vein, of an acquaintance with nature; such vivid proofs that the artist has been on many a lonely moor, has leant his ear in many a solitary place, has watched the wild, the farm-house, the snow-storm, the wimpling brook, and the ocean, at hours when no eye but his was watching; has caught animal motion and passion in the act of moving and feeling, and has struck such a rapid diapason of human life from infancy to age, that to call him *poet* were not to exaggerate his achievements. So much for the individuality of performance which seems necessary to secure a man a niche in the temple of fame. But Bewick has a hold yet dearer than admiration on our personal regard. He has a place in our affections. These two volumes of his are the same that lay on our father's study-table; volumes to which we children—as sundry spots of ink, and one or two birds daubed with colour do testify—had access at leisure hours. What delicious winter evenings, now for ever gone! What knowledge, imbibed at a period when knowledge is stamped for ever on the mind—what glee, at a time when life is gleesome—what wonderment, what images of things half fearful, what utter novelty of impression, are gathered for us within the dark morocco covers of those two books. Books? They are to us more than books! They are part and parcel of ourself. Since the days when they were published, wood-engraving, of which Bewick was the Captain Cook, has made voyages more intricate; but though Bewick's woodcuts cannot, like some of our time, be mistaken for steel engravings, their spirit and character, remain unapproached; and, so far from thinking as we look at them, that our childish judgments erred through partiality, we build on the very power which took us captive at an impressionable age, the truth, the poetry of Bewick. Is not the genius which charms a child, genius indeed?

Let us review some of the most memorable of those delineations. At page 57, vol. i., at the bottom of the text, there is the belated traveller, going home with bag on back, and stick in hand, who recoils from the ugly

devils and long-necked monsters which the moon creates out of the trees and bushes before him. One very ugly devil with goggling eyes, seems to hold up frightful claws, to bar the traveller's way. And how well the man's whole attitude expresses doubt, perplexity, examination! His head peeps forward, his stick is ready to be raised. One sees that he does not quite believe in the reality of the visions, and does not decide whether they be robbers, or demons, or mere air. Here, as in many others of Bewick's little drawings, the small space of a vignette appears, by management, to serve for the camera of a large picture.

Now come our favourite urchins, who have just built up on a gigantic scale, a snow-man, with a superb wig of snow, and a real pipe in his mouth. One of the boys, chief artist we take it, is intently giving, from the elevation of a stool, the finishing touch to a part of the figure; two others, clever at foundations, are with sticks heaping up blocks of snow round the snow-man's base, while two more—one blowing his fingers to warm them: the other with folded arms, like a connoisseur, oblivious of cold—are taking different views of the superb achievement. Fields and a hill, covered with snow, lie beyond; and, before a snow-roofed cottage to the right, stands at gaze, a horse, whose neck and head admirably express that the white giant startles him.

A capital tail-piece shows four boys in a cart—in which they manifestly have no business to be—hurled along by a runaway horse with the reins on his neck. A fifth boy lies just tumbled out on the ground, behind the cart. A barking dog snaps at the horse and aggravates his speed. The history is plain. The man who runs from the little inn behind, is a butcher, and master of the cart, horse, and dog. He had left the cart at the door, while he went into the public—only fastening the reins to the saddle; the boys had got into the cart with a row, the unusual weight and hubbub had set off the horse, and the weakest boy had tumbled out behind. The woman in the distance, who lifts up her arms in horror, is the mother of some of the tribe. Each countenance of the four boys in the cart has a different expression of alarm. One is especially good. The urchin is not bellowing like the others, but is looking careful, as if by clutching the cart he should be able to stop the horse. A huckster on horseback, with panniers (page 9, vol. ii.), crossing a brook, whose hat is about to be pulled off by the string of a kite, which a boy and two others behind him are tugging at—probably just to effect that object—is also a good tail-piece. The horseman evidently thinks it is the wind which attacks his hat, for everything denotes a windy day. One boy holds his hat on his head: another, whose hair is blown about, in his hand. There is no need to particularise more of the vignettes in which boys and girls play a part; but the student who wishes to estimate Bewick's powers, will find in *The Birds* plenty of cheerful representations of little troops of children sailing tiny ships on forest pools, or engaged in pranks of broad fun which have in them as much mischief as merriment.

Pass on to Bewick's vein of satire. Look at the old fellow, at the head of the preface, volume two, who is saying an elaborate grace over his bowl of scraps. Such is his fervour, that his uplifted hands and shut eyes are withdrawn from things terrestrial, to the extent that a lean cat is quietly absorbing the spolia opima during the lengthy oration. Is not this a capital sermon to the "unco' good," whose religion never permits them to attend to the true matter in hand, whose house is going to rack and ruin, while they are sending out missions to Borioboolah-gah? Besides, the old fellow is a hypocrite even to himself. You see *that* stamped in every line of his face. At the end of the same preface is a kindred hint to the silly whose faith is reasonless. One old blind man carries on his back another old blind man, and is himself conducted by a dog, which has led them both into a quagmire.

How well the next vignette carries on the artist's train of thought! An old man upon a panniered old horse, stops bewildered in a pelting storm, just where two roads divide. The guide-post, pointing two different ways, is half blown down, and its lettering has been long illegible. The horse stands stock-still upon his huge feet: the old man raises his stick, but doubts whether he shall strike—for whither is his horse to go? The expression of wind, rain, cloud, and dimness in the landscape, is worthy of David Cox.

One sad satiric touch recurs from time to time in Bewick; the various exhibition of a memorial stone, half-sunk and half-defaced. At page eighty-seven, in the first volume, a donkey is manifesting much contempt for a square pillar, on which you only make out the words, "Battle . . . Splendid Victory . . . Immortal." At page two hundred and two, same volume, we find an old man leaning on his stick to contemplate a gravestone, on which (this time plainly) is engraved:

Vanitas
Vanitatum
Omnia
Vanitas.

A roofless church is behind. A boy joyously drives a hoop on the right hand of the picture. In volume two, page two hundred and forty-five, a church on a rock, a dilapidated churchyard, form the foreground to a desolate tossing, cloud-backed ocean. You see that the ocean gains upon the land. Immediately before you is a broken headstone, on one portion of which is

This stone
was erected
to perpetuate
the memory
of —

On the other:

Custos Rotul
of the county
of —

A seagull is perched upon the first fragment.

Other satiric touches has Bewick. We never

look at the lean sheep caught in the brambles, utterly denuded of the front part of his fleece, and—as you see—about to lose the hinder portion also, struggling, and accomplishing his destiny by struggling, without thinking of a wretch in Chancery. A lawyer-like raven is appropriately waiting the poor beast's end.

Gluttony and carelessness are favourite subjects of satire with Bewick. The first, rather too coarsely flagellated for the taste of our age: the latter admirably shown up in many vignettes. Bear witness the thriftless washerwoman, who on tiptoe is hanging some of her linen on a line, while she omits to observe that her fowls are playing strange havoc with the shirts and towels spread on the ground behind her back. Bear witness, again, the spirited representation of the man with his water-cart, who, while gossiping with a crony who is pointing to some distant object, lets the water that should gladden the lonely cottage on the moor, run out of the unspigoted barrel behind him. Then how plainly the dog, which has upset the pot-au-feu over his scalded legs, is howling out in agony, "Meddle not with what concerns you not."

There is another class of woodcuts in Bewick's Birds which deals with the supernatural. How those diabolical fancies used to thrill us children! In a moon-piece, a man, whose attitude always recalls to us a scene in Milman's Fazio, is lifting on his shoulders a heavy sack—with nothing lawful in it, to be sure, for the devil is helping to hoist up the burden with a pole. In another vignette, the devil is driving a man (is it the same man?) in a cart, so as to bring him nearly under a gallows, with a noose for his neck ready hanging. The horse scents danger, and holds back with stiffened legs. In a third devil scene, the fiend, perched and half reclining on a high rock, lorgnette in hand, is spying at a wonderfully indicated crowd assembled round a gallows in the distance, from which hangs the body of a man (is it always the same man?), evidently just hoisted up. Though not supernatural, another vignette had a mysterious interest for us in the old childish days. By a half-clouded moon, which casts strong shadows, a man is journeying on with a coffin-shaped coffer on his back—a coffer thus lettered:

A
Wonderful
Fish.

In all these representations Bewick displays a rare and marvellous power of expressing, by a few strokes, action, motion, character, scenery.

Other illustrated works Bewick has given to the world. His Animals, and his Fables of Æsop, are well known, and no collector of Bewick's books would like to be without them. But *The Birds* are his opus magnum. That he himself knew this, and consciously assembled all his best thoughts, and forms of delineation, in the *one* work, which he meant to be his passport to posterity, who can doubt? So we felt in looking over a lately pub-

lished Memoir of Thomas Bewick, embellished by numerous wood engravings from his hand. In the vignettes there is a singular absence of Bewick's best qualities—precision and proportion. They seem to be, and no doubt were, essays of a youthful genius, struggling towards perfection through failure. Death—a skeleton drawn in a sledge over snow by reindeer—is a good conception, but the reindeer arc, proportionally, much too small. In one page, we find a goose too large for its neck; and, in another, a donkey-foal too small for the beehives behind it; in a third, is a cat with a mouse under her paw. Pussy looks like a stuffed pussy.

Yet, all these things are interesting, just as Dr. Johnson's epitaph on a duck is interesting. They show genius in the act of crystallising. At the end of this new volume are delineations of British fishes, to which the above remarks do not apply. They are evidently the productions of Bewick's best time; while looking at them, one cannot help wishing that the British fishes had grown into a book. What fellows are the bream, and the John Dory! How admirably has the artist caught the fleshy character of the tench! How evidently the samlet or brandling is of the fish, fishy! Looking at him, one almost smells fish. The chapter concerning the art of engraving in wood, is interesting not merely to those who practise it, but to every admirer of the delightful art with which John Leech's life-like drawings have made us all familiar. Bewick relates his difficulties in the outset, and the time and thought it cost him "before anything like an approach towards perfection could be arrived at." In this chapter, we have the secret of Bewick's truth, nature, and freshness. With but slender means in his hands, he thought out all the rest for himself. He says: "It never entered my head that it was a branch of art that would stand pre-eminent for utility;" and again he tells us: "No vain notions of my arriving at any eminence ever passed through my mind; and the sole stimulus with me was the pleasure I derived from imitating natural objects, and I had no other patterns to go by." What a true picture of a real artist's work! Then Bewick tells us that from looking at woodcuts by Albert Durer, he learnt or re-discovered a mode of effecting what in the art is called "cross-hatching," which means crossing lines, like web and woof. By impressions from two blocks, he produced (the desideratum) clear cross-hatching; but he dismissed this mode as "not producing any additional beauty or colour, beyond the effect produced by plain parallel lines." By employing other processes, which are minutely detailed, Bewick seems to have attained the desirable end of making wood-blocks so durable that nine hundred thousand impressions of a delicate one—a view of Newcastle—were printed off, without perceptible diminution of effect. And, continues a foot-note, "as evidence of this, it is impossible to distinguish the cuts introduced into the last edition of *Birds* from those previously published. This is due to the system peculiar to Thomas Bewick, of lowering all the

more delicate parts." Reader, did you ever see a woodcut in its original block? If not, you will be surprised and delighted, on a first view, to see what a beautiful object it is.

Altogether, the public may be glad of the volume, and, as regards the literary part of it, particularly pleased. For it is an autobiography (who does not love an autobiography?) showing Bewick, the man, in a charming aspect. His early life, his boyish scrapes, his gradual growth of character, his first essays in drawing—all delightfully, because naturally, told. The reader has before him the kind simple upright nature of the man; the love for field sports, tempered by such tender humanity that, even for the purposes of the pencil, to kill a bird was painful to him. Bewick's pedestrian tour to Cumberland, Carlisle, &c., proceeding to Edinburgh, Glasgow, and the Highlands of Scotland, is a pleasant piece of travel. In it one sees the careful Northumbrian turn of mind generalised, and assimilating with Scotch hospitality as well as Scotch shrewdness. A sentiment of coming sorrow, by the death of his father, mother, and sister, felt by Bewick suddenly, while gaily sliding on the ice at Ovingham, is very remarkable.

As Bewick gets old, he becomes fond of moral reflections, and not a little addicted to aged prosing; but still it is Bewick who writes, and the old-fashioned picture of an old-fashioned mind is characteristic, and appropriate to the close of that calm career. Few who have loved the man in his works, can look at the last vignette in the Memoir, which is also the last that Bewick ever cut in wood, without something of the tender regret with which one might regard the headstone of a departed friend.

The headstone, in this instance, is, as a note informs us, a view of Cherryburn (Bewick's birthplace), with Mickley Bank in the distance, and a funeral procession descending the sloping pasture towards the boat, waiting to convey it across the Tyne to the last resting-place of the family at Ovingham.

TWO SONNETS ON A CHURCH.

THIS is the fortune of a certain Church:
To put away perversely from her eyes
The glorious charter of her liberties,
Which vindicates the right of honest search,
And with a timorous anger to besmirch
Those of her servants to whom God gave brains,
And grace to use them. But behold her gains!
So will she be left laggard in the lurch
Of healthy progress; stagnant, though the plan
Of Heaven is action; void of leaf and bloom,
Though these work ever up in Nature's loom:
And, since she does not know an honest man
When she has got him, she, in her dry schools,
At last will garner none but knaves and fools.

II.

Yet in that Church dwells not the narrow fault!
She is not built nor founded narrowly:
In her first birthright is a grandeur free,
A mighty strength to bear the strong assault
Of growing knowledge; strength that need not halt

When the World marches onward! Like a tree,
 She lives and grows: no earthly building she
 That fears the crumble of old arch and vault!
 'Tis some, who to her service minister,
 Who feign a Church themselves have subtly
 planned
 A flimsy thing of gloom and gossamer,
 From which they fence the light and truth's rough
 hand,
 Because they most succeed, when men most err,
 To suck through fogs the fatness of the land.

THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

BEFORE the waitress had shut the door, I had forgotten how many stage-coaches she said used to change horses in the town every day. But it was of little moment; any high number would do as well as another. It had been a great stage-coaching town in the great stage-coaching times, and the ruthless railways had killed and buried it.

The sign of the house was the Dolphin's Head. Why only head, I don't know; for the Dolphin's effigy at full length, and upside down—as a Dolphin is always bound to be when artistically treated, though I suppose he is sometimes right side upward in his natural condition—graced the sign-board. The sign-board chafed its rusty hooks outside the bow-window of my room, and was a shabby work. No visitor could have denied that the Dolphin was dying by inches, but he showed no bright colours. He had once served another master; there was a newer streak of paint below him, displaying with inconsistent freshness the legend, BY J. MELLOWS.

My door opened again, and J. Mellows's representative came back. I had asked her what I could have for dinner, and she now returned with the counter question, what would I like? As the Dolphin stood possessed of nothing that I do like, I was fain to yield to the suggestion of a duck, which I don't like. J. Mellows's representative was a mournful young woman, with one eye susceptible of guidance, and one uncontrollable eye; which latter, seeming to wander in quest of stage-coaches, deepened the melancholy in which the Dolphin was steeped.

This young woman had but shut the door on retiring again when I bethought me of adding to my order, the words, "with nice vegetables." Looking out at the door to give them emphatic utterance, I found her already in a state of pensive catalepsy in the deserted gallery, picking her teeth with a pin.

At the Railway Station seven miles off, I had been the subject of wonder when I ordered a fly in which to come here. And when I gave the direction "To the Dolphin's Head," I had observed an ominous stare on the countenance of the strong young man in velvet, who was the platform servant of the Company. He had also called to my driver at parting, "All ri-right! Don't hang yourself when you get there, Geo-o-rgo!" in a sarcastic tone, for which I had entertained some transitory thoughts of reporting him to the General Manager.

I had no business in the town—I never have any business in any town—but I had been caught by the fancy that I would come and look at it in its degeneracy. My purpose was fitly inaugurated by the Dolphin's Head, which everywhere expressed past coachfulness and present coachlessness. Coloured prints of coaches, starting, arriving, changing horses, coaches in the sunshine, coaches in the snow, coaches in the wind, coaches in the mist and rain, coaches on the King's birthday, coaches in all circumstances compatible with their triumph and victory, but never in the act of breaking down or overturning, pervaded the house. Of these works of art, some, framed and not glazed, had holes in them; the varnish of others had become so brown and cracked, that they looked like overdone pie-crust; the designs of others were almost obliterated by the flies of many summers. Broken glasses, damaged frames, lop-sided hanging, and consignment of incurable cripples to places of refuge in dark corners, attested the desolation of the rest. The old room on the ground floor where the passengers of the Highflyer used to dine, had nothing in it but a wretched show of twigs and flower-pots in the broad window to hide the nakedness of the land, and in a corner little Mellows's perambulator, with even its parasol-head turned dependently to the wall. The other room, where post-horse company used to wait while relays were getting ready down the yard, still held its ground, but was as airless as I conceive a hearse to be: inasmuch that Mr. Pitt, hanging high against the partition (with spots on him like port wine, though it is mysterious how port wine ever got squirted up there), had good reason for perking his nose and sniffing. The stopperless cruets on the spindle-shanked side-board were in a miserably dejected state: the anchovy sauce having turned blue some years ago, and the cayenne pepper (with a scoop in it like a small model of a wooden leg) having turned solid. The old fraudulent candles which were always being paid for and never used, were burnt out at last; but their tall stilts of candlesticks still lingered, and still outraged the human intellect by pretending to be silver. The mouldy old unreformed Borough Member, with his right hand buttoned up in the breast of his coat, and his back characteristically turned on bales of petitions from his constituents, was there too; and the poker which never had been among the fire-irons, lest post-horse company should overstimulate the fire, was *not* there, as of old.

Pursuing my researches in the Dolphin's Head, I found it sorely shrunken. When J. Mellows came into possession, he had walled off half the bar, which was now a tobacco-shop with its own entrance in the yard—the once glorious yard where the postboys, whip in hand and always buttoning their waistcoats at the last moment, used to come running forth to mount and away. A "Scientific Shoeing-Smith and Veterinary Surgeon," had further encroached upon the yard; and a grimly satirical Jobber, who announced himself as having to Let "A

neat one-horse fly, and a one-horse cart," had established his business, himself, and his family, in a part of the extensive stables. Another part was lopped clean off from the Dolphin's Head, and now comprised a chapel, a wheelwright's, and a Young Men's Mutual Improvement and Discussion Society (in a loft): the whole forming a back lane. No audacious hand had plucked down the vane from the central cupola of the stables, but it had grown rusty and stuck at N—Nil: while the score or two of pigeons that remained true to their ancestral traditions and the place, had collected in a row on the roof-ridge of the only outhouse retained by the Dolphin, where all the inside pigeons tried to push the outside pigeon off. This I accepted as emblematical of the struggle for post and place in railway times.

Sauntering forth into the town, by way of the covered and pillared entrance to the Dolphin's Yard, once redolent of soup and stable-litter, now redolent of musty disuse, I paced the street. It was a hot day, and the little sun-blinds of the shops were all drawn down, and the more enterprising tradesmen had caused their 'Prentices to trickle water on the pavement appertaining to their frontage. It looked as if they had been shedding tears for the stage-coaches, and drying their ineffectual pocket-handkerchiefs. Such weakness would have been excusable; for business—as one dejected porkman who kept a shop which refused to reciprocate the compliment by keeping him, informed me—"bitter bad." Most of the harness-makers and corn-dealers were gone the way of the coaches, but it was a pleasant recognition of the eternal procession of Children down that old original steep Incline, the Valley of the Shadow, that those tradesmen were mostly succeeded by vendors of sweetmeats and cheap toys. The opposition house to the Dolphin, once famous as the New White Hart, had long collapsed. In a fit of abject depression, it had cast white-wash on its windows, and boarded up its front door, and reduced itself to a side entrance; but even that had proved a world too wide for the Literary Institution which had been its last phase; for the Institution had collapsed too, and of the ambitious letters of its inscription on the White Hart's front, all had fallen off but these:

L Y I N S T

—suggestive of Lamentably Insolvent. As to the neighbouring market-place, it seemed to have wholly relinquished marketing, to the dealer in crockery whose pots and pans straggled half across it, and to the Cheap Jack who sat with folded arms on the shafts of his cart, superciliously gazing around: his velveteen waistcoat, evidently harbouring grave doubts whether it was worth his while to stay a night in such a place.

The church bells began to ring as I left this spot, but they by no means improved the case, for they said, in a petulant way, and speaking with some difficulty in their irritation, "WHAT'S-be-come-of-THE-coach-ES!" Nor would they (I found on listening) ever vary their emphasis,

save in respect of growing more sharp and vexed, but invariably went on, "WHAT'S-be-come-of-THE-coach-ES!"—always beginning the inquiry with an unpolite abruptness. Perhaps from their elevation they saw the railway, and it aggravated them.

Coming upon a coachmaker's workshop, I began to look about me with a revived spirit, thinking that perchance I might behold there some remains of the old times of the town's greatness. There was only one man at work—a dry man, grizzled, and far advanced in years, but tall and upright, who, becoming aware of me looking on, straightened his back, pushed up his spectacles against his brown paper cap, and appeared inclined to defy me. To whom I pacifically said:

"Good day, sir!"

"What?" said he.

"Good day, sir."

He seemed to consider about that, and not to agree with me.—"Was you a looking for anything?" he then asked, in a pointed manner.

"I was wondering whether there happened to be any fragment of an old stage-coach here."

"Is that all?"

"That's all."

"No, there ain't."

It was now my turn to say "Oh!" and I said it. Not another word did the dry and grizzled man say, but bent to his work again. In the coachmaking days, the coach-painters had tried their brushes on a post beside him; and quite a Calendar of departed glories was to be read upon it, in blue and yellow and red and green, some inches thick. Presently he looked up again.

"You seem to have a deal of time on your hands," was his querulous remark.

I admitted the fact.

"I think it's a pity you was not brought up to something," said he.

I said I thought so too.

Appearing to be informed with an idea, he laid down his plane (for it was a plane he was at work with), pushed up his spectacles again, and came to the door.

"Would a po-shay do for you?" he asked.

"I am not sure that I understand what you mean."

"Would a po-shay," said the coach-maker, standing close before me, and folding his arms in the manner of a cross-examining counsel—"would a po-shay meet the views you have expressed? Yes, or no?"

"Yes."

"Then you keep straight along down there till you see one. *You'll* see one if you go far enough."

With that, he turned me by the shoulder in the direction I was to take, and went in and resumed his work against a background of leaves and grapes. For, although he was a soured man and a discontented, his workshop was that agreeable mixture of town and country, street and garden, which is often to be seen in a small English town.

I went the way he had turned me, and I came to the Beer-shop with the sign of The First and Last, and was out of the town on the old London road. I came to the Turnpike, and I found it, in its silent way, eloquent respecting the change that had fallen on the road. The Turnpike-house was all overgrown with ivy; and the Turnpike-keeper, unable to get a living out of the tolls, plied the trade of a cobbler. Not only that, but his wife sold ginger-beer, and, in the very window of espial through which the Toll-takers of old times used with awe to behold the grand London coaches coming on at a gallop, exhibited for sale little barber's-poles of sweet-stuff in a sticky lantern.

The political economy of the master of the turnpike thus expressed itself.

"How goes turnpike business, master?" said I to him, as he sat in his little porch, repairing a shoe.

"It don't go at all, master," said he to me. "It's stopped."

"That's bad," said I.

"Bad?" he repeated. And he pointed to one of his sunburnt dusty children who was climbing the turnpike-gate, and said, extending his open right hand in remonstrance with Universal Nature. "Five on 'em!"

"But how to improve Turnpike business?" said I.

"There's a way, master," said he, with the air of one who had thought deeply on the subject.

"I should like to know it."

"Lay a toll on everything as comes through; lay a toll on walkers. Lay another toll on everything as don't come through; lay a toll on them as stops at home."

"Would the last remedy be fair?"

"Fair? Them as stops at home, could come through if they liked; couldn't they?"

"Say they could."

"Toll 'em. If they don't come through, it's *their* look out. Anyways,—Toll 'em!"

Finding it was as impossible to argue with this financial genius as if he had been Chancellor of the Exchequer, and consequently the right man in the right place, I passed on meekly.

My mind now began to misgive me that the disappointed coachmaker had sent me on a wild-goose errand, and that there was no post-chaise in those parts. But coming within view of certain allotment-gardens by the roadside, I retracted the suspicion, and confessed that I had done him an injustice. For, there I saw, surely, the poorest superannuated post-chaise left on earth.

It was a post-chaise taken off its axletree and wheels, and plumped down on the clayey soil among a ragged growth of vegetables. It was a post-chaise not even set straight upon the ground, but tilted over, as if it had fallen out of a balloon. It was a post-chaise that had been a long time in those decayed circumstances, and against which scarlet beans were trained. It was a post-chaise patched and mended with old tea-trays, or with scraps of iron that looked like

them, and boarded up as to the windows; but having a KNOCKER on the off-side door. Whether it was a post-chaise used as tool-house, summer-house, or dwelling-house, I could not discover, for there was nobody at home at the post-chaise when I knocked; but it was certainly used for something, and locked up. In the wonder of this discovery, I walked round and round the post-chaise many times, and sat down by the post-chaise, waiting for further elucidation. None came. At last, I made my way back to the old London road by the further end of the allotment-gardens, and consequently at a point beyond that from which I had diverged. I had to scramble through a hedge and down a steep bank, and I nearly came down atop of a little spare man who sat breaking stones by the roadside.

He stayed his hammer, and said, regarding me mysteriously through his dark goggles of wire:

"Are you aware, sir, that you've been trespassing?"

"I turned out of the way," said I, in explanation, "to look at that odd post-chaise. Do you happen to know anything about it?"

"I know it was many a year upon the road," said he.

"So I supposed. Do you know to whom it belongs?"

The stone-breaker bent his brows and goggles over his heap of stones, as if he were considering whether he should answer the question or not. Then, raising his barred eyes to my features as before, he said:

"To me."

Being quite unprepared for the reply, I received it with a sufficiently awkward "Indeed! Dear me!" Presently I added, "Do you——" I was going to say "live there," but it seemed so absurd a question, that I substituted, "live near here?"

The stone-breaker, who had not broken a fragment since we began to converse, then did as follows. He raised himself by poising his figure on his hammer, and took his coat, on which he had been seated, over his arm. He then backed to an easier part of the bank than that by which I had come down, keeping his dark goggles silently upon me all the time, and then shouldered his hammer, suddenly turned, ascended, and was gone. His face was so small, and his goggles were so large, that he left me wholly uninformed as to his countenance; but he left me a profound impression that the curved legs I had seen from behind as he vanished, were the legs of an old postboy. It was not until then that I noticed he had been working by a grass-grown milestone, which looked like a tombstone erected over the grave of the London road.

My dinner-hour being close at hand, I had no leisure to pursue the goggles or the subject then, but made my way back to the Dolphin's Head. In the gateway I found J. Mellows, looking at nothing, and apparently experiencing that it failed to raise his spirits.

"I don't care for the town," said J. Mellows, when I complimented him on the sanitary advantages it may or may not possess; "I wish I had never seen the town!"

"You don't belong to it, Mr. Mellows?"

"Belong to it!" repeated Mellows. "If I didn't belong to a better style of town than this, I'd take and drown myself in a pail." It then occurred to me that Mellows, having so little to do, was habitually thrown back on his internal resources—by which I mean the Dolphin's cellar.

"What we want," said Mellows, pulling off his hat, and making as if he emptied it of the last load of Disgust that had exuded from his brain, before he put it on again for another load; "what we want, is a Branch. The Petition for the Branch Bill is in the coffee-room. Would you put your name to it? Every little helps."

I found the document in question stretched out flat on the coffee-room table by the aid of certain weights from the kitchen, and I gave it the additional weight of my uncommercial signature. To the best of my belief, I bound myself to the modest statement that universal traffic, happiness, prosperity, and civilisation, together with unbounded national triumph in competition with the foreigner, would infallibly flow from the Branch.

Having achieved this constitutional feat, I asked Mr. Mellows if he could grace my dinner with a pint of good wine? Mr. Mellows thus replied:

"If I couldn't give you a pint of good wine, I'd—there!—I'd take and drown myself in a pail. But I was deceived when I bought this business, and the stock was higgledy-piggledy, and I haven't yet tasted my way quite through it with a view to sorting it. Therefore, if you order one kind and get another, change till it comes right. For what," said Mellows, unloading his hat as before, "what would you or any gentleman do, if you ordered one kind of wine and was required to drink another? Why, you'd (and naturally and properly, having the feelings of a gentleman), you'd take and drown yourself in a pail!"

CONSOLIDATE THE STATUTES!

We are accustomed to dilate upon our English law a little boastfully; its magnificence, its grandeur, its nobleness, its admirable adaptability of means to end, which end it reaches, in spite of a few overlying cobwebs, whose existence is magnanimously conceded. We boast how, of all systems in this world of systems, it does the fullest and completest justice, though sometimes (again handsomely conceded) working a little cumbrously in the process; how it is open to the poor man as well as to the rich man, with perhaps, if anything, a greater degree of openness for the poor man; without, of course, taking any heed of the remark of Horne Tooke to the Chief Justice, reminding him of that splendid platitude, "So is

the London Tavern, my lord!" We do admit a certain old fashion in details, and a rather halting gait in certain particulars; but it is the old fashion of reverence, of majesty, of antiquity, which we shall ever cherish and tolerate fondly. This, in short, is the system which is held to be as nearly perfect as anything here below *can* be—which has, in short, been named complacently the Perfection of Human Reason. Wretched foreign countries have been furnished with certain miserable pretences—narrow meagre tyrannous laws, shaped exactly as might be expected from foreengineering principles, and expounded by officials dressed like the notaries who sign contracts in operas, and wear Caps of Maintenance. That clap-trap code Napoleon we smile at, as a sort of true Frenchman's theatrical device—a flashy affectation of simplicity, for all practical purposes worthless, merely meant to impose on other countries. As for Italy, Germany, and the general "ruck" of nations, they have only a system of police, varnished over into a sort of sham legislation.

For so absolute a perfection, however, it is a little indistinct, and, in its geography, a good deal uncertain. The intelligent foreign jurist, imbued with some barbarous theories gathered in his own district, will be apt to associate brevity, simplicity, and a certain easy accessibility, with his poor notion of perfection. But graver difficulties will naturally arise as to how this Perfection is to be brought before him. Her dimensions are so tremendous, and, worse than all, so straggling and irregular, that no tolerable view can be obtained of her proportions save under the conditions of a good series of years' study. Perhaps the readiest course would be to take the intelligent foreigner into one of the huge law libraries, and bid him look round; for that the Perfection hovers somewhere indistinctly in all that immensity. It must be taken all in all without subtraction; a portion would be unfaithful, and give only an incomplete view. But let his eyes range from shelf to shelf; let him admire in secret wonder those huge rows of folios, those regiments of the line drawn up in regular order and discipline, and to be numbered by thousands; and let *us* look on with a secret complacency while he is thus overpowered by the immensity and dignity of our Perfection of Human Wisdom.

Still this majestic spectacle, of itself, will scarcely help the foreign jurist to a comprehension of the theory or interior structure of our glorious system. Where is he to begin? It is scarcely fair to point to any special work, which is no more than a brick of the universal Babel. We must offer him all, and not a fragment: he must have the whole library or none. Stay, a happy thought occurs. There are the works of a certain ripe lawyer, who wrote famous commentaries on the laws of England, in four octavo volumes. Here is the key to the whole. Here is the essence in compact form, or compressed legal cake, exactly the thing for the intelligent foreigner. We take them down rejoicing, put them into his hands,

and leave him engrossed with the clear style and cold comprehensive views of

BLACKSTONE'S COMMENTARIES.

Allowing the foreign student a reasonable time to consider the theories of this excellent work, we return to hear what he has to say. The intelligent foreigner runs to meet us with delight, and with his finger on a curious passage: "Mon Dieu! Le drôle! Quel galimatias!" and other exclamations of a comic astonishment. He is infinitely delighted with a sort of legal pantomime, called "suffering a recovery," an elaborate trick for disposing of an estate, in which seller and buyer take sham parts; the seller, calling in a party known as "the common vouchee," craving leave of the court to "imparl" with him "in private," which is, as usual, "allowed him." And "soon after the demandant or buyer returns to court, but the vouchee" (played always by the crier) "disappears, or makes default; whereupon judgment is given for the demandant," &c. Then the aggrieved seller, for whom the absent *vouchee* vouched, has indeed a remedy for his lands thus lost by the default of the crier, in the shape of a judgment to recover lands of equal value off the crier alluded to, &c.

For many centuries, as our intelligent foreigner will find, this little drama was regularly set on the boards and played out when a particular sort of estate had to change hands. It is quite in tone with the spirit of the laws; it is bound up with their essence. There are treatises, reports, cases; the theory is sacred, and ramifies over the country in every muniment room—in deeds, family settlements, and what not. Our bewildered stranger is anxious to know about this sacred principle, and with serious embarrassment we have to inform him that the whole sacred mystery was by the stroke of a pen abolished one day in a year of our Lord within the memory of many a flourishing "Junior," with all the sacred cases, reports, and decision which hung by it. And, more remarkable still, its disappearance was unattended with the slightest inconvenience; people who wished to dispose of an estate merely setting down on paper that they wished so to dispose of it. We therefore send back our foreigner to his studies with this caution: to eliminate all such theories and statements as he may light on in reference to fines and recoveries. This will clear away from the shelves a great many ancient volumes—*dicta* cases and reports. How much, no unprofessional person can form an idea of; it being one of the pillars of English conveyancing, and has actually grown into a common-place of conversation.

Presently he comes to us again, bewildered by what the great Blackstone calls "the *mutual altercations*" between parties at law; that is, the wonderful system of pleading, singular and intricate. Thus he finds the plaintiff begins with his Declaration or Count, voluminous and wordy, and spread over many skins of parchment, to which the defendant answers by a Plea, equally voluminous and wordy, and spread over many skins. Then, if plaintiff has more to say,

or thinks defence insufficient, he *replies* with a *replication* in many skins; and if defendant takes the same view of plaintiff's replication, he *rejoins* in a Rejoinder of many skins. If, again, the rejoinder is unsatisfactory, plaintiff has a fresh stroke in the shape of a *surrejoinder*, which is met again by a *rebutter*; and for this Roland Rebutter, defendant is of course entitled to an Oliver in the shape of a *surrebutter*.

These little exercises, all spread over a certain acreage of skins, are voluminous, bristling with points, rocks, shoals, dangers, niceties of all sorts, and requiring the most exquisite pilotage and legal seamanship on the part of the pleader. The exquisite distinctions, fine drawings, hair-splittings, dancings on the points of needles, fill volumes and series of volumes. Brains have gradually worn away by detrition in pleaders' offices; grand and splendid suits have stood, or fallen, or been lamentably shipwrecked on "points of pleading;" years and years of precious public time have been consumed in discussing their exquisite subtleties. In short, if it had been put to Lord Mansfield, or to Mr. Charles Butler of Lincoln's Inn, or to their spirits, by the intelligent foreigner, what they deemed the web and tissue of British law, which could not be separated without destruction of the whole fabric, they would have answered reasonably—pleading! It turns up in every corner. Regiment after regiment of reports deal with it. It is the salt of the law. And yet we have the mortification of being obliged to tell the intelligent foreigner that of another morning in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and fifty, another stroke of a pen swept away the whole gigantic system—rejoinders, surrejoinders, surrebutters and all. Mr. Charles Butler of Lincoln's Inn, and all his excellent refinements; the shelves of reports, the *talkee-talkee* of finesse of judges—the learning, the hair-splitting, the dancing upon needles, the breaking of flies upon wheels—the whole embodying some tons of text books, precedents, and reports—all went overboard in a second. Somebody made the extraordinary discovery that it was, on the whole, simpler that the plaintiff should set down clearly on a small sheet what he complained of, and that the defendant should set down as clearly, and on as small a sheet, what he had to say in reply. Wonderful to relate, our legal system survived this dislocation, and within a few months was running smoothly before the wind. Again must the intelligent foreigner be directed not to burden his mind with this lumber; again must he avoid certain shelves, and winnow out of reports and text books all allusions that bear on that defunct matter.

But the truth is, there is nothing that has been so changed, and shaped, and altered, as this wonderful imperishable law of ours. Portions of the structure that seemed essential, and to touch which would bring the whole edifice down, have been removed with as little ceremony as a whole house is "underpinned," and a shop-front taken out. If there was anything that we took our stand upon, it was

the grand English system of "conveyancing"—that wonderful science elaborated with prodigious art, with all its attendant incidents of *uses*, lease and release, estates for Life, for Years, and in Fee, and the tremendous science of Contingent remainders. What was that artful, yet mysterious, device known as a lease and release, "first invented by Serjeant Moore soon after the statute of Uses, and now" (in Sir W. Blackstone's time) "the most common of any, and therefore not to be shaken, though very great lawyers" (particularly Mr. Roy, Attorney-General to Charles the First) "have formerly doubted its validity?" The point of that pleasant device lies in the making of two voluminous instruments, by the first of which the purchaser pretends to become merely a tenant to the seller for one year. This relationship being duly perfected by all formalities, next day a new instrument is prepared, releasing to the tenant the regular freehold; and this was done to satisfy the scruples of the law, which deemed a person in possession only as fitted to receive the sacred boon of a feeoffment. There were, besides, thirteen other modes of "leasing" property from one party to another, all of the most artful and ingenious sort—namely, by Bargain and Sale, Covenant to stand seised, statute of uses, &c.; when suddenly, a few years back, it occurred to some straightforward minds that, instead of these elaborate tricks, perhaps the simple course would be for the seller to convey his land by a plain deed; and so, with another stroke of a pen, all the bargains and sales, and leases and releases, which "Serjeant Moore" so craftily invented—that most intricate machinery in the world—passed away quietly, and has never been missed. It took with it many more tons weight of practice books, precedents yards long, dissertations by "eminent" pleaders, and countless discourses of still more eminent judges, construing with much nicety all knotty points. Would that it could have taken with it the hours of unprofitable drudgery, the weary days and nights of worn pleaders and weary draughtsmen, sitting through the long night and fitting Serjeant Moore's ingenious trick of lease and release to the exigencies of the special case before them! It is not too much to say, that the deeds constructed on these intricate "lines" of lease and release are to be counted by the hundred thousand.

Gravely, and with a certain pride, we tell our intelligent foreigner "we are unwilling that the laws of England should be changed." How grandly rings out that sentence! And in the same breath we invite his attention to the department of Irish Chancery. What the process was for foreclosure of mortgage, and how it took about a lifetime on the average to sell an estate (sometimes three lifetimes, sometimes half a lifetime; so that, on the whole, a lifetime would be about a fair average), has been set out pretty fully in preceding numbers of this journal. How, for long suits, searchers and burrowings in Masters' offices, and cumbersome deeds, was substituted one

single skin of parchment, which, curious to say, *was found to answer equally well*, is now matter of history. Still this has had the effect of further clearing the shelves for the researches of our intelligent foreigner.

But the fact is, the whole spirit of the law is change. Nearly every portion of it has been meddled with, gutted, pulled down, widened, narrowed, or altered in certain respects. Chancery? Only a few years ago the whole system was "regulated" and remodelled. Common law? Some twelve years ago, it was altogether "razéed," as they say of ships, cut to the very water's edge, and built again afresh. Gone, now, the precious "forms of action," the "counts in formodon," the "declaration" of quare impedit and quare clausum, and a host more. Gone, too, those useful persons of the family of Roe (familiar John and Richard), who did such good service in ejections. With what face could we explain to the inquisitive foreigner, the function of these auxiliaries, or the absurd childishness of that fiction long permitted to disgrace our law? Would he be more inclined to pity, or to laugh, when he was told that every one bringing an ejection had first to proceed, not against his tenant, but against an imaginary person of the name of Roe (Richard), and must proceed, not in his own character, but by the agency of another imaginary person, Doc (John)?

"Subscribed to this declaration," says Serjeant Stephen, "is a notice in the form of a letter from the fictitious defendant to the tenant in possession, apprising the latter of the nature and object of the proceeding, and *advising him to appear* in court the next term, to defend his possession. Accordingly, the next term, the tenant obtains a rule of court allowing him to be made defendant, instead of Richard Roe, upon certain terms," &c. These, says Serjeant Stephen, naively, "are fictions invented and upheld by the courts for the convenience of justice." It was astonishing the niceties involved in the use and proper manipulation of these sham characters, who might imperil the whole case. Yet one day the whole disappeared together, the waters covered John Doe and Richard Roe; with these vanished also Mr. Thrustout. And, strange to say, the "convenience of justice" has never for one instant been imperilled. So with wills; the whole procedure of which has been altered and repaired, and an enormous bulk of labour and learning made useless. So with Chancery procedure, wholly remodelled, and not to be recognised by that splendid legal obstructive, Lord Eldon, were he to return again to his woolsack. So with our procedure at trials, where plaintiff and defendant may now be questioned upon oath. So with bankruptcy; so with juries, whose wild vagaries have been wisely cut down and held in check by various processes. In short, the whole has changed, and is changing; and now the cunning legal artificers, trowel in hand, are actually casting about for fresh mutation. The law-offices of the crown are filled with schemes, and their pigeon-holes bursting with undeveloped projects.

This is scarcely encouraging for our intelligent foreigner. But we may, at least, take our inquiring Frenchman up to the splendid array of our *written* "unwritten law," and introduce him to the tremendous army of

THE REPORTS.

The progress of the model Briton is directed in the way he should go, by two species of public guides: one, the plain palpable act of parliament; the other, a sort of custom, or common law, which is transmitted through the heads of a series of grand "mystery-men," and has no tangible existence whatever. As they, however, are supposed to have the secret of this airy code which is transmitted from one to the other, there are certain skilled scribes always present, who carefully note down and record whatever drops from the mouths of the great mystery-men. As the tradition is always supposed to be the same, when one of their sages is about to expound the law, whatever one of his predecessors has said on the subject is read, and pressed upon him, and so he decides. Those platoons of volumes, almost uncountable, contain more true and false reasoning, more law and no law, more gold of sense and rubbish of nonsense, more knowledge of human nature, more grand principles, more brilliant essays, than are to be found in any series in the world. Yet the whole is an overpowering mass of wild disorder and confusion: a perfect jungle of repetitions, statements, re-statements, denials, qualifications, and even *conversations*. Like the statutes, a huge portion has become useless by alteration or abolition of what it deals with.

To set our intelligent foreigner at large in such a prairie, would be idle. There is neither beginning nor end, top, bottom, nor middle. It is incomplete at this hour, and as far as ever from completion, for it seems likely that *every case*, no matter how stale in principle, or how familiar to all, is to have the honours of being reported afresh. The books, therefore, groan with verbiage—wholesale, indiscriminating verbiage and repetition.

The theory of reporting is this. It is desirable that our impalpable common law should be, as nearly as possible, constant and unchangeable, and that each judge should decide on the same principle as his predecessor. These reports become the guides and evidence of what *has* been the law, and are, as such, very valuable. Valuable, too, as preserving the expositions of eminent judges, who have actually often by a single judgment on a perplexing point "settled" the state of the law. But it can be no profit to load the page with desultory conversations between bench and bar, with interruptions, questions, "possible cases," which are really no more than mere experiments made by the judge for "testing" the question, and helping his mind to arrive at some conclusion. As "dicta" and sentiments "thrown out" by judges of eminence in the course of argument carry a certain weight, they are often wrested violently from the context and imported into a sinking case, and stop

an enlarging leak. British judges are sadly overworked, and this appeal to authority, if a really fair precedent is presented to them, does indeed save the trouble and weariness of a decision on personal responsibility. There is no question that the counsel who comes freighted with a case "Pat" and "All Fours" in point with the one before the court, has a tremendous vantage-ground. The court is "coerced" by the authority.

Far more wisely do they order this matter in France. The famous code, at its threshold, forbids judges deciding cases purely on authority, but requires each to be judged according to the spirit of the code, as it seems to suit the case itself. Judges are assisted by reports of previous cases on the same point, but are not bound by them. The result is, that French suitors have never to listen to so distressing a declaration as sometimes comes from the British bench. "This seems a hard case, and, if I were called on to decide the question now, for the first time, I should not hesitate; but I am bound by the authority; I have no choice." Sometimes judges are found manly enough to break these fetters, as Lord Mansfield courageously did on several occasions, declaring that he could not accept the case quoted, as law, and that he declined to be bound by it. It is incalculable the influence a few of these bold instances have had upon the system, and from what anarchy they have rescued it.

Counsel, too, who are really seeking to discover what the law is—no simple task under the most favourable circumstances—are bewildered by the lavishness of the information showered on them by these reports. They count up cases with infinite difficulty, cases with deceitful lying titles, which seem to settle definitely their own especial case; and, after wading through what amounts to a large treatise, find that it is a barefaced illusion, and has only an apparent reference to the point. More disheartening still, it will be found to deal with a point that has been over and over again fought, debated, conquered, and decided. The old principle is at the bottom, but the reporter has been misled by a cloud of bewildering particulars. There is a famous statute of Charles the Second's, known as the Statute of Frauds, which regulates all commercial transactions, and which decides that agreements above certain values must be in writing. This important condition has been argued, contested, strained, weakened, strengthened, weakened again, in many thousands of cases. After over a hundred years' working—namely, in the year 1785—a certain painstaking Mr. Harrison collected all the cases into a Digest, and boiled down and extracted from a multitude of decisions what was really the meaning of the act. By that time the unfortunate statute had surely been twisted and elongated, and stretched in every direction, and had been tried and fitted to almost every conceivable case. Still, for eighty years—that is, *since* the Digest—the old difficulties and old cases have been put forward in thousands, disguised, of course, more or less

artfully, and have blocked up the reporting books with tedious repetition.

This evil might, indeed, be tolerated, but one of the consequences of this idle repetition and endless flux of language (as, indeed, often happens in the case of a talkative private person) is contradiction and inconsistency. Thus, the anxious student has his labour often encouraged by some such discovery as this: "This doctrine would appear to be pretty firmly established. See *Barkis v. Gamp*, 6 Clup and Bard, p. 216; *Toots v. Swiveller*, 3 Badg., p. 30. But see, contra, *Pumblechook v. Codlin*, 26 Rudge; and *Tapley v. Chuzzlewit*, 1 Pendennis and Warrington's Reports." Here are authorities directly clashing.

Sometimes "authority" grows up in the most irregular fashion conceivable. A counsel is arguing in support of his pleading, when Mr. Justice Stareleigh, whose weak spot has always been pleading, and is anxious to vindicate his reputation in that direction, interposes pleasantly:

"I am not so sure, Mr. Boshley, that if your pleading had covered the second count, I should have been inclined to go with you."

"MR. JUSTICE WOODCOCK.—The proper course, after all, might have been to have demurred generally."

"MR. JUSTICE BOYLES.—I am not so sure that that would have avoided the difficulty."

Years after, when Boshley, Q.C., has worn out his eyes, and worn off his hair, or is, perhaps, enjoying premature retirement in Kensal-green, being worn out generally by his pleadings, a nice point arises, and we hear the voice of a counsel quoting a valuable obiter dictum of Mr. Justice Stareleigh, "than whom no more distinguished lawyer ever," &c.

Already has the evil begun to excite attention, and various schemes have been proposed in the direction of a reform. Many of the oldest reports are comprised in half a dozen lines, which is a merit. But what makes the older reports—not the oldest—of special value is the fact that they were drawn by experienced lawyers, who knew the law thoroughly. Now they are the work of young barristers, for whom it is excellent training, but for the profession proportionate disadvantage. One of the happiest devices for simplifying the labour of noting and "abstracting" is the "notanda," which has been recently introduced by an ingenious counsel, Mr. Tenison Edwards, and which consists of what may be likened to little legal "postage stamps," each stamp containing a legal point and "decided cases," which the studious practitioner fixes adhesively to the margin of the page of his Text Book.

But we take our intelligent foreigner over to that row of noble folios and quartos known as

THE STATUTES AT LARGE.

Here at least is what may be called plain sailing and clear pilotage. Here are the things which are to be done, and the things to be left undone; simple directions and warnings. Here is for our

foreigner the whole law parliamentary; awfully voluminous, it is true, yet still tangible and complete. We are proud of this glorious and bulky monument. Yes, but let us look into it a little closer.

This enormous lump of written law, consists of nearly fifty thousand acts of parliament, which regulate every conceivable relation of men and women. Some of these are perfect treatises, and some regular codes of laws. Some in terms say distinctly, thou shalt not go from Jericho to Jerusalem, and some in terms say as distinctly, thou shalt go from Jericho to Jerusalem. There is no common spirit or consistency through the whole, but each is complete and dependent on itself. It is like a long-lived child, who has been chattering inconsistently for centuries, and without regard to what it said but a moment before.

As may be well conceived, this mass does not regulate our life at the present time; and certainly life that had to be governed by fifty thousand statutes would soon become a burden. It is obvious that a large portion has been repealed in terms, or virtually; and accordingly, when the Lord Chancellor, in '54, set some careful plodding men to grope their way up these cellars and disused sewers, like legal nightmen, the startling discovery was made, that of the forty thousand statutes (*then* in existence), nearly eleven thousand were either obsolete, repealed, or had expired; somewhere about fourteen thousand were what are called private acts—namely, for private persons and private estates, and of no interest whatever to the nation; many more were local acts, relating to districts and towns; many more were confined exclusively to Ireland and Scotland (but these a very insignificant total); and finally, out of the huge boiling, a deposit came to the bottom, of purely public acts, belonging to the kingdom strictly, only a total of some two thousand five hundred—possibly by this time reaching to three thousand. The rest might all be skimmed away.

No one can have an idea of the Augean state of these legal stables. Of the statutes positively and in terms repealed, not a word is to be said: they are honestly eliminated from the mass. But there is an enormous company of statutes virtually obsolete, or practically repealed, which sleep, and are not wakened by a sort of tacit consent, but which are still statutes, and technically law of the land. There are certain old penal laws which come under this head, and certain eminent injunctions, almost comic from their old fashion. To be logical, these should either be put in force or shovelled away by stout law navvies. This, however, is more an inconvenience of mere form than any practical awkwardness. But the real glaring defect takes a more serious shape. There are acts which in expression and meaning *virtually* repeal acts that have gone before, and there are acts which in spirit and intention are virtually hostile to other acts that have gone before. Bacon, with a wonderful wisdom, has alluded to this bungling order of law manufacture, when

he denounces "leaving on the statute-book acts which are at variance with the spirit of the times in which we live," and adds, forcibly, that "we ought not to have the living in the arms of the dead."

These disorders, in fact, arise from the clumsy unsatisfactory way in which the process of manufacturing statutes is conducted. "Drawing" an act requires peculiar mental powers, and the nicest and most delicate logical faculty, the most careful study and research, and the labour of weeks; above all, a real practical experience as to the working of other acts; for nothing is so fallacious as speculation in reference to the use of clauses, which may be theoretically excellent, but in practice get hopelessly jammed, and refuse to move. This perilous function is often put into the hands of young barristership—barely beyond the legal grub state—as a little piece of training, well meant, but fatal to the national interests. But a yet more damaging result ensues from the wholesale fashion in which an act is dealt with by the six hundred and odd legislators who are entitled to furnish straw and bricks for the statutory Temple of Babel. Any one who watches a bill through the House, and sees how clause after clause is debated, broken up, repaired, altered, and generally tinkered, and sent out damaged in sense and English, will not be surprised to learn how many bills after this process become utterly unintelligible and confused, and are withdrawn as worthless. The instance of, say a Tenant Right Bill, or a Fishery Bill, where innumerable hostile interests have to be met and battled with, where, after a battle of some hours, a sop is grudgingly thrown to Hostile Interest No. 1, who would otherwise shipwreck the measure, and a compromise made with Hostile Interest No. 2, who has artfully disguised his clause, will eventually end in a series of set-offs and compensations, which make the measure utterly feeble, and of no possible influence whatever.

More comical results ensue in a really good act, from hurry, and the confusion of many law-makers. Such are exactly analogous to that famous local prison act, one clause of which decreed that the new jail was to be constructed out of the materials of the old, while another clause declared that the felons should be detained in the old jail until the new one was completed!

The remedy for all these evils must be large, as the evil is large. First, there must be a thorough winnowing, sifting, and purification of our fifty thousand statutes. All the mere shoddy and cinders of repealed, obsolete, and expired statutes must be gathered and "shot" into the most convenient dustbin. This is mere hodmen's work. Then skilled hands may be brought in, and the business of *consolidation*, which is practically codification, may be set about. All acts made at different periods, and dealing arbitrarily with one subject, should be brought together, pruned, made consistent and harmonious, and fashioned into *single acts*. The experiment has been already

made in detached instances with wonderful results. Early in George the Third's reign an attempt of this sort was made with the highway acts. A gentleman, by way of experiment, very recently moulded all the poor-law acts, with their maze of enactments, repeals, and re-enactments, into a single act of only one hundred and sixty clauses. And as a more important instance, the criminal law of England and Ireland was only yesterday, with very little labour, thus consolidated into a convenient shape. A mass that straggled over innumerable monster folios, that floundered through centuries, that spread and spent itself far and near, shrunk into logical shape and a perfect "handy book"—and a very small handy book, too. There is no reason why this should not be done wholesale. Why is this wholesome and obvious scheme delayed? There is a curious little history attached to a certain fresh attempt made in this direction some ten years ago: fresh, it may be said, because, indeed, it is but one of a series. With the accustomed parliamentary flourish, a commission was ushered in: there was an enormous flux of talk, a great deal of print, a good deal more of "minutes," a chief commissioner appointed, and a number of good young eager equity draught-horses engaged; there were meetings and more "minutes," and public moneys voted with annual steadiness. The work was by courtesy supposed to be going on bravely. It now turns out that nothing has been done. All the skilled legal labour that could be got was appointed to supervise the business; but as this consisted of "eminent" overworked barristers, and "eminent" overworked law-officers and judges, it may be conceived that the supervision was of the most slender and intermittent description. A strange arrangement had been concluded with the equity draught-horses engaged, who were given to understand that their occupation might be terminated at a moment's warning; but, by way of compensation, they were only expected to devote to this pleasant bit of legal trifling such moments as they might feel inclined to spare from more important professional labours. Presently, the working hands fell out among themselves as to the principle on which the work was to be conducted, and wrote smart pamphlets against each other. The only element that seemed to enjoy a healthy vitality was the chief commissioner, who, at a fixed salary, rose calmly above all incidents of discord or inefficiency. Finally, the whole thing died out tranquilly (save the chief commissioner) by that pleasant inaction common to other commissions, leaving behind it the unpleasant undefined flavour of a brackish jobbery.

The Lord Chancellor has now come forward with one of those brilliant, complete, and finished schemes, which are to law, what Mr. Gladstone's periods are to finance. He proposes dealing with the reports as well as the statutes, and turning his labouring men—his architects, masons, carvers, and decorators—into the old dilapidated legal Seven Dials.

The whole task of consolidation has been made

too much of a legal Bogie. Every time it has been tried it has been found to succeed. It has been done in the various states of America; in India, where, perhaps, it is not much known that the late Lord Macaulay laboured at the task; in France, and in other countries. In these places the citizen can place the laws of his country among his books, and read them with profit and instruction, as he would history or memoirs; for, strange to say, legal refinements and distinctions can be expressed in tolerably intelligible language without danger to the state. The principle was happily recognised in the new law of pleading, introduced here in 1850, and which set out with the novel declaration that the defence is "to be stated in ordinary language, without repetition, and as concisely as is consistent with clearness." Nay, in the Indian code, short definitions are given—popular glosses and comments—to help the unprofessional mind.

But, after getting our old houses into order, and decent repair, the next stage is to see after what pattern we shall build our new houses. When the wooden town of Hamburg was burnt to the ground, it was wisely provided that all new tenements should be constructed of unflammable material. We, too, must build no more wooden houses. But if the old legislative tinkering of laws by six hundred and odd parliamentary tinkers—and these, too, tinkers not even skilled in tinkering—be tolerated, the old nuisances will grow up around us again; the old process will make the old acts over again. The remedy has been frequently insisted on, specially by Mr. Napier, who used to move annually for the appointment of a minister of justice. Here is the *true* remedy. A controlling official power, whether it take the shape of a minister or ministry, an office, a committee, a board, or even the awful machinery of a Department—a somebody or something, that when a measure is about to be introduced would see that it is legally "ship-shape," inconsistent with nothing that has gone before; a somebody or something to watch over it, supervise the parliamentary "tinkering," and report of its fitness in spirit and form to be added to the existing laws.

THE MURDER OF FUALDÈS.

At daybreak, on the 20th March, 1817, a woman, following a path on the banks of the river Aveyron (department of La Gironde), very near Rodez, saw, revolving in the eddy caused by a mill, some dark object, which a closer inspection proved to be the body of a man. Having got assistance from the mill, the body was dragged out, and was at once recognised as that of M. Fualdès, a retired magistrate. Information was immediately given, and the authorities of Rodez, accompanied by two medical men, proceeded to make an examination of the body. On removing the cravat, the throat was found to be fearfully cut, and further examination showed that strangulation had

not preceded the infliction of the wound; no other wounds were found on the body. The absence of all signs of a struggle, and the nature of the wound inflicted, pointed to more than one murderer. Who could the assassins be? Although M. Fualdès had filled the office of public accuser, no incidents in his judicial career were known that could have given rise to an act of vengeance so deadly. Moreover, he had retired into private life since the Restoration. It was therefore to the circumstances of his private life that attention was directed. It was found that on the previous evening, March 19th, at eight o'clock, he had left home, alleging an appointment, and, taking with him a parcel believed to contain bills for a considerable amount, representing in part the value of some land he had lately sold. Judging from what he himself had stated in the course of the day, the object of his appointment was supposed to be the negotiation of these bills. All this pointed to a planned robbery. Other facts threw light on the locality of the crime. A walking-stick, identified as the property of Fualdès, had been picked up on the evening of the 19th at the corner of the Rue des Hebdomadiers. A handkerchief, twisted as if it had been used as a gag, had also been found in the same street. Several persons had been observed on the look-out in and about this street; two players on the hurdy-gurdy had been noticed playing persistently from eight to nine o'clock; whistles, cries, signals, had been heard. The noise of a struggle and stifled groans were also spoken to.

The Rue des Hebdomadiers once indicated, suspicion immediately fell upon the Bancais, the principal lodgers in a house having the worst reputation. An examination showed blood-stains on several objects, and traces of recent washing in the rooms on the ground floor occupied by these people. The family consisted of father, mother, Marianne, a girl of eighteen, and three young children. The parents, their eldest daughter, and Colard, living on the second floor with Anne Benoît, were arrested. Although there was every reason to believe that all these persons had been concerned in the murder, yet it was evident that they could not have originated it. In whose interest could the murder have been done? Rumour pointed to Bastide-Grammont, a merchant of Rodez, and a distant relation and godson of the murdered man. This Bastide was a man of very unusual height. Several witnesses deposed to meeting, on the night of the 19th, a group of men carrying, on a sort of stretcher, some heavy object. Some persons, who had shown curiosity about the object of this procession, had been knocked down by a giant marching at its head. Bastide was known, by his previous admissions, to have been in debt to Fualdès to the extent of about ten thousand francs, and he had been heard, on the 19th, speaking to Fualdès of a rendezvous for the evening, promising, in words which had now a terrible meaning, to settle his account. The discovery of a visit paid by Bastide to the house

of Fualdès early on the morning of the 20th, during which he had ransacked the drawers of the magistrate, decided his arrest. Jausion, another relative, a banker, known to be mixed up with Fualdès in business matters, his wife, and Madame Galtier, a sister of Bastide, were also captured. Meanwhile, a porter, named Bousquier, had let fall, while drinking in a public-house, that on the night of the 19th he had been employed to carry a bale which he had been told contained contraband tobacco. On being questioned by the police, he pointed out one Bach as his employer. Both were taken into custody. Another arrest was made on March the 28th. Missonnier, a cutler, habitually allowed a beggar to sleep in a stable, in the Rue des Hebdomadiers, belonging to him. This man stated that on the 19th he went to bed earlier than his wont, that about eight o'clock he heard a noise as of men dragging a body, and that the door of the stable was leaned against, as if it had been expected to find it open. This seemed to implicate Missonnier, a half idiot, whose stable was to have been probably borrowed for the deed. Every effort was made to extract a confession from Bousquier, the porter, who seemed to be the least guilty. He at last stated that, hired by Bach to carry a bale of tobacco, he had been taken to the house of the Bancals; that he had found there Bancal and his wife, Colard, Missonnier, a woman unknown to him, and two "gentlemen." He was shown a large package done up in a blanket, and with two large wooden bars to carry it by. He was then told that it contained a dead body, and was threatened with death if he breathed a word. They left the house; the tall gentleman, armed with a gun, going in front of four bearers, Colard, Bancal, Bach, and himself; the other, also armed, bringing up the rear with Missonnier. He then described the way they took, his account agreeing with that of the various witnesses. Arrived at the bank of the river, the body was thrown in; and, after fresh injunctions to secrecy accompanied by threats, the gentlemen left them. He identified Bastide, Anne Benoît, Bach, Colard, and the Bancals. About the other of the two "gentlemen" he was uncertain.

So far all seemed clear; but were all the accomplices in custody? The police in vain sought the organ-grinders, who must have been cognisant of the crime. It was found that the police had that night been taken off duty, and M. Constans, the commissaire, was dismissed; no further steps were taken against him at that time. Meanwhile, examinations were constantly going on. One of the little Bancals declared that, through a hole in the bed-curtains, she saw a gentleman laid on the table and murdered. The authorities had, besides, the confession of Bancal. Attacked by a prison fever, and finding himself at the point of death, he made a statement sparing himself, but agreeing in the main with other indications. Having in some sort the character of a religious act, his confession was

not brought forward on the trial. It was in substance as follows:

"Coming home from work about six or half-past on the 19th of March, I heard Missonnier and Bach talking together. Said Missonnier, 'That's his custom; he doesn't come in before nine o'clock, and then he goes straight to bed.' I asked of whom they were speaking? 'Of his beggar,' said Bach; 'and as we want his stable——' 'In an hour, if that'll suit you,' said Missonnier. I noticed one or two organ-grinders in our street, and called my wife's attention to their incessant playing. About a quarter-past eight, Colard came in in a great hurry, and said, 'Why are the children not in bed?' Presently Bach came in and told us to send them to bed, and then went out again. My wife then sent the children to bed. Almost immediately afterwards we heard a great noise, seemingly at a distance, and Colard went out, returning again in two or three minutes. In the interval, some one knocked at the door, and a lady in a shawl and a black veil entered. My wife asked her to sit down. All this while the noise continued; whistles were heard every now and then, and the organs went on as before. The noise approached, and presently there came a violent knocking at our door. The lady, frightened, got up, and my wife shut her into a closet. I opened the street door, Colard holding the candle. We found several men, who were dragging and forcing another, in whom to my surprise I recognised M. Fualdès. Behind him was Bastide. They shut the door. 'In the name of God, what do you want with me?' cried Fualdès. 'What do I want?' returned some one, whom I knew to be Jausion, 'I want your name on these papers.' Fualdès said, 'This is infamous violence.' Bastide asked for an inkstand, and Fualdès wrote on papers presented to him by Jausion. At this time I noticed Bach, Missonnier, Anne Benoît, and Colard. Colard whispered to Bastide, and showed him a knife. Bastide, almost laughing, said, 'Good.' This was the first I had seen that led me to think they would kill him. When Fualdès had done writing, he said, 'Is that all?' and looked round him. 'After what I've done,' said Jausion, 'I know you; you won't spare me.' 'And yet you know that I have spared you,' replied Fualdès: 'And you repent of it?' cried Jausion. 'Why, you see he does,' said Bastide. 'That's like them all,' said Colard; 'because they're rich they think they can do anything.' After this there was a silence. At last Bastide said, 'Come, let's finish!' 'Give me my hat,' said Fualdès. 'Your hat!' said Jausion, and he began to jostle him. Fualdès cried out, 'Do you want to kill me? Ah, Bastide! Ah, Jausion!' They pushed him down. 'Come,' said Bastide, 'we must finish him.' Colard rushed forward with the knife, when Anne Benoît said, 'Baptiste, what are you doing?' He thrust her away, and brandished the knife over her. They took Fualdès by the head and feet, and laid him on the table. I held his feet. I trembled; but my wife told me that

Fualdès was in the wrong, and that our fortune would be made. Then Colard raised the knife. I turned away my head. Fualdès cried out once or twice, and I heard him say, 'Let me make my peace with God.' There was a tub placed to catch the blood, and, as our pig had had no wash, we gave it the blood. By the light of the lamp that my wife held, I saw the curtains of the bed move, and said so. Benoît ran and found our little Magdeleine asleep. Bastide offered us four or five hundred francs to allow her to be killed. My wife made me signs to consent, but I refused. We had now to dispose of Fualdès's body. We tied it up in a sheet and blanket. Bach said he had a porter ready. Bastide wished to put the package in the closet (in which, unknown to him, the lady was), in order that the porter might not see what it was. On opening the door, he cried out in an awful voice, 'What's this? We're all discovered. Don't let's neglect our safety.' The lady cried out, 'I've seen nothing; I know nothing.' 'That shows,' said Bastide, 'that she's seen and knows everything.' Bastide and Colard were for killing her: but Jausion declared that if any one touched her he would have to answer it to him. They gave way. Bach was for her taking an oath. 'Bah!' said Bastide. 'What's an oath? Words. We must frighten her, and swear to her that if she ever lets it be supposed that she came here to-day, she is a dead woman. Do you hear?' turning round, and in a terrible voice, 'If you speak, you die, either by knife, poison, water, or fire. You die!' he repeated, in so dreadful a voice that we were all frightened. Jausion then led her out. Bach also went out, both returning shortly, Bach bringing his porter. The package was still on the table. 'Is that your bale?' said the porter. 'I can't manage it by myself.' 'We'll help you,' said Bach, 'but it's not tobacco.' 'No!' said Bastide, in a big voice, 'it's not tobacco; it's a dead body.' The porter shuddered. 'You tremble! Be at ease. And let me tell all, that the first who takes it into his head to speak of what has passed, is passing, or is going to pass, will speak his own doom. Silence or death!' Colard promised for all; we repeated the oath after him. Bastide and Jausion made us repeat it after we had thrown the body into the river." Bancal's confession concluded with an account of the transport of the body, in substance the same as that of Bousquier. He died the day after making it.

It got to be known in the town that some unknown female had, probably unintentionally, witnessed the murder. Who was it? Rumour was busy with several names in a manner not at all pleasant to the owners. But, on the 29th of July, M. Clémantot, an officer, let fall expressions which showed that he knew who it was. The friends of a lady, whose name had been mentioned, at once called on him to state all that he knew, and the matter coming to the ears of the prefect, Clémantot declared that a Madame Manzon had herself told him that she

was in the house of the Bancals on the 19th. This Madame Manzon, separated from her husband, was living with her only child. The daughter of M. Enjalran, a respected magistrate, her conduct had forfeited her position in the best society at Rodez, to which, however, she still held on loosely. At the request of her father, she was privately questioned by the prefect. It would be impossible, in anything like a reasonable space, to give an account of the strange conduct of this woman. The prayers and threats of her father, the entreaties of the prefect, confrontations with Clémantot, and a visit to the scene of the crime, at last produced an avowal that, being on the evening of the 19th in the Rue des Hebdomadiers, she was alarmed by a noise, and entered the first door she saw—that of the Bancals—and that from the closet into which she was thrust on the entry of the men dragging Fualdès, she had witnessed the murder; that she was sworn to secrecy under threats of death; and that, after wandering about all night, she returned home in the morning so frightened, that for many nights she was obliged to have a little girl to sleep in her room. She added, that she was at the time dressed in man's clothes. Scarcely, however, had she made this declaration, than she retracted it, and on inquiry it appeared that the friends of Bastide had had an interview with her. Day after day she varied her account, and finished by asserting that the whole story was a pure invention of Clémantot's. Thus matters went on: the interest of the public being constantly kept at a high pitch by the vagaries of Madame Manzon, who came to be known as Madame Mensonge: and by an attempted escape of the principal prisoners.

At length, on the 18th of August, the trial came on before the Court of Assizes at Rodez. The prisoners were Bastide, Jausion, his wife, the woman Bancal and her daughter Marianne, Anne Benoît, Colard, Bach, Missonnier, Bousquier, Françoise Galtier, and one other person, the charge against whom was afterwards withdrawn. No fewer than three hundred and twenty witnesses were summoned. The prisoners adopted what is called "the system of denegation," which merely means that they deny their guilt. Bastide called several witnesses to establish an alibi, but he appeared to be the only one for whom a regular defence was attempted. The interest attaching to the confession of Bousquier was wholly lost sight of, when, on the fifth day of the trial, Madame Manzon was called. Expectation was not disappointed. Half avowals, theatrical gestures, entreaties of the court, faintings. At one time a file of soldiers was placed for her protection between herself and the prisoners. The judge, to reassure her, also ordered a sentry to stand guard at the door of her house. But all in vain. She declared that some woman had been present and witnessed the murder, but that she herself never set foot in the house till taken there by the magistrates. Yet she confirmed

beforehand all that certain witnesses were expected to depose, these witnesses being persons to whom she had told her original story. Commissioners appointed to examine into the state of Fualdès's affairs, proved that his estate was in debt to the extent of about forty-three thousand francs. In addition to this sum, bills to the extent of ninety thousand francs had been protested. It was, however, shown, and Jausion himself had admitted, that, by the sale of his land Fualdès should, at the very least, have been in a position to clear all his engagements. What was the origin of all these obligations? M. de Séguret, the buyer of the land, on being requested to give his opinion as to the motive of the crime, supposed that Fualdès had signed bills for Jausion on receiving in exchange a letter of guarantee; and that Fualdès, probably wishing to arrange all his affairs before leaving Rodez after the sale of his land, no course was open to Jausion but the withdrawal of the bills, which he found impossible, or the suppression of the letter of guarantee. To get the key of the drawers where this letter and the books of Fualdès were kept, was therefore of the greatest consequence, and the disappearance of these documents was quite explained by the visit on the morning of the 20th. By the destruction of the books, all trace of the debt of Bastide had also disappeared.

On the 3rd of September, the examination of witnesses was concluded; and on the 12th (the trial having begun on the 18th of August) the jury gave their verdict on upwards of fifty questions submitted to them.

The woman Bancal, Bastide, Jausion, Bach, and Colard, were condemned to death; Missonnier and Benoît to perpetual imprisonment with hard labour; Bousquier to one year's imprisonment and a fine. The others were released.

On appeal, it was found that a part of the form of oath had been omitted in the case of some of the witnesses. The proceedings were therefore quashed, and a new trial was appointed to take place at Alby. Madame Manzon, committed to prison for false evidence, consoled herself by writing her memoirs. In answer to her, Clemandot published his version of the affair; and, from all sides, there was a perfect shower of memoirs, answers, letters, and confidences. The prisoners, too, did what they could to sustain the interest of the drama by again attempting to escape.

The new trial began on the 25th of March, 1818. The witnesses had now increased in number to three hundred and forty.

Bach had resolved to confess, and, in addition to what the others had said, he accused Bessière-Veynac, René, Yence, and Louis Bastide, of having been present at the murder. Madame Manzon was at last, after infinite trouble, and only in a second examination, got to confirm the other declarations by returning to her first account.

The woman Bancal also made a statement tending to exclude herself from all actual participation in the crime. The statement of the little girl, Magdeleine Bancal, received greater development. The law not allowing a child to give evidence against its parents, the deposition of persons to whom this girl had spoken were received. She had said that after being sent to bed on the second floor, she heard a great noise; and that, being curious to know the cause, she slipped down stairs, and got into the bed without being seen. She declared that it was Jausion who gave the first blow, and that Bastide completed the horrible work: Colard and her father holding the feet, and Anne Benoît the tub: her mother stirring the blood with her hand as it fell. She confirmed that part of her father's confession about the offer for her life, and added, that she was sent by her mother on the following morning to her father working in the fields, with a message that he was to do he knew what. She found him employed in digging a hole, which she thought was meant to bury her in. She gave the message, but her father kissed her with tears in his eyes, and bade her be a good girl and go back home. The hole was afterwards made use of, to bury the pig, which had died from drinking the blood. On the 4th of May, the final verdict was found. The woman Bancal, Bastide, Jausion, Colard, and Bach, were condemned to death; Anne Benoît to hard labour for life; Missonnier to a year's imprisonment. Bastide, Jausion, and Colard, only were executed; the sentence of death was commuted in the other cases.

A mystery still hangs over the case. With regard to the motive of the crime, the evidence is by no means clear, although the conjectures of M. de Séguret had great probability to support them. With regard to the actors, we find Madame Manzon declaring that all the guilty were not arrested, and Bach directly naming four other persons. Yence, Constans the police officer, and Bessière-Veynac, were subsequently tried, but each succeeded in establishing an alibi to the satisfaction of the jury. Two organ-grinders, who confessed to having been at Rodez on the 19th of March, were examined by the police and released. Where, then, were the two who must have had a knowledge of the crime, if, indeed, they were not accomplices?

In 1841, the foundations of a new house were being dug in a garden in Rodez. The excavations brought to light, two human skeletons, together with the keys of hurdy-gurdies. It was remembered that in 1817 this very garden had belonged to Jausion.

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VERY HARD CASH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MR. HARDIE was taken by surprise for once, and had not a word to say; but looked in his son's face, mute, and gaping, as a fish.

During this painful silence his children eyed him inquiringly; but not with the same result; for one face is often read differently by two persons: to Jane, whose intelligence had no aids, he seemed unaffectedly puzzled; but Alfred discerned, beneath his wonder, the terror of detection rising, and then thrust back by the strong will: that stoical face shut again like an iron door; but not quickly enough: the right words, the "open sesame" had been spoken, and one unguarded look had confirmed Alfred's vague suspicions of foul play: he turned his own face away: he was alienated by the occurrences of the last few months, but Nature and tender reminiscences still held him by some fibres of the heart: in a moment of natural indignation he had applied the touchstone; but its success grieved him; he could not bear to go on exposing his father; so he left the room with a deep sigh, in which pity mingled with shame and regret; he wandered out into the silent night, and soon was leaning on the gate of Albion Villa, gazing wistfully at the windows, and sore perplexed, and nobly wretched.

As he was going out, Mr. Hardie raised his eyebrows with a look of disinterested wonder and curiosity; and touched his forehead to Jane, as much as to say, "Is he disordered in his mind?"

As soon as they were alone, he asked her coolly what Alfred meant. She said she had no idea. Then he examined her keenly about this fourteen thousand pounds: and found, to his relief, Alfred had never even mentioned it to her.

And now Richard Hardie, like his son, wanted to be alone, and think over this new peril, that had risen in the bosom of his own family: and, for once, the company of his favourite child was irksome: he made an excuse and strolled out in his turn into the silent night. It was calm and clear: the thousand holy eyes, under which men prefer to do their crimes—except when they are in too great a hurry to wait—looked down and

seemed to wonder anything can be so silly as to sin: and beneath their pure gaze the man of the world pondered with all his soul. He tormented himself with conjectures: through what channel did Alfred suspect him? through the Dodds? were they aware of their loss? had the pocket-book spoken? If so, why had not Mrs. Dodd or her son attacked him? But then perhaps Alfred was their agent: they wished to try a friendly remonstrance through a mutual friend before proceeding to extremities; this accorded with Mrs. Dodd's character as he remembered her.

The solution was reasonable; but he was relieved of it by recollecting what Alfred had said, that he had not entered the house since the bank broke.

On this he began to hope Alfred's might be a mere suspicion he could not establish by any proof, and at all events he would lock it in his own breast like a good son: his never having given a hint even to his sister favoured this supposition.

Thus meditating, Mr. Hardie found himself at the gate of Albion Villa.

Yet he had strolled out with no particular intention of going there. Had his mind, apprehensive of danger from that quarter, driven his body thither?

He took a look at the house: and the first thing he saw was a young lady leaning over the balcony, and murmuring softly to a male figure below, whose outline Mr. Hardie could hardly discern, for it stood in the shadow. Mr. Hardie was delighted: "Ala, Miss Juliet," said he, "if Alfred does not visit you, some one else does. You have soon supplied your peevish lover's place." He then withdrew softly from the gate, not to disturb the intrigue, and watched a few yards off; determined to see who Julia's nightly visitor was, and give Alfred surprise for surprise.

He had not long to wait: the man came away directly, and walked, head erect, past Mr. Hardie, and glanced full in his face, but did not vouchsafe him a word. It was Alfred himself. Mr. Hardie was profoundly alarmed, and indignant: "The young traitor! Never enter the house? no; but he comes and tells her everything directly, under her window, on the sly: and, when he is caught—defies me to my face." And now he suspected female cunning and malice in

the way that thunderbolt had been quietly prepared for him and launched, without warning, in his very daughter's presence, and the result just communicated to Julia Dodd.

In a very gloomy mood he followed his son, and heard his firm though elastic tread on the frosty ground, and saw how loftily he carried his head: and from that moment feared, and very, very, nearly hated him.

The next day he feigned sick, and sent for Osmond. That worthy prescribed a pill and a draught, the former laxative, the latter astrigent. This ceremony performed, Mr. Hardie gossiped with him; and, after a détour or two, glided to his real anxiety. "Sampson tells me you know more about Captain Dodd's case than he does: he is not very clear as to the cause of the poor man's going mad."

"The cause? Why Apoplexy."

"Yes, but I mean what caused the apoplexy?"

Mr. Osmond replied that Apoplexy was often idiopathic.* Captain Dodd, as he understood, had fallen down in the street in a sudden fit: "but as for the mania, that is to be attributed to an insufficient evacuation of blood while under the apoplectic coma."

"Not bled enough! Why Sampson says it is because he was bled too much."

Osmond was amused at this; and repeated that the mania came of not being bled enough.

The discussion was turned into an unexpected quarter by the entrance of Jane Hardie, who came timidly in and said, "Oh, Mr. Osmond, I cannot let you go without telling you how anxious I am about Alfred. He is so thin, and pale, and depressed."

"Nonsense, Jane," said Mr. Hardie; "have we not all cause to be dejected in this house?" But she persisted gently that there was more in it than that: and his headaches were worse: and she could not be easy any longer without advice.

"Ah, those headaches," said Mr. Osmond, "they always made me uneasy. To tell the truth, Miss Hardie, I have noticed a remarkable change in him, but I did not like to excite apprehensions: and so he mopes, does he? seeks solitude, and is taciturn, and dejected?"

"Yes. But I do not mind that so much as his turning so pale and thin."

"Oh, it is all part of one malady."

"Then you know what is the matter?"

"I think I do: and yours is a wise and timely anxiety. Your brother's is a very delicate case of a hyperæsthetic character; and I should like to have the advice of a profound physician. Let me see, Dr. Wycherley will be with me to-morrow: may I bring him over as a friend?"

This proposal did not at all suit Mr. Hardie;

* "Arising of itself." A term rather hastily applied to disorders the coming signs of which have not been detected by the medical attendant.

The birth of Topsy was idiopathic—in that learned lady's opinion.

he put his own construction on Alfred's pallor and dejection, and was uneasy at the idea of his being cross-questioned by a couple of doctors:

"No, no," said he, "Tall has fancies enough already; I cannot have you gentlemen coming here to fill his head with many more."

"Oh, he has fancies, has he?" said Osmond, keenly. "My dear sir, we shall not say one word to him: that might irritate him: but I should like you to hear a truly learned opinion."

Jane looked so imploringly, that Mr. Hardie yielded a reluctant assent, on those terms.

So the next day, by appointment, Mr. Osmond introduced his friend Dr. Wycherley: bland and bald, with a fine head, and a face naturally intelligent, but crossed every now and then by gleams of vacancy; a man of large reading, and of tact to make it subserve his interests. A voluminous writer on certain medical subjects, he had so saturated himself with circumlocution, that it distilled from his very tongue: he talked like an Article; a quarterly one; and so gained two advantages: 1st, he rarely irritated a fellow-creature; for, if he began a sentence hot, what with its length, and what with its windiness, he was apt to end it cool: item stabs by polysyllables are pricks by sponges. 2ndly, this foible earned him the admiration of fools; and that is as invaluable, as they are innumerable.

Yet was there in the mother-tongue he despised, one gem of a word he vastly admired: like most quarterly writers. That charming word, the pet of the polysyllabic, was "or."

He opened the matter in a subdued and sympathising tone well calculated to win a loving father, such as Richard Hardie—was not.

"My good friend here informs me, sir, you are so fortunate as to possess a son of distinguished abilities, and who is at present labouring under some of those precursory indications of incipient disease of the cerebro-psychical organs, of which I have been, I may say, somewhat successful in diagnosing the symptoms. Unless I have been inadvertently misinformed, he has, for a considerable time, and only with slight intermissions, experienced persistent headache of a cephalalgic or true cerebral type, and has now advanced to the succeeding stage of taciturnity and depression, not* unaccompanied with isolation, and, probably, constipation: but as yet without hallucination, though possibly, and, as my experience of the great majority of these cases would induce me to say, probably, he is not undisturbed by one or more of those latent, and, at first, trifling aberrations, either of the intelligence, or the senses, which in their preliminary stages escape the observation of all but the expert nosologist. In that case, sir, be assured you have acted the part of a wise and affectionate parent in soliciting the opportune attention of a psychological Physician to these morbid phenomena at present in the initial process of incubation."

* Angliè, "accompanied."

† Angliè, "disturbed."

"There you see," said Osmond, "Dr. Wycherley agrees with me : yet I assure you I have only detailed the symptoms, and not the conclusion I had formed from them."

Jane inquired timidly what that conclusion was.

"Miss Hardie, we think it one of those obscure tendencies which are very curable if taken in time——" Dr. Wycherley ended the sentence—"But no longer remediable if the fleeting opportunity is allowed to escape, and diseased action to pass into diseased organisation."

Jane looked awestruck at their solemnity ; but Mr. Hardie, who was taking advice against the grain, turned satirical : "Gentlemen," said he, "be pleased to begin by moderating your own obscurity ; and then perhaps I shall see better how to cure my son's : what the deuce are you driving at ?"

The two doctors looked at one another inquiringly ; and so settled how to proceed. Dr. Wycherley explained to Mr. Hardie that there was a sort of general unreasonable and superstitious feeling abroad, a kind of terror of the complaint with which his son was threatened ; "and which, instead of the most remediable of disorders, is looked at as the most incurable of maladies ;" it was on this account he had learned to approach the subject with singular caution, and even with a timidity which was kinder in appearance than in reality ; that he must admit.

"Well, you may speak out, as far as I am concerned," said Mr. Hardie, with consummate indifference.

"Oh yes!" said Jane, in a fever of anxiety ; "pray conceal nothing from us."

"Well then, sir, I have not as yet had the advantage of examining your son personally, but, from the diagnostics, I have no doubt whatever he is labouring under the first foreshadowings of cerebro-psychical perturbation."

Jane and her father stared at him : he might as well have recited them the alphabet backwards.

"Well then," said he, observing his learning had missed fire, "to speak plainly, the symptoms are characteristic of the initiatory stage of the germination of a morbid state of the phenomena of intelligence."

His unprofessional hearers stared another inquiry.

"In one word, then," said Dr. Wycherley, waxing impatient at their abominable obtuseness, "it is the premonitory stage of the precursory condition of an organic affection of the brain."

"Oh!" said Mr. Hardie, carelessly : "I see ; the boy is going mad."

The doctors stared in their turn at the prodigious coolness of a tender parent.

"Not exactly," said Dr. Wycherley ; "I am habitually averse to exaggeration of symptoms. Your son's suggest to me 'the Incubation of Insanity,' nothing more."

Jane uttered an exclamation of horror : the doctor soothed her with an assurance that there

was no cause for alarm. "Incipient aberration" was of easy cure : the mischief lay in delay. "Miss Hardie," said he, paternally, "during a long and busy professional career, it has been my painful province to witness the deplorable consequences of the non-recognition, by friends and relatives, of the precedent symptoms of those organic affections of the brain, the relief of which was within the reach of well-known therapeutic agents if exhibited seasonably."

He went on to deplore the blind prejudice of unprofessional persons ; who choose to fancy that other diseases creep, but Insanity pounces, on a man : which he expressed thus neatly ; "that other deviations from organic conditions of health are the subject of clearly defined though delicate gradations, but that the worst and most climacteric forms of cerebro-psychical disorder are suddenly developed affections presenting no evidence of any antecedent cephalic organic change, and unaccompanied by a premonitory stage, or by incipient symptoms."

This chimera he proceeded to confute, by experience : he had repeatedly been called in to cases of mania described as sudden, and almost invariably found the patient had been cranky for years ; which he condensed thus ; "His conduct and behaviour for many years previously to any symptom of mental aberration being noticed, had been characterised by actions quite irreconcilable with the supposition of the existence of perfect sanity of intellect."

He instanced a parson, whom he had lately attended, and found him as constipated and convinced he was John the Baptist engaged to the Princess Mary as could be.

"But upon investigation of this afflicted ecclesiastic's antecedent history, I discovered that, for years before this, he had exhibited conduct incompatible with the hypothesis of a mind whose equilibrium had been undisturbed : he had caused a number of valuable trees to be cut down on his estate, without being able to offer a sane justification for such an outrageous proceeding : and had actually disposed of a quantity of his patrimonial acres, 'and which' clearly he never would have parted with had he been in anything resembling a condition of sanity."

"Did he sell the land and timber below the market price?" inquired Mr. Hardie, perking up, and exhibiting his first symptom of interest in the discussion.

"On that head, sir, my informant, his heir-at-law, gave me no information : nor did I enter into that class of detail ; you naturally look at morbid phenomena in a commercial spirit, but we regard them medically ; and, all this time, most assiduously visiting the sick of his parish and preaching admirable sermons."

The next instance he gave was of a stockbroker suffering under general paralysis and a rooted idea that all the *specie* in the Bank of England was his, and ministers in league with foreign governments to keep him out of it.

"Him," said the doctor, "I discovered to have

been for years guilty of conduct entirely incompatible with the hypothesis of undisturbed mental functions. He had accused his domestic of peculation, and had initiated legal proceedings with a view of prosecuting in a court of law one of his oldest friends."

"Whence you infer that, if my son has not for years been doing cranky acts, he is not likely to be deranged at present."

This adroit twist of the argument rather surprised Dr. Wycherley. However, he was at no loss for a reply. "It is not Insanity, but the Incubation of Insanity, which is suspected in your intelligent son's case: and the best course will be for me to enumerate in general terms the several symptoms of 'the Incubation of Insanity.'" he concluded with some severity, "after that, sir, I shall cease to intrude what I fear is an unwelcome conviction."

The Parent, whose levity and cold reception of good tidings he had thus mildly, yet with due dignity, rebuked, was a man of the world; and liked to make friends, not enemies; so he took the hint, and made a very civil speech, assuring Dr. Wycherley that, if he ventured to differ from him, he was none the less obliged by the kind interest he took in a comparative stranger: and would be very glad to hear all about the "Incubation of Insanity." He added, "The very expression is new to me."

Dr. Wycherley bowed slightly; and complied: "One diagnostic preliminary sign of abnormal cerebral action is Cephalalgia, or true cerebral headache; I mean persistent headache, which is not accompanied by a furred tongue, or other indicia significant of abdominal or renal disorder as its origin."

Jane sighed. "He has sad headaches."

"The succeeding symptom is a morbid affection of sleep. Either the patient suffers from Insomnia; or else from Hypersomnia, which we subdivide into sopor, carus, and lethargus; or thirdly from Kakosomnia, or a propensity to mere dozing, and to all the morbid phenomena of dreams."

"Papa," said Jane, "poor Alfred sleeps very badly: I hear him walking at all hours of the night."

"I thought as much," observed Dr. Wycherley; "Insomnia is the commonest feature. To resume; the insidious advance of morbid thought is next marked by high spirits, or else by low spirits; generally the latter. The patient begins by moping, then shows great lassitude and ennui, then becomes abstracted, moody, and occupied with a solitary idea."

Jane clasped her hands, and the tears stood in her eyes; so well did this description tally with poor Alfred's case.

"And at this period," continued Dr. Wycherley, "my experience leads me to believe that some latent delusion is generally germinating in the mind, though often concealed with consummate craft by the patient: the open development of this delusion is the next stage, and, with this

last morbid phenomenon, incubation ceases and insanity begins. Sometimes, however, the illusion is physical rather than psychical, of the sense rather than of the intelligence. It commences at night: the incubator begins by seeing nocturnal visions, often of a photopsic* character, or hearing nocturnal sounds, neither of which have any material existence, being conveyed to his optic or auricular nerves not from without, but from within, by the agency of a disordered brain. These the reason, hitherto unimpaired, combats at first, especially when they are nocturnal only: but being reproduced, and becoming diurnal, the judgment succumbs under the morbid impression produced so repeatedly. These are the ordinary antecedent symptoms characteristic of the incubation of insanity; to which are frequently added somatic exaltation, or, in popular language, physical excitability—a disposition to knit the brows—great activity of the mental faculties—or else a well marked decline of the powers of the understanding—an exaggeration of the normal conditions of thought—or a reversal of the mental habits and sentiments, such as a sudden aversion to some person hitherto beloved, or some study long relished and pursued."

Jane asked leave to note these all down in her note-book.

Mr. Hardie assented, adroitly; for he was thinking whether he could not sift some grain out of all this chaff. Should Alfred blab his suspicions, here were two gentlemen who would at all events help him to throw ridicule on them.

Dr. Wycherley having politely aided Jane Hardie to note down "the preliminary process of the Incubation of disorders of the Intellect," resumed: "Now, sir, your son appears to be in a very inchoate stage of the malady: he has cerebral Cephalalgia and Insomnia—"

"And, oh doctor, he knits his brows often; and has given up his studies; won't go back to Oxford this term."

"Exactly; and seeks isolation, and is a prey to morbid distraction and reverie: but has no palpable illusions; has he?"

"Not that I know of," said Mr. Hardie.

"Well but," objected Jane, "did not he say something to you very curious the other night; about Captain Dodd, and fourteen thousand pounds?"

Mr. Hardie's blood ran cold:

"No," he stammered, "not that I remember."

"Oh yes he did, papa: you have forgotten it: but at the time you were quite puzzled what he could mean: and you did so." She put her finger to her forehead: and the doctors interchanged a meaning glance.

"I believe you are right, Jenny," said Mr. Hardie, taking the cue so unexpectedly offered him: "he did say some nonsense I could not make head nor tail of; but we all have our crotchets; there, run away, like a good girl, and

* Luminous.

let me explain all this to our good friends here : and mind, not a word about it to Alfred."

When she was gone, he said, "Gentlemen, my son is madly in love; that is all."

"Oh, Erotic monomania is a very ordinary phase of insanity."

"His unreasonable passion for a girl he knows he can never marry makes him somewhat crochety and cranky: that, and over-study, may have unhinged his mind a little: suppose I send him abroad? my good brother will find the means; or we could advance it him, I and the other trustees; he comes into ten thousand pounds in a month or two."

The doctors exchanged a meaning look. They then dissuaded him earnestly from the idea of continental travel.

"*Cælum non animam mutant qui trans mare currunt,*" said Wycherley, and Osmond explained that Alfred would brood abroad as well as at home, if he went alone: and Dr. Wycherley summed up thus: "The most advisable course is to give him the benefit of the personal superintendence of some skillful physician possessed of means and appliances of every sort for soothing and restraining the specific malady."

Mr. Hardie did not at first see the exact purport of this oleaginous periphrasis. *He knitted his brows.* Presently he caught a glimpse: but said he thought confinement was hardly the thing to drive away melancholy.

"Not in all respects," replied Dr. Wycherley: "but, on the other hand, a little gentle restraint is the safest way of effecting a disruption of the fatal associations that have engendered and tend to perpetuate the disorder. Besides, the medicinal appliances are invaluable; including, as they do, the nocturnal and diurnal attendance of a Psychophysical physician, who knows the Psychosomatic relation of body and mind, and can apply physical remedies, of the effect of which on the physical instrument of intelligence, the grey matter of the brain, we have seen so many examples."

The good doctor then feelingly deplored the inhumanity of parents and guardians in declining to subject their incubators to opportune and salutary restraint under the more than parental care of a Psychosomatic physician. On this head he got quite warm, and inveighed against the abominable cruelty of the thing.

"It is contrary," said he, "to every principle of justice and humanity that a fellow-creature, deranged perhaps only on one point, should for the want of the early attention of those, whose duty it is to watch over him, linger out his existence separated from all who are dear to him, and condemned without any crime to be a prisoner for life."

Mr. Hardie was puzzled by this sentence, in which the speaker's usual method was reversed, and the thought was bigger than the words.

The doctors did not interfere, but let the suggestion ferment.

"Oh," said Mr. Hardie, at last, "I see. We ought to incarcerate our children to keep them from being incarcerated."

"That is one way of putting it with a vengeance," said Mr. Osmond, staring. "No; what my good friend means—"

"Is this; where the patient is possessor of an income of such a character as to enable his friends to show a sincere affection by anticipating the consequences of neglected morbid phenomena of the brain, there a lamentable want of humanity is exhibited by the persistent refusal to the patient, on the part of his relatives, of the incalculable advantage of the authoritative advice of a competent physician accompanied with the safeguards and preventives of—"

But ere the mellifluous pleonast had done oiling his paradox with fresh polysyllables, to make it slip into the Banker's narrow understanding, he met with a curious interruption. Jane Hardie fluttered in to say a man was at the door accusing himself of being deranged.

"How often this sort of coincidence occurs," said Osmond, philosophically.

"Do not refuse him, dear papa; it is not for money: he only wants you to give him an order to go into a lunatic asylum."

"Now, there is a sensible man," said Dr. Wycherley.

"Well but," objected Mr. Hardie, "if he is a sensible man, why does he want to go to an asylum?"

"Oh, they are all sensible at times," observed Mr. Osmond.

"*Singularly so,*" said Dr. Wycherley, warmly. And he showed a desire to examine this paragon, who had the sense to know he was out of his senses.

"It would be but kind of you, sir," said Jane; "poor, poor man!" She added, he did not like to come in, and would they mind just going out to him?

"Oh no, not in the least: especially as you seem interested in him."

And they all three rose and went out together, and found the petitioner at the front door. Who should it be, but James Maxley!

His beard was unshaven, his face haggard, and everything about him showed a man broken in spirit as well as fortune: even his voice had lost half its vigour, and, whenever he had uttered a consecutive sentence or two, his head dropped on his breast, pitiably: indeed, this sometimes occurred in the middle of a sentence, and then the rest of it died on his lips.

Mr. Richard Hardie was not prepared to encounter one of his unhappy creditors thus publicly, and, to shorten the annoyance, would have dismissed him roughly: but he dared not; for Maxley was no longer alone, nor unfriended: when Jane left him, to intercede for him, a young man joined him, and was now comforting him with kind words, and trying to get him to smoke a cigar: and this good-hearted young gentleman was the Banker's son in the flesh, and his opposite in spirit, Mr. Alfred Hardie.

Finding these two in contact, the Doctors interchanged demurest glances.

Mr. Hardie asked Maxley sullenly what he wanted of them.

"Well, sir," said Maxley, despondently, "I have been to all the other magistrates in the borough; for what with losing my money, and what with losing my missus, I think I bain't quite right in my head; I do see such curious things, enough to make a body's skin creep, at times." And down went his head on his chest.

"Well?" said Mr. Hardie, peevishly: "go on: you went to the magistrates, and what then?"

Maxley looked up, and seemed to recover the thread: "Why they said 'no,' they couldn't send me to the 'sylum, not from home: I must be a pauper first. So then my neighbours they said I had better come to you." And down went his head again.

"Well but," said Mr. Hardie, "you cannot expect me to go against the other magistrates."

"Why not, sir? You have had a hatful o' money of me: the other gentlemen han't had a farthing. They owes me no service, but you does: nine hundred pounds' worth if ye come to that."

There was no malice in this; it was a plain, brokenhearted man's notion of give and take; but it was a home-thrust all the same; and Mr. Hardie was visibly discountenanced, and Alfred more so.

Mr. Osmond, to relieve a situation so painful, asked Maxley rather hastily what were the curious things he saw.

Maxley shuddered. "The unreasonablest beasts, sir, you ever saw or heard tell on: mostly snakes and dragons. Can't stoop my head to do no work, for them, sir. Bless your heart, if I was to leave you gentlemen now, and go and dig for five minutes in my garden, they would come about me as thick as slugs on cabbage: why 'twas but yestere'en I tried to hoe a bit, and up come the fearfullest great fiery sarpint: scared me so I heaved my hoe and laid on 'un properly: presently I seemed to come out of a sort of a kind of a red mist into the clear; and there laid my poor missus's favourite hen; I had been and killed her for a sarpint." He sighed: then, after a moment's pause, lowered his voice to a whisper, "Now suppose I was to go and take some poor Christian for one of these gre—at bloody dragons I do see at odd times, I might do him a mischief you know, and not mean him no harm neither. Oh dooce take and have me looked up, gentlemen, dooce now: tellec I ain't fit to be about, my poor head is so mazed."

"Well, well," said Mr. Hardie, "I'll give you an order for the Union."

"What, make a pauper of me?"

"I cannot help it," said the magistrate: "it is the routine; and it was settled at a meeting of the bench last month that we must adhere to the rule as strictly as possible; the asylum is so full: and you know, Maxley, it is not as if you were dangerous."

"That I be, sir: I don't know what I'm a

looking at, or a doing. Would I ha' gone and killed my poor Susan's hen if I hadn't a been beside myself? and she in her grave, poor dear: no, not for untold gold: and I be fond of that too; used to be however: but now I don't seem to care for money nor nothing else." And his head dropped.

"Look here, Maxley, old fellow," said Alfred, sarcastically, "you must go to the workhouse; and stay there till you hoe a pauper; and take him for a crocodile, and kill him; then you will get into an asylum whether the Barkington magistrates like it or not: that is the routine, I believe; and as reasonable as most routine."

Dr. Wycherley admired Alfred for this, and whispered Mr. Osmond, "How subtly they reason."

Mr. Hardie did not deign to answer his son, who indeed had spoken at him, and not to him.

As for poor Maxley, he was in sad and sober earnest, and could not relish nor even take in Alfred's irony: he lifted his head and looked Mr. Hardie in the face.

"You be a hard man," said he, trembling with emotion. "You robbed me and my missus of our all, you ha' broke her heart, and turned my head, and if I was to come and kill you 'twould only be clearing scores. 'Stead of that I comes to you like a lamb, and says give me your name on a bit of paper, and put me out of harm's way. 'No,' says you, 'go to the workhouse!' Be you in the workhouse? You that owes me nine hundred pounds and my dead missus?" With this he went into a rage, took a packet out of his pocket, and flung it at Mr. Hardie's head before any one could stop him.

But Alfred saw his game, stepped forward, and caught it with one hand, and with the dexterity of a wicket keeper, within a foot of his father's nose. "How's that, Umpire?" said he: then, a little sternly, "Don't do that again, Mr. Maxley, or I shall have to give you a hiding—to keep up appearances." He then put the notes in his pocket, and said quietly, "I shall give you your money for these, before the year ends."

"You won't be quite so mad as that, I hope," remonstrated his father. But he made no reply: they very seldom answered one another now.

"Oh," said Dr. Wycherley, inspecting him like a human curiosity, "nullum magnum ingenium sine mixtura dementiae."

"Nec parvum sine mixtura stultitiae," retorted Alfred in a moment: and met his offensive gaze with a point-blank look of supercilious disdain.

Then, having shut him up, he turned to Osmond: "Come," said he, "prescribe for this poor fellow, who asks for a hospital, so Routine gives him a workhouse: come, you know there is no limit to your skill and good nature: you cured Spot of the worms, cure poor old Maxley of his snakes; oblige me."

"That I will, Mr. Alfred," said Osmond,

heartily: and wrote a prescription on a leaf of his memorandum-book, remarking that, though a simple purgative, it had made short work of a great many serpents and dragons, and not a few spectres and hobgoblins into the bargain.

The young gentleman thanked him graciously, and said kindly to Maxley, "get that made up—here's a guinea—and I'll send somebody to see how you are to-morrow."

The poor man took the guinea, and the prescription, and his head drooped again, and he slouched away.

Dr. Wycherley remarked significantly that his conduct was worth imitating by *all persons similarly situated*: and concluded oracularly: "Prophylaxis is preferable to therapeutics."

"Or, as *Porson* would say, 'Prevention is better than cure.'"

With this parting blow the Oxonian suddenly sauntered away, unconscious, it seemed, of the existence of his companions.

"I never saw a plainer case of Incubation," remarked Dr. Wycherley, with vast benevolence of manner.

"Maxley's?"

"Oh no; that is parochial. It is your profoundly interesting son I alluded to. Did you notice his supercilious departure? And his morbid celerity of repartee?"

Mr. Hardie replied with some little hesitation, "Yes; and, excuse me, I thought he had rather the best of the battle with you."

"Indubitably so," replied Dr. Wycherley: "they always do: at least such is *my* experience. If ever I break a lance of wit with an incubator, I calculate with confidence on being unhorsed with abnormal rapidity: and rare, indeed, are the instances in which my anticipations are not promptly and fully realised: by a similar rule of progression the incubator is seldom a match for the confirmed maniac, either in the light play of sarcasm, the coruscations of wit, or the severer encounters of dialectical ratiocination."

"Dear, dear, dear! Then how is one to know a genius from a madman?" inquired Jane.

"By sending for a psychological physician."

"If I understand the doctor right, the two things are not opposed," remarked Mr. Hardie.

Dr. Wycherley assented, and made a remarkable statement in confirmation: "One half of the aggregate of the genius of the country is at present under restraint; fortunately for the community; and still more fortunately for itself."

He then put on his gloves, and, with much kindness but solemnity, warned Mr. Hardie not to neglect his son's case, nor to suppose that matters could go on like this without "disintegrating or disorganising the grey matter of the brain. I admit," said he, "that in some recorded cases of insanity the brain on dissection has revealed no signs of structural or functional derangement, and that, on the other hand, considerable encephalic disorganisation has been shown to have existed in other cases without

aberration or impairment of the reason: but such phenomena are to be considered as pathological curiosities, with which the empiric would fain endeavour to disturb the sound general conclusions of science. The only safe mode of reasoning on matters so delicate and profound is *à priori*: and, as it may safely be assumed as a self-evident proposition, that disturbed intelligence bears the same relation to the brain disordered respiration does to the lungs, it is not logical, reasoning *à priori*, to assume the possibility that the studious or other mental habits of a Kephalgic, and gifted, youth, can be reversed, and erotic monomania germinate, with all the morbid phenomena of isolation, dejection of the spirits, and abnormal exaltation of the powers of wit and ratiocination, without some considerable impairment, derangement, disturbance, or modification, of the psychical, motorial, and sensorial functions of the great cerebral ganglion. But it would be equally absurd to presuppose that these several functions can be disarranged for months, without more or less disorganisation of the medullary, or even of the cineritious, matter of the encephalon. *Therefore*—dissection of your talented son would doubtless reveal at this moment either steatomatous or atheromatous deposits in the cerebral blood-vessels, or an encysted abscess, probably of no very recent origin, or, at the least, considerable inspissation, and opacity, of the membranes of the encephalon, or more or less pulpy disorganisation of one or other of the hemispheres of the brain: *good morning!*"

"Good morning, sir: and a thousand thanks for your friendly interest in my unhappy boy."

The Psycho-cerebrals "took their departure" (Psycho-cerebral for "departed"), and left Jane Hardie brimful of anxiety. Alfred was not there to dispose of the tirade in two words, "*Petitio principii*," and so smoke on: and, not being an university woman, she could not keep her eye on the original assumption while following the series of inferences the learned doctor built so neatly, story by story, on the foundation of the quicksand of a loose conjecture.*

"Now not a word of this to Alfred," said Mr. Hardie. "I shall propose to him a little foreign tour, to amuse his mind."

* So novices sitting at a conjuror see him take a wedding-ring, and put it in a little box before a lady; then cross the theatre with another little box, and put that before another lady: "Hey presto! pass!" in box 2 is discovered a wedding-ring, which is instantly assumed to be the ring: on this their green minds are fixed, and with this is sham business done: Box 1, containing the real ring all the time, is overlooked; and the confederate, in livery or not, does what he likes with it: imprisons it in an orange—for the good of its health.

So poor Argan, when Fleurant enumerates the consequences of his omitting a single—dose shall I say?—is terrified by the threatened disorders, which succeed to each other logically enough, all the absurdity being in the first link of the chain; and from that his mind is diverted.

"Yes, but papa, if some serious change is really going on inside his poor head."

Mr. Hardie smiled sarcastically. "Don't you see that if the mind can wound the brain, the mind can cure it?" Then, after a while, he said parentally, "My child, I must give you a lesson: men of the world use enthusiasts—like those two I have just been drawing out—for their tools; we don't let them make tools of us. Osmond, you know, is jackal to an asylum in London; Dr. Wycherley, I have heard, keeps two or three such establishments by himself or his agents: blinded by self-interest, and that of their clique—what an egotistical world it is to be sure!—they would confine a melancholy youth in a gloomy house, among afflicted persons, and give him nothing to do but brood; and so turn the scale against his reason: but I have my children's interest at heart more than my own; I shall send him abroad, and so amuse his mind with fresh objects, break off sad associations, and restore him to a brilliant career. I count on you to second me in my little scheme for his good."

"That I will, papa."

"Somechow, I don't know why, he is coolish to me."

"He does not understand you, as I do, my own papa."

"But he is affectionate with you, I think."

"Oh yes, more than ever: trouble has drawn us closer. Papa, in the midst of our sorrow, how much we have to be thankful for to the Giver of all good things!"

"Yes, little angel: and you must improve Heaven's goodness by working on your brother's affection, and persuading him to this continental tour."

Thus appealed to, Jane promised warmly: and the man of the world, finding he had a blind and willing instrument in the one creature he loved, kissed her on the forehead, and told her to run away, for here was Mr. Skinner, who no doubt wanted to speak on business.

Skinner, who had in fact been holding respectfully aloof for some time, came forward on Jane's retiring, and in a very obsequious tone requested a private interview. Mr. Hardie led the way into the little dining-room.

They were no sooner alone than Skinner left off fawning, very abruptly; and put on a rugged resolute manner that was new to him: "I am come for my commission," said he, sturdily.

Mr. Hardie looked an inquiry.

"Oh, you don't know what I mean, of course," said the little clerk, almost brutally: "I've waited, and waited, to see if you would have the decency, and the gratitude, and the honesty, to offer me a trifle out of it; but I see I might wait till doomsday before you would ever think of thinking of anybody but yourself. So now shell out without more words, or I'll blow the gaff." The little wretch raised his voice louder and louder at every sentence.

"Hush! hush! Skinner," said Mr. Hardie,

"you are under some delusion. When did I ever decline to recognise your services? I always intended to make you a present, a handsome present."

"Then why didn't ye *do* it without being forced? Come, sir, you can't draw the wool over Noah Skinner's eyes; I have had you watched, and you are looking towards the U. S., and that is too big a country for me to hunt you in. I'm not to be trifled with: I'm not to be palavered: give me a thousand pounds of it this moment, or I'll blow the whole concern, and you along with it."

"A thousand pounds?!"

"Now look at that!" shrieked Skinner. "Serves me right for not saying seven thousand. What right have you to a shilling of it more than I have? If I had the luck to be a burglar's pal instead of a Banker's, I should have half. Give it me this moment, or I'll go to Albion Villa and have you took up for a thief; as you are."

"But I haven't got it on me."

"That's a lie: you carry it where *he* did; close to your heart: I can see it bulge; there, Job was a patient man, but his patience went at last." With this he ran to the window and threw it open.

Hardie entreated him to be calm. "I'll give it you, Skinner," said he, "and with pleasure, if you will give me some security that you will not turn round, as soon as you have got it, and be my enemy."

"Enemy of a gent that pays me a thousand pounds? nonsense! Why should I? We are in the same boat: behave like a man, and you know you have nothing to fear from me: but I will—not—go halves in a theft for nothing: would you? Come, how is it to be, peace or war? Will you be content with thirteen thousand pounds that don't belong to you, not a shilling of it, or will you go to jail a felon, and lose it every penny?"

Mr. Hardie groaned aloud, but there was no help for it. Skinner was on sale: and *must* be bought.

He took out two notes for five hundred pounds each, and laid them on the table, after taking their numbers.

Skinner's eyes glistened: "Thank you, sir," said he. He put them in his pocket. Then he said quietly, "Now you have taken the numbers, sir, so I'll trouble you for a line to make me safe against the criminal law. You are a deep one; you might say I robbed you."

"That is a very unworthy suspicion, Skinner; and a childish one."

"Oh, it is diamond cut diamond. A single line, sir, just to say that in return for his faithful services you have given Noah Skinner two notes for 500*l.* Nos. 1084 and 85."

"With all my heart—on your giving me a receipt for them."

It was Skinner's turn to hesitate. After reflecting, however, on all the possible consequences, he saw nothing to fear; so he consented.

The business completed, a magic change took place in the little clerk. "Now we are friends again, sir; and I'll give you a piece of advice; mind your eye with Mr. Alfred; he is down on us."

"What do you mean?" inquired Mr. Hardie, with ill disguised anxiety.

"I'll tell you, sir. He met me this morning: and says he to me, 'Skinner, old boy, I want to speak a word to you.' He puts his hands on my shoulder, and turns me round, and says he all at one time 'the fourteen thousand pounds!' You might have knocked me down with a feather. And he looked me through like a gimlet, mind ye. 'Come now,' says he, 'you see I know all; make a clean breast of it.' So then I saw he didn't know *all*, and I brazened up a bit: told him I hadn't a notion what he meant. 'Oh yes I did,' he said, 'Captain Dodd's fourteen thousand pounds! it had passed through my hands.' Then I began to funk again at his knowing that: perhaps he only guessed it after all: but at the time I thought he knew it; I was flustered, ye see. But I said, 'I'd look at the books; but I didn't think his deposit was anything like that.' 'You little equivocating humbug,' says he: 'and which was better, to tell the truth at once and let Captain Dodd, which never did me any harm, have his own, or to hear it told me in the felon's dock?' those were his words, sir: and they made my blood run cold; and if he had gone on at me like that, I should have split, I know I should: but he just said, 'there, your face has given your tongue the lie: you haven't brains enough to play the rogue.' Oh, and—another thing—he said he wouldn't talk to the sparrow-hawk any more, when there was the kite hard by: so by that I guess your turn is coming, sir; so mind your eye. And then he turned his back on me with a look as if I was so much dirt. But I didn't mind that; I was glad to be shut of him at any price."

This intelligence discomposed Mr. Hardie terribly: it did away with all hope that Alfred meant to keep his suspicions to himself. "Why did you not tell me this before?" said he, reproachfully.

Skinner's sharp visage seemed to sharpen as he replied, "Because I wanted a thousand pounds first."

"Curse your low cunning!"

Skinner laughed. "Good-by, sir: take care of yourself and I'll take care of mine. I'm afraid of Mr. Alfred and the stone jug, so I'm off to London, and there I'll un-Skinner myself into Mr. Something or other, and make my thousand pounds breed ten." And he whipped out, leaving his master filled with rage and dismay.

"Outwitted even by this little wretch!"

He was now accountable for fourteen thousand pounds, and had only thirteen thousand left, if forced to reimburse; so that it was quite on the cards for him to lose a thousand pounds by robbing his neighbour and risking his own immortal jewel: this galled him to the quick;

and altogether his equable temper began to give way; it had already survived half the iron of his nerves. He walked up and down the parlour chafing like an irritated lion. In which state of his mind the one enemy he now feared and hated walked quietly into the room, and begged for a little serious conversation with him.

"It is like your effrontery," said he: "I wonder you are not ashamed to look your father in the face."

"Having wronged nobody I can look anybody in the face," replied Alfred, looking him in the face point-blank.

At this swift rejoinder, Mr. Hardie felt like a too confident swordsman, who, attacking in a passion, suddenly receives a prick that shows him his antagonist is not one to be trifled with. He was on his guard directly, and said coldly, "You have been belying me to my very clerk."

"No, sir: you are mistaken: I have never mentioned your name to your clerk."

Mr. Hardie reflected on what Skinner had told him, and found he had made another false move. He tried again: "Nor to the Dodds?" with an incredulous sneer.

"Nor to the Dodds," replied Alfred, calmly.

"What, not to Miss Julia Dodd?"

"No, sir, I have seen her but once, since—I discovered about the fourteen thousand pounds."

"What fourteen thousand pounds?" inquired Mr. Hardie, innocently.

"What fourteen thousand pounds!" repeated the young man, disdainfully. Then suddenly turning on his father, with red brow and flashing eyes: "the fourteen thousand pounds Captain Dodd brought home from India: the fourteen thousand pounds I heard him claim of you with curses: ay, miserable son, and miserable man, that I am, I heard my own father called a villain; and what did my father reply? Did you hurl the words back into your accuser's throat? No: you whispered, 'Hush! hush! I'll bring it you down.' Oh, what a hell Shame is!"

Mr. Hardie turned pale, and almost sick: with these words of Alfred's fled all hope of ever deceiving him.

"There, there," said the young man, lowering his voice from rage to profound sorrow: "I don't come here to quarrel with my father, nor to insult him, God knows: and I entreat you for both our sakes not to try my temper too hard by these childish attempts to blind me: and, sir, pray dismiss from your mind the notion that I have disclosed to any living soul my knowledge of this horrible secret: on the contrary, I have kept it gnawing my heart, and almost maddening me at times. For my own personal satisfaction I have applied a test both to you and Skinner; but that is all I have done: I have not told dear Julia, nor any of her family; and now, if you will only listen to me, and do what I entreat you to do, she shall never know; oh, never."

"Oho!" thought Mr. Hardie, "he comes with a proposal: I'll hear it, anyway."

He then took a line well known to artful men : he encouraged Alfred to show his hand ; maintaining a complete reserve as to his own ; " You say you did not communicate your illusion about this fourteen thousand pounds to Julia Dodd that night : may I ask then (without indiscretion) what did pass between you two ? "

" I will tell you, sir. She saw me standing there, and asked me in her own soft angel voice if I was unhappy. I told her I must be a poor creature if I could be happy. Then she asked me, with some hesitation I thought, why I was unhappy. I said, because I could not see the path of honour and duty clear : that, at least, was the purport. Then she told me that in all difficulties she had found the best way was to pray to God to guide her ; and she begged me to lay my care before him, and ask his counsel. And then I thanked her ; and bade her good night, and she me ; and that was all that passed between us two unhappy lovers, whom you have made miserable ; and even cool to one another ; but not hostile to you. And you played the spy on us, sir ; and misunderstood us, as spies generally do. Ah, sir ! a few months ago you would not have condescended to that. "

Mr. Hardie coloured, but did not reply. He had passed from the irritable into the quietly vindictive stage.

Alfred then deprecated further discussion of what was past, and said abruptly : " I have an offer to make you : in a very short time I shall have ten thousand pounds ; I will not resign my whole fortune ; that would be unjust to myself, and my wife ; and I loathe and despise Injustice in all its forms, however romantic or plausible. But, if you will give the Dodds their 14,000*l.*, I will share my little fortune equally with you : and thank you, and bless you. Consider, sir, with your abilities and experience, five thousand pounds may yet be the nucleus of a fortune ; a fortune built on an honourable foundation. I know you will thrive with my five thousand pounds ten times more than with their fourteen thousand ; and enjoy the blessing of blessings, a clear conscience. "

Now this offer was no sooner made than Mr. Hardie shut his face, and went to mental arithmetic, like one doing a sum behind a thick door. He would have taken ten thousand ; but five thousand did not much tempt him : besides, would it be five thousand clear ? He already owed Alfred two thousand five hundred. It flashed through him that a young man who loathed and despised Injustice—even to himself—would not consent to be diddled by him out of one sum while making him a present of another : and then there was Skimmer's thousand to be reimbursed. He therefore declined in these terms :

" This offer shows me you are sincere in these strange notions you have taken up. I am sorry for it : it looks like insanity. These nocturnal illusions, these imaginary sights and sounds, come of brooding on a single idea, and often

usher in a calamity one trembles to think of. You have made me a proposal : I make you one : take a couple of hundred pounds (I'll get it from your trustees) and travel the Continent for four months ; enlarge and amuse your mind with the contemplation of nature and manners and customs ; and if that does not clear this phantom 14,000*l.* out of your head, I am much mistaken. "

Alfred replied that foreign travel was his dream : but he could not leave Barkington while there was an act of justice to be done.

" Then do me justice, boy, " said Mr. Hardie, with wonderful dignity, all things considered. " Instead of brooding on your one fantastical idea, and shutting out all rational evidence to the contrary, take the trouble to look through my books : and they will reveal to you a fortune, not of fourteen thousand, but of eighty thousand pounds, honourably sacrificed in the vain struggle to fulfil my engagements : who, do you think, will believe, against such evidence, the preposterous tale you have concocted against your poor father ? Already the tide is turning, and all, who have seen the accounts of the Bank, pity me ; they will pity me still more if ever they hear my own flesh and blood insults me in the moment of my fall ; sees me ruined by my honesty, and living in a hovel, yet comes into that poor but honest abode, and stabs me to the heart by accusing me of stealing fourteen thousand pounds : a sum that would have saved me, if I could only have laid my hands on it. "

He hid his face, to conceal its incongruous expression : and heaved a deep sigh.

Alfred turned his head away and groaned.

After a while he rose from his seat and went to the door ; but seemed reluctant to go : he cast a longing, lingering look on his father, and said beseechingly : " Oh think ! you are not my flesh and blood more than I am yours ; is all the love to be on my side ? have I no influence even when right is on my side ? " Then he suddenly turned and threw himself impetuously on his knees ; " Your father was the soul of honour ; your son loathed fraud and injustice from his cradle ; you stand between two generations of Hardies, and belong to neither ; do but reflect one moment how bright a thing honour is, how short and uncertain a thing life is, how sure a thing retribution is, in this world or the next : it is your guardian angel that kneels before you now, and not your son ; oh, for Christ's sake, for my mother's sake, listen to my last appeal. You don't know me : I cannot compound with injustice. Pity me, pity her I love, pity yourself ! "

" You young viper ! " cried the father, stung with remorse but not touched with penitence. " Get away, you amorous young hypocrite ; get out of my house, get out of my sight, or I'll spit on you and curse you at my feet. "

" Enough ! " said Alfred, rising and turning suddenly calm as a statue : " let us be gentlemen, if you please, even though we must be enemies. Good-by, my father that was. "

And he walked gently out of the room, and, as he passed the window, Mr. Hardie heard his great heart sob.

He wiped his forehead with his handkerchief. "A hard tussle," thought he, "and with my own unnatural, ungrateful, flesh and blood: but I have won it: he hasn't told the Dodds; he never will: and, if he did, who would believe him, or them?"

At dinner there was no Alfred; but after dinner a note to Jane informing her he had taken lodgings in the town, and requesting her to send his books and clothes in the evening, Jane handed the note to her father: and sighed deeply. Watching his face as he read it, she saw him turn rather pale, and look more furrowed than ever.

"Papa!" said she, "what *does* it all mean?"

"I am thinking."

Then, after a long pause, he ground his teeth and said, "It means—WAR."

THE PITCHER-PLANT.

EARLY in the winter of 1860, a little coasting vessel landed her crew, nearly all ill of small-pox, at a fishing village a few miles from Halifax, the capital of Nova Scotia. Full soon, the epidemic spread, from the sailors to the fishermen, and from the fishermen to the fish-dealers in the town of Halifax. Cases of variola becoming numerous in the civil and military hospitals, the attention of the medical profession was aroused, and a panic seized the population. When the alarm in the city was greatest, news arrived that the plague had burst out in the encampments of the Indians, destroying the red population as fire destroys the parched vegetation of the prairies. For, the Indians neglect vaccination, and deem the skill of white men "no good." But, when Death was rife in the camps of the red people, and the plague was sweeping off whole families at a time, a Squaw, long renowned for her knowledge of roots and herbs, arrived among the suffering families, declaring she had an infallible remedy for the disease. And, strange to say, the epidemic variola, which is borne upon the wings of the wind to great distances—a veritable pestilence walking in darkness—and which had baffled and defied the highest medical skill, gave way before the remedy of the Red Squaw.

This remedy is a pitcher-plant. I have one of these wonder-working plants now lying before me. Many specimens have been sent to Europe for study and trial; and botanists, chemists, and medical men, have had their attention drawn to their qualities. Never has there been seen a plant better qualified to strike the imagination. Growing in morasses, it is an amphibious plant, constructed both for aquatic and ærian life. Most of its life is spent under water. During winter it is under water; and its fibrous roots and creeping branches remain in the mud when

it makes its summer sojourn in the air. The roots are not like roots, but are like tendrils; and the branches are not like branches, but are like roots, being of the kind called rhizomes. As for the leaves and stalks, they have hitherto beat all the botanists in their attempts to say which is which: some calling them the one, and some the other. An omni-captious critic might contradict you if you called the stalk the leaf, or the leaf the stalk. Some authors say the pitcher is made of the stalk (petiole), and others say the leaf; and both statements are right, and both are wrong. The mud-covered roof-like branch is rather less than half an inch thick; and the stalk or leaf clasps it half round, and then rises in a line of beauty, or graceful curve, bulging out into a pitcher of an elegant form, seven or eight inches high.

What part of the plant is it which becomes this pitcher, the leaf or the stalk? We must, to answer this question, bear in mind that a stalk is a support, and that a leaf is a breathing instrument or vegetal gill. Now, if one of these pitchers be examined carefully, it will be seen that what has been called vaguely the pitcher, consists of two parts, three-fourths of the circumference forming the pitcher, and one-fourth being the undivided stalk or support. The leaf is joined on to its stalk, sideways. Physiologists tell us that the curves of the human back describe the line adapted best for strength, and the curves of this plant are similar. The pitcher, with its cover, forms a leaf or breathing organ of a very singular kind. If you cut it open from the bottom to the rim, you will be struck by three different portions of it; at the bottom and half way upward, the inside is brownish, and lined with long fine silky hairs; from the end of this part to the rim, the inside is perfectly smooth; above half the rim or lip, rises a blade (lamina) in the shape of a hood, which is lined with short rough hairs. When the bottom part of the pitcher is opened, it is found to be full of as miscellaneous a hoard of tiny things as ever filled a cornucopia—winged seeds and insects' eggs, morsels of twigs, and mosses, and flowers, heads, skins, and wings of flies, and quite a glittering heap of the blue chests and shields of beetles. I have found but one tolerably complete insect—an ichneumon-fly of a kind I never saw before, only without a head. Five or six of these pitcher-like stalk-leaves rise up in a group or row, and among them is the flower. The flower rests upon a stalk, which, like the leaves, clasps the branch, consisting of five sepals and five petals, all purple. An idea of its appearance might be formed by imagining a purple marigold.

The botanists are at their wits' end to explain and classify this plant. Known in England, it is said, since 1640, it was called *Sarracenia* by Tournefort, in the end of the seventeenth century, after a Dr. Sarrasin, who introduced it into France. The classifiers are puzzled where to put it. Its nearest connexions, according to Dr. Lindley, are the poppyworts. There are

several species or varieties of *Sarracenia*—yellow, green, red, purple, and pimpled. The pimpled *Sarracenia*, is called *variolaris*, suggesting the notion that it has *variola*, and would be the better for a dose of the Squaw's decoction. The plant used by the Squaw is the purple one, or *purpurea*. A decoction of the rhizome of this plant has been found useful in helping the patient through every stage of *variola*. A large wine-glassful of an infusion of the rhizome is no sooner administered than the irruption is promoted, and the sufferer "feels the medicine killing the malady." The second wine-glassful allays the fever; after the third, when the disease is in its subsiding epoch, the pustules die away, leaving no pits. The Red Indians, when in health, occasionally drink a weak infusion of the plant, to prevent the disease by "keeping the antidote in the blood." The plant contains the qualities of a good febrifuge. Chemically analysed, this *Sarracenia* is found to contain binoxalate of potash—which is a poison likely to counteract the virus or poison of the pustules—soda, and malic acid, this last element being the acid which makes fruits refreshing. *Variola*, moreover, is a disease in which the patient dies from exhaustion, and not from the destruction of any essential organ. It is precisely one of those maladies in which hope and courage, infused into the mind through the imagination, are invaluable aids to recovery.

Pronouncing no opinion on the value of the Squaw's decoction as a sovereign remedy, I can, however, indulge the hope that the renewed attention attracted to this vegetal curiosity will end in giving us at least some satisfactory explanation of the functions of the pitchers and their hairs. "The pitchers," says Dr. Lindley, "appear to be secreting organs, for they are lined by hairs of a very singular nature, as is mentioned by Mr. Bentham in his memoir on *Heliamphora*; but their physiological action remains to be ascertained."

Scientific truth is obtained by bringing guesses to the test of observation and experiment; I therefore venture to submit the guesses which have occurred to me. The leaf, as I have said, is fastened on sideways to its support, and appears to perform the functions of a leaf, being an organ of respiration and transpiration. The plant is amphibious, and its leaves are adapted both for aquatic and aerial breathing. The whole of the outside of the pitcher, and the smooth portion of the inside, appear to me to be adapted for extracting carbonic gas from water, consisting as they do of mere cellular tissue; whilst the hairy portions of the inside, at the bottom and under the hood, contain air-holes. There are hairs on plants, like shields, scales, stars, beads; there are branched and forked hairs; and there are hairs ending in clubs and stings; but the hairs of the Squaw's pitcher-plant seem to be composed of only simple elongated cells: those under the hood being short, hook-like, and rough: those at the bottom long and

silky. No other function, then, need be sought for these hairs than the general one of protecting the orifices which admit the gases essential to life. If an examination under a powerful lens of fresh specimens of the plant should reveal air-mouths or stomata, which I believe I have seen even in dry ones, the physiological functions of the pitcher would be clearly shown.

Fishes liable to be left high and dry by the tide are provided with means of moistening their gills when out of water. The sepoey crab, who generally lives in a hole full of water, every other day climbs palm-trees in search of nuts; and he is provided, in the cavity in which his gills work, with sponges which moisten them in the sunny air of the tropics. M. Adolphe Brogniart ingeniously compares the respiration of submerged leaves to the respiration of fishes. The gills of fishes extract the air or oxygen gas which vivifies their blood, from the water, by direct contact; and the cellular or parenchymatous tissue of submerged leaves, there being no epiderm to go through, extracts from the water directly, the carbonic acid needful to nourish their life. This gas of course abounds wherever there is decaying vegetable matter in water.

Respecting the pouches or pitchers of *Sarracenia*, Professor Schleiden says: "It is the lower part of the leaf which exhibits a form resembling a cornucopia, while at the upper border runs out a flat expansion (the lamina of the leaf), separated from the pouch by a deep incision on each side. The lower half of the internal surface is clothed with hairs directed downwards, the upper part is smooth." The closed base of the pouch corresponds to the base of the leaf. Leaves perform the functions of respiration and transpiration. The parts then of the pitchers consisting of cellular tissue (parenchyma) are adapted for obtaining carbonic gas from water, and the parts covered with hairs for obtaining it from air. Living a double life, the plants have a double respiration, aquatic and aerial. If the leaves consisted of nothing but cellular tissue, they would dry and shrivel up quickly in the air; but, to provide for this emergency, they form themselves into pitchers, and take water into the air with them, and the hairs of the hood economise this water by catching it as vapour and conveying it through purple conduits down towards the rhizome and roots. This evaporation is one of the chief causes of the ascension of the sap. Through the purple canals either moisture or gas may reach the internal organs of the plant. But this is not the place for the discussion of microscopical minutæ.

I may, however, mention, that the gardeners call these plants "side-saddle flowers"—why, I cannot guess, unless it be because the stalk-leaves sit upon the rhizomes, like saddles. Where the hood-like blade or lamina rises above half the rim or lip of the pitcher, it curls with a pretty ram's-horn-like curl. On the

whole, half a dozen of these cornucopie-shaped pitchers with a flower like a purple marigold among them seen on a dry morass, must always be a wonder of plant life, and may yet prove to be a useful remedy for an exhausting and terrible scourge. For the Halifax medical men seem unanimous in its favour, and the London medical men contradict each other—one decidedly saying Ay, and another emphatically No.

UNDER THE CYPRESSES.

HERE I am in the cypress lane !
I see the light in her window shine.
Heaven ! can this love be all in vain,
And shall she never be mine ?

There stays her shadow against the walls,
There moves o'er the ceiling to and fro,
She does not think of the heart that calls
So loud in the dark below.

Why should she think of a fool like me,
Though I'd give my life to save her a pain ?
The stars might as well look down to see
These fire-flies in the lane.

I am too low for her to love,
And I would not give her the pain to say
That a love like mine could only prove
A shadow upon her way.

So I stand in the cypress shade and weep,
I weep, for my heart is sick with love,
And I pray for strength my vow to keep,
As I look in the sky above.

Is it wrong to gaze at her window-sill,
Where she sits like an angel in a shrine ?
While my heart cries out, despite my will,
"Ah, Heaven ! were she but mine !"

Oh, my heart, I could tear you out,
Am I so weak and faint of will,
That the fair dear serpent coiled about
My purpose, I cannot kill ?

Where is my vaunted manhood fled ?
Come, my pride—my pride, come back !
Serve me and prompt me awhile, instead
Of all I so sadly lack !

Vain, ah ! vain—all day and night
One thought, like a ghost I cannot lay,
Ranges my life, and haunts my sight,
And never will pass away.

Give me something to meet and clasp !
I faint with fighting this thing of air !
I die despairing in its grasp !—
Its presence I cannot bear.

Give me strength, Heaven ! to endure—
Let me not writhe to death in the grass.
Send me, ye stars, from your chambers pure,
Some ease as ye coldly pass !

Look at this poor mad wretch that lies
Beating his brain that is all afire !
Pity him here as he grovelling dies
In the flames of his vain desire !

A GREAT THUNDER-STORM.

LONG will the night between the 24th and 25th of June, 1863, be memorable among the inhabitants of the Downs of Sussex. On that Wednesday night and Thursday morning, raged a thunder-storm of an extraordinary kind, interesting in an unusual degree to science and humanity; to science, because the electrical storm presented features never recorded in England; to humanity, from the domestic interest of the tragedies it occasioned. On that night a tropical storm visited England. Men who have been all round the world and seen the storms of every clime, say they saw that night a storm of a hot country on the shore of a temperate climate. The area of the storm was considerable. I have seen accounts of it from Chichester in Sussex, and Chesham in Buckinghamshire. On the south coast of England its principal range was eastward to Eastbourne beyond Beachy Head, and westward to Chichester and Selsey Bill, and inland northwards to Tunbridge Wells and Maidstone.

My opportunities of observing it were limited to the Downs and coast of Sussex. Earth describers bid us notice that the hills by the course they take determine the course of the rivers from the inland heights to the sea; and describers of scenery, when they possess a knowledge of what I may call the anatomy of their art, the geology or strata of the district, tell us that the features of mountains and valleys are dependent upon the nature of the rocks which compose them. A man like the late Hugh Miller can tell from the outlines of the mountains, the nature of the rocks. The chalk rocks of the Sussex coast swell up from the sea-level some two or three hundred feet high, and except where they break off in abrupt cliffs facing the sea, are winding, round-topped, and undulating, with their flowing outlines all carpeted with herbage. And very beautiful on sunny hill-sides is this green sward. It is spangled in sunny braes with white and yellow flowers, and furze bushes display their golden ornaments. On north-easterly slopes, heather varies the green with purple. Bleating flocks of sheep, with civil dogs and friendly shepherds; larks up in the sky, thrilling their nest-warming mates with carols; linnets and yellow-hammers warbling in the furze, and numbers of yellow and blue moths, animate the Downs with life and sound. Several of the highest of these round hills appear to have been used as camps by the Romans, and on these sites orchids are found. Between these green round hills, whose white broken ends form the white chalk cliffs of England in the region which was the principal area of the storm, several rivers of insignificant size and small importance find their way to the sea; such as the Rother, the

Cuckmere, the Ouse, the Adur, and the Arun. These rivers, during their course, give up vapours which hang upon the hill-sides, and rise into the sky as clouds charged with the globules or vesicles, formed by evaporation from fresh water. Storms, as we shall see by-and-by, are battles of differently composed clouds, and these rivers and hills explain the collection of what we may call the land forces of the coming conflict.

The instruments kept at Brighton to measure the heat, humidity, and tension of the air (thermometers, hygrometers, and barometers), gave some remarkable readings for the 24th and 25th of June, 1863. On the 24th, the highest and lowest readings of the thermometer in the shade were 73 and 67; the highest reading in the sun was 90; and during the night the highest was 67 and the lowest 55 degrees. The storm lowered the temperature, for next day the readings were 70 and 66 in the shade and 85 in the sun's rays, and during the night the highest and lowest readings were 66 and 54. On Tuesday the wind was south-west, on Wednesday it was various, and on Thursday it was north-west. The change in the tension of the air is indicated by the following readings: at nine o'clock in the evening the barometer marked 30.02; and next evening 30.17. An inch of rain fell that night.

Students of lightning often wish for opportunities of studying it all over its range; more than that, they would like to study the atmosphere in the Polar regions, and where, as in Lima, and far from land at sea, lightning is unknown; but especially on tropical shores, where lightnings never cease flashing, and thunder is always heard. On these shores, white with coral, blue with janthine shells, and having palm-trees like forests of monster umbrellas a hundred feet high, the air is perennially in the condition which elicits thunderstorms. There are vast differences in the storms of different climes. The extraordinary thing respecting the storm of the 24th of June last, was, that it was a storm in a temperate climate with many of the features of a tropical storm.

My place of observation was near the Black Windmill on the west hill of Brighton. About half-past six o'clock there fell some "heat drops," heralding a shower. As the sun descended in the heavens, dark bluish-grey clouds overcast the sky, which, after sundown, were more and more frequently lighted up by flashes of sheet or summer lightning. I went out for a stroll near home, and was soon joined by two neighbours, one of whom delights in astronomy, and the other in poetry. About ten o'clock heavy rain-drops came drumming down upon our hats like a shower of pebbles. Driven in-doors, I set myself to watch the storm. The evaporation from the sea had sent up, during many previous days, clouds of a different composition from those which had been rising from the rivers, and winds blowing from different quarters had driven them into collision. And then began the most magnificent battle of sea clouds with land clouds I

ever beheld. The warring clouds did not appear to be more than a thousand feet up whilst resting upon the land. A man who could have beheld the whole area of the storm from a balloon at an elevation of fifteen hundred or two thousand feet, would have seen as grand a storm as the imagination can conceive. He would have seen, by means of the lightning flashes, the white-frothed sea dashing against the coast line from Selsey Bill to Beachy Head; with the rivers running between the round hills; with copses, forests, fields, cottages, mansions, hamlets, villages, towns, church towers, cathedral spires, and windmills. There was an extraordinary variety in the forms of the lightning. A flash of chain lightning is said to have been seen; I myself noted sheets, darts, forks, zig-zags, and fireballs. I have never seen, heard, or read of, lightning of such various colours; there were flashes of red, purple, bluish-grey, grey, pale green, milk white, and golden yellow. No human eye dare brave the dazzling brightness of the fireballs. The unusually great variety of the colours shows that there was an unusually great variety in the composition of the warring globules, or vesicles. And the thunder was, of course, as various as the lightning. The sheet lightnings, purple, bluish-grey, or pale green, were followed by rumbling noises, like the sound made by heavy artillery when heard rolling over rough stone-paved streets at night. The darts, forks, and zig-zags, were followed by rattling peals, resembling the reports of musketry when heard near enough for the hissing of the bullets to be discerned in the noise. The fireball explosions, by their thunder, recalled to mind the simultaneous discharge of many guns of the highest calibre. This great variety in the colours and sounds was accompanied by another remarkable feature—continuousness. From half-past nine until a quarter-past one o'clock, the lightning and thunder were without intermission. The storm recommenced again at about half-past two, and continued until after four o'clock in the morning.

A withered flower was all the damage which came under my notice at Brighton. During the storm there was neither very much wind, nor rain, nor darkness. Between eleven and twelve o'clock, when the zig-zag lightning and dazzling fireballs were followed by the grandest peals of thunder, a drunken man staggered up the road under my window, shouting, "Hoorah! the brave lightning is calling; and I am none of your cowards; I am the little man that braves it." However, while this Ajax in beer was thus boasting, every explosion startled him so that he lurched half way across the road.

Very different was the scene that night at Seaford Cliff. With good eyes or an ordinary spy-glass, any one may see, from the pier-head at Brighton, along the undulating cliffs, about twelve miles eastward, Seaford Cliff, on this side of Beachy Head. In 1850 I visited this cliff, to see an immense scoop blown out of it at its highest point by gunpowder ignited by electricity. It was magnificent to witness. After

a hollow rumbling explosion, an immense slice of the cliff, two hundred feet high, suddenly driven as a crumbling, ever-expanding mass, rolling further and further out to sea. But grand although this sight was, in the eyes of the thousands who came from far and near to observe it, a spectacle of a far more terrible grandeur occurred unseen on this very spot in the evening of the 24th of last June.

There is a flagstaff on the brow of the cliff. At a quarter to ten o'clock on the Wednesday night of the storm, near this flag, Thomas Bradley, the coast-guardsmen from the Cuckmere station, met "in conference" John Dancer, the coast-guardsmen from the East Blatchington station. They were both on duty. They conversed a short time together, and John Dancer, who was about thirty-seven years of age, with a wife and three children, was sober and cheerful as usual. After the guardsmen parted, amidst the thunder-storm, Thomas Bradley turned round, and by a flash of lightning saw John Dancer walking westward towards Blatchington. Early on the following morning the wife of John Dancer informed the chief boatman, Mr. Bennet, that her husband had not come home; and Mr. Bennet went to search for him on the cliff, while William Fost went to search on the beach under the cliff. The chief boatman found the stick and sou'-wester hat of John Dancer lying near the path, only a few yards nearer the edge of the precipice; and about twenty yards west of where they were, underneath, at the bottom of the cliff, which is here about two hundred feet high, the boatman found his body lying on the beach. He had fallen three or four yards from the bottom of the cliff, as appeared from a mark on the beach, and then had bounded or rolled four or five yards more, dying on his back with his comforter adjusted across his brow. His watch on his left side, was uninjured and keeping good time; his tobacco-box on his right side, was flattened.

There was no trace of lightning about the body. On the cliff, though several persons, myself included, examined it carefully and repeatedly, not the slightest mark could be discerned of a man having lost his way after being blinded or stunned, and having stumbled or fallen over. He knew the path well, having gone over it three or four times a week for thirteen months. White chalk stones mark it, which can be seen, as I have tested, after dark. No doubt, just at the spot where the catastrophe occurred, the ascent from the path to the precipice is not so steep as lower down, yet he would have had to ascend and go to the left to reach it, when for safety he had only to roll down the steep green sward on his right; there were no scratches on his fingers, such as there must have been if he had snatched or clutched at grass or chalk. There was no wind that night, sufficient to take a man off his legs. The exhaustive process of induction we have pursued preventing our believing without proof that he was confused and stumbled over, or was driven over by the wind,

there remains but one imaginable explanation of his death. This is, that he was swept over the cliff by the lightning, which carried his sou'-wester hat and stick in that direction.

The lightning, upon this hypothesis, was not by its striking or burning, but by its lifting power, the cause of the death of John Dancer. He was not blinded, for his eyes were open and unscathed. This lifting power of lightning has long been well known to students of weather wisdom. That I may not appear to be citing marvellous stories to prove a marvel, I will merely quote, in an abridged form, a paragraph published months since in this journal: "That lightning can throw heavy bodies considerable distances with great force, is well known, but few persons have any adequate idea of the weight of the bodies transported, or of the force with which they are projected. The Rev. George Low, of Fetlar, in Scotland, records that at Funzie, in his parish, a rock of mica schist, one hundred and five feet long, and ten feet broad, was broken in an instant into fragments, one of which was simply turned over; another, twenty-eight feet long, ten broad, and five thick, projected over an elevated point a distance of fifty yards; and the largest, about forty feet long, was sent still further, but in the same direction, right into the sea. Scarcely less surprising was the force with which lightning split the mizenmast of the *Patriote*, during the night of the 11th of July, 1852, in the port of Cherbourg. The mast was split eighty feet down; and one fragment, six and a half feet long, and about eight inches square at the thicker end, was driven two hundred and sixty-two feet and a half, and then the thick end foremost through an oaken plank one inch thick, nearly half its length, until stopped by a knot."

When there is no other guess which fits in with the evidence, a mechanical force like this may with probability be found guilty of sweeping a man over a precipice. Leaving Seaford and East Blatchington, with the widow and three children of poor John Dancer, and going up the valley watered by the Ouse towards Lewes, we approach the scene of another deplorable calamity. Ranscombe Brow, a bold hill skirted by the road from Lewes to Glynde (the village of the glen), is situated about a mile and a half from Lewes, and commands, even from the road, an extensive view of the valley, both inland and seaward. The road winds through a wooded dell, and is darkened by very high and very thick hedges on both sides. Nothing can be seen except the sky. But, on issuing from between the hedges, and rounding the brow, an extensive flat landscape of pastures, watered by the Ouse, startles the view. The effect is striking, even on a fine summer afternoon, and must have been appalling in the night and the early morning of the 25th of June, when the darkness of night increased the gloom between the hedges, and when continuous lightning was enkindled all over the extensive view. Shortly after eleven o'clock on Wednesday night, a tradesman of Glynde, Mr. Henry Mockett Weller, aged fifty-

one; his wife, aged forty-nine; and a young woman, Elizabeth Bingham, about thirty-five years of age; drove along this road from Lewes in a one-horse cart. Elizabeth Bingham was about to be married to Mrs. Weller's brother, "after," as the local phrase describes it, "they had walked out together for ten years," and she was going to Glynde to make some preparations for her wedding. As he passed a policeman while leaving Lewes, Mr. Weller said, "Good night; it is very rough." At the Southerham tollbar-gate, Mrs. Weller and Miss Bingham were alarmed, and Mr. Weller was pacifying them. He was over-confident in the steadiness of his horse. Mr. Weller sat on the right driving, his wife sat next him holding up an umbrella, and the bride on the left of the seat in the cart. On issuing from between the dark hedges and reaching the brow, they must have seen the whole landscape, the sky, the distant hill-tops, the pastures, the river, a-blaze with continuous lightning. I read the story of the catastrophe in the fresh marks on the spot. The horse, seized with maddening panic, had suddenly started away from the view of the lightning, wheeling the cart very sharply round, and springing up the steep embankment. The marks of the wheels and hoofs on the grass of the embankment, show that a terrible struggle ensued between horse and driver, the horse wildly plunging anywhere away from the storm, and the driver pulling the right rein to bring the horse down into the road. All three had tried to get down from the cart on the right side, together. The horse then fell over, capsizing the cart, and entangling all three under it. They were killed by the fall, the wheel, and the kicking horse.

For hours the four victims of this thunder-storm lay dead or dying during that fearful night: John Daner on the beach under Seaford Cliff, and the Wellers and Elizabeth Bingham on the road, under Ranscombe Brow. What a touch of pathos is added to the terror of these storms, when we remember their wrecked victims, the hopes they destroyed, and the homes they desolated! How are we to characterise the fool-hardiness which neglects all the known precautions against their dangers?

More than three hours after the catastrophe at Ranscombe, a Lewes tradesman was driving home in a four-wheeled chaise. It was the darkest, coldest, most eerie hour in the morning, about half-past two o'clock. On the road at Ranscombe Brow, his horse shied. He applied the whip gently, but the horse would not advance. His son jumped down and tried to lead the horse, and then both father and son tried to lead the horse; but he would not pass something on the road. It was very dark. They could see nothing. At last a flash of lightning showed a cart turned on the axle, and they discerned a woman lying close under it. The woman did not answer when spoken to, and they discovered she was dead. Another flash of lightning revealed another woman rather more under the cart. After procuring a lantern and

assistance, and while drawing the cart away from the horse, a man was seen under the wheel. The forepart of the cart was kicked in.

These three victims of this storm were buried in the churchyard of Glynde on the following Sunday. A long funeral procession, with about thirty couples of mourners, followed them from the village to the churchyard. The coffins, according to ancient Sussex custom, were carried on the shoulders of sixteen men, attired in long white smock-frocks, with black neckties. One large grave received all three, and they were laid down in the order in which they travelled. From a thousand to fifteen hundred persons were in the churchyard; and a crowded congregation listened in the church, in tears, to a discourse reminding us that in the midst of life we are in death.

This great storm left its mark at other places. At Maidstone and Herstmonceau, hailstones, or rather bits of ice, of oblong shape and broad as pennypieces, fell, breaking skylights. A policeman on duty at East Peckham was struck by lightning and seriously injured on the left side. A retriever dog was killed by his master's side at Hurstpierpoint. A poplar was shattered into splinters in the village of Kensing. At Cuckfield, the lightning entered a cottage by the chimney, burned a small hole through the bedroom floor, passed through the sitting-room below, and left by the door, which happened to be open. At sea, four sailors were knocked down on board the Britannia collier, lying off Brighton. At Wilmington, the Eagle beer-house was set on fire and gutted, the inmates escaping for their lives. At Spring Cottage, Fount Road, Tunbridge Wells, a man and his wife were struck in bed, the latter lying for some time insensible. None of the furniture in the room in which they were sleeping was injured, but the stone sink in the kitchen was shattered to pieces. In Ely Lane, Tunbridge Wells, the lightning struck a cottage, breaking pictures, damaging ceiling, and smashing panes of glass and a chimney mirror. A horse grazing upon the rocks at Denny Bottom either fell, being frightened, or was knocked or swept down from the rocks, and was fatally hurt. The lightning over the whole range of the storm scorched flowers, corn, especially oats and barley, although the damage was not considerable; and it positively benefited the hop bines, by debarrassing them of noxious insects.

The fall of hailstones is a notable thing in thunder-storms. Vapours hot enough to fuse metals, and vapours frozen into ice, come into collision, or proximity, in these storms. Conflicts of temperature must play a part in them. I have never been lucky enough to hear it, but some people say they can hear a hissing sound when lightning and rain are meeting together in the air. Many beautiful observations have been made upon the six-sided crystals of snow, but I am not aware of any upon the forms and sizes of hailstones. Moisture cooled on plants, is called dew; run into drops in the air, rain; frozen, snow; and snow

adhering loosely, in sizes from pins' heads to very large eggs, is called hailstones; when adhering solidly and becoming slippery, it is ice. Now, it is surely a notable thing that furnace heat, and ice cold, should both figure together in electrical storms. Brave observers in balloons can rise from the sweltering heat of a July afternoon in a warm summer, into a snow-storm, in a brief time; but in this June storm, showing how high the aerial stir had mounted, there was a meeting of fire and ice.

The rain and hail of electrical storms is said to be sometimes luminous. "I have twice observed," said Bergman, writing to the Royal Society in 1761, "rain fall of such a character that everything sparkles at its contact, and the ground seems to be covered by waves of fire." In 1773 thunder and lightning were accompanied with rain, every drop of which darted fire on reaching the earth. M. Pasumot, after being in the rain of a thunder-storm at La Cauche, on shaking the rain from the rim of his hat, observed that on meeting the rain falling from the clouds the collision struck out sparks of fire. The Abbé Bertholin, riding from Brignai to Lyons, saw the rain and hail flash light on striking the metal of his saddle. On the 25th of January, 1822, some miners at Freyberg told Lampadius that they had seen small hail falling during a thunder-storm which was luminous on the ground.

But the terror of these storms lies in the fact that the greatest heat there is, lies about in them with the greatest known swiftness. A case, the particulars of which I investigated at Seaford, illustrates this fact.

On the 13th of December, 1856, two young men, named Green and Parks, sought shelter from a thunder-storm in Ade's Mill, Seaford. They went into the uppermost part of the mill with the miller, whose name was Hilton. A little after mid-day the lightning entered one of the small windows in the uppermost part of the mill, and prostrated all three. For some time they were all lying insensible. Hilton, least hurt, came to himself first, and, after arousing the others, crawled down to the door in search of assistance. The first person he saw was a shepherd of the name of Picknell, walking towards Seaford, and to him he called for help. On seeing their condition, Picknell exclaimed, "Why, you have all been struck by lightning!" Green was so far from being aware of what had happened to him, that as he recovered consciousness he began wondering "if there could have been anything in a glass of beer he had drunk, which could have affected him in this way." They all entreated Picknell to rub their legs; when he did so, their black charred flesh came off in his hands. Procuring a cart, shepherd Picknell carried the poor sufferers, one by one, in his lap, slipping down the steep steps inside and outside the mill. Parks, having suffered in no vital part, eventually recovered, and is now alive. After apparently recovering from his dreadful burns, Hilton died three years afterwards. The fate of Green was

remarkable. He recovered from all his burns, except one behind his neck. He was fearfully burned to the bone on his right leg, and on his foot and round his ankle, as the remains of his blue cotton stocking still show. He was burned black, all over his breast. The iron in his heavy shoes had probably something to do with this intense burning of his foot and leg; and perhaps the burn upon his breast, and the fatal wound behind his neck, owed their severity to the metals composing his watch and chain. The silver case of his watch was melted by the lightning for a length along the edge of more than half an inch, where it holds the glass; and the melted silver had run into the form of a small round globule. The links of his watch-chain, composed of silvered copper, were volatilised at two places. One of these places, no doubt, was where the chain passed over his neck. He seemed to get quite well, all his wounds having healed, except the one about the size of a half-crown piece in the back of his neck. On the fourth of March, nearly three months after the storm, he was standing on the beach chatting with some girls, when one of them asked, "Are you cross, Robert?" and he answered, "Do I look cross?" Immediately after, he clutched hold of her shoulder to support himself, and the next instant fell down dead. That little wound behind his neck was above what Flourens calls the vital knot or brain of respiration. The inference of the danger of having metal chains round the neck during thunder-storms, is too obvious to require mentioning. The coroner's jury, in accordance with the medical evidence, said that young Robert Green died of disease of the heart—a phrase very serviceable to general practitioners. But the physiologist will find proofs enough that he died from gangrene having attacked the small spot of grey matter, little bigger than a pin's head, located between the third and fourth vertebrae, and on which depends the breath of life.

The line of danger, whether from the burning or the lifting power of lightning, is the line of strong and obstructed currents of air. A few years ago, a man was killed by lightning at Bishopton Mill, and the spot is precisely where four paths meet, running between eight high walls. The line of the lightning is the line of the greatest aerial friction. Windmills are built to catch the wind, and with it they catch the lightning. When Ade's Mill was struck, three other mills were struck in the same storm—Seaford Mill, Wyndor Mill, and a mill at Eastbourne. A joke is ascribed to Washington Irving. A comrade refused to take shelter from rain under a tree, because he had promised his father, who had been struck by lightning when sheltering under a tree, that he never would do it. "Oh! if lightning is," retorted Irving, "in your family, you are quite right." But lightning is in the family of trees. They conspicuously obstruct the aerial currents, and hence their exposure to danger. Lightning is, for the same reason, an heirloom of church

steeples. Through chimneys, lightning has a way into most houses, and therefore it is wise, by opening doors or windows, to give it a way out. Where the air is least jammed and packed out of doors, and comparative calm prevails, there is least danger. The principle of the lightning conductor is to take advantage of the preference of lightning for metals, and to direct it from the house or ship, by giving it what it prefers to strike; while the principle of the advice I am giving, is, to turn away the blow by facilitating its course through the air. In France and Italy it used to be the custom to try to scare the demon of lightning away, by ringing the holy bells in the church steeples: superstition thus hoping to lessen the aerial danger by increasing the aerial disturbance! The bellringers in those cases ran risks similar to the risks incurred by persons seeking shelter under tall trees. During the night of the 14th of April, 1718, four-and-twenty churches in one district of Brittany were struck by lightning; and M. Fontenelle remarked that they were precisely the churches in which the bells were rung to drive the lightning away, while the churches spared were precisely those whose bells were not rung. Wherever, then, the aerial strife is fiercest, there the danger is greatest; and if we keep out of the way of currents or draughts, we keep out of the way of the lightning.

THE GOLDEN MEAN.

LOOKING back into the past, I see with the eyes of memory two sheets of caricatures by Gilray, which are respectively headed, *The Effects of Flattery*, and *The Effects of Truth*. They each consist of a series of figures, placed in pairs, with the good old-fashioned labels coming out of their mouths—labels that leave no doubt as to the end and intention of the figures. In the *Flattery* series, there is a general buoyancy and happy result; in the *Truth* series, there is a pervading bitterness and palpable failure. The young man in French revolution dress, with top-boots, and tip-top neckcloth, makes a neat hit when he tells his old uncle, "Uncle, you're the best judge of horseflesh in the world. On the word of a sportsman, your new mare is the neatest thing I ever crossed." For uncle replies: "Jack, you know what's what; and since you admire the new mare so much, I'll make you a present of her." Also Mrs. Jones comes out pleasingly, when she says to the old maid with the smallest of muffs, and the most pinched of bonnets, "As lovely as ever, my dear friend! I protest you are the paragon of neatness!" The smiling reply is, "Mrs. Jones, I always took you for a woman of discernment. Why do I see so little of you? Pray come home with me, and take a cup of tea."

In the other print how different are the results of Truth! The young girl in a sash who exclaims to her fat relative, "Dear aunt, I

protest you are as lusty again as when I saw you last!" is met by the rejoinder, "It would be more becoming in you, Miss, to speak with a little more consideration. Everybody tells me I am fallen away prodigiously." Look at another couple. An ancient gentleman, in an easy chair, and in the easy undress of a loose wrapper, says to an ancient in buckskins, "Old friend, it is time for you and me to give over acting and dressing like boys! I am sixty-five, and you cannot be much less." To which the friend, with screwed up mouth, responds, "I regret to say, Mr. Brown, you were never famous for speaking the truth. I appeal to your good lady if I am more than five-and-forty."

That these caricatures express realities of the human constitution, few will deny. The "ca' me, and I'll ca' thee" principle is a beneficial principle. Oh, the might of its infinite diffusion through the myriad animalculine acts, whose very exuvia constitute the mountains of the moral world! Consider how many hours there are in the day, which the presence or absence of agreeable titillation may convert into a blessing or a curse! Reflect what it would be to be always rubbed the wrong way! A man might die of it. And it would be to his credit, to die of it. So admirably constituted are we, our neighbour's good opinion is essential to our vitality. And how should our neighbour show his good opinion? How, but by studying to please, and by studying the art of pleasing; for it is an art. Flattery, quotha! Kindly feeling, say I! If a man thinks it worth his while to flatter me, that is in itself a flattery, and shows tender consideration for me. But, if he thinks it worth his while to flatter me *well*, his benevolence towards me assumes a higher aspect, and becomes sublime. If he lays it on tenderly, if he avoids the grossness of flattering me to my face, and only whispers my praise to a third person, that it may come gently round to me, I say, God bless him, for he is a good man! Men called sincere, are not good men; neither indeed are they sincere. At best they only seek a vent for their own ill tempers. And then some of the most artful men I ever had the misfortune to be taken in by, had attained the summit of the *Ars celandi artem* by covering their duplicity with a mask of brusquerie.

But the golden mean is difficult to hit. A man may be tickled, as certainly as he may be clawed, to death. Between the Ecstasies and the Depreciators, between the Cold and the Hot, the "airs from Heaven," and the "blasts from Hell," what tonics, diatonics, semitones, and demi, semi, quavers!

Now, there are Mrs. Bliss and her daughters. Their praise is a perpetual hyperbole; in their glare of raptures there is no more shade nor perspective than in a tea-tray Chinese landscape. In ten minutes after the charming widow has entered my drawing-room she has exhausted every epithet of transport and wonder. When she has dubbed a wretched drawing on a screen "the finest thing I ever saw in my life!" what

remains to be said for my *Salvator Rosa*, which is my own joy and pride?

While Mrs. Bliss renders me anything but blissful, the daughters of Bliss, paying the warmest court to my wife, make my poor dear Agnes blush crimson, as if some deep irony were at the bottom of such exclamations as, "Oh, what a sweet dress! Where did you get it? Who is your dressmaker? Oh, what an exquisite brooch! Do let me see it nearer!" When the robe is gingham, and the brooch a common shell- cameo; and the Bliss girls themselves "walk" (or sit) "in silk attire," and wear no end of Hunt and Roskell! But I am sure they never mean to quiz, and that they are justly popular.

Perhaps, as the last ecstasies of the Bliss ladies are fading through the door, the same door admits the low growl of Mr. Nill, who walks in at the head of his family. Mr. Nill is a tall thin adust ferrety-looking man, with a ferrety nose, and ferrety eyes of a pale red round the rims. The ferrety nose and the ferrety eyes poke and pry into everything; but the latter organs possess the faculty which Walter Scott attributes to the mad maiden in the *Lady of the Lake*; they "seem all to mark, yet naught to spy;" for in their most restless action (and their action is restless) they preserve a blankness which denotes that not an object is to them worth the trouble of speculation. The Nills are silent people. There are some who talk you dead: there are some who kill you by silence. Of the two, I almost think I prefer—always excepting when Mr. Bark Nosyborne calls on me—the incontinent of speech to the retentive. When a man has built a new library, or a new pigsty, when he has planted a fir-tree, or planted a flag-staff, he wants a flowing libation of sympathy upon his work. Harmless wish! Who, in this thorny world, would not lend that wish a helping hand? Mr. Nill would not: Mrs. Nill would not: Mr. Nill, junior, and the two Miss Nills would not. Marvellous unity! It is not, indeed, wonderful that the offspring should resemble either parent; but that Mrs. Nill the red and thin, should be like Mr. Nill the pale and stout, is a matrimonial miracle, which I suppose to be wrought by elective affinity, and years of companionship.

To the above two classes of humanity who respectively admire all, and nothing, and whom we may call the overloaders and the underloaders of the great social balance, may be added the comparers, who never praise an object without being reminded of something else they have seen. Mrs. Secundum goes into transports at your pond: but she has seen the Lake of Geneva. "Ah, that *was* sublime!" Before the little picturesque cascade in your grounds, Miss Secundum pauses—first in silent—then in speaking ecstasy. "Beautiful, beautiful! Most poetic! It reminds me of that fall near dear Keswick, the cataract of Lodore, about which Southey wrote so grandly. 'How does the water come down at Lodore.'" The Twisters, who sometimes come to see us, are also comparers, but

they improve upon the Secundums, by setting up, beside every object they admire, an object utterly and wildly different. They would scorn to compare a molehill to a mountain, rather would they boldly compare a mountain to a saucepan. Your carpet, which is "Charming! charming," makes them cry out, "Have you seen the picture-gallery of the Louvre?" You ask Miss Twister if she is not delighted with Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*. To which she replies, "Lovely! But have you heard Gounod's *Faust*?"

Next in my list come the Blunderers, who possibly do not mean to hurt your feelings, any more than pigs in a garden mean to hurt your flowers. Yet, somehow or other, they do it. Though not spiteful, they are scarcely kind hearted; nay, if tact, that rare quality, be but the blossom of kindly feeling, they are surely *not* kind hearted. Self-occupied, and doing all for self-glorification, they have no eyes for others. Such is Jack Fulltop, who, by an instinct one might almost call dexterity, stumbles upon the sore places of everybody's soul. Yet he takes a coarse interest in you—claps you on the back, and humiliates you in a friendly manner. To the author of a still-born poem he will say, "What a pity, my dear friend, that the world has taken no notice of your book!" To a man who is getting to the shady side of sixty, he will set forth the blessings of old age, and recommend Cicero de Senectute. Jack's presence in a friendly party spoils that friendly party. By dint of his free and easy boisterousness, he produces a constraint in others; and by force of frantic distortion, puts everybody else into an unnatural posture. Save me from that man at a dinner-party! I might be his butt—for he always *has* a butt. And out of sheer affection (when he is in a good temper) he never takes his eyes, nor his voice, from the poor butt, but patronises him to that frightful extent, all through dinner, that it would have been a more delicate attention to have garrotted him from behind, with the dinner-napkin, when he took his seat.

Yet, was I better off the other evening at the solemn eating given by Lord Mastic, when I was indigestibly closed in between Lady Fleedle and Professor Toady? Lady Fleedle, who wants to be polite to everybody, but blunderingly affronts everybody, because she is blind and deaf; Professor Toady, who sets off his flunkeyism to the Great, by offensive rudeness to the Little. If Toady is a warning, Lady Fleedle is an awful revelation. In her mistakes, the whole hollow mechanism of the world, with the plaster worn off, is revealed. The dial-plate of her society-watch is gone, and the hands go their distracted rounds over wild wheels and broken springs. With Professor Toady I had been talking of spirit rapping, and I had vented the very original remark that "Some people thought it was the work of the devil!" on which Lady Fleedle called out, "Ah, dear man, I knew him intimately! Is he dead? What a loss to the world!" On the other side of Lady Fleedle,

Dr. Busby was pompously enunciating verses, which in his time, he said, were considered witty, and might still be aids to a schoolboy's memory:

Qui, quæ, quod,
Fetch me the rod!
Hic, hæc, hoc,
Lay him on the block.

When Lady Fleadle, just making out that there was metre aloft, lifted up her hands and eyes, drew out her pocket-handkerchief, and with a well-executed tear, exclaimed, "How affecting! It reminds me of Lord Lyttleton's epitaph on his wife, 'Speak, dead Maria!'" On the other side of me, I was edified by Toady's alternations between abject flattery to a lord next him, and snapping replies towards myself, who am nobody. "Yes, my lord, indeed, as you say, all the writers of the Essays and Reviews should be turned out of the Church, and their works burnt by the hands of the common hangman. Your lordship's erudition and profound piety entitle you to decide on the subject, if any one may." Then to me (we had only been discussing a pudding): "No! It wants more lemon!" Then to the lord: "My lord, I perfectly agree with you! You are profoundly right. A glass of champagne is quite the true thing after gooseberry fool."

Come out of the drawing-rooms and dining-halls "of dazzling light," to take your ease at your inn, or to dawdle into shops to make purchases. Exchange those whom you try to please, for those whose business is to please *you*, are you in a more agreeable atmosphere, or rather, are you not still haunted by the poco-piu, and the poco-meno of life? Where is the perfect Waiter? He is a myth! Seek him not abroad, neither at home. Have you yet discovered—I never have—which is worse: the fulsome and familiar, or the uncivil and the stiff-necked? The officious foreign waiter, or the native cold flabby commodity of our best of isles? Look at him of the Rhine, with his pomaded hair, glaring eye-glass, and stupendous watch-chain, who *will* "spike Inglis" (as he phrases it), who announces the name of each dish as he sets it before you, calling cauliflower, "coal-floors," and roast mutton, "sheep's brat;" who suffocates you with his overwhelming attentions. Is he not nauseous? But, may he not possibly, in virtue of his good intent, be a shade less provoking than the British waiter in a clerical choker, known to an "Uncommercial Traveller," whose whole pale demeanour declares your coming to *his* hotel to be a piece of impertinence, and who, at one o'clock, tells your Hungriness there will be a "Tablet Dot" at five, and he can serve you nothing before?

Then, as to shops. The other day I entered Mr. Ragman's, the stationer's, to make rather a considerable purchase of writing-paper and envelopes. A dark solemn-visaged man stood behind the counter, who eyed me steadily, but did not even ask me what my business was. The steady eyes had a mesmeric effect on me, and the silence confused my thoughts, until I really

did not know why I had entered that shop. I moved uneasily. Then, the steady eyes began to move, and to watch me, and to say, "Are you come here to steal something?" At last, with a snap, like machinery, the great Ragman uttered the awful words, "Your business, sir?" My stammering tongue hardly faltered out—for, like the electro-biologised, I had by that time almost forgotten my own name—"Cream-laid, wire-wove—who-is-it's—patent envelopes. That man Thing-um-me's-in-th-Strand's magnum-bonum pens." "How many?" asks Ragman, in an awful voice: this time omitting the sir. "How many of each?" I could not bring out how many! "Thomas, serve this gentleman" (the last word unutterably toned), said the embodied firm of Ragman; and, having consigned me to the young man (to my great relief), turned his eyes once more on vacancy instead of my face.

More awful is the female of this class, who folds her fat arms upon the prominence below her waist, won't help you to get number seven and a half when you buy your gloves, but stands resolutely quiet, magnificently indifferent, with a look (probably out of window) which means, being interpreted, "I don't care whether you buy or not." Should you happen to buy, her "Thank you!" is a dose of eloquintida to the ear. Is there no medium between these under-loaders and the overloading tenth of a man (for he must be less than a tailor), who, when I go with my daughter to Dasher's, keeps talking on, "What shall I show you? What is the next article? No trouble at all! Nothing more this morning?" and, all the time, busy with hands as with tongue, unfolds a dozen bales of goods when Emma would rather see only one, and, in spite of her meek protestations, climbs to the highest shelf, dives to the lowest cellarage, makes drawers fly open with a magic touch, and deluges my dear astounded girl in a flood of ribands, which he seems to bring out of nothing, as if he were a conjuror. Then, as we stumble out into the street, his voice pursues us with as many notes of obligation as though Emma's pennyworth of tape had saved him from utter ruin.

Yet, after all, since nothing is perfect on earth, my heart is with the overloaders, because my youthful memory is. A female overloader, especially if pretty, is a pleasant being. Can I forget thee, Jane Perry, deffest of scam-stresses, pearl of hosieresses, cream most miraculous of gloveresses? Well did the gowmsmen of Trinity College know thy shop, the emporium of news, where others' tongues were set a-going by the ready prattle of thine own! Well did they appreciate thy comfortable comforters, overlapping the chinks in the throat of a Dread-nought, when a day at Newmarket was in view, and tandems dared the chilling blast—thy gloves, such a capital fit at the race-ball—thy shirts, moulded well to the brave broad chest of youth! Ah, what a blessed thing it was in thee, Jane Perry, that thou wouldst never send in a bill, but, at the bare mention of such a thing, didst

tremble, blush, and quaver, "Oh, pray, dear sir, don't mention it!" Yet thou didst prosper! Doubtless, Heaven did prosper thee, young fair widow, with one sweet child, little Amy, the gowmsmen's pet! Blessings on thee for the kindest, gentlest, truest of flatterers!

MAJOR MONSOON'S TIGER STORY.

"THANK YOU, I think I'll take another cheroot, old fellow—they're a first-rate brand, but not quite the sort I keep for my own smoking—and pass the brandy; thank you; your brandy's good brandy, but not *very* good brandy. One can't expect it at the sea-side."

The major took another cheroot from the frail but odorous dark cedar-box, bound with red, and he also condescendingly filled himself a peculiarly stiff third tumbler of brandy-and-water. I say brandy-and-water, but the expression is scarcely correct, for, as he told me, ever since a fit of hydrophobia at Kollywallah, up at the foot of the Hill Country, he had had a strong dislike to water, and a grateful recollection of the brandy which had preserved his valuable life.

The major was a full-habited middle-sized middle-aged man, with a bruised flattish red face, rather staring blue eyes, with a noisy good-humoured impudent manner that nothing could daunt. He wore a straw hat and blue band, an immense gilt double eye-glass tied with a broad black ribbon, a loose light suit of a pale nankeen colour, very small dancing-shoes, and carried a large silver-mounted Penang "lawyer." I scarcely know how I picked up the gallant officer, but on the eighth day of my stay in Ramsgate I had got so tired of shrimps, raffles, bathing, using a telescope, and slopping about on weedy rocks, that I had begun to look out for a companion on the Esplanade seats. But he whom I looked for in vain there, met me unsought, in the billiard-rooms on the cliff. At that genteel establishment, I found the major laughing, talking, telling stories, executing unparalleled canons, betting condescendingly with very juvenile boating-men, and drinking brandy-pawnee at some young amateur commodore's expense, with a manner as totally free from pride as it was radiant with the urbanity of the officer and the traveller.

The major was one of those indescribable men who can be seen any day between four and dark looking into the cigar-shops in Regent-street, or lounging about the doors of billiard-rooms in Leicester-square, dozing on seats in St. James's Park, or reading the American news with a severe air in Wild's reading-room: an indefinite man of indefinite occupations. An idler tired of himself could not, however, have discovered a more talkative, cheery, rattling, good-natured companion than the major. He had, like myself, apparently found Ramsgate dull, for he lost no opportunity of cultivating my acquaintance; and, as he lodged only three doors from

me in Seaside-terrace, there was seldom an evening when the major did not drop in to take his coffee, and smoke his cigar on my balcony.

It was on the fourth evening of our acquaintance that the major, having lighted his fourth cheroot, and mixed, as I have said, his third glass of brandy-and-water, sank down luxuriously in a rocking-chair, tucked his legs by a violent exertion (for I should mention that he was a little lame) on a second chair, and, with an air of almost sultanic enjoyment, commenced the following story of one of his most remarkable achievements in the hunting-field:

"Twenty years ago," said the major, "I commanded a detachment of my native regiment, The Fighting Half-Hundred (as we were called, from our behaviour in the Burmese war), at a little village called Kollywallah, in the north-east corner of the Jubbalgore district of the Bengal Presidency. It was near a jungle, full of tigers; and, as we soon put down the paltry tax riots that had brought us to Kollywallah, and time began to hang heavy on our hands, I and Twentyman, the only other officer, naturally took to tiger-hunting, which exciting amusement soon became a passion with us. In six months there was not a ryot at Kollywallah who did not know me as 'The Great Shikarree,' and it was all I could do to prevent the people from worshipping me and my hunting-clephant, 'Ramechunder.'

"One morning, when Twentyman was down with jungle fever, and I was sitting by his side reading him Charles O'Malley in the balcony of our bungalow, which gave on the cantonment, I heard a great noise as of a crowd of natives trying to force their way in past my native servants. Poor Twentyman, who was fretful with want of sleep, beginning to groan and complain at the noise, I ran out with my big hunting-whip, and, licking the niggers all round, asked them what they meant by making such a cursed noise.

"'Chooop ruho ekdum' ('be silent immediately'), I shouted.

"The old khitmutgar, an old grey-bearded fellow who had been butler to my father the general, came salaaming forward when he saw me, and said:

"'Sahib, sahib, the country people from Moonje have come to ask sahib to come and shoot a white tiger—a man-eater—who has already killed an old woman, six children, and ten bullocks.'

"Out I went, just as I was, in my slippers, and sure enough at the gate of the compound, if you'll believe me, there were about a hundred natives, salaaming, and tom-tomming, and praying Mahadeo to soften the sahib's heart, and induce him to listen to them and come and kill the white tiger. I promised to do what I could, if they would supply beaters, and would be ready at the jungle next day with their usual heathenish and unsportsmanlike paraphernalia of native drums, bells, horns, and metal pans with stones in them. Off they went throwing somersaults,

and shouting like children, calling me every blessed name they could lay their hands on, and promising to muster in force at the place appointed, though they were half of them tiger worshippers at Moonje, and would not have let me kill the animal if he hadn't turned a 'man-eater.'

"Back I went to Twentyman, who was sitting up in bed, more cheerful, eating some fruit.

"What's the row?' said he, quite in his old voice.

"I told him that the people of Moonje wanted me to go and kill a 'man-eater,' but I didn't like leaving him.

"Then you go, old boy,' said he, 'for Dr. Johnson came in just as you left, and says I'm twice the man I was yesterday; I'll get along well enough with a book and a cheroot or two.'

"And may I take your double-barrelled breech-loader?"

"Of course; anything I have, Monsoon. Johnson says, Moonje has been full of tigers ever since the last Rajah took to preserving them, and made it death to kill one; but, for God's sake, Monsoon, take care of yourself! Those man-eaters are no joke, and if I were you I would ride to Poonahjah and get Simpson and Dever to go."

"No," said I, 'Twentyman. This is an affair of danger; I'll stalk the beast alone. There shall be no Englishman but myself to share the glory.'

"You are a plucky fellow, Monsoon," said Twentyman. 'As you like, but, for my own part, I'd rather have one Englishman than a thousand of those noisy devils, with their infernal drums and horns. They'd spoil an angel's shooting.'

"The rest of that day I spent in preparing for the tiger campaign at Moonje. I put on my red-brown shooting-coat, made of stuff of that peculiar dry leaf colour usually worn by Indian tiger-hunters, and which I was the first to introduce into the Presidency. The plan of this coat was my own invention; it had fourteen pockets, each destined for a special purpose, and never used for any other. It held caps, gun-picker, tigers' fat for greasing locks, spare nipples, gun-screw, a small boot-jack (the use of which I will tell you presently), a knife with sixteen blades, greased patches, iron bullets, cartridges, a pocket-revolver, a brandy-flask, a hunting-knife as strong as a bill-hook, a dried tongue, a cigar-case, a powder-horn, fuses, a sketch-book, a small key-bugle, a camp-stool, and a few other items useful to a man of several resources.

"As this white tiger I was to fight had escaped the native pitfalls, poison, spring-guns, and other stratagems of the crafty natives of the jungle village, I felt that at last I had met a foeman worthy of my arm, and I prepared for a gigantic effort. I filled Ramchunder's howdah with tulwahs (keen native swords), double-barrelled guns, rockets, and board-spears; so that, keeping that sagacious animal near me fastened to a tree, I could return to him at any time for fresh weapons and for lunch; for, even

in my enthusiasm for the chase, I did not forget some cold fowls and two or three bottles of champagne, &c.; and my khansamah (or butler) was to sit in the howdah and attend to the commissariat and general stores.

"The day came. I felt a strange glow of pleasure, mingled with a strange presentiment of danger which I could not shake off, do what I might. However, I said nothing to Twentyman, who wished me every success, and off I went on Ramchunder, who seemed proud to share in the adventure. Which was more than the cowardly khansamah was, for his teeth shook like castanets, and he dropped a bottle of bitter beer in sheer nervousness in packing. At last we were ready.

"'Juhlde jao!' ('go quick'), cried I to the mahout; and off trotted old Ramchunder to this side of the Moonje jungle, where all the beaters had assembled.

"If you'll believe me, even at the taking of Mooltan, there wasn't such a gol-mol (I am again talking Hindostance—I mean, in pure English, 'row') as when about two hundred of the native fellows began to break into the jungle of praus-trees and korinda-shrubs, firing match-locks, yelling like fiends broke loose, rattling metal pans, ringing bells, and blowing horns: while half a dozen of the boldest and most active of the beaters were sent on to climb trees and give notice if the man-eater stole away in their direction. It was arranged that I was to lie in wait, with Ramchunder, opposite to one of the most tigerish places; a crossing over a dry nullah (or ravine), where three native postmen had been carried off on consecutive days by the same tiger.

"And now, again, the presentiment weighed upon me as soon as I found myself alone with that miserable funky old khansamah, who did nothing but mutter prayers from the Koran, and look at his amulet of tiger's claws. Sir, all sorts of disagreeable anecdotes came fermenting up in my mind. I thought of how Major Bunsen, in the Forty-third, had died in four hours of lock-jaw from a scratch he received from a tiger's claw; and of how Captain Charters, of the Fourth Light Infantry, was found dead in the jungle from a tiger bite.

"I had been particularly careful with Dostee Pooloo, the captain of the beaters, as to the direction in which he was to drive the tigers, for these rascals generally frequent the same spot, and I had every reason to suppose that I should soon have my hands full.

"Dostee Pooloo, my boy,' said I, handing him a cheroot (for the niggers like you to be civil to them), 'be sure and drive everything that is in the jungle, sou'-westerly, for if I am far away from Ramchunder and the guns, when they break covert, there'll be a blank space left for me at the mess-table to-morrow.' When I said this, Dostee Pooloo showed all his box of teeth, and I saw that he was game to do just what I wished, so long as he hadn't to fight the tigers himself.

"Having planted my old khansamah with Ramchunder, and the cold fowls, and cham-

pagne, and the double-barrelled rifles near an old palm-tree, with strict injunctions not to move, I stole off down the nullah *whisk-whisk*, as the natives say—which means very gently.

"I suppose I had not gone more than three hundred yards from where I left the khan-samah and Ramchunder, before a path to the right, trodden down as if by wild boars through a tract of tall, dry, dusty jungle grass, burnt by the sun to a pale straw colour, attracted my attention. The beaters seemed to rouse nothing, and I began to think the story of the white tiger all a humbug and a flam.

"The path led on past a little tope of cocoa-nut palm, strung with fruit. Curiosity and a natural love of adventure carrying me on, I followed it for some hundred yards, till I saw the path a few yards before me open out into a sort of natural amphitheatre, beyond which lay the dry bed of a small watercourse, the surface of which, if you'll believe me, sir, was one vast tangle of enormous jungle flowers—great crimson fellows, big as teacups, and smelling of musk and patchouli; ropes of creeping plants binding tree to tree, and strung with scented yellow blossoms and trails of things like tulips, only as large as my hat, and with purple-bell flowers every half inch down the stalk.

"In a small open space surrounded by deep Moonje grass, and only visible from the higher clump of ground where they sunned themselves, strutted half a dozen peacocks. I had just knelt down and covered the biggest of them with my rifle—a splendid fellow, with a great fan-tail, all green and purple—when, lo and behold! what should come skipping from tree to tree but a whole tribe of monkeys, chattering, chasing each other, holding each other's tails, and cutting such capers, that it was all I could do to keep from laughing out and spoiling the whole game.

"I had scarcely readjusted my aim which these monkeys had thrown out, before, from out of the jungle, close to me, ran three little spotted deer and a wild hog, and began racing about as if that spot was their regular playground, and yet with a sort of fascinated stare and alarm that made me suspect mischief. I determined, however, *coûte que coûte*, to see the thing out, so I drew the brandy-flask from my No. 13 pocket, and took a sup to steady my hand. Before I had put it back, sure enough, out between two champa-trees came a tremendous beast of a boa-constrictor, as large round as a bolster, and seventy feet long, if he was an inch—his scales wet and shining with the dew, and he writhing and undulating like an enormous caterpillar.

"If you'll believe me, sir, surprised as I was, I had still presence of mind enough to aim firm and steady at his nearest eye, thinking what a triumph it would be to take him home to poor Twentyman. When what I should see about twenty feet beyond this beast but some strange object waving in the grass! I covered it with my rifle, and was just going to press the trigger with my forefinger, when I heard a rush, and an

enormous tiger, clearing the boa-constrictor, leaped a space of nearly forty feet (as I afterwards measured), and struck me to the ground before I could readjust my piece.

"It was the WHITE TIGER—THE MAN-EATER—I felt sure of it at the first glance; a splendid fellow, full thirteen feet long, of a pale tawny cream colour striped with dark brown, his chest almost white.

"If you'll believe me, sir, as he held me and shook me in his mouth, I felt no pain and no terror, but a sort of almost pleasant benumbed drowsiness, and a strange curiosity as to how the brute would eat me. I could hear the deer, monkeys, and snake scuttle off as he shook me, as a cat does a mouse, or a terrier a rat. Then I remember I tried to get a pistol from pocket No. 13, and fainted.

* * * *

"Before I came to, full half an hour must have elapsed. There I lay in a nest of dry Moonje grass. I felt that the monster was still over me. I felt his pestilential breath on my face even in my swoon. Yes, there he was, his enormous length reclining beside me, his striped tail sweeping across my face at every vibration—his head turned from me. If you'll believe me, sir, he had actually munched and chewed the whole of my left leg from the toe to the knee; he had eaten about three feet of it, sir (pardon the awkwardness of the expression), during my swoon."

"Chewed, Major Monsoon?" I cried, in an expository voice. "Why, there are your two legs as sound as mine!"

"Pooh! pooh! my dear sir," said he, without a smile and quite unruffled, holding out his left leg to me to pinch, "the leg he munched was cork then, as it is cork now, and as it has been ever since. A cannon-ball took off its fleshy predecessor at the siege of Mooltan. One happy result of its being cork, as you may imagine, was, that it took the beast some time to get through, and that the beast didn't hurt me much.

"I opened my eyes quietly, when I found what he was at, for he kept growling and snarling over the rather indigestible meal, and I began to look round me to see where my rifle was. If you'll believe me, sir, there it lay, full-cocked, not three inches from my right hand.

"My first thought was to steal my hand along and get hold of my rifle, but the instant I moved even a limb, the beast of a 'man-eater' began to growl, and evinced a dangerous disposition to leave my cork leg and settle on the more valuable one of flesh. I therefore, for the moment, abandoned the attempt, and resigned myself to death; for it seemed certain that when the beast had finished the cork leg, and began to taste my blood, he would turn round and devour me.

"I was sufficiently cool, even in this horrible emergency, to cast my eyes round to see if I was wounded. I found no wound, but discovered that the tiger had, in seizing me, torn off and probably devoured the tenth and eleventh

pockets of my shooting-jacket. I listened for the beaters, but could hear no voice or sound. They had either gone so far off that they were out of hearing, or, what was more likely, they had been alarmed by the tiger, and had fled. For they're poor creatures, the niggers, in any real danger.

"I now, therefore, gave myself up as lost; the tiger was still gnawing my cork knee, and had one paw lying as heavy as lead on my other leg, when suddenly, if you'll believe me, sir, the beast yawned twice, nodded his head, and fell fast asleep. I saw it all in a moment. He had swallowed in my No. Ten pocket, a large bottle of morphine—the bi-meconate of morphine, an American preparation of great strength—that I always carried with me when I went tiger-hunting, in case of an attack of neuralgia, to which I was subject before I had two-thirds of my teeth carried away by a matchlock bullet at Bundelcore. Now was my opportunity. There lay the great striped beast fast asleep. I stole my hand gently towards my rifle. I grasped it. I cocked it. I looked at the clean brass cap, held the muzzle close to the brute's ear, and fired. With a yell—a groan—the beast fell. I leaped up at the same moment to avoid his fatal claws, and gave him the second barrel behind the right paw close to the heart. He groaned, stretched out his paws, tore the earth in long scratches you might lay your hands in, and fell dead. I took out my repeater. It was exactly three minutes past two P.M. I had started from the bungalow at Kollywallah, at seven A.M. Then a giddiness came over me, and I fainted again.

* * * *

"I was awake by something soft touching my face. I looked up. Kind Heaven! it was Ramehunder, with that beast of a khansamah dead drunk in the howdah, with one of my silver-topped champagne bottles in his hand. I instantly called out, 'Pukrao!' which is Hindostance for 'take hold,' and, if you'll believe me, sir, the sagacious animal whom I had trained to do this, lifted me with his proboscis into the howdah; for how could I move, you know, with my cork leg all eaten away?"

"The first thing I did was—what do you think?"

I could not guess.

"The first thing I did, sir, was to punch that beast of a khansamah's head, to be sure, and then to go in search of Dostee Pooloo and those cowardly nigger beaters.

"If you'll believe me, sir, we found them in the nearest village, two miles off, cooking rice at a fire, and telling the people how the sahib had been killed by the man-eater. So what did I do but ride in among them on Ramehunder, and

give the fellows such a welting with the whip of my buggy, which I always carried for that purpose, that they fell on their knees and cried for mercy.

"'Juhlde jao, Dostee Pooloo,' I cried, 'and bring home the tiger on a stretcher of clampaboughs. You'll find him in such a place.'

"And so they did, and three hours after, just at sunset, we entered Kollywallah in procession, firing guns, letting off rockets, the niggers shouting songs about the sahib and the tiger. Twentyman was delighted to see me, for he had given me up for lost, as one of the beaters had run to the bungalow and told him I was killed."

The next morning, when I called at the major's lodgings, I found, to my astonishment, he had left by the six A.M. train, desiring the landlady to send in his bill to his brother at No. Twenty-six. His brother! But I felt bound in honour to pay it.

On closely considering the story of Major Monsoon's remarkable escape from the tiger, I found several alarming discrepancies that led to doubts in my mind as to its entire veracity. Breech-loaders were not, I think, invented twenty years ago, and, now I think of it, I regret I did not pinch his leg hard—to make sure that it really was cork.

P.S. The other day, too, at the Oriental Club, I was telling the story to Colonel Curry, when he made the following remark:

"My dear Fozzle, the fellow was humbugging you, take my word for it. Monsoon is a traditional name in India, and is often tagged on to native stories. There was a Colonel Monsoon, I believe, about Lake's time, on whom the Hindoos wrote this distich, that I've often heard the fellows repeat:

Ghora par howdah, pathi par jeen,
Mutlak bazayah, Colonel Monsoon;

which means, in English,

Saddles on elephants, howdahs on horses,
Monsoon ran away with the whole of his forces."

And, depend on it, that's what the dog borrowed his name from. Here, waiter, another bottle of sherry."

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VERY HARD CASH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

CHAPTER XXIX.

LONG before this open rupture Jane Hardie had asked her father, sorrowfully, whether she was to discontinue her intimacy with the Dodds; she thought of course he would say "Yes," and it cost her a hard struggle between inclination and filial duty to raise the question. But Mr. Hardie was anxious her friendship with that family should continue; it furnished a channel of news, and in case of detection might be useful to avert or soften hostilities; so he answered rather sharply, "On no account: the Dodds are an estimable family; pray be as friendly with them as ever you can." Jane coloured with pleasure at this most unexpected reply: but her wakeful conscience reminded her this answer was given in ignorance of her attachment to Edward Dodd; and urged her to confession. But at that Nature recoiled: Edward had not openly declared his love to her; so modest pride, as well as modest shame, combined with female cowardice to hold back the avowal.

So then Miss Tender Conscience tormented herself; and recorded the struggle in her diary; but briefly, and in terms vague and typical; not a word about "a young man"—or "crossed in love"—but one obscure and hasty slap at the carnal affections, and a good deal about "the saints in prison," and "the battle of Armageddon."

Yet, to do her justice, laxity of expression did not act upon her conduct and warp that, as it does most mystical speakers'.

To obey her father to the letter, she maintained a friendly correspondence with Julia Dodd, exchanging letters daily: but, not to disobey him in the spirit, she ceased to visit Albion Villa. Thus she avoided Edward, and extracted from the situation the utmost self-denial, and the least possible amount of "carnal pleasure," as she naively denominated an interchange of worldly affection, however distant and respectful.

One day she happened to mention her diary, and say it was a present comfort to her, and instructive to review. Julia, catching at every straw of consolation, said she would keep one too, and asked a sight of Jane's for a model.

"No, dear friend," said Jane: "a diary should be one's self on paper."

This was fortunate: it precluded that servile imitation, in which her sex excels even mine; and consequently the two records reflect two good girls, instead of one in two skins; and may be trusted to conduct this narrative forward, and relieve its monotony a little: only of course the reader must not expect to see the plot of a story carried minutely out, in two crude compositions written with an object so distinct: he must watch for glimpses and make the most of indications. Nor is this an excessive demand upon his intelligence; for, if he cannot do this with a book, how will he do it in real life, where male and female characters reveal their true selves by glimpses only, and the gravest and most dramatic events give the diviner so few and faint signs of their coming?

Extracts from Julia Dodd's Diary:

"Dec. 5th. It is all over; they have taken papa away to an asylum: and the house is like a grave, but for our outbursts of sorrow. Just before he went away the medal came—oh no, I cannot. Poor, poor mamma!

3 P.M. In the midst of our affliction Heaven sent us a ray of comfort: the kindest letter from a lady, a perfect stranger. It *came* yesterday; but now I have got it to copy: oh, bless it; and the good, kind writer.

Dear Madam,—I scarcely know whether to hope or to fear that your good husband may have mentioned my name to you; however, he is just the man to pass over both my misbehaviour and his own gallantry; so I beg permission to introduce myself. I and my little boy were passengers by the Agra; I was spoiled by a long residence in India, and gave your husband sore trouble by resisting discipline, refusing to put out my light at nine o'clock, and in short by being an unreasonable woman, or rather a spoiled child. Well, all my little attempts at a feud failed; Captain Dodd did his duty, and kept his temper provokingly. The only revenge he took was a noble one; he jumped into the sea after my darling Freddy, and saved him from a watery grave, and his mother from madness or death; yet he was himself hardly recovered from a wound he had received in defending us all against pirates. Need I say more to one who is herself a mother? You will know how our little misunderstanding ended after that. As soon as we

were friends I made him talk of his family; yourself, Edward, Julia, I seem to know you all.

When the Russian, who succeeded our good captain, had wrecked poor us, and then deserted us, your husband resumed the command, and saved Freddy and me once more by his courage, his wonderful coolness, and his skill. Since then the mouse has been at work for the lion: I despair of conveying any pleasure by it to a character so elevated as Captain Dodd; his reward must be his own conscience; but we poor little women like external shows, do we not? and so I thought a medal of the Humane Society might give some pleasure to you and Miss Dodd. Never did medal nor order repose on a nobler heart. The case was so strong, and so well supported, that the society did not hesitate: and you will receive it very soon after this.

You will be surprised, dear madam, at all this from a stranger to yourself, and will perhaps set it down to a wish to intrude on your acquaintance. Well then, dear madam, you will not be far wrong. I *should* like much to know one, whose character I already seem acquainted with; and to convey personally my gratitude and admiration of your husband, I could pour it out more freely to you, you know, than to him.

I am,

Dear Madam,

Yours very faithfully,

LOUISA BERESFORD.

And the medal came about an hour before the fly to take him away. His dear name was on it, and his brave courageous acts.

Oh, shall I ever be old enough and hard enough to speak of this without stopping to cry?

We fastened it round his dear neck with a ribbon. Mamma would put it inside his clothes for fear the silver should tempt some wretch: I should never have thought of that: is there a creature so base? And we told the men how he had gained it (they were servants of the asylum), and we showed them how brave and good he was, and would be again if they would be kind to him and cure him. And mamma bribed them with money to use him kindly: I thought they would be offended and refuse it: but they took it, and their faces showed she was wiser than I am. *He* keeps away from us too. It is nearly a fortnight now."

"Dec. 7th. Aunt Eve left to-day. Mamma kept her room and could not speak to her: cannot forgive her interfering between papa and her. It does seem strange that any one but mamma should be able to send papa out of the house, and to such a place; but it is the law: and Edward, who is all good sense, says it was necessary; he says mamma is unjust: grief makes her unreasonable. I don't know who is in the right: and I don't much care: but I know I am sorry for Aunt Eve, and very, very sorry for mamma."

"Dec. 8th. I am an egotist: found myself out this morning; and it is a good thing to keep a

diary. It* was overpowered at first by grief for mamma: but now the house is sad and quiet I am always thinking of *him*; and that is egotism.

Why *does* he stay away so? I almost wish I could think it was coldness or diminished affection; for I fear something worse; something to make *him* wretched. Those dreadful words papa spoke before he was afflicted! words I will never put on paper; but they ring in my ears still; they appal me: and then found at their very door! Ah, and I knew I *should* find him near that house. And now he keeps away."

"Dec. 9th. All day trying to comfort mamma. She made a great effort and wrote to Mrs. Beresford."

POOR MAMMA'S LETTER.

"Dear Madam,—Your kind and valued letter reached us in deep affliction: and I am little able to reply to you as you deserve. My poor husband is very ill; so ill that he no longer remembers the past, neither the brave acts that have won him your esteem, nor even the face of his loving and unhappy wife, who now thanks you with many tears for your sweet letter. Heartbroken as my children and I are, we yet derive some consolation from it. We have tied the medal round his neck, madam, and thank you far more than we can find words to express.

In conclusion, I pray Heaven that, in your bitterest hour, you may find the consolation you have administered to us: no, no, I pray you may never, never, stand in such need of comfort.

I am,

Dear Madam,

Yours gratefully and sincerely,

LUCY DODD."

"Dec. 10th, Sunday. At St. Anne's in the morning. Tried hard to apply the sermon. He spoke of griefs, but so coldly; surely he never felt one: *he* was not there. Mem.: always pray against wandering thoughts on entering church."

"Dec. 11th. A diary is a dreadful thing. Everything must go down now, and, amongst the rest, that the poor are selfish. I could not interest one of mine in mamma's sorrows; no, they must run back to their own little sordid troubles, about money and things. I was so provoked with Mrs. Jackson (she owes mamma so much) that I left her hastily: and that was Impatience. I had a mind to go back to her; but would not; and that was Pride. Where is my Christianity?"

A kind letter from Jane Hardie. But no word of *him*."

"Dec. 12th. To-day Edward told me plump I must not go on taking things out of the house for the poor: mamma gave me the reason. "We are poor ourselves, thanks to——" And then she stopped. Does she suspect? How can she? She did not hear those two dreadful words of papa's? They are like two arrows in my heart.

* Egotism. The abstract quality evolved from the concrete term egotist by feminine art, without the aid of grammar.

And so we are poor : she says we have scarcely anything to live upon after paying the two hundred and fifty pounds a year for papa."

"Dec. 13th. A comforting letter from Jane. She sends me Hebrews xii. 11, and says, 'Let us take a part of the Bible, and read two chapters prayerfully, at the same hour of the day : will ten o'clock in the morning suit you? and, if so, will you choose where to begin?' I will, sweet friend, I will: and then, though some cruel mystery keeps us apart, our souls will be together over the sacred page, as I hope they will one day be together in heaven; yours will at any rate. Wrote back, yes, and a thousand thanks, and should like to begin with the Psalms: they are sorrowful, and so are we. And I must pray not to think too much of *him*.

If everything is to be put down one does, I cried long and bitterly to find I had written that I must pray to God against *him*."

"Dec. 14th. It is plain he never means to come again. Mamma says nothing, but that is out of pity for me; I have not read her dear face all these years for nothing. She is beginning to think him unworthy, when she thinks of him at all. There is a mystery; a dreadful mystery: may he not be as mystified too, and perhaps tortured like me with doubts and suspicions? they say he is pale and dejected. Poor thing! But then oh why not come to me and say so? Shall I write to him? No, I will cut my hand off sooner."

"Dec. 16th. A blessed letter from Jane. She says 'Letter writing on ordinary subjects is a sad waste of time and very unpardonable among His people.' And so it is; and my weak hope, daily disappointed, that there may be something in her letter, only shows how inferior I am to my beloved friend. She says 'I should like to fix another hour for us two to meet at the Throne together: will five o'clock suit you? we dine at six: but I am never more than half an hour dressing.'

The friendship of this saint, and her bright example, is what Heaven sends me in infinite mercy and goodness to soothe my aching heart a little: for *him* I shall never see again.

I have seen him this very evening.

It was a beautiful night: I went to look at—the world to come I call it—for I believe the redeemed are to inhabit those very stars hereafter, and visit them all in turn—and this world I now find is a world of sorrow and disappointment—so I went on the balcony to look at a better one: and oh it seemed so holy, so calm, so pure, that heavenly world: I gazed and stretched my hands towards it for ever so little of its holiness and purity; and, that moment, I heard a sigh. I looked, and there stood a gentleman just outside our gate, and it was *him*. I nearly screamed, and my heart beat so. He did not see me: for I had come out softly, and his poor head was down, down upon his breast; and he used to carry it so high, a little, little, while ago; too high some said; but not I. I looked, and my

misgivings melted away; it flashed on me as if one of those stars had written it with its own light in my heart—'There stands Grief; not Guilt.' And before I knew what I was about I had whispered 'Alfred!' The poor boy started and ran towards me: but stopped short and sighed again. My heart yearned: but it was not for me to make advances to him, after his unkindness: so I spoke to him as coldly as ever I could, and I said, 'You are unhappy.'

He looked up to me, and then I saw even by that light that he is enduring a bitter, bitter struggle: so pale, so worn, so dragged! Now how many times have I cried, this last month? more than in all the rest of my life a great deal. 'Unhappy!' he said; 'I must be a contemptible thing if I was not unhappy.' And then he asked me should not I despise him if he was happy. I did not answer that: but I asked him why he was unhappy. And when I had, I was half frightened: for he never evades a question the least bit.

He held his head higher still, and said, 'I am unhappy because I cannot see the path of honour.'

Then I babbled something, I forget what: then he went on like this—ah, I never forget what *he* says—he said Cicero says *Æquitas ipsa luet per se*; something significant* something else: and he repeated it slowly for me, he knows I know a little Latin; and told me that was as much as to say 'Justice is so clear a thing, that whoever hesitates must be on the road of wrong. And yet,' he said, bitterly, 'I hesitate and doubt, in a matter of right and wrong, like an Academic philosopher weighing and balancing mere speculative straws.' Those were his very words. 'And so,' said he, 'I am miserable; deserving to be miserable.'

Then I ventured to remind him that he, and I, and all Christian souls, had a resource not known to heathen philosophers, however able. And I said, 'Dear Alfred, when I am in doubt and difficulty, I go and pray to Him to guide me aright: have you done so?' No, that had never occurred to him: but he *would*, if I made a point of it; and at any rate he could not go on in this way; I should soon see him again, and, once his mind was made up, no shrinking from mere consequences; he promised me. Then we bade one another good night, and he went off holding his head as proudly as he used: and poor silly me fluttered, and nearly hysterical, as soon as I quite lost sight of him."

"Dec. 17th. At church in the morning: a good sermon. Notes and analysis. In the evening Jane's clergyman preached. She came. Going out I asked her a question about what we had heard; but she did not answer me. At parting she told me she made a rule not to speak coming from church, not even about the sermon. This seemed austere to poor me. But of course she is right. Oh, that I was like her."

* *Dubitatio cogitationem significat injuriam.*

"Dec. 18th. Edward is coming out. This boy, that one has taught all the French, all the dancing, and nearly all the Latin he knows, turns out to be one's superior, infinitely; I mean in practical good sense. Mamma had taken her pearls to the jeweller and borrowed two hundred pounds. He found this out and objected. She told him a part of it was required to keep him at Oxford. 'Oh indeed,' said he: and we thought of course there was an end: but next morning he was off before breakfast, and the day after he returned from Oxford with his caution money, forty pounds, and gave it mamma; she had forgotten all about it. And he had taken his name off the college books and left the university for ever. The poor, gentle, tears of mortification ran down his mother's cheeks, and I hung round her neck, and scolded him like a vixen; as I am. We might have spared tears and fury both, for he is neither to be melted nor irritated by poor little us. He kissed us and coaxed us like a superior being, and set to work in his quiet, sober, ponderous way, and proved us a couple of fools to our entire satisfaction, and that without an unkind word: for he is as gentle as a lamb, and as strong as ten thousand elephants. He took the money back and brought the pearls home again, and he has written "SOYEZ DE VOTRE SIÈCLE" in great large letters, and has pasted it on all our three bedroom doors, inside. And he has been all these years quietly cutting up the Morning Advertiser, and arranging the slips with wonderful skill and method. He calls it "digesting the 'Tiser!'" and you can't ask for any *modern* information, great or small, but he'll find you something about it in this digest. Such a folio! It takes a man to open and shut it. And he means to be a sort of little papa in this house, and mamma means to let him. And indeed it is so sweet to be commanded; besides, it saves thinking for oneself; and that *is* such a worry."

"Dec. 19th. Yes, they have settled it: we are to leave here, and live in lodgings to save servants. How we are to exist even so, mamma cannot see; but Edward can; he says we two have got popular talents, and *he knows the markets* (what does that mean, I wonder), and the world in general. I asked him wherever he picked it up, his knowledge: he said, 'In the "Tiser." I asked him would he leave the place where *she* lives. He looked sad, but said, 'Yes: for the good of us all.' So he is better than I am; but who is not? I wasted an imploring look on him; but not on mamma; she looked back to me, and then said sadly, 'Wait a few days, Edward, for—*my* sake.' That meant for poor credulous Julia's, who still believes in him. My sweet mother!"

"Dec. 21st. Told mamma to-day I would go for a governess, to help her, since we are all ruined. She kissed me and trembled; but she did not say 'No.' so it will come to that. He will be sorry. When I do go, I think I shall find courage to send him a line: just to say I am sure *he* is not to blame for withdrawing. Indeed, how could I ever marry a man whose father I have heard my

father call——" (the pen was drawn through the rest).

"Dec. 22nd. A miserable day: low spirited and hysterical. We are really going away. Edward has begun to make packing cases: I stood over him and sighed, and asked him questions: he said he was going to take unfurnished rooms in London, send up what furniture is absolutely necessary, and sell the rest by auction, with the lease of our dear, dear house, where we were all so happy once. So, what with 'his knowledge of the markets, and the world,' and his sense; and his strong will, we have only to submit. And then he is so kind, too; 'don't cry, little girl,' he said. 'Not but what I could turn on the waters myself if there was anything to be gained by it. Shall I cry, Ju,' said he, 'or shall I whistle? I think I'll whistle.' And he whistled a tune right through while he worked with a heart as sick as my own, perhaps. Poor Edward!"

"Dec. 23rd. My Christian friend has her griefs too. But *then* she puts them to profit: she says to-day, 'We are both tasting the same flesh-crucifying but soul-profitting experience.' Her every word is a rebuke to me: torn at this solemn season of the year with earthly passions. Went down after reading her letter, and played and sang the Gloria in excelsis of Pergolesi, with all my soul. And, on repeating it, burst out crying in the middle. Oh shame! shame!"

"Dec. 24th. Edward started for London at five in the morning to take a place for us. The servants were next told, and received warning; the one we had the poorest opinion of, she is such a flirt, cried, and begged mamma to let her share our fallen fortunes, and said she could cook a little and would do her best. I kissed her violently, and quite forgot I was a young lady till she herself reminded me; and she looked frightened at mamma. But mamma only smiled through her tears, and said, 'Think of it quietly, Sarah, before you commit yourself.'"

"I am now sitting in my own room, cold as a stone: for I have packed up some things: so the first step is actually taken. Oh, if I but knew that he was happy! Then I could endure anything. But how can I think so? Well, I will go, and never tell a soul what I suspect. And he cannot tell, even if he knows: for it is his father. Jane, too, avoids all mention of her own father and brother more than is natural. Oh, if I could only be a child again!"

Regrets are vain; I will cease even to record them; these diaries feed one's selfishness; and the unfortunate passion, that will make me a bad daughter and an ungrateful soldier of Him who was born as to-morrow: to your knees, false Christian! to your knees!

I am calmer now; and feel resigned to the will of Heaven; or benumbed; or something. I will pack this box and then go down and comfort my mother; and visit my poor people, perhaps for the last time: ah me!

“A knock at the street door! His knock! I know every echo of his hand, and his foot. Where is my composure now? I flutter like a bird. I will not go down. He will think I love him so. At least I will wait till he has nearly gone.

Elizabeth has come to say I am wanted in the drawing-room.

So I *must* go down whether I like or no.

Bedtime. Oh that I had the pen of a writer to record the scene I have witnessed, worthily. When I came in, I found mamma and him both seated in dead silence. He rose and looked at me and I at him: and years seemed to have rolled over his face since last I saw it; I was obliged to turn my head away; I curtsied to him distantly, and may Heaven forgive me for that: and we sat down, and presently turned round and all looked at one another like the ghosts of the happy creatures we once were all together.

Then Alfred began, not in his old imperative voice, but scarce above a whisper; and oh the words such as none but himself in the wide world would have spoken—I love him better than ever; I pity him; I adore him; he is a scholar; he is a cavalier; he is the soul of honour; he is the most unfortunate and proudest gentleman beneath the sun; oh, my darling! my darling!!

He said, ‘Mrs. Dodd, and you Miss Dodd, whom I loved before I lost the right to ask you to be mine, and whom I shall love to the last hour of my miserable existence, I am come to explain my own conduct to you, and to do you an act of simple justice, too long delayed. To begin with myself, you must know that my understanding is of the Academic School; I incline to weigh proofs before I make up my mind. But then I differ from that school in this, that I cannot think myself to an eternal standstill; (such an expression! but what does that matter, it was *his*;) I am a man of action: in Hamlet’s place I should have either turned my ghost into ridicule, or my uncle into a ghost; so I kept away from you while in doubt: but, now I doubt no longer, I take my line; ladies, you have been swindled out of a large sum of money.’

My blood ran cold at these words. Surely nothing on earth but a man could say this right out like that.

Mamma and I looked at one another; and what did I see in her face, for the first time? Why that she had her suspicions too, and had been keeping them from me. Pitying angel!

He went on: ‘Captain Dodd brought home several thousand pounds?’

Mamma said ‘Yes.’ And I think she was going to say how much, but he stopped her and made her write the amount in an envelope, while he took another and wrote in it with his pencil; he took both envelopes to me, and asked me to read them out in turn: I did; and mamma’s said fourteen thousand pounds: and his said fourteen thousand pounds. Mamma looked such a look at me.

Then he turned to me: ‘Miss Dodd, do you remember that night you and I met at Richard Hardie’s door? Well, scarce five minutes before that, your father was standing on our lawn and called to the man, who was my father, in a loud voice—it rings in my ears now—“Hardie! Villain! give me back my money, my fourteen thousand pounds! give me my children’s money, or may your children die before your eyes.” Ah, you wince to hear me whisper these dreadful words: what, if you had been where I was, and heard them spoken, and in a terrible voice; the voice of Despair; the voice of Truth! Soon a window opened cautiously, and a voice whispered, “Hush! I’ll bring it you down.” And *this* voice was the voice of fear, of dishonesty, and of Richard Hardie.’

He turned deadly white when he said this, and I cried to mamma, ‘Oh, stop him! stop him!’ And she said, ‘Alfred, think what you are saying. Why do you tell us what we had better never know?’ He answered directly,

‘Because it is the truth: and because I loathe injustice. Some time afterwards I taxed Mr. Richard Hardie with his fourteen thousand pounds: and his face betrayed him. I taxed his clerk, Skinner: and Skinner’s face betrayed him: and he fled the town that very night.’

My mother looked much distressed and said, ‘To what end do you raise this pitiable subject? Your father is a bankrupt, and we but suffer with the rest.’

‘No, no,’ said he, ‘I have looked through the bankrupt’s books, and there is no mention of the sum. And then who brought Captain Dodd here? Skinner: and Skinner is his detected confederate. It is clear to me poor Captain Dodd trusted that sum to *us*, before he had the fit: beyond this all is conjecture.’

Mamma looked at me again, and said, ‘What am I to do; or say?’

I screamed, ‘Do nothing, say nothing: oh pray, pray make him hold his tongue, and let the vile money go. It is not *his* fault.’

‘Do?’ said the obstinate creature: ‘why tell Edward, and let him employ a sharp attorney: you have a supple antagonist, and a daring one. Need I say I have tried persuasion, and even bribes: but he defies me. Set an attorney on him; or the police. Fiat Justitia, ruat cælum.’ I put both hands out to him and burst out, ‘Oh, Alfred, why did you tell?’ A son expose his own father? For shame! for shame! I have suspected it all long ago: but *I* would never have told.’

He started a little; but said, ‘Miss Dodd, you were very generous to me; but that is not exactly a reason why I should be a cur to you; and an accomplice in a theft, by which you suffer. I have no pretensions to religion like my sister: so I can’t afford to tamper with plain right and wrong. What, look calmly on and see one man defraud another? I can’t do it. See *you* defrauded? you, Mrs. Dodd, for whom I profess affection and friendship? You, Miss Dodd, for

whom I profess love and constancy? Stand and see you swindled into poverty? No: I'll be damn'd if I do. Of what do you think I am made? My stomach rises against it, my blood boils against it, my flesh creeps at it, my soul loathes it: then after this great burst he seemed to turn so feeble: 'oh,' said he, faltering, 'I know what I have done; I have signed the death warrant of our love, dear to me as life. But I can't help it. Oh, Julia, Julia, my lost love, you can never look on me again; you must not love a man you cannot marry, Cheat Hardie's wretched son. But what could I do? Fate offers me but the miserable choice of desolation or cowardly rascality. I choose desolation. And I mean to stand by my choice like a man. So good-by, ladies.'

The poor proud creature rose from his seat, and bowed stiffly and haughtily to us both, and was going away without another word, and, I do believe, for ever. But his soul had been too great for his body; his poor lips turned pale, and he staggered; and would have fallen, but mamma screamed to me, and she he loves so dearly, and abandons so cruelly, woke from a stupor of despair, and flew and caught him fainting in these arms."

WARLIKE WIMBLETON.

HE was a discontented man, the omnibus-driver, and he said generally that he didn't like it. Wollunteers might be good, he said, and they mightn't, leastways what noise they made frightening horses, with bangin' bands and such like, wasn't much 'count: lawyers they was, and clerks, and ribbing-coves (understood by present writer to be drapers' assistants), and such like. Rifle-matches, ah! well, he'd heard tell, but hadn't seen much of that game, further than the Red House at Battersea, and for nuts at Greenwich Fair. If they was any good—as men—do you see? they'd come up to Copenhagen House, or the Brecknock, at Easter Monday, and have a back-fall with those parties that came up from Devonshire and the North. Wollunteers! he thought he knew a young man in the public line not far from Tottenham, which—he was all fair and 'boveboard—which it was at Wood Green, his name being Obble, what could show them Wollunteers *something* at knurr and spell, let 'em come with their fur caps, and all their fandangoes! Here he grew defiant, and elbowed me fiercely with his whip arm. The whole affair was bellicose. I was on a Waterloo omnibus going to the Waterloo station, on my way to Wimbledon, then under martial law, and seeing that the taint had got into the driver's blood, and fearing lest he should kick me with his Bluchers, I remained silent, and never opened my mouth until I asked for my railway ticket.

But when I had curled into my corner in the railway carriage, and had taken stock of the arms, accoutrements, and general appearance of

the three privates and the ensign who went down with me, and had weaned my ears from drinking in the pompous rhetoric of the other occupant of our compartment, a gentleman of very imposing appearance, to whom, according to his own account, Wimbledon was indebted for its tenure of existence, I began to ponder over the omnibus-driver's remarks; and his reminiscences of Battersea Red House, and the nuts at Greenwich Fair, reminded me of what my idea of a rifle-match was, as embodied in the last one in which I took part. Sixteen years, I thought, have passed since I went down, rifle in hand, to a long strip of meadow bordering the Rhine, and paid my money to become a competitor at the Düsselberg Schützen Fest. A pretty quiet spot, flanked on one side by other meadows filled with large-uddered, mild-eyed cows, whose bells tinkled pleasantly in the ears of the competitors, and on the other by the rapid rushing river. There were some half-dozen painted wooden targets, arranged on the Swiss system, while a little distance apart, on the top of a high pole, towered a popinjay, to hit which was the great event of the day. The spectators of the friendly contest, varying, according to the time of day, from one to three hundred, were all townspeople well known to the marksmen and to each other, and occupied their time either in coming to the firing-posts and giving utterly vague and incoherent advice to their favourites, or in examining with deep reverence the prizes, consisting of two silver-mounted *bièrgläser*, and a few electrotyped Maltese crosses bearing the name of the Schützen Fest and the date, one of which I saw the other day in a dressing-table drawer with a few old letters, an odd glove or two, a hacked razor-strop, a partially obliterated daguerreotype, and such-like lumber. I don't think we shot well, I know that an enlightened public would not have liked our appearance, and that General Hay would have objected to our attitudes, which were anything but Hythe position. I am certain that the merest tyro of a recruit would have scorned our rifles, which required several seconds' notice before they went off, and I have no doubt that we were supremely ridiculous, but I am equally certain that we were undeniably happy. The great charm, I thought, of such a meeting as that which I am recalling and that to which I am going, is its quiet, the change from the bustle and roar of ordinary life to the calm tranquillity, the noiseless serenity of open country space. If I felt it then, when merely straying from the monastic seclusion of my university, how shall I enjoy it now when flying from the ceaseless hum of London! how pleasant will be the open heath, dotted here and there with rifle-ranges and marksmen, the freedom from bustle and noise, the picturesque surroundings, the fresh turf, the clastic air, the—PUTNEY! The voice of the guard announcing my destination breaks upon my reverie. I jump out of the carriage, and, ascending the steps of the station, I emerge.

Into Pandemonium. Into a roaring, raving, shouting crowd; into a combination of the road

to the Derby and Aldershot Heath on a field-day in June, for you have every component part of both. Enormous rolling clouds of dust, a heterogeneous mass of carriages open and shut, some regularly licensed, others improvised for the occasion, and bearing a paper permit obtained impromptu from Somerset House, and gummed on to the panels; the drivers of the vehicles shouting, shrieking, touting, beckoning, and gesticulating with whips, carrying weak-minded and hustling feeble-bodied persons into becoming passengers; gypsies, beggars, imps, with the bronze of the country on their faces, and the assurance of London in their address, vending cigar-lights, showing the way, turning "cart-wheels," and being generally obstructive; volunteer officers clanking a good deal, and volunteer privates unbuttoning their tunics and showing more shirt-front than is provided for in the regulations; public-houses crammed and overflowing into the road with drink-seeking wayfarers; station porters giving up all idea of business, and flitting from one knot of people to the other, sipping here, sporting there, like butterflies in velvet. The inhabitants of Putney evidently divided into two sections—the natives, who gathered together in grinning masses, who chucked fat-headedly, and sniggered, and saw a grand opportunity for shirking work, and passing the entire day in vacant staring; and the affiliated, acclimatised, or naturalised Putneians, who are grubs in the City from nine till five, and butterflies at Putney for the remaining portion of their lives, and whose wives and daughters looked upon the whole thing as "low," and glared balefully at us from their plate-glass windows. I managed to survive even their scowls, and installed myself as one of a cheerful though perspiring party of seven, in a carriage intended to hold four (and looking in its check chintz lining as though it had come out in its dressing-gown), which, after five minutes' dalliance with a knotted whip, a very flea-bitten grey horse was persuaded to drag up the hill towards the camp.

As we neared the spot, I was reminded of my friend the omnibus-driver's observations ament Greenwich Fair and shooting for nuts, for I am bound to say that in the course of a long and varied experience, I never saw anything so like a fair as the Wimbledon camp, seen from the outside. A wooden railing, shabby enough in itself, and rendered more shabby by the torn and ragged bills sticking to it, surrounds the camp; from within float sounds of distant bands, popping rifles, and cheering populace, while immediately outside stands that salvage of nothing-doing, lounging, thieving, drunken scum, invariably to be found in the immediate vicinity of all fairs. On first entering, the same idea prevailed, for there were a few miserable little booths, in front of which one expected to see painted canvases of the giantess, the armadillo, and the tiger that devoured the Indian on horse-back. But as I progressed up the ground, and passed, wonderingly, through the long line of tents, this notion vanished entirely, and instead

of being in a fair, I found myself in a very village of canvas. An hour's stroll showed me that this village was a town; the early Australian gold-diggers had their canvas town, and here we had ours, within a twenty minutes' run from London. Canvas Town, by all means! for in what town could you find more completeness, or in what town would you require more than is here to your hand? For in the course of my survey, I have lighted upon a newspaper office (Volunteer Service Gazette), a police-station, a post-office, with the hours of the arrival and despatch of mails duly placarded outside, a telegraph office, with temporary wires communicating with—everywhere, whence you could send the name of the winner of the Queen's Prize to your friend Ryot in the indigo trade at Suez, or utterly depress Sneesh of McMull, yachting off Malta, with the tidings that the Scotch were beaten in the International Match; many taverns and restaurants; many gunsmiths, and shops (tents) for kindred matters; a club, where four copies of the Times are to be found, with other journals in proportion, and from which issuing the sound of a grand piano and a musical voice proved that a great step in advance had been made in club matters, and that lady members were admitted. Further on, here and there, I found public boards whereon printed matters affecting the commonweal might be—and were—read; "Lost" and "Found" (rare the latter) notices, shooting scores for great prizes, and other documents, very like the inscriptions on pounds and such-like country-town institutions. I am not much of a reckoner in such matters, but, from my observation, I should imagine that Canvas Town covers many acres: it is duly fenced off from the outlying grounds, and it has streets and a square regularly arranged. In what might be called the market-place, at the back of what I choose to consider the town-hall (which, to vulgar minds, is the "Grand Stand"), I find the public clock, a monster Bennett, and a little further off, the public thermometer, which tells you everything scientific which you cannot possibly want to know, and which, while being, I understand, excessively useful to the erudite, is so exact and so complicated, that even my very cursory inspection of it sends me away headachy and discomfited.

The whole of this city, which teems with an ever-busy running pushing shouting gun-carrying band-playing red green grey and brown population, is under canvas, save in a few instances where canvas is supplemented by wood. Far and away, right and left, stretch the long lines of tents, looking somewhat ghostly even in the bright afternoon sun, and suggesting a very spectral appearance at night. The tents are of two shapes, some like Brobdignagian dishes of blanmange, others like inverted monster peg-tops, without the pegs. Strolling on, I come upon a little oasis of painted brick, a small house belonging to the miller, whose mill looks like a huge geni with arms outspread, protecting the phantom village he has called into existence—a

little house which seemed quite ashamed of its conventional appearance, and had done its best to hide it by having tents in its garden and right up to its very door-step. And as I skirt the garden I become aware of something couchant in the grass—something which I imagine at first to be a snake, but which turns out to be nothing more than a harmless policeman off duty, who is lying supine on his back looking up at the sky, rural, happy, contemplative—as though there were no such things as bad “beats” or Irish navvies with homicidal tendencies. Recalled to sublunary matters by my approach, he sits up and gives me good day, and sitting down beside him I enter into conversation, find him a very pleasant fellow, and learn from him, amongst other things, that Canvas Town has a place for public worship, divine service being performed on Sunday in the grand stand, to a large and attentive congregation, and a school—where, however, the “instructors” are, to a man, from Hythe.

On leaving my policeman, I strayed pleasantly into the arms of some of my old companions the Grimgribber Rifles, whose proceedings I have recorded in earlier numbers of this journal,* and who received me with the greatest cordiality. From them I learnt that the most interesting feature in Wimbledon life was the camp-fire and its gathering, which was decidedly a thing to be seen. It sounded well—a camp-fire, with plenty of punch, and singing, and ladies' company, to be preceded by a dinner with my old corps, and to be concluded with a dog-cart-drive to London—so I agreed to stop, and very glad I am I determined on this arrangement, for the camp-fire was the end which crowned the day's work, and crowned it royally.

After a capital dinner, we moved out about nine o'clock to the “meeting,” which was held in a large open space, a circle, surrounded by a rising mound, forming a perfectly natural amphitheatre. In the middle of the circle blazed a large fire of dried heather; on the mound—some on chairs (ladies there mostly), some couchant at full length, some squatting on their hams like Indians at a council fire—sat a motley assemblage, composed of volunteers in all uniforms and from all counties, natives of Wimbledon neither pure nor simple, gaping people from town, and people from the neighbourhood: the ladies muffled in pretty capes and fantastic hoods and ravishing yachting-jackets, the gentlemen in that stern simplicity of white neckcloth and black everything else, which gives such picturesque dignity to the dining Briton. Nor was Scotland-yard without its representatives. Not possessing the advantages enjoyed by caricaturists, I have never seen a policeman at supper in my kitchen, and consequently have never been a spectator of that hilarity to which the “foree” abandons itself when it is off duty. Certainly, at Wim-

bledon, the police never entirely forgot that they were not as other men; they smiled, they spoke, they sang, but I imagine the singer only let out his stock by one hole to suffer his high C to have scope, and that in no moment of delight did any one of them cease to give an occasional slap at his coat-tails, to assure himself that his truncheon had not been purloined. But it was very jolly. When we arrived (and we had scented the burning heather and the tobacco a quarter of a mile off), Lord Bowling was just finishing a conic song, which, so far as I could make out, was about some transaction in which a Jew and some poached eggs were equally implicated, and when the roar of applause which followed the termination died away, Lord Echo, who was apparently the president of the evening, called upon “A 395,” and that “vigilant officer,” as, no doubt, he has been often described in print, set to work with a will, and piped us a sentimental ditty with a good voice and much real feeling. While he sang I looked round me in wonder. Rembrandtish—or rather more after the wild dash of *Salvator Rosa*—was the scene; in front the fitful glare of the fire lighting up now, leaving in dusk then, uniforms of various sombre hues, relieved here and there with a sharp bit of scarlet stocking, the top of which, surrounded by the dark knickerbocker, glowed like a fire in a grate; incandescent tips of cigars dotting the black background, illumined now and then in a little space by a Vesuvian match; further still, the long, weird, gaunt common, stunted, blank and dreary, with a ghostly fringe of waning spectral tents. This was a quiet night. “Not one of our great meetings,” said a Victoria rifle to me; and yet there must have been between three and four hundred people present. Close by me is a family party, evidently from one of the houses hard by, consisting of papa, bland and full of port wine; mamma, half sedate, half anxious; two noble sons of sixteen and fifteen, braving papa in the matter of tobacco, and entirely absorbed therein; some very pretty daughters and dining friends. As policeman A 395 warbles forth his ditty, one pretty daughter (the auburn-haired daughter) and one dining friend (with the shaved face and the heavy Austrian moustache) want “to see better”—happy A 395, to be the attraction of so much curiosity!—so they gradually edge off until they are quite by themselves, and then they no doubt see admirably, for the gentleman looks down at the lady, and the lady looks down at the turf, and draws figures on it with her parasol! Never mind, A 395, you are not the first person, by a good many, who has stood innocent godfather to this kind of business; and you quiver so nicely and make such a prolonged shake on the last note of your song, that you deserve all the applause and the glass of punch bestowed on you as you make a stiff bow and retire.

Who next, my Lord Echo? Who next? Who, but Harrison? And so soon as the name is heard, the welkin (what is the welkin?—you

* See Grimgribber Rifle Corps, vol. iii., pages 374 and 499; and Grimgribber Position Drill, vol. v., page 394.

don't know! I don't! but it's a capital phrase!), the welkin rings with shouts of delight. A prime favourite Harrison, evidently. Doubtless a buffo singer, short, fat, broad, genial, and jolly, as all comic men should be. No! Harrison is a slim handsome fellow of middle height, with a bright eye, a mellow voice, and a lithe agile figure. "Capital fellow," says the man of the Victorias next to me, "tremendous favourite here, sings like a lark, talks like a book, and starts next week to join his regiment in India!" Bravo, Harrison! Well sung, young friend! After Harrison has sung his song he gives us (being loudly encored) an imitation of a "stump oration," which, truth to tell, is a dull affair. At its conclusion, to our astonishment, Lord Echo calls upon General MacMortar for a song. We think it is a joke, and have no idea that the gallant Inspector is among us. But lo! like the ghost of Banquo, the well-known form of General MacMortar rises amidst the smoke, and the well-known voice commences. Not a song! no! a speech! The old story of volunteers being descended from those old English bowmen (who have done such enormous service to writers and speakers on this matter), and of pluck, and valour, and of being called upon to resist an enemy; and, in fact, a choice selection from the speeches which the good general has delivered at inspections for the last three years. This is a damper! Men begin to scuffle off, ladies shiver and clasp their cloaks tighter round them, the evening is evidently finished—thanks to General MacMortar.

Off we go then, making towards the road as best we may; one minute's halt at the Grim-griber tent, for what is known as a "nip;" and then home in my friend's dog-cart, with a very happy reminiscence of the day's loitering, and the night's camp-fire.

AN OBLIGING DRAGON.

SCATTERED about the islands and coast to the north-west of the Gulf of Riga, is a population of Swedes, which has frequently attracted the attention of the antiquaries of the Baltic. Ages have passed since their last settlement, the date of which nobody knows, and it is a singular fact that, small in number and living in the midst, or, rather, on the edge of races totally distinct from their own, they have preserved to the present day their Scandinavian nationality. That the Eibo-boll, as they are called, will preserve this nationality much longer, is very doubtful. In an ethnological map of the part of the Baltic connected with this subject which was published at Revel in 1855, the spots inhabited by this exceptional race are coloured blue, while those which they once occupied, but in which they have been supplanted by the Esthonians, are coloured red. The blue and red together, covering the whole extent of country as occupied by the Eibo-boll, make up but a small area, and in 1855 the red had got terribly ahead of the blue. Once they

had several settlements in the comparatively large island Oesel, and on the southern coast of Esthonia, but these have all disappeared; and in a map, which is already eight years old, we only light upon them in a few very small islands, and on the northern extremity of the coast. Moreover, from a statistical table which accompanies the map, we gather that in a population of 1,629,555, which is chiefly Littis and Esthonian, but which contained upwards of 21,000 Jews, the Eibo-boll only counted for 5519. Their pursuits are exclusively maritime, and in their latter days they seem to have been more confined to the sea than we, and to cling more to the water's edge, as the proverbial drowning man clutches at a straw.

That all sorts of superstitions are rife among this primitive people is a matter of course. Wolves and serpents play an important part in their legends, but more curious than any of them is the Skrat—a fiery dragon of a very liberal disposition. Ordinary dragons guard treasures, and have not the slightest notion of parting with the value of a shilling if they can help it, but the Skrat actually takes the trouble of bringing wealth to those who have earned its powers.

The Skrat commonly appears as a huge fiery shape with a long tail; but it has no objection to put on the appearance of a cat, a fowl, or even a man. It floats about in the evening close to the surface of the earth, and sometimes eludes the sight by slipping down a chimney. A ruined edifice will, however, answer its purpose, and it has been known to vanish from a field without any perceptible place of retirement whatever. Not unfrequently its disappearance is followed by a loud noise like the report of a gun, and a rattling sound, as of falling stones.

Don't imagine that the Skrat is a past institution, with which you have nothing to do, like the witehes and furies of the middle ages. If you go paddling about the Gulf of Riga, you are very likely to meet a Skrat now. It was only in the year 1846, that two fishermen, quietly returning home to Hapsal from the neighbouring island Nucko, saw a fiery form approaching them from the shore, which they rightly concluded was the Skrat. The monster filled their boat with fire, and brooded over them so affectionately, that they could feel the heat through the fur cloaks with which they covered their heads. Probably the Skrat expected some remonstrance, for when they had remained silent some minutes, it rose up into the air, and went off in a northerly direction; but not before it had well singed their cloaks.

In the year 1847, the Skrat showed that it had clear notions of right and wrong, and could assume, on occasion, the character of a terrible avenger. Two fishermen from Oesel, by far the largest island in the Gulf, came to the little islet Kumara, upon which there is only one beer-shop. They had brought smuggled goods from Finland, and in the plenitude of their innocence—for smuggling is no crime, according to Eibo

notions—confided them to the landlord of the mean hostelry. Breaking his faith, the wretch sold the goods, and afterwards assured the fishermen that, in consequence of an unexpected approach of the revenue-officers, he had been compelled to fling the deposit into the sea. The truth was, however, revealed in some manner to the worthy smugglers, and, inspired with prophetic power, they said to the landlord, in unison, "Thou hast committed thy last theft."

All this occurred in the autumn. About Christmas-time, the wicked islander was enjoying himself on the continent, with a party of friends, when he was suddenly struck with paralysis, and exclaiming "That was the Skrat!" died on the spot. The body was decently put into a coffin, but on the following morning the coffin was found shivered to fragments, and the body, lacking the nose, lay upon the ground. Another coffin was provided, which was more gently opened than the first, and the body was taken away altogether—of course by the Skrat. The friends of the deceased could not do much under these peculiarly distressing circumstances, but still they did their best. They carried the empty coffin to be buried with all solemnity.

It is with real pleasure we record the wholesome check put by an honest Eibo man upon a prosaic investigator, who had ventured to doubt the truth of this very awful and very moral tale. The Eibo man had told his story to the investigator just as we have given it, but the latter, instead of receiving it in good faith, proceeded to the church where the funeral had been held, and looked over the registry. From this he learned that the wicked landlord had died a natural death on the 1st of November, 1847, after an illness that had lasted six months, and that he had been buried on the 5th of the same month, without anything remarkable having been noticed by the pastor. Proud of his discovery, the investigator hastened back to the Eibo man, and detailed the information he had gathered. But the Eibo man was not daunted. "How should the pastor know what was inside the coffin?" This was his question; and the story of the Skrat remained triumphant.

To those who are lucky enough to secure the services of a Skrat, it will bring money, vegetables, hams, corn, linen, and even milk; but we grieve to relate that it only obtains these articles by stealing them from less favoured mortals. A farmer's wife in the island of Dago, finding that her cow yielded less than the proper supply of milk, watched one fine night, and perceived that the cause of deficiency was a little child, who sank into the earth as soon as she approached. It is not always that the Skrat gets so quickly out of the way. An old parish clerk of Nucko, returning home from the beer-shop, met a great hulking fellow who carried on his shoulder two gloves filled with corn, and quizzed him for the lightness of his burden. "Psha!" answered the churl, "I would not be

called Skrat if I could not carry more than this." With these words he flung down the gloves, which instantly swelled into two huge sacks, and thrashed the clerk within an inch of his life. Had not the pastor's dog set up a louder bark than usual, and frightened the Skrat away, even that inch might have been consumed. A few crosses marked on a doorway, or a few straws laid crosswise on the threshold, are found efficient against the depredations of the Skrat.

This serviceable friend will not only steal for its master but will jealously guard his property. In fact, its zeal borders on cruelty. A man at Hapsal had a Skrat on his premises, which burned off the hair of two light-fingered ladies who came to rob the house, and frightened them not only out of the domicile but out of their wits. A woman in the same town had a portable Skrat, no bigger than a flea, which she carried about in a box, and which, when she let it out, made the whole room glow as if with fire. This good woman was once robbed by a neighbour of a sum of money; but the thief, making away with his spoil, heard such a noise behind him that he lost his presence of mind, and bolted into a hole in the ice, where he miserably perished.

For performing the most arduous duties the Skrat only requires his board, his favourite dainties being bread-and-butter and two or three sorts of porridge, which are set apart for him in a special vessel. Sometimes this provision is the subject of an express contract, and woe to the man who does not faithfully comply with its terms. A peasant of Kirtil, in Dago, who, during harvest-time, forgot to give his Skrat the stipulated bread-and-butter, and consequently found all his straws thrown into disorder, might think himself a very lucky fellow, for at Nyby, a place on the continent, where an ill-conditioned boy eat up the Skrat's food and soiled the vessel that held it, the house was reduced to ashes. This awful event took place no further back than the Christmas of 1846.

This burning faculty seems to distinguish the Skrat from the Scotch Brownie, with which it has much in common, and renders it particularly terrible. At Kemis, in the island of Dago, a man saw a Skrat flying through the air like a great burning cat. He tore open the front of his shirt, and, bending down, peeped at the animal between his legs. The Skrat at once vanished into a house, from which a small flame was seen to issue. In three days the house was entirely consumed, and during the time of the conflagration the Skrat was often seen running in and out of the house in the shape of a singed cat. We suspect that the grotesque attitude of the man meant malice; that he had a grudge against the owner of the house into which he charmed the Skrat by virtue of the ridiculous posture.

As Skrats can make themselves useful on occasion, we need not be surprised that Skrat-catching is a regular occupation. An old blind beggar-woman seems to have had a singular talent

in this line. Meeting with a Skrat in the neighbourhood of Trewe (a place in the northern part of Esthonia), upon a certain midsummer-day, she at once detected it as it was running across the road in the shape of a black cat, charmed it with magical words, caught it, and bore it in triumph to a bonfire which had been kindled in honour of the day. Here it was singed a little by the boys, but the peasant to whom it belonged came up to the spot, and successfully implored that it might be restored to him. So clever and lucky was the old woman, that on the very same evening she caught two more Skrats, with precisely the same result. Her singular talent was not overlooked. A man who had been exceedingly annoyed by the depredations of his neighbour's Skrat, invited her aid, whereupon she lured the Skrat into his room, and he had the pleasure of giving it a good thrashing.

Some do not care to catch the Skrat itself, but endeavour to make it give up the treasure it carries. Old Pastor Forsmann, of Roicks, in Dago, was a perfect master at this kind of sport, and he had a fine opportunity for showing his proficiency when, sitting with a party of visitors, he saw a Skrat at no great distance from his home. "We will see what that fellow is carrying," quoth the worthy pastor; and, telling his friends to keep quiet, slipped out of the house, and compelled the dragon to drop his load, but soon ran in again, for the Skrat, in compliance with the imperative demand, had dropped two large sacks, one of rye, the other of barley, which, if they had lighted on the pastor's head, would have stopped his conjuring for ever. The spoil was put to pious uses, being bestowed on a poor widow in the neighbourhood. Pastor Forsmann's method of dealing with Skrats was a secret, which he would never reveal even to his most intimate friends.

The Skrat does not seem to have been a natural product in all the places inhabited by the Eibo folk. The large island of Oesel, which has now lost its Eibo population, and the small island of Kemis, were the best places for catching them, and, once caught, they could be carried anywhere. These same islands had, from the earliest times, been the noted abodes of magicians. Once three country fellows went to Oesel for the express purpose of consulting an old wizard as to the best method of catching a Skrat. He asked them to come into his room and take a nap; but only two of them complied with the latter request, for the third kept awake, and, making the best use of his ears, heard the old gentleman slip out of the door, say—something, and whistle. In came the Skrat, which, settling on the foreheads of the two sleepers, sucked their blood, and left a little blue mark as a memorial of the operation. All, however, were awake on the following morning, and the old conjuror, asking from each of his guests a two-copeck piece, threw the three coins into the fire. Those of the sleepers were consumed, but the one belonging to the wakeful man remained uninjured. When they all took their departure, the magician told, not the wakeful man, but the

other two, that the Skrat would provide them both with a handsome income for life. From this we may infer that the Skrat does not approve of impertinent curiosity.

Strange as it may appear, the Skrat is not only to be caught, but may actually be manufactured. A tin pipe, stuffed with tow and pitch, a fragment of a pair of scales, part of a plough, a bit of a harrow, a few rags, and two or three other articles, which the vulgar would include in the category of rubbish, have been found, when well mixed up together, to make a very good Skrat. Some, however, prefer a worn-out broom, to which they attach a pair of wooden feet and a long tail of rag, twisting a red thread round the stick, clapping on an old pot for a head, adding a piece of glass for a nose, and making the arms out of a reel, which has been used by a demon, at least a hundred years old. On three successive Thursdays this figure must be set up with many ceremonies in the middle of a cross-way, and on the third the manufacturer cuts his finger, and letting his blood spirt upon the figure, utters the awful words, "Fiend, take my soul, and give me wealth in return!" The compound of inanimate rubbish is then endowed with life—becomes a veritable Skrat, which must instantly be provided with an old lazy horse. The manufacturer has procured for himself as swift a horse as he can find, and gallops off as quickly as he can, for if the Skrat once gets ahead of him, a broken neck will be the result. If all goes right, the Skrat trots obediently after its master, and, when both reach the house, is welcomed with a mess of porridge.

Having caught, purchased, or made, your Skrat, there is some difficulty in getting rid of it. If you hold it by purchase, you must sell it for less than you gave, or it will certainly come back to you: in this intrusive fidelity strangely resembling the Bottle-Imp. Or, it may be torn to little bits and flung into the water just when the ice is loosened by the early spring. Or, the manufactured Skrat may be carried to the cross-road where it first became an animate being, and may be driven from the face of the earth by force of prayer. If, taking none of these precautionary measures, you happen to die with a Skrat in your possession—

All things considered, it is better to have nothing to do with a Skrat.

TWILIGHT DOZING.

You sang the olden songs, and, sadly dreaming,
I lay and listened, while you thought I slept;
And if the tears were from my eyelids streaming,
You saw them not—and so I freely wept.

Round us the silent shadowy night was stealing,
You were a voice alone within the dark,
And from Life's hardened crust a tender feeling
Broke like a blossom through the rugged bark.

You were again a young and blushing maiden,
Who leaned upon my breast and breathed of love;
And I, no more with disappointments laden,
Seemed as of yore beside you in the grove.

The sky above us was serenely tender,
The moon shone softly gleaming through the trees,
Clasped heart to heart in Love's complete surrender,
Life seemed an island in enchanted seas.

Dim longings, vague desires, like breaths from
heaven,

Thrilled all our being with a strange unrest,
And all the finest strings that God hath given,
Trembled to voiceless music in the breast.

Your hand's electric fire again ran through me;
I breathed the hyacinth odour of your hair;
Your soul in long sweet kisses clung unto me,
'Till Love's full rapture we could scarcely bear.

Your voice had ceased, yet still around me fluttered
The visions that your songs had raised in me;
When, "Mr. Jones!" cried Jeames; "Curse Jones!"
I muttered;
And you, "Bring in the lights!—'tis time for
tea!"

I was again an old hard-hearted sinner,
And you were fifty, and you wore a cap;
Laughing, you said to Jones, "After his dinner,
You see the old man likes to take his nap."

THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

THE shabbiness of our English capital, as compared with Paris, Bordeaux, Frankfurt, Milan, Geneva—almost any important town on the continent of Europe—I find very striking after an absence of any duration in foreign parts. London is shabby in contrast with Edinburgh, with Aberdeen, with Exeter, with Liverpool, with a bright little town like Bury St. Edmunds. London is shabby in contrast with New York, with Boston, with Philadelphia. In detail, one would say it can rarely fail to be a disappointing piece of shabbiness, to a stranger from any of those places. There is nothing shabbier than Drury-lane, in Rome itself. The meanness of Regent-street, set against the great line of Boulevards in Paris, is as striking as the abortive ugliness of Trafalgar-square, set against the gallant beauty of the Place de la Concorde. London is shabby by daylight, and shabbier by gaslight. No Englishman knows what gaslight is, until he sees the Rue de Rivoli and the Palais Royal after dark.

The mass of London people are shabby. The absence of distinctive dress has, no doubt, something to do with it. The porters of the Vintners' Company, the draymen, and the butchers, are about the only people who wear distinctive dresses; and even these do not wear them on holidays. We have nothing which for cheapness, cleanliness, convenience, or picturesque-ness, can compare with the belted blouse. As to our women;—next Easter or Whitsuntide, look at the bonnets at the British Museum or the National Gallery, and think of the pretty white French cap, the Spanish mantilla, or the Genoese mezzero.

Probably there are not more second-hand clothes sold in London than in Paris, and yet

the mass of the London population have a second-hand look which is not to be detected on the mass of the Parisian population. I think this is mainly because a Parisian workman does not in the least trouble himself about what is worn by a Parisian idler, but dresses in the way of his own class, and for his own comfort. In London, on the contrary, the fashions descend; and you never fully know how inconvenient or ridiculous a fashion is, until you see it in its last descent. It was but the other day, on a race-course, that I observed four people in a barouche deriving great entertainment from the contemplation of four people on foot. The four people on foot were two young men and two young women; the four people in the barouche were two young men and two young women. The four young women were dressed in exactly the same style; the four young men were dressed in exactly the same style. Yet the two couples on wheels were as much amused by the two couples on foot, as if they were quite unconscious of having themselves set those fashions, or of being at that very moment engaged in the display of them.

Is it only in the matter of clothes that fashion descends here in London—and consequently in England—and thence shabbiness arises? Let us think a little, and be just. The "Black Country" round about Birmingham, is a very black country; but is it quite as black as it has been lately painted? An appalling accident happened at the People's Park near Birmingham, this last July, when it was crowded with people from the Black Country—an appalling accident consequent on a shamefully dangerous exhibition. Did the shamefully dangerous exhibition originate in the moral blackness of the Black Country, and in the Black People's peculiar love of the excitement attendant on great personal hazard, which they looked on at, but in which they did not participate? Light is much wanted in the Black Country. O we are all agreed on that. But, we must not quite forget the crowds of gentlefolks who set the shamefully dangerous fashion, either. We must not quite forget the enterprising Directors of an Institution vaunting mighty educational pretences, who made the low sensation as strong as they possibly could make it, by hanging the Biondin rope as high as they possibly could hang it. All this must not be eclipsed in the blackness of the Black Country. The reserved seats high up by the rope, the cleared space below it, so that no one should be smashed but the performer, the pretence of slipping and falling off, the baskets for the feet and the sack for the head, the photographs everywhere, and the virtuous indignation nowhere—all this must not be wholly swallowed up in the blackness of the jet-black country.

Whatsoever fashion is set in England, is certain to descend. This is the text for a perpetual sermon on care in setting fashions. When you find a fashion low down, look back for the time (it will never be far off) when it was the fashion high up. This is the text for a perpetual ser-

mon on social justice. From imitations of Ethiopian Serenaders, to imitations of Prince's coats and waistcoats, you will find the original model in St. James's Parish. When the Serenaders become tiresome, trace them beyond the Black Country; when the coats and waistcoats become insupportable, refer them to their source in the Upper Toady Regions.

Gentlemen's clubs were once maintained for purposes of savage party warfare; working men's clubs of the same day assumed the same character. Gentlemen's clubs became places of quiet inoffensive recreation; working men's clubs began to follow suit. If working men have seemed rather slow to appreciate advantages of combination which have saved the pockets of gentlemen, and enhanced their comforts, it is because working men could scarcely, for want of capital, originate such combinations without help; and because help has not been separable from that great impertinence, Patronage. The instinctive revolt of his spirit against patronage, is a quality much to be respected in the English working man. It is the base of the base of his best qualities. Nor is it surprising that he should be unduly suspicious of patronage, and sometimes resentful of it even where it is not, seeing what a flood of washy talk has been let loose on his devoted head, or with what complacent condescension the same devoted head has been smoothed and patted. It is a proof to me of his self-control that he never strikes out pugilistically, right and left, when addressed as one of "My friends," or "My assembled friends"; that he does not become inappreciable, and run amuck like a Malay, whenever he sees a biped in broadcloth getting on a platform to talk to him; that any pretence of improving his mind, does not instantly drive him out of his mind, and cause him to toss his obliging patron like a mad bull.

For, how often have I heard the unfortunate working man lectured, as if he were a little charity-child, humid as to his nasal development, strictly literal as to his Catechism, and called by Providence to walk all his days in a station in life represented on festive occasions by a mug of warm milk-and-water and a bun! What popguns of jokes have these ears tingled to hear let off at him, what asinine sentiments, what impotent conclusions, what spelling-book moralities, what adaptations of the orator's insufferable tediousness to the assumed level of his understanding! If his sledge-hammers, his spades and pickaxes, his saws and chisels, his paint-pots and brushes, his forges furnaces and engines, the horses that he drove at his work, and the machines that drove him at his work, were all toys in one little paper box, and he the baby who played with them, he could not have been discoursed to, more impertinently and absurdly than I have heard him discoursed to, times innumerable. Consequently, not being a fool or a fawner, he has come to acknowledge his patronage by virtually saying: "Let me alone. If you understand me no better than *that*, sir and madam, let me alone. You mean very well,

I dare say, but I don't like it, and I won't come here again to have any more of it."

Whatever is done for the comfort and advancement of the working man must be so far done by himself as that it is maintained by himself. And there must be in it no touch of condescension, no shadow of patronage. In the great working districts, this truth is studied and understood. When the American civil war rendered it necessary, first in Glasgow, and afterwards in Manchester, that the working people should be shown how to avail themselves of the advantages derivable from system, and from the combination of numbers, in the purchase and the cooking of their food, this truth was above all things borne in mind. The quick consequence was, that suspicion and reluctance were vanquished, and that the effort resulted in an astonishing and a complete success.

Such thoughts passed through my mind on a July morning of this summer, as I walked towards Commercial-street (not Uncommercial-street), Whitechapel. The Glasgow and Manchester system had been lately set-a-going there, by certain gentlemen who felt an interest in its diffusion, and I had been attracted by the following hand-bill, printed on rose-coloured paper:

SELF-SUPPORTING
COOKING DEPOT
FOR THE WORKING CLASSES,

Commercial-street, Whitechapel,

Where Accommodation is provided for Dining comfortably 300 Persons at a time.

Open from 7 A.M. till 7 P.M.

PRICES.

All Articles of the BEST QUALITY.

Cup of Tea or Coffee	One Penny
Bread and Butter...	One Penny
Bread and Cheese	One Penny
Slice of Bread	One halfpenny or One Penny
Boiled Egg	One Penny
Ginger Beer	One Penny

The above Articles always ready.

Besides the above may be had, from 12 to 3 o'clock,		
Bowl of Scotch Broth	One Penny
Bowl of Soup	One Penny
Plate of Potatoes	One Penny
Plate of Minceed Beef	Twopence
Plate of Cold Beef	Twopence
Plate of Cold Ham	Twopence
Plate of Plum Pudding, or Rice	One Penny

As the Economy of Cooking depends greatly upon the simplicity of the arrangements with which a great number of persons can be served at one time, the Upper Room of this Establishment will be especially set apart for a

PUBLIC DINNER EVERY DAY

From 12 till 3 o'clock.

Consisting of the following Dishes:

Bowl of Broth, or Soup,
Plate of Cold Beef or Ham,
Plate of Potatoes,
Plum Pudding, or Rice,

FIXED CHARGE 4½d.

THE DAILY PAPERS PROVIDED.

N.B.—This Establishment is conducted on the strictest business principles, with the full intention of making it self-supporting, so that every one may frequent it with a feeling of perfect independence.

The assistance of all frequenting the Dépôt is confidently expected in checking anything interfering with the comfort, quiet, and regularity of the establishment.

Please do not destroy this Hand Bill, but hand it to some other person whom it may interest.

This Self-Supporting Cooking Dépôt (not a very good name, and one would rather give it an English one) had hired a newly-built warehouse that it found to let; therefore it was not established in premises specially designed for the purpose. But, at a small cost they were exceedingly well adapted to the purpose: being light, well ventilated, clean, and cheerful. They consisted of three large rooms. That on the basement story was the kitchen; that on the ground floor was the general dining-room; that on the floor above, was the Upper Room referred to in the hand-bill, where the Public Dinner at fourpence-halfpenny a head was provided every day. The cooking was done, with much economy of space and fuel, by American cooking-stoves, and by young women not previously brought up as cooks; the walls and pillars of the two dining rooms were agreeably brightened with ornamental colours; the tables were capable of accommodating six or eight persons each; the attendants were all young women, becomingly and neatly dressed, and dressed alike. I think the whole staff was female, with the exception of the steward or manager.

My first inquiries were directed to the wages of this staff; because, if any establishment claiming to be self-supporting, live upon the spoliation of anybody or anything, or eke out a feeble existence by poor mouths and beggarly resources (as too many so-called Mechanics' Institutions do), I make bold to express my Uncommercial opinion that it has no business to live, and had better die. It was made clear to me by the account-books, that every person employed was properly paid. My next inquiries were directed to the quality of the provisions purchased, and to the terms on which they were bought. It was made equally clear to me that the quality was the very best, and that all bills were paid weekly. My next inquiries were directed to the balance-sheet for the last two weeks—only the third and fourth of the establishment's career. It was made equally clear to me, that after everything bought was paid for, and after each week was charged with its full share of wages, rent and taxes, depreciation of plant in use, and interest on capital at the rate of four per cent per annum, the last week had yielded a profit of (in round numbers) one pound ten; and the previous week a profit of six pounds ten. By this time I felt that I had a healthy appetite for the dinners.

It had just struck twelve, and a quick succession of faces had already begun to appear at

a little window in the wall of the partitioned space where I sat looking over the books. Within this little window, like a pay-box at a theatre, a neat and brisk young woman presided to take money and issue tickets. Every one coming in must take a ticket. Either the fourpence-halfpenny ticket for the upper room (the most popular ticket, I think), or a penny ticket for a bowl of soup, or as many penny tickets as he or she chose to buy. For three penny tickets one had quite a wide range of choice. A plate of cold beef and potatoes; or a plate of cold ham and potatoes; or a plate of hot minced beef and potatoes; or a bowl of soup, bread and cheese, and a plate of plum-pudding. Touching what they should have, some customers on taking their seats fell into a reverie—became mildly distracted—postponed decision, and said in bewilderment, they would think of it. One old man I noticed when I sat among the tables in the lower room, who was startled by the bill of fare, and sat contemplating it as if it were something of a ghostly nature. The decision of the boys was as rapid as their execution, and always included pudding.

There were several women among the diners, and several clerks and shopmen. There were carpenters and painters from neighbouring buildings under repair, and there were nautical men, and there were, as one diner observed to me, "some of most sorts." Some were solitary, some came two together, some dined in parties of three or four, or six. The latter talked together, but assuredly no one was louder than at my club in Pall-Mall. One young fellow whistled in rather a shrill manner while he waited for his dinner, but I was gratified to observe that he did so in evident defiance of my Uncommercial individuality. Quite agreeing with him, on consideration, that I had no business to be there, unless I dined like the rest, I "went in," as the phrase is, for fourpence-halfpenny.

The room of the fourpence-halfpenny banquet had, like the lower room, a counter in it, on which were ranged a great number of cold portions ready for distribution. Behind this counter, the fragrant soup was steaming in deep cans, and the best-cooked of potatoes were fished out of similar receptacles. Nothing to eat was touched with the hand. Every waitress had her own tables to attend to. As soon as she saw a new customer seat himself at one of her tables, she took from the counter all his dinner—his soup, potatoes, meat, and pudding—piled it up dexterously in her two hands, set it before him, and took his ticket. This serving of the whole dinner at once, had been found greatly to simplify the business of attendance, and was also popular with the customers: who were thus enabled to vary the meal by varying the routine of dishes: beginning with soup to-day, putting soup in the middle to-morrow, putting soup at the end the day after to-morrow, and ringing similar changes on meat and pudding. The rapidity with which every new comer got served, was remarkable; and the dexterity

with which the waitresses (quite new to the art a month before) discharged their duty, was as agreeable to see, as the neat smartness with which they wore their dress and had dressed their hair.

If I seldom saw better waiting, so I certainly never ate better meat, potatoes, or pudding. And the soup was an honest and stout soup, with rice and barley in it, and "little matters for the teeth to touch," as had been observed to me by my friend below stairs already quoted. The dinner-service, too, was neither conspicuously hideous for High Art nor for Low Art, but was of a pleasant and pure appearance. Concerning the viands and their cookery, one last remark. I dined at my club in Pall-Mall aforesaid, a few days afterwards, for exactly twelve times the money, and not half as well.

The company thickened after one o'clock struck, and changed pretty quickly. Although experience of the place had been so recently attainable, and although there was still considerable curiosity out in the street and about the entrance, the general tone was as good as could be, and the customers fell easily into the ways of the place. It was clear to me, however, that they were there to have what they paid for, and to be on an independent footing. To the best of my judgment, they might be patronised out of the building in a month. With judicious visiting, and by dint of being questioned, read to, and talked at, they might even be got rid of (for the next quarter of a century) in half the time.

This disinterested and wise movement is fraught with so many wholesome changes in the lives of the working people, and with so much good in the way of overcoming that suspicion which our own unconscious impertinence has engendered, that it is scarcely gracious to criticise details as yet; the rather, because it is indisputable that the managers of the White-chapel establishment most thoroughly feel that they are upon their honour with the customers, as to the minutest points of administration. But, although the American stoves cannot roast, they can surely boil one kind of meat as well as another, and need not always circumscribe their boiling talents within the limits of ham and beef. The most enthusiastic admirer of those substantials, would probably not object to occasional inconstancy in respect of pork and mutton: or, especially in cold weather, to a little innocent trifling with Irish stews, meat pies, and toads in holes. Another drawback on the Whitechapel establishment, is the absence of beer. Regarded merely as a question of policy, it is very impolitic, as having a tendency to send the working men to the public-house, where gin is reported to be sold. But, there is a much higher ground on which this absence of beer is objectionable. It expresses distrust of the working man. It is a fragment of that old mantle of patronage in which so many estimable Thugs, so darkly wandering up and down the moral world, are sworn to muffle him. Good

beer is a good thing for him, he says, and he likes it; the Depôt could give it him good, and he now gets it bad. Why does the Depôt not give it him good? Because he would get drunk. Why does the Depôt not let him have a pint with his dinner, which would not make him drunk? Because he might have had another pint, or another two pints, before he came. Now, this distrust is an affront, is exceedingly inconsistent with the confidence the managers express in their hand-bills, and is a timid stopping-short upon the straight highway. It is unjust and unreasonable, also. It is unjust, because it punishes the sober man for the vice of the drunken man. It is unreasonable, because any one at all experienced in such things knows that the drunken workman does not get drunk where he goes to eat and drink, but where he goes to drink—expressly to drink. To suppose that the working man cannot state this question to himself quite as plainly as I state it here, is to suppose that he is a baby, and is again to tell him in the old wearisome condescending patronising way that he must be goody-poodly, and do as he is toldy-poldy, and not be a manny-panny or a voter-poter, but fold his handy-pandys, and be a childy-pildy.

I found, from the accounts of the White-chapel Self-Supporting Cooking Depôt, that every article sold in it, even at the prices I have quoted, yields a certain small profit! Individual speculators are of course already in the field, and are of course already appropriating the name. The classes for whose benefit the real depôts are designed, will distinguish between the two kinds of enterprise.

TYBURNIA OF OLD.

ON a certain Sunday, September, 1750, about eleven o'clock at night, a man of fashion, sitting in his own dining-room, No. 5, Arlington-street, London, was alarmed by a loud cry of "Stop thief!" A highwayman had just stopped a post-chaise in Piccadilly, not fifty yards off, and, being pursued, had ridden over and almost killed a watchman.

About the same date, or a little earlier, a London antiquarian describes Oxford-street as "a deep, hollow road, full of sloughs, with here and there a ragged house, the lurking-place of cut-throats; insomuch," says he, "that I never was taken that way by night in my hackney-coach to a worthy uncle's, who gave me lodgings in his house in George-street, but I went in dread the whole way." In 1710, the Duke of Newcastle had bought Tyburn-road, as it was then called, and named it after his son-in-law, Edward Harley, Earl of Oxford. About 1718 it was probably first publicly known by its present name. Before the suburban roads were well lit and well watched, highway robberies were perpetual. The Old Bailey Session Papers abound in instances. Let us select a few, to explain the character of the crimes, and the way in which the robberies were

effected; it may induce our readers to appreciate more highly their present security, and the improvement in the police system.

On Sunday, the 25th of September, 1726, the Bicester waggon was stopped, about midnight, near Ealing. The highwayman wore a red rug coat and a laced hat, rode a grey horse, and carried a screw-barrel pistol in his hand. He rode past the waggon several times, and at last stopped the deputy waggoner, who was riding the head waggoner's horse while the head waggoner turned in to sleep. The rogue threatened to shoot him through the head, lent him his own knife to cut the waggon ropes, and ordering the passengers to get down, unloaded several hampers and searched for money. Eventually he found a small brown-paper parcel, containing fifteen moldores and two hundred and fifty guineas, which were wrapped with an old fan in a linen bag and an old gown. Before riding off, the prisoner told the waggon people that it was no use resisting him, as the road was beset with highwaymen, and thundered and swore at the women and children.

On the next Tuesday the deputy waggoner arrested the highwayman at the Black Boy and Unicorn, at West Wickham. A pistol was found on him, with 7*l.* in money, some bank bills, and a receipt. Under the armpit of his coat was found 27*6*s.** in bills and notes, sewn in the lining. He tried to prove an alibi but failed, eventually confessed his crime, and was hung at Tyburn.

The prisoner had been a bricklayer and doctor of smoky chimneys at Wendover, in Buckinghamshire, and got 500*l.* by his wife. He pleaded that he had never been a robber, and had lived in as good a character as any man in his neighbourhood, and that he had only been led into this robbery by the inducements of the waggoner.

A little further on, in the Old Bailey Session Papers, we find the highwaymen venturing deeper into London. On Monday night, December 1, 1730, Dr. Mead, the fashionable physician of Dr. Johnson's time, who married a blacksmith's daughter in Fetter-lane, and had been a friend of Pope, Newton, and Bentley, was stopped by a highwayman in Holborn, near Furnival's Inn. The man presented a pistol at the coachman, ordered him to stop, demanded the doctor's watch and money, and told the footman he was a dead man if he dared to jump down. The servant did, however, jump down, and cried, "Stop thief!" A shopman pursuing the highwayman, the latter flashed a pistol at him, but was eventually run down in Leather-lane, taken to the Black Bull Inn in Holborn, and searched. Powder and shot were found in his pockets. He told the men searching him that they could not hang him for that, but that he wished he had done murder, for he had rather be hanged than not. He was tried at the Old Bailey, and fined forty marks.

The April following, this same highwayman

(James Dalton) was indicted for robbing a linen pedlar in the fields between Tottenham-court and Bloomsbury. Dalton had been drinking with this man at the Adam and Eve public-house at Pancras, and, it being night and the way lonely, he bought a link to light himself and the prisoner home. At the end of the second field Dalton pulled out a pistol, swore at the pedlar, knocked him down, threatened to shoot him through the head, and robbed him. He was found guilty, and hung at Tyburn, May the 12th, 1730.

The life of this man presents a curious picture of the unsettled state of the metropolis one hundred and thirty years ago. Dalton's father was a Dublin tailor, who enlisted and went to Flanders, came home, turned card-sharper, and was hung. Dalton's mother was transported for thieving. The boy turned shop-lifter at eleven years old, and (as soon as he grew stronger) became a footpad in St. Giles's. Transported for a robbery in the Islington-road, he joined a mutiny at sea, and escaped. Returning home, he was seized for a robbery at Bristol, and transported to Virginia; he escaped, and took to stealing slaves.

On returning to London, this thief confessed that in three months he and another man had picked no less than five hundred pockets. He was the first robber who ventured on stopping coaches in London streets. His first crimes of this kind were in Castle-yard, Holborn, Hatton-garden, and St. Paul's Churchyard.

There is no great variety in these highway robberies, but the evidence in them generally contains some curious traits of manners, or some interesting bits of topography. It is easy, from the perusal of a volume or so of the Old Bailey Session Papers, circa 1720—60, to get a general idea of the habits of highwaymen, and of their modes of attack and of escape. Let us cull from the trials of 1730 a case interesting for its trait of highwayman character.

On the 24th of December, 1730, a highwayman in a red rug coat stopped a coach, containing two ladies, a maid-servant, and a child, at Battle-bridge. The thief, to disguise his voice, put the cape of his coat into his mouth; he was very civil, and as soon as he got the money rode off. The husband of one of the ladies instantly came up and pursued the highwayman, and he was taken, but not until the day after, at a tavern in Cripple-gate. He had got a dagger and pistol, and threatened to shoot the shoemaker who took him; but the shoemaker jumped in on him, and secured him. The prisoner tried to prove an alibi, but in vain, and was hung at Tyburn, February 20, 1730.

The biography of this thief helps to show from what rank of life these men sprung. John Everett had been apprenticed to a salesman, but before his time was expired he ran away and enlisted in Flanders, where he became sergeant in General How's regiment of foot. On his return he purchased his discharge, and became

an officer at Whitechapel Court, where he got into debt and difficulty from being too lenient to poor persons he arrested. He then became acquainted with several gangs of thieves, who persuaded him to rob on the highway. Turning king's evidence, he was confined in the Fleet for debt, and, being allowed the liberty of the rules, opened an alehouse in the Old Bailey. He then turned false witness, and eventually was thrown into Newgate; on coming out, he took to the road. While under sentence he preserved an outward decorum in chapel, but at other times flew into passions, and threatened to murder the keepers.

There is scarcely any trial that does not contain some touch of human interest, or that does not at least serve to show how much safer London streets and suburban roads are now than they were a little more than a hundred years ago. For instance, in February, 1730, Ferdinand Shrimpton and Robert Drummond were indicted* for robbing Jonathan Collings, a carrier, in the Hampstead-road, of a bay gelding, and two panniers full of pork. The highwaymen were tracked to the Anchor Inn at Weybridge, there locked into their room by stratagem, and disarmed. They had some time before stopped a gentleman in the Kingsland-road, and shot his servant. They were found guilty, and hung at Tyburn, April 17, 1730. They owned to nine or ten robberies a night. Shrimpton was the son of a highwayman, who had been hung for murder. He himself had been a soldier, and died impenitent, laughing and jesting to the last moment. Drummond had been a dealer in hardwares at Sunderland, and had recently returned from transportation. His brother was also executed for highway robbery.

Our next dip into the Session Papers brings us a highway robbery in the very centre of London. In October, 1730, Hugh Morris, Robert Johnson, and James O'Brien, stopped a coach near the Savoy Gate, and robbed two ladies of a snuff-box, and several valuable rings. Just as they were cutting the ladies' outside pockets off, three soldiers came up, but, on being threatened, they went away. These men were hung at Tyburn, November 16, 1730.

One of these men was the son of an appraiser in Drury-lane; the two others had been sailors. They owned to numerous robberies of gold watches, silver-hilted swords, and gold-headed canes, in Holborn, New Bond-street, &c. A night or two before their arrest, they had stopped a gentleman in Bloomsbury-square; he had drawn his sword to kill one of them, when Morris fired a pistol at him, and alarmed the watch; and they were thus compelled to run off. They had also stopped gentlemen in Golden-square, Hanover-square, Lincoln's Inn-fields, and Hatton-garden. Their career, however, lasted only two months.

In 1731, highway robberies assumed a still more alarming character. In July of that

year, William Gates, John Armstrong, and Nathaniel Lampree, were indicted for stopping a coach near the Bull and Gate in Holborn, and stealing a gentleman's hat. They then went to St. Giles's, and stopped another coach: Gates going into it with a drawn hanger, and holding out his hat for guineas and watches. On the same night these men stopped a chaise at Hockley-in-the-Hole, and stole a gold watch, a silver-hilted sword, and some money. The prisoners were traced to a public-house near St. Giles's Pound, where they showed the watches, quarrelled about the division of the money, drank a good deal of "twopenny," and then ordered rum punch. These men were all hung at Tyburn, July 26, 1731. In their confessions, they owned to the most audacious robberies. They had robbed a Roman Catholic priest at his own door in Hanover-street, and, being seen by two servant girls from a window, had threatened to shoot them if they did not pull down their blinds.

Of course in those wild times there were perpetual murders accompanying such robberies. In July, 1731, John Davis was indicted for robbing William Walker, of hat, wig, and sword. The robbers fell upon Mr. Walker and a friend, near Old-street church, Islington, at ten o'clock at night. Mr. Walker drew his sword, made a pass, and ran one of the highwaymen through the body: upon which he fell into a ditch, dragging his assailant with him, and there stabbing him. The other man then came up, overpowered Mr. Walker, beat him, stripped him, and threw away his shoes. He also demanded his sword, but Mr. Walker contrived to throw it far off into the high grass. The prisoner was afterwards arrested and identified by Mr. Walker, who had been searching for him in all the prisons of London.

Davis was hung at Tyburn, July 26, 1731. This Davis had been a stone-sawyer and a small-beer brewer, and had deserted from one of the king's regiments. He owned to four years of incessant thieving. He had joined some highwaymen a year before his arrest, in robbing a carrier's waggon near Marylebone. A highwayman on horseback, who had first stopped the waggon, claimed shares, saying, "Brethren, I'm very poor, pray have pity on me;" but they had replied, according to Davis's confession, "No, brother of the trade, there is nothing due to you; for such goods as these belong not to your way of business;" but, as he went on importuning, they flung him two fowls, saying, "There, go and cram yourself with those."

It is useless to search further among our old Session Papers for crimes which are so monotonous in their character. We have, however, we think, selected sufficient to show the state of London little more than a century ago, and to prove that in the time of our grandfathers the suburban roads and streets were as dangerous as the roads of a mediæval city. Sufficient also to convince the most inveterate praiser of the past, that, inadequate as our present police

system still may be, and dangerous as our returned and unreformed convicts are, times do improve.

SOPHIE'S RIBBON.

"You know him? Be careful, mon cher, for my sake if not for your own, how you acknowledge such a dangerous acquaintance as that in Nevskoi, in broad day."

And I felt my young Russian companion wince and start as we walked, arm in arm, from the Noble Club, of which, like the other attachés of our embassy, I was of course free. The person whose salute I had just acknowledged was still in sight—a tall, well-dressed man of about thirty, with a pale keen face, brilliant dark eyes, and a long moustache.

"Know him? To be sure I do," was my reply. "In the name of all that's mysterious, Galitzin, what can be the harm of knowing the chevalier—I think that is on his card—yes, the Chevalier Gliska, nephew, or cousin, or something, to the old Prince Leczinzka, at whose palace I have seen you a dozen times, waltzing as only the Guard can waltz."

But the young baron, who was generally gay enough, would not consent to make a jest of this occurrence, but muttered something about my "English imprudence," and soon afterwards left me. It was not easy to guess the cause of the young Guardsman's evident nervousness, or to comprehend what particular peril there could be in knowing the chevalier, respecting whom I now began to feel some natural curiosity. Of his antecedents I knew very little, but that little was in his favour. He had been much abroad, was reputed to be clever and well read, and the few words which we had exchanged at any time had given me the impression that he was agreeable. Yet Galitzin, who had been very kind and familiar with me ever since my arrival at the legation, seemed to shrink from even mentioning the stigma that attached to the chevalier.

It was from the chancellor at our embassy, a quiet good-humoured old man, with a taste for gossip, and a memory for St. Petersburg small-talk dating from the peace of '15, that I heard the truth.

"Gliska! Gliska!" said the old Scotchman, taking a pinch of snuff to refresh his recollection; "yes, to be sure! the young man, Demetrius Gliska, is some relation to the old Princess Leczinzka, and was in the imperial service. Your friend's right. You had best fight shy of him, Mr. Acton."

"But why? Does he cheat at cards? Or has he a turn for what the doctors call homicidal monomania?"

"Nothing of the sort," answered the chancellor; "he's just a 'suspect,' and that's the whole of it; he's one of the black sheep of the political flock, that all the rest, and chiefly such gay young birkies as your friend Galitzin, are fearful to rub shoulders with. To be sure, he's

a Pole, and can't be blamed for what he does in behalf of his down-trodden country; but, man, he's sairy frowned upon by the powers that be."

On further pressing, Mr. Campbell informed me that the chevalier, who had once held a commission in the army, had been arrested on suspicion of a share in some conspiracy. He was found not guilty; but, being unable to clear himself wholly in the eyes of government, had been compelled to serve as a private for three years in the Caucasus; had quitted Russia at the end of this term; and, after a long exile, had lately been permitted to return, at the intercession of his powerful relatives. He was still under considerable suspicion, and it was more than rumoured that his presence in the capital was due to his desire to render aid in some widely-spread plot for the enfranchisement of Poland and its imperfectly Russianised dependencies.

"If they catch him tripping, woe be to the lad," said old Campbell, oracularly; "he'll be lucky if he gets off with Eastern Siberia and airmine trapping for the rest of his days; more likely the mines or the knout, if the czar's ministers happen to be specially ill humoured, or specially frightened, when the bubble bursts."

The old chancellor had seen so many abortive plots, painfully planned, warily kept, collapse in the miserable ruin of the plotters, that he had got to regard the Russian government as conspiracy proof. This was peculiarly true as regarded the Polish aristocracy, many of whose chief families were understood to reside at St. Petersburg rather as hostages than as courtiers, though never venturing to absent themselves from the imperial presence-chamber on ceremonious occasions. Among these were the Leczinzkas; the old prince and princess; their grandson, heir to the extensive estates in Lithuania and the government of Warsaw; and their granddaughter, Sophie Leczinzka. The prince himself was a gentle genial old man, with a taste for numismatics. I do not believe that his patriotism ever went beyond a mild sentiment in favour of a free and prosperous Poland. The princess, who had been a famous beauty in her day, was kind and hospitable, but not by any means capable of dabbling in political intrigues; while the grandson was as yet so young, and so heedfully kept under the eye of a tutor recommended by the czar himself, that he could scarcely have imbibed any "revolutionary" ideas. Still, whoever was lord of the Leczinzka lands, and of the influence attached to the great name of that illustrious race, was esteemed worth watching by the authorities.

The family had not always been so passive. The prince's eldest son, a high-spirited young man, had shared in the last disastrous revolt of the Poles, and died, in captivity, of wounds received in the defeat of Ostrolenka. His young widow had soon followed him to the grave, leaving Alexis and Sophie, the one an infant, the other a girl eight years of age, to the care

of their grand-parents. And the second son, who had long wandered, an exile, from country to country, had died far from his home and friends. All this happened long ago, and the Leczinkas, if still watched, were smiled upon at court. Their entertainments were among the most splendid at St. Petersburg, and the foreign residents, in especial, met with the most kindly reception there.

Sophie Leczinka was a beautiful dark-haired girl, in the early bloom of a loveliness that gave promise of becoming queenly and majestic at a later period; but just then she was a bright-eyed young creature, simple and frank of manner, and more like an English maiden than the languid Russian damsels around her. Indeed, Sophie, by far the cleverest of the household, was also the most national. It was her pride to be a Pole; she loved to sing Polish songs, and to listen to Polish stories; and I remember her pretty sorrow, half sad, half petulant, when her grandmother absolutely forbade her appearing at the empress's masquerade in the high cap, velvet jacket, and gold-braided vest of the old Sarmatian pattern.

It is not surprising that I, who was most heartily made welcome at the Leczinka palace, on the strength of some intimacy in long-past times between the old prince and a relation of my own, should have become attached, and deeply so, to the beautiful Polish girl, but the wonder should rather be that my suit received the sanction of Sophie's guardians and kindred. For an attaché, even though tolerably well off, to aspire to such a match would have seemed idle in most cases, since even in their hour of captivity there is no prouder nobility than that of Poland, and a Leczinka might, as I well knew, reasonably expect to ally herself with some man of rank much more brilliant than mine. It must, however, be remembered that Sophie was no heiress, since the estates were strictly entailed, and I was at that time understood to be the next inheritor of a considerable property in England. Whatever the cause, so the matter stood. I was regarded in the household as actually betrothed to Sophie. There had been no formal troth-pledge; still less had any time been fixed for our marriage, which, indeed, the princess desired to defer for a year or two on account of her grandchild's youth, and her own reluctance to be parted from her, but the affair was no secret.

And Sophie? With all my wish to relate calmly and fairly what occurred, I cannot, even at this distance of time, be certain as to what were her feelings. Perhaps she herself did not realise their nature. She certainly did not dislike me. She had merely looked down, with a timid blush and smile, when the old princess bade her look upon me as her future husband. Her lips had never ratified the tacit consent thus given, nor is this expected in a continental country, and especially in a rank so elevated.

Gliska, being in some way related to the princess, and having been brought up in the Leczinka mansion in Poland, was often to be

met in the family circle, where he was always welcome. He had been a ward of the old nobleman's, having been early left an orphan, and both the prince and princess had a regard for him, which was probably in great measure the result of habit. Nothing could be more unlike than the bent of the ex-guardian's mind and that of his former charge. The kind white-headed master of the house had a soft easy nature, that shrank from disagreeable or painful topics, and a narrow, though cultivated intellect. He had travelled much, had many foreign friends, and loved to recal bygone intimacies among the wits and statesmen of the West. His correspondence, his French novels, and his curious cabinet of rare coins and medals, filled up his leisure fully. The chevalier, on the other hand, was calm and thoughtful, rather silent, but evidently not from lack of thoughts. When he did speak, it was always in well-chosen words, and with a certain suppressed fire and eloquence that told of great powers undeveloped.

I could not exactly make out on what footing Gliska stood with reference to Sophie Leczinka. They were consins. Sophie, as a child, had been used to look up to the tall playfellow so much older and wiser than herself—nothing would have been more reasonable than that they should have been on the same terms as brother and sister. Yet Gliska seemed to me rather to avoid his pretty cousin than otherwise, and Sophie rarely mentioned his name. There were times when I could not help feeling a thrill of jealous suspicion, as a vague idea dawned in my mind that this apparent indifference, on Gliska's part at any rate, was mere feigning. But such impressions were always fugitive, and were not long able to disturb my peace.

I was one night at a ball at the Gortschakoff palace, and happened to stand close to the open door of a card-room, where the whist-players, ignorant of my proximity, were chatting of the Leczinkas and their prospects. One of them asked, carelessly, whether there had not once been some talk of a match between the chevalier and his beautiful cousin? Involuntarily, I listened for the reply, which was as indifferently spoken as the question had been:

"Why, yes, there *was* such a plan. The old princess, who has a match-making turn, like most of your ex-beauties—your deal, general!—was eager about it, long before mademoiselle was out of the nursery. But then came the coup, and the lad's lands were confiscated, and himself packed off to carry a musket against Schamyl in the Caucasus—so there was an end of the matter—cut the cards, marshal, if you please."

"But the chevalier is pardoned," observed a cracked female voice across the table.

"True, madame; but poor—poor as Job; and not only penniless, but compromised. No, no, the English fellow is a better *parti*, though I should not wonder if Sophie preferred the 'suspect.' Women are problems, madame."

In the midst of the laugh that succeeded, I

moved away with tingling ears. A glance at Sophie's face, as she sat in the centre of a blooming group of girls of her own age, prattling of dances and their partners, made me ashamed of my suspicion. If ever candour sat enthroned on a fair forehead, surely, surely it was manifest on hers. I approached, and she greeted me with a bright smile, as I asked if she had been charitable enough to keep an early dance for me.

"You are too late, M. Charles; my poor little book is terribly full of names! I have promised to dance with Rogamoff, and Oginski, and your great friend Baron Galitzin of the Guard, and O, so many more!"

"And with your cousin, Chevalier Gliska?" I asked the question in apparent playfulness, but I suppose there was something harsh and hostile in my tone, in spite of myself, which grated on the quick ear of a woman, for Sophie glanced rapidly at me with the look of a frightened fawn.

"No!" she said, and her lip trembled slightly as she spoke.

Vexed with myself for my own unjust peevishness, I tried to make amends, and so far succeeded that Sophie recovered her cheerful composure, and accorded me a waltz. It was in one of the pauses in that giddy whirl, in the midst of light and glitter, the sparkle and gleam of gold epaulettes and jewelled head-gear, and the dying fall of the music, that Sophie suddenly turned her eyes on mine, and said, with abrupt frankness:

"M. Charles, avow that you are jealous of my poor cousin Demetrius, and that you hate him."

I forget what I answered in my surprise, but I know that Sophie contrived to convey to me the impression that she had a sisterly affection for the companion of her childhood; that she regretted his misfortunes, and admired his patriotism; that she was only anxious to see him safe from future perils, and once more in the good graces of the Russian government.

"Poor Demetrius! I cannot forget, dear M. Charles, how good and patient he was to me when I was a spoiled sickly child, full of fancies and hard to please. Poor Demetrius has suffered so much for our afflicted country. I, as you know, am a rebel at heart; I hate the Muscovites—I hope that frightful Colonel Amnenkoff heard that last remark—but I can do so safely, because I am too young and weak to be dangerous to the czar. It is different for a man. You should not be jealous or cross, M. Charles, because I wish to prevent poor Demetrius from ending his days in Siberia."

I said something about her cousin's security, since his pardon, unless he were rash enough to enter into fresh intrigues against the emperor. I spoke with more constraint and coldness than would otherwise have been the case, because I saw Gliska leaning against a pillar, at a distance, and regarding us with a peculiar look of watchful interest. When his eyes met mine, he seemed

to shrink back, and was soon lost in the glittering crowd of guests.

That night, as our sledges went whirling over the hard beaten snow of the streets, there was a great bustle and confusion, and the startled horses were sharply checked by the rein and thrown on their haunches in front of a double rank of soldiers drawn up across the principal thoroughfares. A harsh voice bade the drivers halt, and a number of policemen, accompanied by several officers muffled in grey watch-coats, went round from carriage to carriage, throwing the red glare of a lantern on the faces of the belated guests of the prince-minister, and asking with polished but imperious courtesy the names of those present, which were entered hastily in a book. There was much shouting and lashing of whips, plunging of frightened horses, and screaming of terrified ladies, as the mass of vehicles came to an abrupt halt, but some of the old residents took the matter very coolly.

"The first time this year!" said the senior attaché, who had taken a seat in my carriage; "I began to wonder if the police had gone to sleep. Two years ago I remember four such stoppages in a single winter. I wonder if they'll make many captions to-night?"

And I, who had been but eight months in St. Petersburg, learned with some surprise that the favourite time for the secret police to select for a razzia against the innumerable plotters, Russian or Polish, was that of some great festivity or public reception. Half the conspiracies of the empire were hatched, my informant said, in the saloons of the higher aristocracy, under the very noses of the emperor and his ministers; and the best paid and most valuable spies were those who from their rank and position could enter such assemblies without provoking remark or distrust. No doubt something had transpired at the prince-minister's ball which had aroused the vigilance of the lynx-eyed prefect of police, and hence the impediment to our progress homewards.

The explanation had got to this point, when a plotnik said civilly to our driver that he might "go on as fast as he liked," at the same time taking off his hat and extending his open palm significantly. My companion dropped a few coecks into it, and the man bowed low as he suffered us to pass by him and strike off by a side-street to the Admiralty quay.

"They have caught their birds, no doubt!" said the more experienced senior attaché, treating the whole affair as a thing of course.

The next day we heard vague rumours of detections and arrests, some said of many, others of only one or two persons. When I called, next morning, at the Leczinzka palace, I found the old prince nervous and irritable, the princess agitated, and Sophie not to be seen. She had a frightful headache; her grandmother said, and was too unwell to leave her chamber. No doubt the heat and crush of the Gortschakoff assembly—those official people gave such shocking balls, where you were squeezed and elbowed by

all the ill-mannered Telinn in Russia—had been too much for the poor dear child. But it was not on Sophie's account that her grand-parents were so ill at ease. It was on Gliska's. Gliska had not returned to his lodgings on the previous night. His servant, alarmed at the non-arrival of his master, had come early to the palace to ask for news concerning him. One of the Leczinzka chassours had seen the prisoners of the night before led away to the Conciergerie, and was sure, or nearly sure, that one of them was the missing chevalier.

I heard this news with mixed feelings. An Englishman's instinct always rises in arms against an act of arbitrary oppression; and the arrest of the night before had in it something of cat-like and Oriental stealthiness that was peculiarly odious. But I had an uneasy distrust of the chevalier, a smouldering jealousy which I tried to trample down, and I could not help feeling a vague sense of relief.

However, while I was copying a précis in the attaché's room at the embassy that afternoon, old Mr. Campbell came in, chuckling and rubbing his hands.

"You fine conspiracy has just turned out a mere flash in the pan—a mare's-nest of the police," said he; "the claps are set free, Gliska and the rest of them. Their captivity was over by lunch-time."

"Then there was no real plot, after all?" I asked, looking up from my writing.

"I canna tell," said the cautious Scot, shaking his head as he took a fresh pinch of high-dried; "the thing broke down for want of evidence—a verdict of not proven, as we say in the north. They say the emperor had Gliska taken into his own cabinet, and questioned him there, but couldna cross-examine much out of the close fellow. And the story goes that his majesty said, in a loud voice, before the aide-de-camp, 'You may go, chevalier, but be careful how you give me the right to punish!' Nicholas is ill to thwart. He likes contradiction even less than conspiracy, so I'd advise M. Gliska to heed his steps in future."

Gliska had, in effect, been set at liberty, and I met him that evening, calm and elegant as ever, at the Leczinzka mansion. He said very little about the exciting events of the night, or the formidable interview of the morning, but talked pleasantly on general topics. Sophie was present, having fortunately recovered from her headache, but she was silent and thoughtful, and I fancied that I detected a glance of intelligence once or twice between her cousin and herself. But I soon felt convinced that I was mistaken. Gliska paid no sort of attention to Sophie. He addressed her rarely, and never with any particular show of interest; indeed, he spoke less to her than to her brother, a pale sleepy-eyed stripling, whose Russian tutor was his inseparable Mentor and companion.

The noise the arrest had made in St. Petersburg society soon died away, and the usual round of gaieties went on, as if Siberia and the knout, plots and disaffection, had been myths.

My own prospects unexpectedly improved. The relative to whose estate I was heir of entail, and whom I had never seen, since he had lived in morose seclusion, died, and I found myself rich enough to lead an idle life. An idle life was not my choice, however, and at about the same time that I succeeded to this inheritance I seemed likely to rise in my professional career. Certain promotions and retirements had taken place among the diplomatists, in consequence of which I was promised the post of senior attaché at one of the Southern courts, as soon as the present occupant should vacate it: which would probably be in early summer.

Fortified by this intelligence, I was encouraged to renew, or rather to press, my suit for Sophie's hand; the old prince standing my friend in the affair, the princess's objections to parting with her granddaughter were by degrees overruled. As for Sophie's consent, that was rather assumed than asked for. Her grandfather blessed her, and stroked her raven hair as caressingly as if she had been a child for whom some holiday treat was in preparation; her grandmother cried as she pressed her darling in her arms, and dilated on the happiness of her future life and the splendours of her prospective troussau. It was settled that Sophie and I were to be married soon after Easter; that in the mean time milliners, lawyers, and jewellers were to be busy in providing laces, diamonds, and deeds of settlement; and that all was to go merry as a marriage bell.

In all this arrangement, the bride elect's part seemed a curiously passive one. Sophie Leczinzka neither ratified nor rejected the engagement which her nearest relations had thought fit to conclude on her account; she listened submissively to all the prince and princess chose to say on the subject, kissed their wrinkled hands in the ancient Polish fashion in sign of obedience, made me a formal curtsy, and left the room with downcast eyes and something like a smothered sob. After that, Sophie always seemed to shrink from me; her spirits grew variable, her cheek thinner, her manner graver and more thoughtful. I ought to have read the lesson thus mutely conveyed, but I was wilfully blind to it, and lent too ready an ear to the assurances of the old folks that Sophie's manner was merely the result of girlish timidity and a deep sense of duty. The aged princess, in especial, was confident that her grandchild esteemed me quite as highly as could be expected from "a young person bien élevée."

I must not, the old lady said, judge of the sentiments of a Polish girl as if she were a "Meess Anglaise."

Gliska's conduct left no room for fault-finding. He wished me joy, as the phrase goes, politely, but with no affectation of heartiness. Indeed, we had never been intimate, though I had been at first disposed to like him well enough; but there was something dark and inscrutable in his bearing and disposition, very unusual among his rash chivalrous countrymen.

Perhaps the wretched years of degradation and suffering during which he had been a soldier in the Caucasus, and from any reference to which he always shrank, had changed his character. He often reminded me of the traditional Italians of the middle ages: such Italian as Macchiavelli knew, and Shakespeare painted.

He and I now met less frequently than before. He did not often spend his evenings at the Leczinzka palace, excusing himself on the score of pressing business, and throwing out hints which seemed to indicate that he was importuning the Imperial Chancellerie for the restoration of his forfeited estates. The old prince, always good natured, in spite of his indolence and frivolous habits, offered his interest at court, and Gliska gratefully accepted the proffer. He seemed pre-occupied in his mind, and there were new lines of care on his forehead, and a harassed look in his bold keen eyes; but he treated Sophie with the same indifferent good humour as before.

One day, when I was driving out of the city with one of the French attachés, young Dumanoir, to whom the sledge belonged, and who was not a little vain of his heavy apron of Astracan fur, and of the spirit and beauty of his gallant horses with their silver bells, we had an unexpected rencounter. We had made a short cut through the wretched suburbs inhabited by the tshernoi narod, or "black people," as the ill-fed poor of St. Petersburg are called, and were striking across towards the broad drive on the bank of the Neva, when we spun round a corner, and nearly ran over a group of four men in earnest converse. They started with evident alarm and vexation as they caught sight of us in that unfrequented quarter; and we on our part were surprised to see them, for more incongruous companions could scarcely have met together.

The party consisted of a young Russian in black clothes, wearing a scrap of coloured ribbon at his button-hole, and who was some government clerk or other member of the privileged bureaucracy of the empire; of a sergeant in the Guards, trim and smart in his well-fitting uniform; of a long-bearded grizzled peasant, in a torn caftan and sheepskin boots; and of—Gliska. We nodded to him—the Frenchman and I—but he was too much startled to return the salute, and his pale face flushed like hot iron as we dashed by.

"What an odd quartette!" said I.

"Very!" said Dumanoir, dryly, knitting his black eyebrows; then he thawed into a laugh of unfeigned mirth, as he said, "I never saw rats so neatly caught! You are too guileless and unsuspecting, my dear colleague, for such a métier as our rascally one of diplomacy. We catch a Polish noble, whose very name is as wormwood in the emperor's august mouth, conferring with his friends in this delightful and civilised quarter; and those friends are a discontented sergeant, a sulky Raskolnik, and a hungry understrapper of some government bureau; and you wonder at their confusion on being seen by us! Foi

de Dumanoir! My chief would never forgive me, if I omitted to inform him of what will be welcome news to his Majesty Louis Philippe, King of the French."

I could not but own that there was something suspicious in the affair, though I with some trouble extorted from Dumanoir a promise that he would not mention what we had seen to any other than his ambassador: unwilling as I was that the Leczinzka family should be annoyed by any fresh proceedings against their relative. But though I was not one of those who see a conspiracy in every gathering of men, I felt an innate conviction that all was not right. Gliska's politics were notorious, and his secret communing, in so lonely and barbarous a quarter of the town, with persons so unlike himself in rank and bearing, seemed ominous of coming troubles. I had heard—as who had not?—of disaffection existing among the Poles, Finns, and Malorossians, who had been forced into the Muscovite army; of disaffection among the educated servants of the state, weary of a career in which corruption and chicanery overruled zeal and merit; and of deadly hatred on the part of the fanatics of the old Greek faith—those grim Raskolniks of whom Dumanoir had spoken. A junction of such malcontents with the restless Polish nobles, was exactly what the authorities most dreaded.

When, later in the day, I drove to the Leczinzka palace, I saw Gliska leaving it on foot. He seemed to avoid recognition, turning up the collar of his furred overcoat so as nearly to conceal his face, and hurrying on with a quicker step as he caught sight of my vehicle. I found Sophie, with sparkling eyes and a flushed cheek, alone in the great drawing-room: the old princess coming in as soon as she was informed of my arrival. Never had I seen Sophie look more beautiful; but her excitement, which I could not help connecting with Gliska's visit, caused me a sensation of pain as contrasting with her usual cold resignation, when its cause was explained.

Invitations had just been issued for a masked ball at the residence of Prince Wittgenstein, the Austrian ambassador; and this ball, long projected, was to be by far the most splendid of the season. It was to have taken place long before, but had been postponed, and many of the intended guests had their fancy dresses prepared, while all the town talked of the ruinous cost of the decorations and the skill of the artists who were to turn the embassy saloons into an ephemeral fairyland. Sophie was wild with pleasure at the prospect of the fête; it was her first season, poor child, and she had truly a child's delight in the coming treat. Her aged relatives smiled as she talked with unusual animation of the fantastic splendours that were anticipated. It was said that the emperor and empress would be there. The grand-dukes and the Grand-Duchess Olga would certainly attend. Count Demidoff was to go as a Chinese—no, as a Persian Khan, with the Sancy diamond to fasten the plume on his turban. The four

beautiful daughters of the Swedish minister would represent the Seasons; and so on, interminably.

It struck me that Sophie's interest in this ball was more than natural, but it never slackened during the few intervening days, and her spirits rose and fell in a capricious manner. At one time she was as happy and light of heart as a bird on a sunlit bough; at another there would be tear-drops clinging to her dark eyelashes, and she had the drooping head and dejected look of that same bird when prisoned in a cage. Her old grand-parents did not wonder at these abrupt transitions.

"Les jeunes filles, my dear Acton," said the aged prince, lightly tapping his enamelled snuff-box; "les jeunes filles—who can reason with them? They have whims; that is all."

The great night came, and with it came the south wind and a thaw. The soft snow became of the consistency of treacle, and the horses had to labour hard to drag the runners of the carriages, which had so lately glided easily along over a frozen surface, through the tenacious drift. But it was done, somehow, and the superb saloons of the Austrian minister began to fill with guests, some in dominoes, and the majority in fanciful attire of every period and country. I shall not describe the fête. It was splendid and tasteful in its way, and the crowd thickened and thickened, and the music swelled higher and higher, as half, or more than half, of the "society" of St. Petersburg passed in. The emperor and empress realised Sophie's anticipations, for they paid the Prince and Princess of Wittgenstein the compliment of their presence. They walked, unmasked, through the rooms, the glittering company parting into two lines to give them free passage; both czar and czarina smiled graciously, and addressed a civil word, here and there, to some well-known personages. The band played the Russian anthem, and every face was uncovered, in deference to the august visitors, as they moved slowly past.

But those who were best used to watch the face of the strong-willed despot, whose personal influence was mightier, at that time, than any czar's since Peter the Great, felt ill at ease as they watched his gigantic form pass through the crowded saloons. There was an ominous firmness about the imperial mouth, it was said, and a dangerous sparkle in the imperial eye. The emperor was known to have much self-control, but there were signs of suppressed anger under his placidity of aspect which courtiers could read.

The emperor and empress did not stay long. When they departed, the masks were replaced, the music struck up with fresh spirit, and the aristocracy of Russia forgot the darkling glance of their master's eye. The dance went pleasantly on.

"M. Charles, will you do me a favour?"

It was Sophie who spoke, and her voice quivered in a manner inexplicable to me, considering how ordinary were her words. She was in the rich Circassian dress of blue and silver she

had chosen; but she would not have known me, in an ordinary domino of crimson silk, but for my face being exposed, through my not having replaced my mask. She was clinging to the arm of a boyish figure in Louis the Fourteenth attire: her brother, as I guessed.

"M. Charles, will you do me a favour?"

It was not very difficult to grant. She merely wanted me to affix to the breast of my domino, a certain yellow rosette, a shoulder-knot of yellow ribbon with two fluttering ends—that was all. Hurriedly she thanked me for my consent, and insisted on pinning the knot to my domino with her own hands, though her slender fingers shook so much that they could hardly perform the task. It was a whim of hers, she said, a trick to "mystify" some one, and O, it was so kind of me to humour her, and would I please to wear it till after supper-time, and to be masked! Before I could ask her for a dance she was gone, lost in the mazes of the crowd.

"Hist! come nearer, the game's up!" said a man's voice, thick and husky with emotion, at my ear. I started. A tall man in a dark domino was at my elbow.

"It's all over," said the stranger, in his guttural French, spoken with a German accent; "some one has betrayed us. The troops are under arms, and the soldiers we counted on are disarmed and confined to barracks. Rest assured that the emperor knows all. *Gliska*—"

"Monsieur, you mistake," exclaimed I, and the man shrank away. Scarcely had I time to debate in my own mind the purport of what I had heard, when two or three masked persons came hastily forward, the foremost pointing me out to the others.

"That is he. I know him by the ribbon."

There was a pause, and a shuffling and whispering. I bethought me of the mystification Sophie had spoken of. Were these the friends at whose expense some harmless trick was to be played? I had little time to think, for one of the new comers passed his arm familiarly through mine.

"Come quietly, monsieur, to avoid scandal."

By this time my other arm had been grasped by another of the group. I made some jocular observation, in French, on the peremptory nature of the summons, fully persuaded that the whole was a masquerade frolic. The intruder spoke again, more sternly:

"You carry it off well, sir. But your enterprises are unfortunate. You must come with us, in the emperor's name, or I swear to shoot you where you stand. Come on!"

I was pushed, or dragged, through a side-door, down a passage, and into the hall of the embassy. It was full of soldiery and gendarmes. In a moment a cloak was thrown over my head, my wrists were chained together, and I was hustled out into the snow, and thrust into a sledge. There was a shout, a trampling and clashing, and I felt the jerk of the start. The sledge was going off at a rapid pace, in spite of the softness of the snow. Half smo-

thered by the cloak over my head, I rather lay than sat in the place into which I had been pushed, while by the bounding motion of the kibitka I knew that the speed of our progress was great.

Presently the woollen wrapper that muffled my head, was removed, and I could see the true state of the case. The sledge was traversing a snow-covered road, marked out by painted posts at frequent intervals. To right and left lay hillocky mounds of snow, covering the peat morass through which the causeway passed. Overhead, was a wrack of hurrying lead-coloured cloud, with the pale winter moon peeping out sufficiently to show the horsemen of the escort, a party of dragoons of the Guard, who rode to right and left of the sledge, their burnished helmets and long white cloaks looming ghostly through the dim light. Besides myself, there were two persons in the kibitka, the driver and a sturdy figure in the uniform of a sergeant. The latter held a pistol in his gloved right hand; an excess of precaution, for I was bound and helpless.

I closed my eyes for a minute or two, and calmed my nerves by a strong effort. Then I looked again. Yes, nothing had changed. Snowy road, lashing whip, bounding horses, painted posts to mark the way, the mantled horsemen riding on either flank, the threatening attitude of the armed man at my side—all were real. And all these objects had but one significance—one which my soul shrank from. The Guards, the haste, the chains, the desolate wastes through which we were speeding, reminded me of many a dismal tale of exile to the gloomy deserts of Northern Asia. Either I was actually on my way to Siberia, or I was mad.

My courage revived. It was impossible that an Englishman, and an Englishman in government employ, should be amenable to such a punishment, even had his offences against the czar been flagrant, whereas I was utterly unconcerned in Russian politics. Even the barbarian caprice of absolute power could not have taken umbrage at any act of mine, and then the idea that my arrest was some cruel blunder flashed upon me. I tried the sergeant with French and German, but in vain. He knew only one language, and in answer to my few awkward words of Russian he merely growled out the words "Polish dog!" and pressed the cold muzzle of the pistol-barrel between my eyes, as a hint to keep quiet. I spoke no more.

Soon after this, the wind veered round to the north, the moon vanished, the night grew piercing cold, and then the heavy flakes of snow came whirling down, and the horses could

hardly struggle through the drift. Then all sensations were gradually and surely merged in one—the numbing effects of the intense cold.

Hours passed; post stations were reached, horses changed, fresh troopers took the place of the former escort; but I only grew colder and feebler, and the blood in my veins seemed freezing into solid ice, and there were shooting pains through every joint, and I remember moaning like a child in agony, and then I seemed to faint with suffering, the last thing I remember being a flash of ruddy torchlight.

When I recovered, I was in a warm bed, and beside it stood two men: one dressed in black—a doctor; the other, a tall officer in a long military cloak, wet with half melted snow. In the corner of the room was an Ingrian peasant woman, heating some water in a samovar.

"He'll do well, now," said the doctor in French; "mortification had not really begun. It's only a slight case of frostbite, with extreme debility."

"I'm glad to hear it!" said the officer, in whom I recognised a certain Major Orloff, one of the imperial aides-de-camp. "The emperor is truly distressed that the mistake should have occurred. But how this Englishman came to wear the yellow knot of ribbon by which Gliska was to be recognised by the other conspirators, had the plot really come to a head, and had the czar's person been seized on, is a puzzle to us all. I'd lay my life there's a woman's hand in it."

"Very likely," said the doctor, with a smile; "perhaps Mademoiselle Sophie Leczinzka contrived the exchange when Gliska found out that all was lost, and his arrest imminent. The runaway couple have not been caught, I believe?"

I groaned.

"Come away, doctor," whispered the good-natured aide-de-camp; "the poor fellow may wake and overhear us. And he will know quite soon enough that his fiancée deceived him from the first, and that she will be Madame Gliska when they get in safety across the Prussian frontier, of which the police prefect admits there is no doubt—so artfully were the chevalier's projects laid, to provide the means of escape, in case of the failure of the conspiracy. Allez! Bad news flies fast."

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VERY HARD CASH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

CHAPTER XXX.

"We laid the poor proud creature on the sofa, and bathed his face with eau de Cologne. He spoke directly, and said that was nice, and 'My head! my head!' And I don't think he was ever quite insensible, but he did not know what was going on, for presently he opened his eyes wide, and stared at us so, and then closed them with oh such a sigh; it swelled my heart almost to bursting. And to think I could say nothing: but mamma soothed him and insisted on his keeping quiet; for he wanted to run away from us. She was never so good to him before: she said, 'My dear child, you have my pity and my esteem; alas! that at your age you should be tried like this. How few in this sorry world would have acted like you: I should have sided with my own flesh and blood, for one.'

'What, right or wrong?' he asked.

'Yes,' said she, 'right or wrong.' Then she turned to me: 'Julia, shall all the generosity be on his side?'

I kissed her and clung to her, but dared not speak; but I was mad enough to hope, I scarcely know what, till she said in the same kind sorrowful voice, 'I agree with you; you can never be my son; nor Julia's husband. But as for that money, it revolts me to proceed to extremes against one, who after all is your father, my poor, poor, chivalrous boy.' But she would decide nothing without Edward; he had taken his father's place in this house. So then I gave all up, for Edward is made of iron. Alfred was clearer sighted than I, and never had a hope: he put his arm round mamma and kissed her, and she kissed him: and he kissed my hand, and crept away, and I heard his step on the stair, and on the road ever so far, and life seemed ended for me when I heard it no more.

Edward has come home. Mamma told him all: he listened gravely: I hung upon his lips; and at last the oracle spoke; and said, 'This is a nice muddle.'

More we could not get from him; he must sleep on it. O, suspense! you torture! He

had seen a place he thinks will suit us: it is a bad omen his saying that so soon after. As I went to bed I could not help whispering, 'If he and I are parted, so will you and Jane.' The cruel boy answered me *out loud*, 'Thank you, little girl: that is a temptation; and you have put me on my guard.'

Oh, how hard it is to understand a *man!* they are so impracticable with their justice and things. I came away with my cheeks burning, and my heart like a stone; to bed, but not to sleep. My poor, poor, unhappy, noble Alfred!

"Dec. 27th. Mamma and Edward have discussed it: they say nothing to me. Can they have written to him? I go about my duties like a ghost; and pray for submission to the Divine will."

"Dec. 28th. To-day as I was reading by main force to Mrs. Eagleton's sick girl, came Sarah all in a hurry with, I was wanted, Miss. But I *would* finish my chapter, and O how hard the Devil tried to make me gabble it; so I clenched my teeth at him, and read it as if I was spelling it; and then *didn't* I fly?

He was there; and they all sat waiting for me. I was hot and cold all at the same time, and he rose and bowed to me, and I curtsied to him, and sat down and took my work, and didn't know one bit what I was doing.

And our new oracle, Edward, laid down the law like anything. 'Look here, Hardie,' said he, 'if anybody but you had told us about this fourteen thousand pounds, I should have set the police on your governor before now. But it seems to me a shabby thing to attack a father on the son's information, especially when it's out of love for one of us he has denounced his own flesh and blood.'

'No, no,' said Alfred, eagerly, 'out of love of justice.'

'Ah, you think so, my fine fellow, but you would not have done it for a stranger,' said Edward. Then he went on: 'Of all blunders, the worst is to fall between two stools: look here, mamma; we decide, for the son's sake, not to attack the father: after that it would be very inconsistent to turn the cold shoulder to the son. Another thing, who suffers most by this fraud? why the man that marries Julia.' Alfred burst out impetuously, 'Oh, prove that to me, and let me be that sufferer.' Edward turned calmly to

mamma: 'If the fourteen thousand pounds was in our hands, what should you do with it?'

The dear thing said she should settle at least ten thousand of it on Me, and marry Me to this poor motherless boy, 'whom I have learned to love myself,' said she.

'There,' said Edward, 'you see it is you who lose by your governor's—I won't say what—if you marry my sister.'

Alfred took his hand, and said, 'God bless you for telling me this.'

Then Edward turned to mamma and me; and said, 'This poor fellow has left his father's house because he wronged us: then this house ought to open its arms to him: that is only justice; but now to be just to our side; I have been to Mr. Crawford, the lawyer, and I find this Hardie junior has ten thousand pounds of his own. That ought to be settled on Julia, to make up for what she loses by Hardie senior's—I won't say what.'

'If anybody settles any of their trash on me, I'll beat them, and throw it in the fire,' said I; 'and I hated money.'

The oracle asked me directly did I hate clothes and food, and charity to the poor, and cleanliness, and decency? Then I didn't hate money, 'for none of these things can exist without money, you little romantic humbug; you shut up!'

Mamma rebuked him for his expressions, but approved his sentiments. But I did not care for his sentiments: for *he* smiled on me, and said, 'We two are of one mind; we shall transfer our fortune to Captain Dodd, whom my father has robbed. Julia will consent to share my honest poverty.'

'Well, we will talk about that,' said Edward, pompously.

'Talk about it without me, then,' I cried, and got up, and marched out indignant: only it was partly my low cunning to hide my face that I could not keep the rapture out of. And, as soon as I had retired with cold dignity, off I skipped into the garden to let my face loose, and I think they sent him after me; for I heard his quick step behind me; so I ran away from him as hard as I could, and of course he soon caught me; in the shrubbery where he first asked me to be his; and he kissed both my hands again and again like wildfire, as he is, and he said, 'You are right, dearest; let them talk of their trash while I tell you how I adore you; poverty with you will be the soul's wealth; even misfortune, by your side, would hardly be misfortune: let all the world go, and let you and I be one, and live together, and die together; for now I see I could not have lived without you, nor without your love.' And I whispered something on his shoulder, no matter what; what signifies the cackle of a goose? and we mingled our happy tears, and our hearts, and our souls. Ah, Love is a sweet, a dreadful passion: what we two have gone through for one another in a few months! He dined with us, and Edward and he sat a long, long, time talking; I dare say it was only about their odious money; still I envied Edward having him so

long. But at last he came up, and devoured me with his lovely grey eyes, and I sang him Aileen Aroon, and he whispered things in my ear, oh, such sweet, sweet, idiotic, darling, things; I will not part with even the shadow of one of them by putting it on paper, only I am the blesseddest creature in all the world; and I only hope to goodness it is not very wicked to be so happy as I am."

"Dec. 31st. It is all settled. Alfred returns to Oxford to make up for lost time; the time spent in construing Me instead of Greek: and at the end of term he is to come of age and marry—somebody. Marriage! oh what a word to put down! It makes me tingle; it thrills me; it frightens me, deliciously: no, not deliciously; anything but: for suppose, being both of us fiery, and they all say one of them ought to be cold blooded for a pair to be happy, I should make him a downright bad wife. Why then I hope I shall die in a year or two out of my darling's way, and let him have a good one instead."

'I'd come back from the grave and tear her to pieces.'

"Jan. 4th. Found a saint in a garret over a stable. Took her my luncheon clandestinely; that is ladylike for 'under my apron'; and was detected and expostulated by Ned. He took me into his studio—it is carpeted with shavings—and showed me the 'Tiser digest, an enormous book he has made of newspaper cuttings all in apple-pie order; I mean alphabetical; and out of this Authority he proved vice and poverty abound most wherever there are most charities. Oh, and 'the poor' a set of intoxicated sneaks, and Me a Demoralising Influence. It is all very fine: but why are there saints in garrets, and half starved? that rouses all my evil passions, and I cannot bear it; it *is* no use."

"Jan. 6th. Once a gay day; but now a sad one. Mamma gone to see poor papa, where he is. Alfred found me sorrowful, and rested my forehead on his shoulder; that soothed me, while it lasted. I think I should like to grow there. Mem.! to burn this diary; and never let a creature see a syllable.

As soon as he was gone, prayed earnestly on my knees not to make an idol of him. For it is our poor idols that are destroyed for *our* weakness. Which really I cannot quite see the justice of."

"Jan. 8th. Jane does not approve my proposal that we should praise now and then at the same hour instead of always praying. The dear girl sends me her unconverted diary 'to show me she is "a brand."' I have read most of it. But really it seems to me she was always goodish: only she went to parties, and read novels, and enjoyed society.

There, I have finished it. Oh dear, how like her unconverted diary is to my converted one!"

"Jan. 14th. A sorrowful day: he and I parted, after a fortnight of the tenderest affection, and that mutual respect, without which neither of us, I think, could love long. I had resolved to be very brave; but we were alone, and his bright

face looked so sad; the change in it took me by surprise and my resolution failed; I clung to him. If gentlemen could interpret, as we can, he would never have left me. It is better as it is. He kissed my tears away as fast as they came: it was the first time he had ever kissed more than my hand: so I shall have to think of, and his dear promised letters: but it made me cry more at the time, of course. Some day, when we have been married years and years, I shall tell him not to go and pay a lady for every tear; if he wants her to leave off.

The whole place so gloomy and vacant now."

"Jan. 20th. Poverty stares us in the face. Edward says we could make a modest living in London; and nobody be the wiser: but here we are known, and 'must be ladies and gentlemen, and fools,' he says. He has now made me seriously promise not to give money and things out of the house to the poor: it is robbing my mother and him. Ah, now I see it *is* nonsense to despise money: here I come home sad from my poor people; and I used to return warm all over. And the poor old souls do not enjoy my sermons half so much as when I gave them things to eat along with them.

The dear boy, that I always loved dearly, but *admire* and love now that he has turned an intolerable tyrant, and he used to be Wax, has put down two maids out of our three, and brings our dinner up himself in a jacket, then puts on his coat and sits down with us, and we sigh at him and he grins and derides us; he does not care one straw for Pomp. And mamma and I have to dress one another now. And I like it."

"Jan. 30th. He says we may now, by great economy, subsist honestly till my wedding-day; but then mamma and he must '*absquatulate*.' Oh, what stout hearts men have. They can jest at sorrow even when, in spite of their great thick skins, they feel it. Ah, the real poor are happy; they marry, and need not leave the parish where their mother lives."

"Feb. 4th. A kind and most delicate letter from Jane. She says, 'Papa and I are much grieved at Captain Dodd's affliction, and deeply concerned at your loss by the Bank. Papa has asked Uncle Thomas for two hundred pounds, and I entreat you to oblige *me* by receiving it at my hands and applying it according to the dictates of your own affectionate heart.'

Actually our Viceroy will not let me take it: he says he will not accept a crumb from the man who owes us a loaf."

"Feb. 8th. Jane mortified, and no wonder. If she knew how very poor we are, she would be surprised as well. I have implored her not to take it to heart, for that all will be explained one day, and she will see we *could* not.

His dear letters! I feed on them. We have no secrets, no two minds. He is to be a first class and then a private tutor. Our money is to go to mamma: it is he and I that are to work our fingers to the bone (I am so happy!), and never let them be driven by injustice from their home.

But all this is a great secret. The Viceroy will be defeated, only I let him talk till Alfred is here to back me. No; it is *not* just the rightful owner of fourteen thousand pounds should be poor.

How shallow female education is: I was always led to suppose modesty is the highest virtue. No such thing! Justice is the queen of the virtues; *he* is justice incarnate."

"March 10th. On reperusing this diary, it is demoralising; very: it feeds self. Of all the detestable compositions! Me, Me, Me, from one end to another: for when it is not about myself, it is about Alfred, and that it is my *he-Me* though not my *she-one*. So now to turn over a new leaf: from this day I shall record only the things that happen in this house and what my betters say to *me*, not what I say; and the texts; and outline of the sermons; and Jane's Christian admonitions."

Before a resolve so virtuous all impure spirits retire, taking off their hats, bowing down to the very ground, and apprehending Small Beer.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Extracts from Jane Hardie's Diary:

"MARCH 3RD. In my district again, the first time since my illness, from which I am indeed but half recovered. Spoke faithfully to Mrs. B. about her infidel husband: told her not to try and talk to him, but to talk to God about him. Gave her my tract, 'A quiet heart.' Came home tired. Prayed to be used to sharpen the sickles of other reapers."

"March 4th. At St. Philip's to hear the Bishop. In the midst of an excellent sermon on Gen. i. 2, he came out with the waters of baptism, to my horror: he disclaimed the extravagant view some of them take; then hankered after what he denied, and then partly unsaid *that* too. While the poor man was trimming his sails, I slunk behind a pillar in the corner of my pew, and fell on my knees, and prayed against the stream of poison flowing on the congregation. Oh, I felt like Jeremiah in his dungeon.

In the evening papa forbade me to go to church again: said the wind was too cold: I kissed him, and went up to my room and put my head between the pillows not to hear the bells. Prayed for poor^a Alfred."

"March 5th. Sadly disappointed in J. D. I did hope He was embittering the world to her by degrees. But for some time past she writes in ill-concealed spirits.

Another friend, after seeking rest in the world, is now seeking it in Ritualism. May both be drawn from their rotten reeds to the cross.

And oh this moral may my heart retain,
All hopes of happiness on earth are vain."

"March 6th. The cat is out of the bag. She is corresponding with Alfred; indeed she makes no secret of it. Wrote her a^c faithful letter. Received a short reply, saying I had made her unhappy, and begging me to suspend my judg-

ment till she could undeceive me without giving me too much pain. What mystery is this?"

"March 7th. Alfred announces his unalterable determination to marry Julia. I read the letter to papa directly. He was silent for a long time; and then said, 'All the worse for both of them.' It was all I could do to suppress a thrill of carnal complacency at the thought this might in time pave the way to another union. Even to think of that now is a sin. 1 Cor. vii., 20-4, plainly shows that whatever position^b of life we are placed in, there it is our duty to abide. A child, for instance, is placed in subjection to her parents; and must not leave them without their consent."

"March 8th. Sent two cups of cold water to two fellow-pilgrims of mine on the way to Jerusalem, viz.: to E. H., Rom. viii. 1; to Mrs. M., Philipp. ii. 27.

Prayed for increase of humility. I am so afraid my great success^c in His vineyard has seduced me into feeling as if there was a spring of living water in myself, instead of every drop derived from the true fountain."

"March 9th. Dr. Wycherley closeted two hours with papa—papa had sent for him, I find. What is it makes me think that man is no true friend to Alfred in his advice? I don't like these roundabout speakers: the lively oracles are not roundabout."

"March 10th. My beloved friend and fellow-labourer, Charlotte D—, ruptured a blood-vessel^d at 3 P.M., and was conveyed in the chariots of angels to the heavenly banqueting house, to go no more out. May I be found watching?"

"March 11th. Dreadfully starved with these afternoon sermons. If they go on like this, I really *must* stay at home, and feed upon the word."

"March 12th. Alfred has written to his trustees, and announced his coming marriage, and told them he is going to settle all his money upon the Dodds. Papa quite agitated by this news: it did not come from Alfred; one of the trustees wrote to papa. Oh, the blessing of Heaven will never rest on this unnatural marriage. Wrote a faithful letter to Alfred while papa was writing to our trustee."

"March 13th. My book on Solomon's Song now ready for publication. But it is *so* difficult now-a-days to find a publisher for such a subject. The rage is for sentimental sermons, or else for fiction^e under a thin disguise of religious biography."

"March 14th. Mr. Plummer, of whose zeal and unction I had heard so much, was in the town and heard of me, and came to see me by appointment just after luncheon. *Such* a sweet meeting. He came in and took my hand, and in that posture prayed that the Holy Spirit might be with us to make our conversation profitable to us, and redound to His glory. Poor man, his wife leads him a cat and dog life, I hear, with her jealousy. We had a *sweet* talk; he admires Canticles almost as much as I do²: and has

promised to take my book and get it cast on the Lord^f for me."

"March 15th. To *please*, one must not be faithful". Miss L., after losing all her relations; and at thirty years of age, is to be married next week. She came to me and gushed out about the blessing of having at last one earthly friend to whom she could confide everything. On this I felt it my duty to remind her she might lose him by death, and then what a blank! and I was going on to detach her from the arm of flesh; when she burst out crying and left me abruptly; couldn't bear the truth, poor woman.

In the afternoon met *him* and bowed, and longed to speak, but thought it my duty not to: cried bitterly on reaching home."

"March 17th. Transcribed all the texts on Solomon's Song. It seems to be the way He^g has marked out for me to serve him."

"March 19th. Received this letter from Alfred:

'Dear Jane,—I send you a dozen kisses and a piece of advice; learn more; teach less: study more; preach less: and don't be in such a hurry to judge and condemn your intellectual and moral superiors, on insufficient information.

Your affectionate brother,

ALFRED.'

A poor return for me loving his soul as my own. I do but advise him the self-denial I myself pursue. Woe be to him if he rejects it."

"March 20th. A perverse reply from J. D. I had proposed we should plead for our parents at the Throne. She says she fears that might seem like assuming the office of the mediator: and besides her mother is nearer Heaven than she is. What blindness! I don't know a more thoroughly unhealthy mind than poor Mrs.^h Dodd's. I am learning to pray walking. Got this idea from Mr. Plummer. How closely he walks! his mind so *exactly* suits mine."

"March 22nd. Alfred returned. Went to meet him at the station. How bright and handsome he looked! He kissed me so affectionately; and was as kind and loving as could be: I, poor unfaithful wretch, went hangingⁱ on his arm and had not the heart to dash his carnal happiness just then.

He is gone *there*."

"March 24th. Stole into Alfred's lodging when he was out; and, after prayer, pinned Deuteronomy xxvii. 16, Proverbs xiii. 1, and xv. 5, and Mark vii. 10, upon his bed-curtains."

"March 25th. Alfred has been in my room, and nailed Matthew vii. 1, Mark x. 7, and Ezek. xviii. 20, on my wall. He found my diary, and has read it, not to profit by, alas! but to scoff."

[Specimen of Alfred's comments. N.B. Fraternal criticism:

A. Nolo Episcopari.

B. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good.

D. The old trick; picking one text, straining it; and ignoring six. So then nobody, who is not born married, must get married.

E. Recipe. To know people's real estimate of

themselves, study their language of self-depreciation. If, even when they undertake to lower themselves, they cannot help insinuating self-praise, be sure their humility is a puddle, their vanity is a well. This sentence is typical of the whole Diary, or rather Iary; it sounds Publican, smells Pharisee.

X. How potent a thing is language in the hand of a master! Here is sudden death made humorous by a few incongruous phrases neatly disposed.

F. Excuse me; there is still a little market for the Liquefaction of Holy Writ, and the Per- version of Holy Writ; two deathless arts, which meet in your comment on the song you ascribe to Solomon.

Z. More than Mrs. Plummer does, apparently.

G. Apotheosis of the British public. How very like profaneness some people's Piety is!

C. H. Faith, with this school, means anything the opposite of Charity.

1. You are morally truthful: but intellectually mendacious. The texts on Solomon's Song! You know very well there is not one. No grave writer in all Scripture has ever deigned to cite, or notice, that coarse composition; puellarum deliciae.

J. Modest periphrasis for "I like it." Motto for this Diary; "Ego, et Deus meus."

K. In other words a good, old fashioned, sober, humble Christian, to whom the daring familiarities of your school seem blasphemies.

M. Here I recognise my sister; somewhat spoiled by a detestable sect; but lovable by nature (which she is for ever abusing); and therefore always amiable, when off her guard.]

"March 28th. Mr. Crawford the attorney called and told papa his son had instructed him to examine the trust-deed, and to draw his marriage settlement. Papa treated him with the greatest civility, and brought him the deed. He wanted to take it away to copy; but papa said he had better send a clerk here. Poor papa hid his distress from this gentleman, though not from me; and gave him a glass of wine.

Then Mr. Crawford chatted, and let out Alfred had asked him to advance a hundred pounds for the wedding presents, &c. Papa said he might do so with perfect safety.

But the moment he was gone, his whole manner changed. He walked about in terrible anger and agitation: and then sat down and wrote letters; one was to uncle Thomas; and one to a Mr. Wycherley; I believe a brother of the doctor's. I never knew him so long writing two letters before.

Heard a noise in the road, and it was Mr. Maxley, and the boys after him hooting; they have found out his infirmity: what a savage animal is man, till grace changes him! The poor soul had a stick, and now and then turned and struck at them; but his tormentors were too nimble. I drew papa to the window, and showed him, and reminded him of the poor man's request. He answered impatiently what was that to him? 'we have a worse case nearer hand. Charity

begins at home.' I ventured to say yes, but it did not begin *and* end at home."

"March 31. Mr. Osmond here to-day; and over my work I heard papa tell him Alfred is blackening his character in the town with some impossible story about fourteen thousand pounds. Mr. Osmond very kind and sympathising; set it all down to illusion; assured papa there was neither malice nor insincerity in it. 'But what the better am I for that?' said poor papa: 'if I am slandered, I am slandered.' And they went out together.

Papa seems to feel this engagement more than all his troubles, and, knowing by sad experience it is useless to expostulate with Alfred, I wrote a long and faithful letter to Julia just before luncheon, putting it to her as a Christian whether she could reconcile it to her profession to set a son against his father, and marry him in open defiance.

She replied 3 P.M. that her mother approved the marriage, and she owed no obedience, nor affection either, to *my* parent.

3.30 Sent back a line rebuking her for this quibble.

At 5 received a note from Mrs. Dodd proposing that the correspondence between myself and her daughter should cease *for the present*.

5.30. Retorted with an amendment that it should cease *for ever*. No reply. Such are worldlings! Remonstrance only galls them. And so in one afternoon's correspondence ends one more of my Christian friendships with persons of my own sex. This is the eighth, to which a carnal attachment has been speedily fatal.

In the evening Alfred came in looking very red, and asked me whether it was not self-reliant and uncharitable of me to condemn so many estimable persons, all better acquainted with the circumstances than I am. I replied with the fifth commandment. He bit his lip and said, 'We had better not meet again, until you have found out which is whoriest of honour, your father or your brother.' And with this he left abruptly; and something tells me I shall not see him again. My faithfulness has wounded him to the quick. Alas! Prayed for him: and cried myself to sleep."

"April 4th. Met *him* disguised as a common workman, and carrying a sack full of things. I was so shocked I could not maintain my resolution; I said, Oh, Mr. Edward, what are you doing? He blushed a little, but told me he was going to sell some candlesticks and things of his making: and he should get a better price in that dress; all traders looked on a *gentleman* as a thing made to be pillaged. Then he told me he was going to turn them into a bonnet and a wreath; and his beautiful brown eyes sparkled with affection. What egotistical creatures *they* must be! I was quite overcome, and said oh why did he refuse our offer? did he hate me so very much that he would not even take his due from my hand? No, he said, nobody in our house is so unjust to you as to hate you; my sister honours

you, and is very sorry you think ill of her: and, as for me, I love you; you know how I love you. I hid my face in my hands; and sobbed out, Oh, you must not; you must not; my poor father has one disobedient child already. He said softly, Don't cry, dear one; have a little patience; perhaps the clouds will clear: and, meantime, why think so ill of us? Consider, we are four in number, of different dispositions, yet all of one mind about Julia marrying Alfred. May we not be right; may we not know something we love you too well to tell you? His words and his rich manly voice were so soothing; I gave him just one hand while I still hid my burning face with the other; he kissed the hand I yielded him, and left me abruptly.

If Alfred should be right! I am staggered now; *he* puts it so much more convincingly."

"April 5th. A letter from Alfred, announcing his wedding by special license for the 11th.

Made no reply. What *could* I say?

Papa, on my reading it out, left his very breakfast half finished, and packed up his bag and rushed up to London. I caught a side view of his face; and I am miserable. Such a new, such a terrible expression: a vile expression! Heaven forgive me, it seemed the look of one who meditated a *crime*."

PATCHED LAW.

We have all heard something of a society "For Promoting the Amendment of the Law," and we know how laboriously many of the foremost men in the legal profession strive to harmonise and arrange in compact rows the clumsy foundations of a legal system designed for a half-civilised society. There is no department of law that does not require their attention. Let us take, for example, one in which they have been lately working to some purpose, and show how in dealing with the common course of crimes and offences, the old coat of criminal law has been outgrown, has burst into rents and broken into holes, but has been cherished with darns and patches down to our own day: nothing so revolutionary as a reft being dreamed of.

If an Anglo-Saxon murderer were caught in the act, knife in hand, or if an Anglo-Saxon thief were taken with the plunder in his hand, or on his back, there was no process of law called for; the constable, sheriff, or lord of the franchise, might kill him without inquiry.* But if he were not so caught, nobody was wise enough to see the force of circumstantial evidence. To this day, the effect of the strongest circumstantial evidence is lost upon the unsophisticated Anglo-Saxon; murderers and murderesses, condemned most righteously upon such evidence, find upholders of their innocence, and petitioners in

their favour, all over the land. The original Anglo-Saxon, yet untouched by Norman wit, never looked, when there was possibility of doubt, to the shrewd linking of fact with fact. The question was simply one of character. Was the accused a man likely to rob or murder? If the injured man were the accuser, he must bring seven witnesses to swear that he did not accuse in malice. If the accused were of inferior rank, his lord and two thanes having sworn to his character, his own oath and that of a certain number of friendly neighbours would suffice to free him, or he might appeal to the ordeal of boiling water or hot iron. If the lord refused his testimony, there must be more inferior oaths of confidence, or a more severe ordeal. Conviction involved, in such cases, not capital punishment, but the infliction of a penalty which was the price of redemption from death; with this was sometimes joined a penalty paid in the person. A man frequently charged with theft, at last forfeited a hand or foot as well as money. There were penalties also of banishment and slavery, and four or five crimes were at one time set forth, any one of which was pronounced inexpiable.

The courts which decided these questions were the sheriff's circuit, or tourn, and the leet. The tourn was held by the sheriff and bishop, twice a year in every hundred. The leet was an inferior court, for a hundred or manor too remote to be conveniently included in the circuit. The judges in these courts had nothing to investigate. They simply saw that, at a sort of public meeting, each party produced or failed to produce the due number of swearers for or against character; the whole arrangement of the evidence being a local matter; the judges had also to see that ordeals appealed to were gone through, and that fines incurred were paid. The king had a jurisdiction above that of all courts, and gave special protections of law, under the name of 'the king's peace,' to those whom he favoured.

When the Normans came, they modified the law they found, and began by making the king's peace, not an exceptional favour, but the universal guarantee. It was proclaimed, once for all, at the beginning of each reign; but the proclamation was regarded as so necessary, that, in the interval between the death of one monarch and the recognition of his successor, the crown courts were held to have no power of inflicting punishment. Henry de Bracton, who was one of Henry the Third's judges in the year twelve 'forty-four, wrote a book on the Laws and Customs of England, in which he describes "how and in what order the judges ought to proceed in their eyre" (that is to say, in itinere, on their circuit). They were to give at least fifteen days' notice of their coming to each place, and then, having read the writ under which they sat, should call together privately six or more of the chief men of the county, and teach them how they were lawfully to keep the peace, how and when to raise hue and cry and arrest suspected persons, or those who bought

* An ancient Scotch law is exquisitely pointed and brief:—"Gif ony mon steal a cow, he sail be hangit."

provisions for robbers, or travelled by night and could not give an account of themselves. Such duties these half-dozen leading men were then sworn to discharge. Then, there were called together the serjeants and bailiffs of hundreds, who named each from his own hundred four knights, and these elected from each hundred twelve more knights, or free and lawful men if knights could not be found, as a jury that was to return, in answer to a string of questions, all particulars of internal administration. In this respect, therefore, the judges in eyre were not judges, but collectors of information for the use of government. The trials were of two sorts. In one, there was an individual accuser; in the other, there was common report. If there were an individual accuser, the proceeding was called an appeal, and the trial was generally by battle. Preliminary inquiries had to be met by the appellant, and if the evidence of crime were beyond all doubt, the accused was denied his right of battle, and immediately executed. The right of appeal to force was not abolished, during long practical disuse, until the year eighteen nineteen, when, in the case of *Ashford v. Thornton*, the appellee "waged his body," and threw down his glove in Westminster Hall: the court ruling that he had a right to do so. If, in the old law court, the accusation were by common report from the jury of the hundred, the judge first satisfied himself of the good faith and discretion of the jury, and then entrusted to that jury, or to another, the decision of the case by sworn opinion of report and witness to each other, with or without other evidence. The charge given to the jury was, "A. B., here present, accused of the death of C. D., denies the death and the whole charge, and puts himself for good and evil on your voices." The charge now given is, "A. B. stands indicted for the wilful murder of C. D. To this indictment he has pleaded not guilty. Your charge is to say whether he is guilty or not, and hearken to the evidence." To avoid action of private malice the accused had liberty to challenge jurors, and even eventually to refuse to be tried by a particular judge.

We are taking this narrative from an historical sketch that forms part of a new and very thoughtful book on the spirit of English criminal law (*A General View of the Criminal Law of England*) by the Recorder of Newark-on-Trent, Mr. James Fitzjames Stephen.

The jury, then, were not originally hearers of evidence, but formed an inquest of men personally acquainted with the matter in hand, who swore to it as informants of the judge. The system was common in Normandy as well as in England, and applied not only to the trial of offences, but to the collection of revenue, and every other branch of the executive government. The inquest by jury was held originally for the advantage of the sovereign; but incorporated bodies of Englishmen soon learn to act with independence, and the jury system thus became a restraint on undue exercise of the prerogative. The king, who looked to be informed of

his rights by the people, was checked in the enforcement of oppressive claims. The official witnesses of a rude age thus gradually became judges informed by witnesses; and the judges, who at first were chiefly collectors and registrars of the information furnished by juries, would then find use for their knowledge of law in superintending the admissibility of evidence and summing up its effect. The grand jury, which acted for the whole county, and whose business was to accuse and not to try, was separated from the petty jury, in the reign of Edward the Third. Thus the present system of trial by grand jury, judge, petty jury, and witnesses, was gradually constructed between the thirteenth and fifteenth centuries.

For the catching of criminals, the arrangements used to be very elaborate. The oldest institution for the purpose was the frank-pledge, or joint responsibility of a certain number of persons for the offence of any one among them. Every one had to be a member of some frank-pledge. Watch and ward on the king's highway was kept by four men summoned from every hide in the hundred, under command of the ward-reeve, who was paid by grant of his own land free of taxation, but was personally liable for negligence, and was fined if a robber escaped with his prey. Frank-pledge was an Anglo-Saxon institution strongly maintained by the Normans. Statutes of Edward the First further provided that each hundred should be answerable for robberies; that the gates of all great towns should be shut from sunset to sunrise; that highways were to be cleared of brushwood for a breadth of two hundred feet on each side; that there should be fortnightly inquiry by the bailiffs for suspicious persons; that every man was to keep arms and show them twice a year to appointed viewlers; and that whenever a crime was committed, hue and cry was to be raised and followed immediately by all persons bound to do so, to the borders of their bailiwick. The sheriff was at the head of the power of the county (*posse comitatus*), his duty was to keep the peace, to follow the hue and cry himself, or by his bailiffs, and to seize offenders. The coroner was, on honest information, to go to the places where lay any slain, or suddenly dead or wounded, or where houses were broken, or where treasure was said to be found, "and shall forthwith command four of the next towns, or five or six, to appear before him in such a place; and when they are come hither, the coroner, upon the oath of them, shall inquire—" This whole system, although never formally superseded, has in its original form become practically obsolete.

Hardly anything has been added to the law for detection of crimes, though a few things have been taken away from it. The Tudors and Stuarts tried innovations, especially by introducing the custom of examination by torture, but they failed to establish them. The practice of not examining a prisoner's witnesses, or not examining them on oath, was formally abolished; the rule that denied counsel to persons accused of felony or treason, was abolished as to treason

under William the Third, but as to felony only as late as the year eighteen 'thirty-six. It had been fitfully relaxed during the eighteenth century, prisoners' counsel being sometimes only forbidden to address the jury, sometimes forbidden also to cross-examine or examine witnesses. There are lawyers living, who now see their error, by whom this barbarous injustice was fought for, as a precious relic of the wisdom of the past. With about equal reason on their side, there are lawyers now—Mr. Stephens himself among them—who argue against the substitution of an open Court of Appeal in Criminal Cases, for the informal secret inquiry by the Home-office. Only the other day, a cruel murderer at Glasgow saved her life by adding, after conviction, breach of the ninth commandment to breach of the sixth. Against the maintained conviction of the judge and jury who tried her, she not only obtained this advantage privately from the Home-office, but also procured a sort of government endorsement of her lie against an innocent old man, on unsworn evidence privately taken, which the House of Commons has since forced into publication, and which proves to be so utterly worthless that, if publicly sworn to in a court of justice, and untouched by rebutter or by cross-examination, it would have left the original conviction wholly unaffected. No legal theorizing can get over one such fact in support of the necessity of a public Court of Criminal Appeal, in which re-hearing shall be strict and just to every side, and any new evidence produced shall publicly be weighed and sifted.

The modern law of the arrest of criminals—consolidated not more than a dozen years ago—makes no provision for the collection of evidence or for the examination of suspicious persons, nor does it impose on the police any particular responsibility. Justices of the peace, whose office was first established five hundred and three years ago, can grant a warrant upon information that any private person, interested or disinterested, is at liberty to swear; and the whole object of the law is in that case to ensure the appearance of the suspected person. Accusation is a voluntary matter, free to all; the police are not under any legal obligation to accuse, and are entrusted with no special authority. No law constitutes them a detective force. As for the magistrate, he brings peculiar responsibility upon himself if he should venture to initiate a prosecution.

Now, as to the definition of crimes and punishments at different periods of our history. Bracton's list was of treason, treasonable forgery (of the king's seal or coinage), homicide, mayhem—which meant an act disabling another from self-defence—thus it was mayhem to knock out a front tooth, but not mayhem to knock out a grinder—arson, theft, and the lighter misdemeanors.

The old definition of high treason was very vague, and included appropriation without grant of free warren in one's own land, or taking the king's venison or fish. More recently there

have been temporary enactments, as when it was made treason to publish objection to the marriage between Henry the Eighth and Anne Boleyn, or when Rouse the cook was boiled to death as a traitor for poisoning many persons in Lambeth Palace. As regards the sovereign, the present conception of treason is a forcible resistance to the law as represented by the royal authority.

Latitude of interpretation to stretch old definitions to the size of modern needs, occurs also in dealing with a murderer. There was an early distinction between manslaughter, which did not, and that worst sort of murder which did, consist in the deliberate resolve of one person to kill another and his doing it. "Malice aforethought" seemed to be a convenient test of the distinction between these two classes of homicide, and that definition was accordingly adopted. But it presently appeared that there were wanton and sudden murders, without evidence of grudge, as sudden killing by robbers of a stranger who resists, and like crimes of deep dye, in which "malice aforethought" could not be directly proved. To meet such cases, the doctrine of "implied malice" was invented, and it is now murder with malice aforethought if a person shooting at a hen, with the intent to steal, should kill accidentally a person whom he did not see.

Theft in old time could only be very direct and simple. There is extant, a return made towards the end of the reign of Edward the First of the personal property in Colchester, and four neighbouring townships, for the purpose of assessment. There were no banks, and what money a man had was in his house; yet the largest sums of money possessed in the town were one of thirty shillings, and one of ten shillings—equal to twenty-five times as much in present value. The return, otherwise, is of brazen pots, drinking-cups, tablecloths, quarters of rye and barley, bullocks, calves, and sucking-pigs. Theft of such goods could only be direct and obvious. A knotty point afterwards arose as to the cutting down and carrying off of trees on a man's land, trees not being movables; afterwards it was held that a box of charters was not movable, because charters related to land, and "the box followed the nature of the charters."

Another difficulty arose as civilisation spread its more complex machinery over the land. Taking out of possession was essential to larceny; but debts, money due on bond, bills, notes, &c., were not in possession, and therefore were not capable of being taken out of possession. The old principle and the old definition were as usual considered sacred. But when it appeared that servants robbed their masters with impunity because they only stole what was entrusted to them voluntarily, the law made theft by servants, felony; and for the next two hundred years, lawyers interpreted by arguing that the possession of the servant is, under particular circumstances, the possession of the master, so that for a man to take out of his own possession as a servant is to take out of his master's pos-

session and to put into his own possession as a thief. Special acts also were passed for protection of property at the Post-office and Bank of England. But after all that had been done in the way of patch and darn in the last year of the last century, it was held that no sort of interpretation would make it felony in a banker's clerk to put into his own pocket a bank-note paid to a customer's account across the counter. This difficulty was met by a special statute of embezzlement, which led to the acquittal of many persons obviously guilty of embezzlement, because they had been indicted for theft. Twelve years ago, this new difficulty was met by another act for the suppression of such quibbles, which has, after all, only shifted the ground of difficulty. By the new arrangement, if a man guilty of theft be indicted for embezzlement, he can be convicted of theft. But if it can be then shown that his crime was, after all, embezzlement, the conviction is quashed, and the man goes free.

And all this course of legislation to correct an elementary and very simple fault in the first definition of theft, was only designed to meet one sort of difficulty. Fifty years ago, it was for the first time discovered that there was no check upon dishonesty in factors, agents, and bankers. A stockbroker, named Benjamin Walsh, was tried at the Old Bailey for stealing from Sir Thomas Plumer, eleven thousand five hundred pounds, part of the proceeds of a cheque given him for the purchase of Exchequer bills. It was held that the indictment could not be supported, "because there was no fraud or contrivance to induce Sir Thomas Plumer to give the cheque; because it could not be called his goods or chattels, and was of no value in his hands; because he never had possession of the money received for it at the bankers, so that it could not be called his money; and because the bankers were discharged of the money by paying it on the cheque, so that they were not defrauded, and it could not be said that the money was stolen from them." This sort of case was also met by a special enactment, which still left unpunished all fraudulent breaches of trust, except those committed by bankers, merchants, brokers, attorneys, or other agents, in violation of express written directions. The scandal of a fraudulent trustee led afterwards, and not very long ago, to more special enactments for including more cases of breach of trust. But still the original defect of an imperfect definition of theft was not cured. A clergyman, treasurer to a local missionary society, pocketed money that he ought to have paid to the central committee. The trustee of a friendly society pocketed forty pounds that he was directed by a resolution of the lodge to take to a bank and pay in. In each case the law said that the offender was no thief, because he was not obliged to pay the identical coins received, and therefore did not come under the act that covers larceny by a bailee.

The confusion and injustice thus produced, as

the needs of civilised society outgrew a legislation fitted for much ruder times, and while fresh legislation consisted wholly in the patching and darning of the holes and rents in the old garment, were denounced at the end of the last century by Jeremy Bentham. During the last forty years, great efforts have been made to reduce the law to order, and in these no man has laboured more patiently, discreetly, and successfully, than the veteran reformer Lord Brougham. There have been in criminal law, already three successive sets of Consolidation Acts. The last set was passed only two years ago. They repeal all former acts on the subjects to which they refer, and contain the pith of what is now the working criminal law of the land.

WOUNDED SOLDIERS.

THE benevolent author of *A Souvenir of Solferino** has the satisfaction of seeing his good work prosper. Three thousand copies of his book have been sold, and a fourth edition is about to appear. It has been translated into German, English, Dutch, and Italian; a Swedish version is near completion. Whether an European war is to be avoided or not, a few months, or weeks, will show; but if ever war be excusable, it is surely when waged against monsters who make parents suffer for children, and children pay the penalty of parents; who indiscriminately imprison young and old; who burn human beings alive, thrusting them back when they escape from the flames; who inflict ineffable horrors on widowed women; who hang girls of seventeen, and venerable priests for carrying lint to the wounded and giving absolution to the moribund. Even in an unjust war, the soldier, the irresponsible agent of another's will, merits our pity when maimed and suffering; how much more will he deserve our active sympathy if, as is only too possible, he suffer in fighting against such a dismal, dreary, and abominable system?

M. Dunaut's charitable idea has already received the countenance of several governments. Several sovereigns have declared that they will take under their immediate protection and personal patronage, the societies which shall be formed for this benevolent object; and several other potentates—those of Baden, Belgium, France, Hesse, Holland, Italy, Prussia, Spain, Sweden, and Wurtemberg—have also expressed their good will and approbation.

In each country the leading idea has naturally assumed a special form, in accordance with the circumstances of the nation. In Holland, for instance, Prince Frederic is at this moment causing inquiry to be made how far the task of International Societies for aiding wounded soldiers can be combined with (and receive an immediate commencement of execution, for the countries of the North) the office and the new regulations

* See page 283 of the present volume.

of the existing Order of St. John. Here are new lists thrown open to noble chevaliers—the battlefield of clarity. In England, ladies of the highest rank have bestowed their attention on the question, in which every woman ought to feel the deepest interest. This good work—eminently humane in the highest sense of the word—invites the aid of every individual, to whatever nation, worship, or political opinion he or she may belong. Catholic Sisters of Charity would feel themselves at home and at ease by the side of Protestant Deaconesses who receive their mission from the reformed Christian Churches of Europe; while both would co-operate with Jewish infirmières—pious women who consecrate their lives to tending the sick. Russians and English, Austrians and French, will meet on the common ground of charity and real civilisation.

The opinion of the author of *A Souvenir of Solferino* (as well as of the Genevese commission) is, that, in each country, committees should be formed—a sort of framework in permanence—who, during time of peace, shall keep themselves constantly informed of every improvement relating to ambulances, new inventions for the transport of the wounded, and so forth; and who shall also endeavour to propagate, as far as possible, among the populations whence armies are recruited, sentiments of humanity. *A wounded man prostrate on the ground should be regarded as SACRED. This has been forgotten only too often.*

In time of war, such committees will direct the persons who shall manifest sufficient good will, and, above all, charity, to give their personal aid in the ambulances and hospitals, and who may even be placed, for that purpose, at the disposal of the staff. Committees organised in different countries and in divers localities, although quite independent of each other, will find the means of thoroughly understanding each other and communicating, in case of war. The committees and their delegates ought to be officially recognised and accepted by the respective governments. The corps of volunteer infirmiers are always to be amenable to the military authority, to whose discipline they are to be rigorously subjected whenever they take part in a campaign. These corps should be composed of well-qualified assistants, who will keep in the rear of the armies, without giving the slightest trouble, causing the least disturbance, or occasioning any expense. The volunteers are to cost the belligerent armies nothing; they are to be called for whenever wanted, and dismissed when no longer required. These well-organised detachments will have their chief and various grades of successive rank. They will have their own means of transport, their provisions, medicines, and surgical accoutrements of every kind. The directing committees will hold the infirmiers at the disposal of the military chiefs.

General Dufour, moreover, desires that throughout all Europe some conventional sign, generally recognised, should be adopted—such as a uniform, or armlet, or something else of the kind, to

designate these volunteers, and enable them to be distinguished everywhere.

The Grand-Duke of Baden has sent to M. Dunant a sum of money as the beginning of a fund destined to the service of International Societies for aiding the wounded in war. This contribution has been paid in to the bankers at Geneva, who have accepted the office of treasurers to the Genevese International Committee. The Queen of Prussia, following the example of the Queen of Holland, has also taken the subject under her patronage, and encouraged the formation of the new and benevolent institution. The military journals in general have spoken of the project in friendly terms. M. Dunant has received marks of sympathy from Marshals of France, Field-Marsals of Austria, and Generals of several countries. Medical bodies are equally favourable.

We every day read of the sad scenes of carnage which stain the plains of Poland and America with blood; but there is no one to relate the lingering tortures, the lengthened martyrdom of the wounded, who expire in slow agonies, or are carried off by locked jaw, for want of a little water, a scrap of lint, a friendly hand, or a word of encouragement and consolation. May the publicity given by our journal to the existence of such wants help to supply the friendly hand and call forth the consoling voice! We are assured by eye-witnesses that M. Dunant's account of the distress experienced at Solferino for want of sufficient nursing aid, instead of being exaggerated, falls below the reality.

PUNCH IN AUSTRALIA.

THE Indian Punch has already found a place in these pages. An opportune packet of recent numbers enables us to present his Australian brother to our readers.

Our first judgment of a periodical, as of a person, depends upon appearance. That of the Melbourne Punch is decidedly in its favour, though its comeliness be not of an original character. It is as much like the Punch of Fleet-street, as paper, type, and wood blocks, can make it. The cover bears so strong a family resemblance that you might throw the two together on the table and not note the difference at first glance. There is the jester in his easy-chair, there is the dog Toby, there is the brimming bowl, and there is the easel, varying in no important respect from the original. There is a marked difference, however, in Punch himself. The Colonial jester is Punch the younger. He is taller, straighter, and affects a certain elegance of costume. He even wears his hump as if it were an ornament. He has the Punch physiognomy, but it is less matured. He wears his jester cap jauntily on one side of his head, revealing the fact that his hair is scrupulously curled; and he takes his view of men and things through an eye-glass. His weekly number consists of sixteen pages, the outer eight of which are given up

to wrapper and advertisements. It is excellently printed, and would look as well as its London namesake, if the drawings were as good and as well engraved.

The resemblance ends with the appeal to the eye. A brief perusal of the contents assures you of the fact that you are in the midst of Kangaroo politics, Kangaroo ideas, and Kangaroo society. Half the satire is hopelessly incomprehensible; but it seems calculated to give considerable annoyance in a good-natured way, which is of course the great object in view. That portion which we can understand includes a great deal of good and fair hitting, and is vivacious, to say the least of it. The topics treated are almost entirely local, being mainly confined to Melbourne; extending occasionally to other parts of Victoria; but treating Adelaide and Sydney for the most part with silent contempt. Those places may have their Punches for all we know; but if so, those periodicals are unknown to fame; and it was certainly reserved for Melbourne—the youngest and most flourishing of the Australian colonies—to lead the way in this luxury of civilisation.

And Melbourne surely contains elements of comedy peculiar to itself. Other colonies have generally progressed by degrees, and as they have grown prosperous, have grown older and more sedate. They have worked their way, in fact, and learned the discretion which comes from long and perhaps difficult experience. But Melbourne came suddenly into its wealth, before it knew what to do with it, and has ever since been conducting itself very much like a sailor on shore. It became prosperous before it had time to get prudent; it became populous while still in its hot youth. There are of course many persons in Melbourne who occupy their natural positions, such as they would occupy in any part of the world—the members of the professions, for instance, and others, who have the voice which they have a right to exercise in the administration of public affairs. But, on the other hand, there are crowds of diggers and successful adventurers of all kinds, who form a little aristocracy of their own, and who have bullied or bought their way into prominent positions. Until a few months ago, every man had a vote, and any man who could get votes enough might enter parliament. The consequence was, the legislature became swamped with ruffianism, and government was rendered impossible. In order to put a check upon the popular exuberance, the present parliament has just passed a law, compelling nothing less than a property qualification on the part of the candidate, and an education test on the part of the voter. The property qualification merely means the deposit of a small sum of money, sufficient to act as a check on the imagination of the casual costermonger, or the promiscuous loafer; the educational test simply provides that the voter shall be able to write his name. There are some other provisions, such as the enforcement of certain residence in a place before voting;

and the change altogether is expected to be of a very salutary character. The “educational test” alone, it is said, will disfranchise thousands of persons who will not take the trouble to qualify for the register. At present many of the conditions of society are sufficiently startling to a stranger. The owners of many of the handsomest houses and equipages in Melbourne are men belonging to the lowest class, who have made their fortunes at the diggings: while scions of great families in England, and men who have taken honours at universities, are found driving cabs, serving in the police, or following the profession of tavern waiters. A recent writer on Melbourne tells us that the family with whom she was staying had a gardener who bore one of the most illustrious names in this country, who, from the “superiority” of his manners and appearance, evidently had a right to it, and who sent in his little bill in a style of official elegance worthy of a first lord of the treasury!

The whole system, in fact—political, commercial, and social—is made up of such strange elements as to afford a favourable field for a satirical journal; and the Melbourne Punch makes the most of the opportunity. A few illustrations will best establish the fact; we will begin with politics. The first that attract our attention are some mild hits in the form of “Answers to Correspondents.” The first probably refers to some newly arrived “swell” who ventured to complain of not being received with proper attention:

“*R. B.*—Titular dignity is not sufficiently regarded out here; and the inferior order of Irish may be considered vulgar. We cannot understand why the governor, the two Houses of Parliament, the judges, the bishops, the sheriff, the Collingwood volunteer band, the bar, and the rest of the community, were not on the pier to receive you upon the occasion to which you refer.”

When a wit of the period was taken to see the first reformed House of Commons, his only remark was that he had never seen such a collection of shocking bad hats in the whole course of his life. The Melbourne legislature seem to be equally unadorned, to judge from the following:

“*O. T.*—The members of the Legislative Council are not all well attired men; but it would be better for you to leave your next message in full dress. Even general postmen are not ashamed to do it!”

The following appears to allude to no less a person than the premier:

“*J. O’S.*—The doctor may forgive you; but we cannot. If your colleagues will not let you speak out in the cabinet, that is no reason why you should be riotous in the house. Resign.”

The kind of conduct imputed to the premier seems to be not unknown among his subordinates. Since the date of this little hint, there has been a fracas in the refreshment-room of the house, which has caused the retirement of an

official. Here is a little hit at the governor, who does not seem to be very popular just now:

"Jones.—We do not understand why the colonial aristocracy always say 'Your Excellency.' The Duke of Newcastle addresses his letters simply, 'Governor Sir Henry Barkly.' Perhaps our swells are better educated than his grace."

Here is a bit of local gossip, supposed to be written by the Melbourne correspondent of the Sawpit Gully Times:

"... But there is a split in the ministry! Johnston and Anderson are so overbearing that the others will not submit to it. In case of disruption, it is doubtful whether J. or A. will be sent for. It will be one of the two, of course. The worst of it is that the governor has taken his passage under a feigned name by the Great Britain; and it is not likely that his successor will understand the complication. Nous verrons.

"It is not true (at present, at least) that Hugh Glass and J. H. Brooke are in partnership, or that the latter gentleman attempted to make terms with the squatters before leaving for New Zealand. The rumour arose from Glass's being seen on the Sandridge pier about the time when Brooke left; and scandal has it that Glass and Heales returned to town in the same cab. Should this prove the case, M'Lellan, the only honest man in the house, intends to resign. Nixon may follow!"

The local governments, it seems, have adopted a new system of public instruction, as far as the payment of masters is concerned. Their remuneration is for the future to be, not by fixed salary, but so much per boy for every boy made to reach a certain standard of acquirements. The decision is supposed to have drawn forth a remonstrance from a boy, who says:

"I am one of the happiest fellows belonging to St. Vitus' school in—well, never mind what street—Melbourne. We were the happiest boys going some time ago, our happiness only interrupted by an occasional eaning on account of Arma virumque cano [it will be observed that this industrious young joke has spread to the colonies], &c. But about three months ago a change came over the spirit of our dream; our head-master's face assumed a most anxious look, he took to shaking his head dolefully whenever he came across any 'thick,' and looked at and handled the cane most significantly. We could not make out the import of these signs till Jones (who has to read the paper to his father every night till he is hoarse), a fellow in the fourth form, told us that the commissioners had decided on a new system called 'Payment by Results,' by which masters would have no fixed screw, but would get 6s. 8d. for every boy perfect in reading, 6s. 8d. for every boy perfect in writing, and 6s. 8d. for every boy perfect in arithmetic, that is to say, a pound for a perfect boy. Jones also added that he had seen letters in the paper saying that a master, in order to keep himself alive, must lick like winking to bring his boys up to

the mark. This created an awful sensation among us, the non-perfect boys, and our consternation was still further increased when we heard that the master had a private list something in this style:

	Worth to me.		Must be licked up.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
Jones	13	4	6	8
Smith	7	6	12	6
Brown.....	11	4	8	8

"Oh, Mr. Punch, write against this, and save us from this woe, for my heart bleeds at the thought of what some fellows must suffer! There is Fred Phillips, he is 5s. 6d. at present—3s. for reading, and 2s. 6d. for writing. He may be licked up to 13s. 4d., but I am blowed if he will ever get beyond that, seeing that he does not and never will know anything about arithmetic," &c. &c.

Our colonial contemporary appears fond of verse: here is a fair specimen of his powers in that line. A member of the Legislative Assembly, named Macadam, who seems to be an-universal genius and a pluralist in office, was announced as intending to leave Melbourne for Europe. The poetical valediction which he receives is from a well know model:

Wanted some gentlemen fitted to fill
The posts of Macadam with competent skill,
In physics and filters and driving the quill;
Legislating, debating, and drafting a bill;
Ethical lectures—and aught else they will—
For the posts of Macadam were increasing still—
They were increasing still.
He was sniffer of scents to our own corporation,
Detecting strange matters by analysisation;
He was chemical lecturer to Alma Mater,
And the Royal Society's special curator.
He discoursed to small boys on all sorts of knowledge,
At the Eastern High School, which is called the
Scotch College;
He was reckoned a don at deodorisation,
And he managed the whole of the last exploration.
He was Member of Parliament, up to his trade,
And sat upon all the committees they made.
In the courts as a witness he has not been lacking,
He would analyse aught, from Glenlivat to black-
ing.
Diseased bullocks' lungs were his own special forte,—
Or pleuro-pneumonia as it's called for short.
He was great upon poison and great upon oil,
And in fact, all admitted, a monster of toil.
As M.D. to his physics he'd stick like a Turk,
And as M.L.A. em-ul-a-ted the work.
But now he is going away it is said,
And a few dozen persons are wanted instead.
Wanted some gentlemen fitted to fill
The posts of Macadam with competent skill,
One to lecture, another to represent still
The Castlemaine voters,—the rest well or ill,
To analyse, botanise, deodorise, phil-
Osophise, theorise, exercise, till
The posts of Macadam they properly fill—
They properly fill.

Our contemporary does not addict himself much to commercial topics; but here is a hit under the head of "Shipping Intelligence."

"PORT ALBERT, GIPPS' LAND.

"*March 1st.*—Sailed.—Brig Kopperbotham, with a hundred fat bullocks, a quantity of empty casks, and a sausage-machine of considerable power.

"PORT CHALMUS, DUNEDIN.

"*April 1st.*—Arrived.—Brig Kopperbotham, after a protracted passage, consequent on continual calms.

"The cargo consists of one hundred and fifty tierces of prime navy beef, ten tons of real German sausages, and a second-hand sausage-machine in good preservation."

It is in social topics that our antipodean jester principally shines. The forms of satire are much the same as those employed by our English Charivari; but there is a strong colonial flavour which preserves their originality. We find fine-lady-ism, servant-gal-ism, swell-ism, and all the other 'isms familiar to us at home, duly represented, but heightened in colour as befits a young and vigorous state of society, and accompanied by other elements peculiar to it. Lord Dundreary has, of course, claims on colonial attention, and, as may be supposed, he is made to pay a visit to Melbourne in search of his brother "Tham." His arrival at the principal hotel is graphically described, as well as the fears which he expresses to his valet of being speared by any of the barbarous aborigines, his lordship having always had a horror of anything black—especially the red Indians. He has not quite got over the associations of the voyage, and asks if there are any Quakers ahead before he resolves to venture forth in quest of his brother. He is astonished to find such a thing as sherry in a place like Australia, but is glad to take a glass of Amontillado before dinner. He is very great with his nautical knowledge, and talks about the sailors letting go the binnacle in a high wind, and the captain asking "how's her head," under the impression that some lady is unwell. He asks the people at the hotel what colour the governor is, and whether he wears an opossum rug over his shoulders, carries a spear, and puts clay in his hair; and he is pleasantly surprised at finding that the governor is white, wears coats and trousers, and is not in the habit of making his dinner off convicts, kangaroos, and quartz reefs. Under the circumstances, he thinks he will call upon him, and has his pistols prepared, in order that he may traverse the streets in safety. In the next number he meets Sam, whose name turns out to be Frederick, and is characteristically astonished to find that he lives at a station which is situated in a bush—whether a gooseberry, a raspberry, or a currant bush, he cannot undertake to say. He objects to Sam's brown hands, but consents to shake one of them, and, learning from their owner a little about the country, is delighted to find that the natives are not carnivals who eat one another, nor cornelians who feed upon nothing but air. The pair then sally forth, his lordship expressing his opinion that it is a pity Melbourne is not laid out like

London, so that a fellow can find his way about, and adding that the person who built it made a mistake in putting it so much in the sun. The last we hear of his lordship, is, that he takes more wine than is good for him at dinner, and gets into a condition which, it appears, is known in the locality as "truly rural;" and that notwithstanding the dissuasions of Sam—who is represented as thoroughly brisk and colonised—he delivers a lecture upon things in general at the public library, which discourse we will not inflict upon our readers. The Dundreary joke, it may be remarked, appeared quite fresh and healthy at the antipodes, and seemed likely to have a long run.

Swells in general are fertile food for our contemporary. The most superb among them appear to have a particular contempt for the unfortunate governor. Several "social cuts" illustrate this prejudice. In one of these we are introduced to a new arrival of decidedly plebeian aspect, and in the "truly rural" condition already referred to. He is leaning helplessly against a wall, and appeals to a gentleman of aggravated military appearance who is passing by. The following dialogue ensues:

"NEW ARRIVAL (*with introductions to the governor*).—I say, old f'ler, can you (hic) tell me where S'renry Barkly lives?

"MELBOURNE CLUB SWELL.—I suppose, my man, you allude to the present guvnah. I don't know him."

The order of swell who is too proud to attend to duties for which he is not too proud to be paid, appears to be represented at Melbourne as at most other places. In one of the caricatures he is found making an excuse for his late arrival at office, which would not be quite available at home. His irate superior remonstrates with him in strong terms. In reply, he says: "Ate some poisonous fish last night, sir; very ill, sir; did not expect to come at all this morning, sir."

It seems that there has been a panic at Melbourne on the subject of poisonous fish. The particular excuse is, doubtless, adapted only to the locality; but we have our poisonous fish in this country in many shapes. It was remarked last year that garotting interfered very much with office hours, and that the victims could be recovered only by copious draughts of soda-water.

The new comer in the colony—or "new chum" as he is called—is a favourite mark for satire. As a general rule, he is the reverse of welcome. In the first place, it is understood that he comes to share the local loaves and fishes, and leave the less to be divided among the old residents; in the next place, it is assumed that he is fully prepared to "give himself airs" as a fresh exportation, and to treat the colonists and all that belongs to them with utter contempt. Accordingly they resent him very severely, and "don't care who knows it." They object to his whiskers; they think his voice affected; his coat and trousers they regard as personal affronts,

Not that the colonists—in the towns at any rate—are otherwise than alarming dandies themselves, as the caricatures sufficiently testify, but the new comer is naturally a few months ahead of them; and this it is not easy to forgive. The ladies especially, it appears from all accounts, indulge in a degree of luxury in matters of millinery, which out-Parises Paris, and throws even New York into the shade. Only the other day a writer who stayed some time among them, told us of a thirty guinea bonnet being seen at a pic-nic. The Lucy Hocquets of London or Paris would be puzzled to produce a head-dress costing this amount of money, unless they trimmed it with sovereigns or Napoleons. But it is true that a new comer has a very difficult part to play. The slightest assumption will crush him in colonial society. There is an instance known, indeed, of a gentleman and lady who went out under most favourable auspices; with a very fair amount of capital and the very best introductions. But they managed to make themselves unpopular on board ship by not associating with the other passengers. Their reputation landed with them; their introductions went for nothing; and their money would not last for ever; a few months afterwards, the gentleman who had planted himself upon his social position was found selling lucifer matches in the streets! On the other hand, there seems to be no doubt that a "new chum" who, in popular phraseology, "has no nonsense about him," and takes kindly to his position, very soon finds friends, and by the time he becomes an "old chum," has become a prosperous member of the community.

Children, as a general rule, exhibit a wonderful degree of precocity in Australia, and "the rising generation" furnishes a fertile theme for the local satirist.

Another favourite subject for cuts is more peculiarly colonial. "Native pride" becomes a fruitful theme for satire. The aborigines, although they occasionally consent to be civilised and to take service, are very sensitive concerning their dignity, and omit no opportunity of asserting their claims as the first lords of the soil. One of the illustrations of this weakness represents a hideous-looking native, clad in tattered European clothing, and with no shoes on his feet, but carrying himself with a jaunty air, and smoking a clay pipe with great complacency. An English servant-girl, standing before the door of a house, is offering him a pair of boots, of the description named after Marshal Blucher. The "noble savage," however, rejects them with disdain.

"Nah, me want Wellingtons. If me wear Bluchers folk take me for new chum."

In another cut, a country storekeeper addresses a native waggon-driver, who seems more occupied with his own importance than in attending to his oxen:

"COUNTRY STOREMAN.—Here, Johnny, take box along a station—savey?"

[It appears, by the way, to be the custom for

all Britons to speak to aborigines after the ingenious manner in which nurses speak to babies.]

"COLOURED PARTY (*gratefully*).—Savey! Goblaz, savey—take me for Chinaman?"

The proceedings of the Acclimatisation Society form a standing joke with our colonial contemporary. But in the comedy extracted from this subject we fail to see quite so much brilliancy as is occasionally bestowed upon others; and the hits are generally too esoteric to bear reproduction.

It may be supposed that the heathen mythology is not very familiar to the lower class of settlers in Australia. It is not surprising, therefore, to hear of a stable-boy (aged about thirty) discoursing in this manner to a friend at the sculpture-gallery of the Melbourne Public Library:

"STABLE-BOY.—They don't give ye the weights and colours, but they gives ye their names. That's Venus [*pointing to a copy of the Venus of Canova*], named arter a very plain mare as belonged to Sir Joseph; she was the dam of Haffrodighty. Yonder's Aristides, named arter a wichious hoss as belonged to Lord Eglinton; and there's Hercules, named arter Sir Hercules, who weren't no great performer hisself, but he got good stock."

The same misapprehension may, however, exist among the same classes in England; for a professional knowledge of horses somehow seems to preclude the remotest knowledge of everything else. The "sporting world" is the most isolated of all the other "worlds" into which society is divided; and we have heard of one of its most enthusiastic members who makes it a rule to name his children after the respective winners of the Derby in the years when they are born. As the family run is on girls, the effect is slightly whimsical; and the young ladies as they grow up will not, perhaps, be greatly charmed to find themselves called West Australian, Caractacus, and Macaroni;—the latter, by the way, having had a narrow escape of Lord Clifden. And as they will have no chance of changing their *Christian* names upon an interesting occasion, the infliction must be doubly distressing.

Public men in Australia appear sometimes, in the language of schoolmistresses, to "forget themselves," and to provoke that withering popular sarcasm, "Do you call yourself a gentleman?" We gather from some verses in the Melbourne Punch that two barristers, who were engaged on different sides in a police case, recently came to words, and to something more too, in a rather remarkable manner. Barrister number one, it seems, described the prisoner, who was the bone of contention between them, as having been intoxicated on the occasion which gave rise to the proceedings. Barrister number two denied the assertion; upon which Barrister number one expressed his opinion that Barrister number two was not himself in a state

to be able to tell the difference between the two conditions. To this retorted Barrister number two, that if he did occasionally "take a drop," he did not go rolling about from its effects, as some other people did. Thereupon Barrister number two asked if the insinuation were directed at him; to which Barrister number one replied that of course it was. Barrister number two then declared that Barrister number one was a liar; and Barrister number two, repelling the assertion with his fist, Barrister number one threw his hat at his learned friend. It missed him, however, and there the matter seems to have ended—at any rate, as far as the proceedings in court were concerned.

All this sounds disgraceful; but we are inclined to take a more charitable view of it, and to consider it only colonial. So far from the majority of men changing their nature with their sky when they cross the ocean, our experience points directly to the belief that they only intensify that nature, and render it more peculiarly and entirely their own. In Australia the word colonial is continually used by the rougher class of settlers to express force and convey emphasis. If a digger wants to be particularly positive in an assertion, he says, "I'll take my colonial oath of it." His friend who has imbibed too freely, he will describe as "in a colonial state of beer." As an expression of endearment, he will call the same friend "a good old colonial fellow," and it is by no means certain that "yours colonially" will not be his form of concluding a letter, if he happen to be able to write one.

Here is a specimen of the domestic style of joke:

"ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES ABOUT TO MARRY.

"Do. But if your husband that is to be, is given to gambling, let it be a condition precedent to the marriage that he shall give it up; and when you put the announcement of your nuptials in the paper, add, for the information of your bachelor acquaintance, the significant words, 'No cards.' The late Miss — adopted this ingenious course many weeks ago, and the happy bridegroom so far has not suggested even whist."

A very good illustration of the social status of some of the local senators is afforded by a sketch of a scene at a railway station. A gentleman (more or less) is standing on the platform, and talking through the window to a lady (more or less) who is seated in a second-class carriage.

"Where is the good man this morning?" asks the outsider.

To which the insider replies:

"Oh, you know he's a member of parliament, and has a free pass; so he travels first class."

The members of parliament, under a recent administration, were allowed—that is to say, they allowed themselves, by an act passed for the purpose—the annual stipend of three hundred

pounds. But the arrangement was abandoned, as it was found that the position of a legislator became a great deal more attractive than was consistent with political purity, to say nothing of the public welfare, and that the persons whom it principally attracted were exactly the very worst men who could be found for the work.

Everybody who has experienced it describes up country life as the dreariest of dreary inflictions: fully justifying the policy of those who prefer the bird in the hand to the two which may possibly be awaiting them in "the Bush." If the state of society be anything like that pictured in our contemporary, it deserves all that its worst enemies can say of it. Three men in beards and boots, and garments something more than outlandish, are smoking their pipes round a fire in a rude hut, and they hold the following political discussion.

"FIRST PASTORAL PARTY (*after half an hour's silent smoking*).—Well, they may say what they like in the Eastern Market, but when we are wanted we're all there.

"SECOND DITTO DITTO.—We are so, my word!

"THIRD DITTO DITTO.—No fear."

(*Another half hour's silence ensues.*)

At Melbourne, to judge from the accounts of travellers, and more especially from the indications afforded by the local satirist, we should suppose the state of society to be decidedly more vivacious than most society in Europe. Punch—which we may here observe is generally written with good taste—makes more free with some subjects than is usual in this country. Thus, we gather from its pages that one of the members of the government is about to appear in a divorce case, in which he figures as a co-respondent. In England such an occurrence would be treated with a certain degree of gravity—if treated of at all—even in a comic periodical. But the Melbourne Punch makes merry on the subject, and gets as much fun out of it as possible, not one of the several squibs at the gentleman's expense blazing up into anything like severity. That this kind of levity represents the general tone of society we do not suppose; but the inference is that there is a class of readers to whom it is acceptable. The social as well as the political life of the colony has not been painted by most travellers in very flattering colours; and the somewhat unfavourable impression produced by their pictures in this country is, we believe, not quite a fair one. The latest work concerning Australia, by an evidently conscientious and candid writer, distinctly charges several travellers with having formed hasty and careless conclusions, and with having generalised too much from individual characteristics. And the author of *Three Years at Melbourne* is herself so scrupulous in avoiding anything like startling sensation-writing, that she has a high claim to be accepted as an authority. It is obvious that the value of a traveller's verdict depends entirely on the opportunities for collecting evidence which such traveller has enjoyed. We complain of

Frenchmen coming to London without introductions, and with no chance of getting the smallest glimpse of society, and of their writing accounts of England and the English, from observations made at a foreign hotel in Leicester-square, and a little experience of the streets. Under these restrictions it would be impossible to give an idea of France and the French: though life in Paris is a far more out-of-door life than life in London. In a place like Melbourne, the difficulty is greater than in either London or Paris; and that Australia has suffered considerably from the superficial observations of the British bookmaker, is loudly asserted by local writers.

In a place where adventurers, swindlers, and all kinds of persons who have left their country for their country's good, are arriving by every ship, any person who aspires to reasonable respectability must be constantly on his guard; the consequence is that Australian society is virtually closed against all new arrivals not bringing very good introductions; and even when they do bring the best introductions they are not always received with open arms, for reasons already referred to. The fact we believe to be that in Melbourne there may be found as well bred and as highly cultured persons as anywhere else in Europe; but that these are not necessarily included among the richest, or among those holding the highest offices in the place. In strictly private circles, intercourse is as refined and as well regulated as at home; but on more or less public occasions, and in any large assembly, the company is what masters of the ceremonies call "mixed."

With regard to the execution of the work which has formed the theme of this paper, we have already expressed a favourable opinion. It is true that much of its jocularity is so severely local as to be lost upon us; but considering the merit of what we can understand, we are quite contented to take omne ignotum pro magnifico, and to consider the rest a great deal better.

TWO RUSSIAN VILLAGES.

I AM about to describe two Russian villages that I know;—the Small and the Black. One shows Russia at its best; the other shows the ordinary state of things below the surface-polish of the capital.

The Small village was unlike any Russian country village I had ever seen. The proprietor of the place, either wisely or by good luck, had placed the whole management in the hands of a man of the right stamp; not one of the engineering comets who pass over the Russian scientific horizon, dazzling the native vision with schemes promising fabulous per-centage; not an avaricious and tyrannical Niemitz; not a crafty pilfering Russ; but a plain practical man, who could understand that his own and his employer's interests were best consulted by the material improvement of the people under his control. He had been reared on a small farm in Ayrshire, and knew all the practical shifts and ex-

pedients necessary in dealing with poor people and poor land; he possessed that indomitable energy and perseverance which has made many of the once heathery hills and boggy plains of Scotland the most fruitful farming land in the world. Catherine, Paul, Alexander, Nicholas, have all employed Scotchmen in their navies, armies, and manufactories; and these men, and their descendants are to be found naturalised and prosperous in many parts of Russia.

On the estate of the Small village, I found a beetroot-sugar mill, a large saw mill, corn mills, a vodka distillery, excellent stables, cowhouses, dairy, storc-rooms, conservatory, garden, hothouses, all kept in the utmost order. The people, who looked clean and cheerful, had been cleared of the sheepish sullen cringing air of serfdom, and they looked me in the face. In addition to his farming operations, this good manager had established a small foundry and mechanics' shop, where both iron and brass goods were cast and manufactured. In the mechanics' shop, I saw about thirty men and boys busy at work, with files, hammers, and chisels of English manufacture. There were a blacksmith's shop with five forges, a joiner's shop, a painter's shop, and a large department for the making of carts, sledges, and all kinds of wheels. It may be worth notice, that the rims of Russian wheels are made in one piece, and not in sections, as in England. Birch-trees of the proper size are cut down and trimmed to the length and thickness required, are boiled for from four-and-twenty to forty hours in a large caldron of water, and are then bent, fastened, and laid up for a year or two to season. Naves and spokes are afterwards put in by a rude contrivance, and the one joint is made very secure with iron plates and bolts. A wheel made in this way, and shod with half or three-quarter inch iron, will last an immense time on the high road. On the soft unmacadamised roads in the interior, no iron is necessary. The bearings of these wheels are so broad, that it is almost impossible to overturn the carts and carriages set on them. Thousands of such wheels were made in the Small village, and sent every year to the various markets. Besides these, I saw ploughs, harrows, and portable thrashing machines, in course of manufacture; while I was looking over the estate several persons from considerable distances arrived with articles for repair, and orders for new goods.

The wooden one-storied huts of the people were clean, well built, well thatched, and had glass windows. Separate places were provided for cows, horses, pigs, and poultry; adjoining each hut was a strip of land, composing the garden and farm of its occupant; a post with a printed board at the top, facing the main road, set forth the name of the possessor of each allotment. Although the snow on the ground made it impossible to see the state of cultivation, it was evident from the abundance in the little barns and yards, and from the ge-

neral appearance of the peasants, that their old slovenly lazy habits were giving place to industry and self-respect. On inquiry, I found that on this estate, serfdom had been abolished for some years, and that the work was all done by free Russian labourers. The Lady Obrassoff had freed her serfs, and by a judicious system of encouragement and assistance was gradually making men of them.

"It is true," said the steward, "we pay more for labour now, and we have to give them pasture-land and wood at a mere nominal price. But we get more work for our money, and by-and-by the small farms let out will become more valuable, and pay higher rent, although madame's income from her land has been for a time reduced considerably. The profits of her works, too, are already so much increased, that, on the whole, we thrive under the new system. This will not be the case with many other proprietors who have not taken care to conciliate the people, and find good work for the surplus population. At first, I was much put to it for workers in the mills and shops; many of the people having heard of high wages in Moscow and St. Petersburg, rushed there, but most of them have since returned, bringing report home that in the great towns work is scarce and living high, and that, on the whole, they find themselves better off in the Small village. I expect that as soon as the serfs are free to go where they choose, great bodies of them will rush to the capital and large towns, expecting high wages. This will glut the labour-market in places already fully stocked, and they will return to their native places. For a time they may cause great loss and annoyance to those who possess land and works in the interior, but a few years will remedy the evil."

In the winter of 1862, many serfs, who had been spontaneously freed by their barons, rushed to Moscow. When I was in Moscow last, the city swarmed with masses of starving peasantry seeking work and finding none; on a late country journey I saw thousands crawling back to their villages and begging their way.

Visiting madame at the great house, I found an English governess at home with her there, in the heart of Russia. It is a general practice among the better classes in Russia to educate their children, especially girls, at home. Placed under the charge of a chief governess, a young Russian lady is often attended by a retinue of tutors, comprising a German, a Frenchman, an Italian, and an Englishman, besides Russian dancing, drawing, and music masters. I knew a case in which a young lady's education cost her guardians two pounds a day, for teachers' and governesses' fees alone. All must be natives of the country whose language they profess to teach, and must come, or profess to come, from their capital. Scotch or Irish men or women are tabooed either as governesses, teachers, or companions.

Having complimented madame on the improving condition of her estate,

"Ah, yes," she said; "my steward has done

wonders outside, and we have not been idle inside. All things are changed, and oh, how much better it is! Formerly, when the people were my own, I was obliged to have seventeen or eighteen servants of one kind and another in the house, to wait on us four ladies, and then we were not half served. Now, we have only five hired servants, all free, besides the gardener and coachman; and from these we get better attendance. We are quieter, there is less waste and stealing, and the cost is not one-half. The effort was at first hard work, for, sometimes when we were teaching them to be free—poor things—they did not know what it meant. But we persevered, and now I am very happy. It will be a long time, however, before I get the idea out of my old head that these independent creatures are my children. Lucy" (the English governess) "and Sanya have started a school for the peasants' children. At first they bribed the little things, and even the parents, before they could get them to come; now, they have too many. The young ladies also visit the sick and the aged; and Lucy has lately taken to remonstrating with the few lazy and drunken fellows in the village. About a year ago, she gave me a little book of Scripture tales, of which I am extremely fond; it is in English. Well, we three Russians soon translated it into Russ, intending to get it printed for circulation among the peasants and their children. But you see, at my last confession I had to tell the priest what I and my girls had done. He saw the manuscript, and prohibited the publication."

"And will you not publish it?"

"Oh no; it would be wrong. I dare not. It is as much as I can do, to get the school carried on. But come here into this corner; I want to tell you about Lucy. That young lady has a strong determined character, and must have been trained in good principles. During the first three months she was in my family, she effected a great change in it. You know how abjectly the peasants behave when they ask a favour or receive one?"

"Yes; they cross themselves, bow down their heads level with their heels, kiss your feet, grovel on the very ground, and kiss the earth you walk on."

"So it is, and we are so much accustomed to it that this servility seems natural. They will do it to our children when occasion requires, crawling and grovelling before them. Poor young things, what can they imagine but that the abject souls are dogs and pigs compared with themselves? I have seen one little fellow, not disposed to grant a request to a great sprawling man, join to his denial a kick in the face. Well! One day after Lucy had been a short time here, two male peasants came in and began their prostrations before the young girls; they had a petition to make to me, and wished for their intercession. Sanya, although she is a good girl, took it quite in order, as part of her natural birthright. Not so Lucy; I was in the next room, and heard her say, 'Get up, men, and stand on your feet like human beings;

I will not hear a word while you lie on the floor; and looking through the curtains I saw her with her fingers in both ears. Sanya said, 'Lucy dear, let them go on, they are only moushicks.' 'They are men,' said Lucy; and turning to them, she said, 'Now listen and remember what I tell you; never go on your knees, and kiss the ground to me again. I won't have it; you must kneel to God only. Stand up and make your request in a respectful manner, then I will hear you, and help you if I can.' The moushicks did not understand her; they stared in blank astonishment; they heard her words of rebuke, but supposed that they had not been abject enough; and again cast themselves down at full length. Lucy ran into my arms and burst into tears. My Sanya could not for a long time understand it, but I hope I did; and the end is, that this abominable practice has been peremptorily abolished in my family."

Now, let me describe my visit to the Black village, or, as the Russians call it, "Churnoi Deravonic."

We (for I was not alone) arrived about ten o'clock, in fine time and humour for breakfast, but saw very few evidences of life as we passed down the road between the straggling poverty-stricken shapeless hovels of mud and wood. On approaching the baronial residence and farm offices, we found a small crowd of some twenty peasant men and women assembled at one of the barn-doors, where a middle-aged lady was gesticulating with direful energy to the assembled peasants. The lady was dressed in a fur wrapper, had tied her head up in a comfortable woollen shawl, had put her hands in good warm fur gloves, and wore on her feet a pair of long velvet boots lined with rabbit-skin. The peasants seemed as if they had just risen from consuming fever. They were lean and wan and haggard, with their hair matted, their poor clothing tattered, and their faces fixed in sullen discontent. The lady, busy among her "souls," did not appear to notice our approach. She was in too great a passion to attend to anything but the outpouring of her wrath.

"Dogs! sons and daughters of dogs! Is this the service you pay your baron? Pigs and swine! Is this a time to come to your work? Rats and vermin! You should have been here at four o'clock, and now it is ten. Defilement of mothers! I will have every one of you whipped. And you, starost, who ought to be an example, are the worst of the whole pack of thieves. You came here at this hour with seventeen souls, when you ought to have had forty here at four o'clock to thrash and put that rye away. Devils you all are! If my brother were well, he would punish you like sons and daughters of dogs, that you are!"

The old starost, quite unconcerned under all this abuse, merely shrugged his shoulders until they reached his ears, and held out his two hands from his sides with each finger as far separate from its neighbour as possible. If any one will put himself in this posture, and stare fixedly before him until his eyes are glassy, he will

have achieved the universal deprecatory careless shrug of Russia.

"What's to be done, baroness?" he asked. "I have been fighting the pigs all the morning to get them to come, but, the deuce take it, they say they are all unwell, and cannot work. See! These are all I could get, and I had to pull them off their beds to bring them here, and, deuce take me, they are not worth bringing! But what's to be done, baroness? It's God's doing."

"Go into the barn and work, you whelps," said my lady. "Starost, drive them in, you old fool. Be quick, pig." And here she gave the old fellow a side blow with her gloved hand which made him stagger back. But, recovering himself, he pretended to make furious assault on the poor invalids, cuffing, kicking, and pushing them to the door of the barn, through which they huddled and disappeared.

"Now then, you old fool," said the lady, "go and bring the others."

"And who will watch these, baroness?"

"I will. Be off, thief."

"I'll try, baroness. But they won't come."

"Begone, devil, and obey my orders." Again she essayed to strike the man, but he started off in quick time to the village.

The language used towards these poor people did not astonish me. It is the usual style towards serfs. But it is not often that a lady is the speaker. I had been told of this baroness that she was a Tartar, and a Tartar she assuredly was. Observing us as the old starost left, she came hurriedly over to us. "Ah, bless me, is it you, my dears? Forgive me, you young ladies, I did not see you sooner. You are welcome, my darlings. How is your mother? Sanya, who is this you bring with you?" (I am introduced, and touch the Tatar's glove.) "You see what awful work we have with these serfs, sir? They think that since their freedom has been so much talked of, they are not to work any more. They are perfectly unmanageable. My brother's illness has forced me to take them in hand, and I'll let them know I am not to be played with. Now go to the house, dears, and take off your things. I will be with you as soon as I see these peasants at work." And off she went into the barn.

The house was large and dilapidated. When we drove into the front yard we found all silent and empty. No one came to take charge of our horses, or usher us in. Our coachman could not leave his horses, one of them being rather restive: so, after halloaing for some time, I was obliged to enter unannounced. Just inside the door, and coiled up in a corner like a huge boa-constrictor, lay what I suspected was the porter sound asleep. I gave him a shake, but this had no effect. I then kicked his legs, but he only groaned. Seeing a jug of water on a little table in the passage, I poured it on him. He started up half-awake and made a fierce butt at me with his head. Fortunately he missed me, and came down on the floor, head first. This had only the effect

of so far rousing him that, when he looked up through his long tangled hair and saw a baron standing over him inquiring for some one to take the horses in hand, he jumped up and dived in at a side-door, bawling, "Gregory! Visitors!" Following close at his heels I found him tearing at the beard of another fellow, who was sleeping on a wooden bench. Gregory being awakened and informed of what was wanted, dived into a passage, shouting, "Evan! Visitors!" Finding that I had not yet got at the right man, I again followed, and, crossing a back court, entered an outhouse filled with straw. Here, I found Gregory pulling Evan by the legs out of his comfortable bed of straw. As soon as he became sensible that visitors were at the door with horses, Evan seized a long pole with an iron hook on the end of it, plunged it among the straw, and, after various failures, ultimately succeeded in fishing out by their grey ragged coats his two stable assistants. Thus reinforced, he leisurely proceeded to the front and took possession of our cattle. The battering-ram was ready by this time to act his part of lackey, and conducted us into the house. Several female heads popped out at various doors as we passed on, indicating a numerous if not a select retinue, and our conductor presently opening a door at the end of a passage, shouted "Visitors!" and left us on the open threshold. Advancing a few steps, we were in the presence of the lord and lady of the "souls," the pigs and dogs, vermin and devils.

The master of the house was an invalid. On one side he was nearly powerless, and he had partly lost his speech from palsy. His other side, however, was still serviceable, and with his sound arm he was flourishing a crutch at a red-shirted peasant who stood within reach: nor did it end in a flourish, for the crutch came down upon the moushick's back as I entered. I wondered the fellow did not run; but, looking down, I found that he was tied to the great arm-chair in which his paralytic lord was cushioned. The man's offence was, that in exercising the razor on his master's face he had made a deep gash. That he might be safely within reach of punishment the poor fellow was always tied to the chair while he dressed his master.

On a sofa lay a lady of portentous dimensions, enveloped in a loose robe by no means carefully arranged. Her face was hidden by a dense mass of very long hair, and in her arms she held a cat of Russian breed and wondrous size. On her knees on the floor was a young woman, who had in one hand a large comb, while the other grasped the locks of her lady, and she combed and searched and scratched, and picked away the particles of scurf which are apt to collect on all heads and all hair. Cleaner skins, cleaner heads, and cleaner hair, do not exist anywhere than among Russians of this class, for the process through which madame was going is a daily process, in which she and all the Russian ladies take delight. As the baron was still making wild efforts to castigate the unfortunate barber, and as his lady seemed unconscious of our pre-

sence, I turned to my companions for counsel. But the young birds were flown. I was alone in that august presence. Thinking discretion the best part of valour, I precipitately followed, and soon found my companions, by the sound of their laughter, in another room. There we waited nearly half an hour, during which time I received the following items of information regarding our baron, which, as he is one of a large class, shall be repeated.

He had been an official in an hospital department, or something of that kind, at Cronstadt or Petersburg, for many years. It was his duty to buy and dispense the stores and necessaries. His salary was below two pounds a week, and this seemed to suffice for payment of the rent of a good house, and enable him to keep a good table, and entertain good company. It had given his daughter an expensive education, and a dowry of more than two thousand pounds on her marriage-day. It had educated his son, a young man now nearly ready to enter the army as an officer; and had kept him in pocket-money. It had bought the Black village, and made its paralytic owner a baron. Finally, it had kept his widowed sister, the Tartar, for twelve years on the estate, as factotum, in the absence of the baron himself. But age and inefficiency will make themselves manifest even in government places, and the baron had now retired to enjoy nobility on his estate, among the hundred and seventy souls, out of whom he had always tried to get the utmost amount of work and obrok, and from whom he received with daily curses the least possible amount of service.

"Ah, this horrid emancipation proposal!" said his sister to me, after she came in and ordered coffee. "It is a most shocking act of injustice on the part of the emperor. His father was a gentleman, and would never have done such a wicked thing. He is a——Well! We shall all be ruined. My brother paid twenty thousand roubles for this estate and the souls on it, and by what right does the emperor take them from us without sufficient compensation? We are already feeling the bitter effects of it. Not one of these moushicks will work for us if he can help it. Even last summer a great part of our rye crop was suffered to rot on the fields, because I could not get them to cut it down in time. Think of ten souls, out of seventy, coming to the reaping-field, and these ten cutting only twenty-five sheaves a day each, instead of one hundred, which they can easily cut if they choose!"

Here a servant entered the room carrying coffee-cups, followed by another with bread, and a third with the coffee-pot. Madame looked and cried:

"Where is the cream, you fool?"

"There is no cream, baroness."

"No cream!" screamed madame, "and six cows in the stable!"

Off she ran to make sure. One of the cows had got to the cream and lapped it all up.

"Are you boiling the eggs?"

"Baroness, there are no eggs."

"No eggs, and a houseful of poultry!"

"The nests have been found empty."

"Oh, Heaven help us! The thieving villains, they will drive me mad! Quick, you fool of a girl, and bring the butter that was made yesterday."

"Baroness, there is no butter. The young baron's dogs and the pigs got into the cellar and ate it all up."

"Liar!" roared the Tartar lady, and cuffed the girl out of the room: the girl screaming as she fled, "It is God's truth!"

"Give such pigs liberty!" said the lady, catching her breath. "We have two-and-twenty servants in this house, and yet you see how we are served. We dare not punish them now as we used to, and they don't care for my cuffing. Last July the young baron, my nephew, was here on a visit, and for some fault he lashed a peasant with his whip, and cut him over the eye with the handle. What do you think the wretch did? He complained to the"—I did not catch the name, but it was one of the 'icks'—"and there has been no end of trouble ever since about it. Ah! We used to get good work out of the moushicks once. They paid forty—some of the clever ones fifty and sixty—roubles obrok when they were out at work, and those at home were obedient and willing to slave for us five days every week. But now we can neither get obrok from those who are away, nor work from those who remain. Heaven knows how it is all to end; but I think the world is turning upside down. The mud is coming to the top. We shall all soon be slaves to our own serfs."

"But, my dear madame," I said, "why do you not adopt Madame Obrassoff's plan? Give them their freedom at once, a few deciteens of land, and time to pay?"

"And who is to work our land?"

"You must work it by hired labourers."

"And where are we to get them, and how pay them?"

"That you must provide for; the surplus of these peasants, if fairly treated, will work for you after a time."

"Not one of them! You are a foreigner, and don't understand these people. They are all revelling in the anticipation of a life of idleness and high wages. They are already dividing and picking out the best land for their share. As for paying for it, or working for us, nonsense! A moushick is never satisfied. Give him land, and he will ask for pasture. Give him pasture, and he will ask for wood. What he don't get, he will steal. No, *our* land must be cultivated by machinery and engines; and where the money is to come from I can't tell. Those who can buy engines, and wait twenty years for a return of capital, may hold on. As for us, we are ruined, and must sell what remains to us for what it will bring, if a customer

can be found. That, Mr. Englishman, is the condition to which we are coming, if the barons don't soon put a stop to this emancipation folly!"

A deciteen of land, measures nearly three acres. This quantity has been for many years selling in Russia from three to ten roubles, according to quality. The serfs do not in law belong to the barons personally, but the land does; and as the serfs were, by imperial edict, long ago made fixtures on the land, so, by a curious fiction, whoever possessed the land possessed the serfs or souls on it. Although not slaves by name, they were really as much slaves as any African negroes are the property of any American planters. Now, the emancipation edict severs that connexion totally. A serf is no longer a fixture on his master's land. He is no longer a serf, but a free man. He can go where he likes. The land is the baron's, but these now free people must live on it or by it. The edict, therefore, enjoins that a certain portion of it, five or six deciteens, shall be sold to each male peasant, and for this he must pay the baron fifteen roubles for each deciteen. The general price of land in the market being (as I am informed) not one half of this sum, the price seems to be a fair one, involving compensation: so on this head the barons would seem to have little cause to complain. But as the peasants are poor, it is decreed that they are to have nine years to pay in, at a stipulated sum per annum. Or if the baron be willing—and, indeed, whether he be willing or no—the serfs in a village may borrow money from the State, by becoming security for each other, and pledging their land, to pay the baron off at once. Thus, they can become immediately and wholly independent, with the State for their only creditor, while the baron obtains the wherewith to farm his own remaining lands. But such arrangements not being thought sufficient to meet the present need of the great mass of poor barons, the State has further devoted a large sum to be expended in loans for a long time, at low interest, on the security of the land, to these poor baronial proprietors. Such, with some other arrangements of less moment, are the terms of the famous emancipation edict now at last in force.

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